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RADIO MIRROR

January

15¢



EVE ARDEN

VIVID COLOR PICTURES OF

Lora Lawton * Today's Children



RING IN THE NEW . . . a new beauty-thrill for you! Besides revealing up to 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo, Drene, with Hair Conditioning action, leaves your hair smooth and easy to manage right after your shampoo. For this party hair-do, Drene Girl Arline Dahlman ties all her hair high in back and swirls it around on top.

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING, Arline sweeps her hair into two side loops, with a top curl for added height. "And for added glamour," she says, "I always keep my hair Drene-clean." Drene is not a soap shampoo . . . never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And . . . Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.

Holiday Headlines

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Christmas at its merriest . . . New Year's at its happiest . . . and lovely *you* at your loveliest . . . your Drene-clean hair shining-bright, alight with all its natural lustre!

Here, famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Arline Dahlman, shows you the two holiday hair-dos she likes best. "But first," suggests Arline, "make sure your hair is at its gleaming, glamorous best . . . by using Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action." No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.





Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

HE8690
.R16

"You're Fired!"



CUPID: Can't fire me, Missy. I quit. I–

GIRL: Loafer!

CUPID: –can't do anything for a Granite Face who won't even break down and beam at a man once in a while!

GIRL: Ho! And what've I got to *beam* with, pray? I brush my teeth–and regularly–but there's no beam about them!

CUPID: But there is "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?



GIRL: Only lately. And only a touch... *Why?*

CUPID: That's for your dentist to say, Sis. Because even a tinge of "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist.* Let him decide, not you. He may say it's simply a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Ah-h-h. And right away I've got a smile like Klieg lights, huh?

CUPID: Not so fast, Muffinhead. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. And if your dentist suggests gentle massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth . . . *pay attention!* You'll be off to the man-trappingest smile you ever wore! Check on it!



For the Smile of Beauty—
Ipana and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

JANUARY, 1947

RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 27, NO. 2

Coming Next Month



This is the time when things really begin to happen: Radio Mirror is opening out in all directions at once. February brings so many new features we can't list them all but as examples, take a new Homemaker section, with more about food and beauty; many more brief biographies with hard-to-get information about the radio personalities you're interested in; more stories of all kinds—more pictures—and many more full-color illustrations.



You'll be visiting one of radio's most exciting families; Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll hold open house and introduce you to their young one. Another young-married household comes into our cover girl report on Ginny Simms. Norma Nilsson, the youngster who does such a man-sized job on the Jack Carson program, compares her life with that of the average non-professional child; George A. Putnam and his wife think back to their courting days.

And, to take you back to the way February snow-time should really be spent, knee-deep in country drifts, there's a story about One Man's Family and a snowfight that cleared up a lot of things, with pictures that show the whole of this family that so many of you feel almost belongs with your own.



For fun, Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore, in pictures. We can't predict what they will be doing—who can ever tell? But that they will have the unmistakable Durante-Moore flavor, we guarantee.

More pages, more features, more pictures, more color—more radio That's February!

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ON THE COVER—Eve Arden, of NBC's Village Store. Color Portrait by John Engstead.

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AFTER THE PARTY **Look out for a Cold . . .**

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

GOING from over-heated rooms into the chilly night air often can lower body resistance so that cold germs called the "secondary invaders" may invade the tissue. After a party it's only sensible to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic when you reach home because this precaution may forestall a mass invasion by these germs.

While a virus is believed to start many colds, certain threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" produce many of those miserable symptoms of a cold and its complications.

Anything that lowers body resistance, such as wet or cold feet, drafts, fatigue, or sudden change of temperature, may make it easier for the "secondary invaders" to stage a mass invasion of the tissue.

Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!

So, when you've been thus exposed, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at once. Used early and often Listerine Antiseptic, because of its amazing germ-killing power, may halt such mass invasions . . . may help head off the cold entirely or lessen its severity.

It is the delightful, easy precaution that countless thousands use regularly, night and morning, and oftener when they feel a cold coming on.

Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Bear in mind that tests during 12 years revealed this impressive result: Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

Get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic regularly and, at the first sneeze . . . the first tightening of the throat or other signs of a cold . . . increase the frequency of the gargle, meanwhile seeing that you get plenty of rest, that you keep warm, and that you eat wisely.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Missouri*



Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Here are some types of the "Secondary Invaders" which many authorities say cause much of the misery of a cold. As you can see from their names, they're threatening in character.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.



Betty Norton, surrounded by The Moon Maids. They supply feminine charm and feminine music on the Vaughn Monroe Show, CBS.

By

KEN ALDEN

Facing the Music

Nothing But Comedy



There's always a time and a place for music in Jack Owens' home. He's part of the fun on ABC's Breakfast Club.

SOME SHOW business sage once said the public recognizes the stars much before the alleged wise men of the profession. That statement couldn't be truer when applied to Louis Jordan.

In 1940 Jordan was an obscure saxophone-playing singer at the helm of a group identified as the "Tympany Five," a unit going nowhere and making rapid strides toward oblivion. In May of that year, Louis played a week's engagement in Grand Forks, North Dakota for $350 a week. On the last day of his date, the owner pulled Jordan's manager, Berle Adams, aside and said:

"I can keep Louis another week. Is he committed anywhere else?"

"No, he has open time," said Adams, "But you'll have to hike the price. We're asking $500 now."

"Nonsense," screamed the cafe man, "He closes tonight."

And Jordan did. His musicians packed their instruments and Louis his pride. 1940 lap-dissolves into October of 1946 in Hollywood style, only not that painlessly. The years were packed with heartaches and sweat.

Today, Jordan stands at the top of his profession. Barring the incomparable Crosby, he is rated just about the number one Decca recording artist. His platters for that outfit sell upwards of 3,000,000 a year. His "Tympany Five," playing one-nighters and theaters around the country, commands top salaries for any small instrumental combination. Jordan, himself, has sung and clowned his way through four movies. He introduced his own tune, "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby" in the film, "Follow The Boys." He has had his share of lucrative radio guest shots with Kate Smith, Jack Smith, Perry Como, and Vaughn Monroe. Total earnings approximate a half-million a year.

Now, bearing this in mind, let's pick up our Grand Forks promoter friend. He walked into the New York 400 Club a few weeks ago and watched Jordan do his midnight remote over CBS. Then he walked over to Louis and manager Adams and announced.

"I've been thinking it over and I believe I can meet your price. $500 is high, but okay. When can you start?"

Jordan came out of Brinkley, Ark-

ansas, the son of a Negro school teacher, specializing in music instruction. He went to grade school there, and was graduated, later, from Arkansas Baptist College. His original ambition was for the clergy but he was derailed by rhythm. After playing with his own undergraduate group at college, Jordan joined up with the Charley Gaines band in Philadelphia, in the sax section. Two years later, he was picked up by the late wizard of the drums, Chick Webb, and was with the tiny drumbeater for three years.

One day, Webb called Louis aside and suggested Jordan form his own small group. That was probably the last bit of show business advice Webb ever gave anybody. Six weeks later he was dead.

By 1940 Jordan was practically at the end of his musical rope. Here's the way he told it to me when I saw him in New York.

"We had no bookings and no prospects of any. I walked into the offices of the General Artists Corporation, all set to quit. I waited an hour in the reception room for somebody to see me. Finally, a kid named Berle Adams, then a $20 a week office boy, walked up to me and asked how things were going."

Jordan told the lad the truth. "I can't get any decent bookings."

The determined youngster decided to latch on to the discouraged musician. When Jordan left the booking office he had a new manager, the ex-office boy.

In two weeks Jordan was playing as the relief band in Chicago's Capitol Lounge where the Mills Brothers were starring.

"We were a tremendous flop," Louis said frankly. "I sang ballads straight. Nothing happened. We were just a big lull."

The kid manager was worried. He had a new idea for his client.

"Why not do comedy, Louis? The people want laughs."

Jordan figured he had nothing to lose, dug up a frocked coat, horn-rimmed glasses, and out of the trunk a comedy tune called "Cherry."

Adams was right. The customers ate it up and from that time on, Jordan



In 1940, Louis Jordan was making rapid strides toward oblivion. But look what's happened since!



7 OUT OF 10 TISSUE USERS SAY

"Of all brands I like Kleenex best"



Now!
MORE KLEENEX
being made than ever before.
So keep asking for it!

One tissue stands far ahead of *all* other brands in public preference . . . and that one tissue is Kleenex!

In a certified nation-wide poll of thousands of tissue users, 7 out of every 10 went on record to say: "*Of all tissues, I like Kleenex best!*"

7 out of 10. Such overwhelming preference shows there must be a real difference between Kleenex Tissues and other brands. A special process used only for Kleenex keeps this tissue luxuriously soft, dependably strong. That's why others *can't be* "just like Kleenex."

And only Kleenex of all tissues gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue Box. Yes, only with Kleenex can you pull a tissue and have the next one pop up ready for use.

So keep asking for Kleenex—America's favorite tissue. Each and every month there'll be more and more Kleenex Tissues for you.

There's only one Kleenex*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



First Encore!

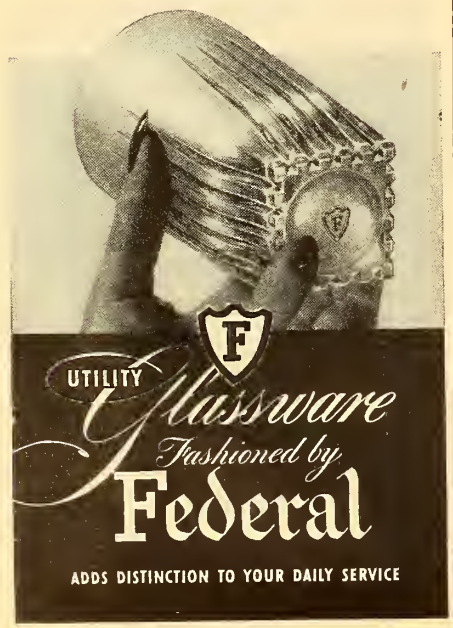
Ⓕ According to all indications this young lady's very first encore of a Park Avenue tumbler will be far from her last. The fact is she's a *very* discriminating woman.

Ⓕ You see, more women have encored *with their purchases*, the fresh sparkling beauty of the Park Avenue than any other tumbler ever made.

Ⓕ Furthermore, since the turn of the century, Federal-fashioned tumblers, tableware, beverage sets, occasional and ornamental pieces have graced millions and millions of American homes.

Ⓕ Look for the Shield Ⓕ of Federal *when you buy glassware.* It's your assurance of lovely crystal, unmatched in color, clarity and brilliance, at a very low cost.

THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY
Columbus 7, Ohio



looked for and found tunes like "Buzz Me," "Caldonia," and "Knock Me A Kiss."

Indisputable proof that Jordan was finally on the right road came in Houston, Texas. Jordan was set for a one night stand there. It rained all afternoon, finally clearing early in the evening. When Jordan drove up to the auditorium there were twenty people out front. But an hour later, 9,100 people were storming the place.

"I'll never forget that night," Louis told me, "it was the happiest experience in my life. I knew then that the people really liked our stuff."

Jordan's problems are still not over. The heavy-set dark-skinned musician is worried over the condition of his wife, Fleecie, his home-town sweetheart. Mrs. Jordan has been ailing for a good number of years and at this writing is hospitalized.

Another thing that bothers Louis is that he will not be able to outgrow his comedy musical casting. He would like to try something more serious, toyed with the idea of getting a dramatic role in the all-Negro play, "Anna Lucasta."

"But everytime I get ideas like that Berle Adams reminds me of our Chicago flop and I renew my search for stock comedy material."

* * *

For the first time in his life Bing Crosby is reading bad press notices about his performances, with recording critics leveling heavy critical barrages at The Groaner's recent outputs of Decca discs.

* * *

Give a salute to Ted Lewis who is currently celebrating his thirty-fifth year in show business and ran a battered top hat and corny clarinet into a one man institution.

* * *

The hottest swing group to come up in many a moon is Joe Mooney's Trio, now drawing swing savants to a West Fifty-second Street nitery, called Dixon's. Blind Joe Mooney is a former Paul Whiteman arranger.

* * *

Rudy Vallee has confided to friends that he has just about given up his ambitions to become a radio comedian and has reverted back to a singing master of ceremonies. It was Rudy's insistence that he could become a big radio success this year in an unfamiliar role that caused the big fight between the erstwhile crooner and NBC. The network tried to prevent the show from going on its air. But after a few broadcasts, the reception on the part of press and public was a confirmation of NBC's judgment and Rudy threw in a reluctant towel.

* * *

Ginny Simms turned down an invitation to appear before the King and Queen of England in a command performance because she felt she could not leave her little baby for any lengthy period of time. It's nice to know that Ginny is giving priority to motherhood over career, when the chips are down.

* * *

They say that Kate Smith's sponsor, with whom she has been working for many years, is about to release the Southern Songbird next season. Kate won't have any trouble getting a new bankroller and several automobile companies are already bidding for her services. Naturally, the inevitable Mr. Collins will handle the negotiations.

* * *

The disappointing results of the Alice Faye-Phil Harris show may discourage other radio-real life teams like Harry James and Betty Grable from following in their footsteps. Only the Ozzie Nelson-Harriet Hilliard show has continued to be bright and well written.

* * *

Carroll Gibbons, London's most popular orchestra leader, is coming over to this country. American-born Carroll stayed in London right through the blitz, although he could have easily found sanctuary in his native land. This won him a permanent place in the hearts of British dance band fans.

* * *

It's good news that the King Cole Trio now have a show of their own on CBS helping to break the prejudice of an all-Negro radio show that has been a wall of resistance for many fine Negro artists, like Duke Ellington, Count Basie and others, who have not succeeded in getting radio sponsors.



Three new movies, cashier on Meet Me At Parky's, singer on Something For The Family—Joan Barton's a busy girl.



Perennial favorite—and better every year—is mellow-voiced Georgia Gibbs, of the Tony Martin Show, on CBS.

Margaret Whiting was such an immediate click on Eddie Cantor's show that the banjo-eyed comedian gifted the singer with a diamond watch.

* * *

The increasing interest on the part of radio and record listeners in classical music has prompted a number of dance orchestras to add to their repertoires dance versions of timeless pieces, a vogue first started by Freddy Martin. Now word comes that Vaughn Monroe has added a six-piece string section to his band, so he can concentrate on music of this type. Credit for this interest must go to Hollywood, where classical music has been spotlighted in a number of new films and performers like Lauritz Melchior, Kathryn Grayson and Jose Iturbi have been given important roles.



NEW RECORDS

Ken Alden's
FAVORITES FOR THE MONTH

CARLOS MOLINA: Spanish-American tempos and two good numbers, "I'm Learning to Speak English" and "Palabras De Mujer." (Capitol)

KING COLE TRIO: On the solid side with "For Sentimental Reasons" and "The Best Man." (Capitol)

HARRY COOL: A young man to keep listening to. Hear him sing the hit, "Rumors Are Flying" and "The Whole World Is Singing My Song." (Signature)

DINAH SHORE: Miss D. has a winner with "I May Be Wrong" and "The Violet Song." (Columbia)

HARRY JAMES: Slick stuff with "Beaumont Ride" and "Why Does It Get So Late So Early?" (Columbia)

ARTIE SHAW: Back to form thanks to two Cole Porter favorites, "You Do Something to Me" and Shaw's first big hit, "Begin the Beguine." (Musicraft)

SPIKE JONES: Something different for Spike is this new Victor disc, "Minka" and "Lassus Trombone." Try it.

TEDDY WALTERS: A new voice and a pleasant guitar accompaniment. His first Musicraft disc contains "What Is There To Say" and "My Heart Stood Still."

BENNY GOODMAN: The best Goodman disc in a long time features "Blue Skies" and "Put That Kiss Back." Artie Lund does a tip top vocal. (Columbia)

VAUGHN MONROE: That man again, this time with "Things We Did Last Summer" and "More Now Than Ever." (Victor)

FALA: A children's album based on the experiences of F.D.R.'s famed Scottie. (Monarch) A good Xmas gift.



Mother, this is an invitation—an invitation already accepted by millions of mothers who have fed their happy, healthy babies on Gerber's Cereals.

Gerber's Cereal Food, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Barley Cereal are specially made to suit baby, both as *starting* cereals and continuing through babyhood. For instance, they are made to mix creamy smooth—a consistency close to baby's milk diet. Next, these cereals are rich in *added iron*... to replenish the loss of *prenatal* iron which begins to run low some months after birth.

Here is another advantage! All have generous amounts of added B complex vitamins (from natural sources—not synthetic) as a further aid to baby's well-being. Your baby will do well on Gerber's Cereals, too. Look for "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!



Now, another Gerber's Cereal!

Gerber's Cereal Food (blue box), Gerber's Strained Oatmeal (red box), and the new Gerber's Barley Cereal (yellow box) are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula (hot or cold). Serve Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal or Gerber's Barley Cereal at alternate meals. You'll find variety helps baby's appetite.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

Gerber's Baby Foods

FREMONT, MICH...OAKLAND, CAL.

CEREALS STRAINED FOODS CHOPPED FOODS

© 1946, G. P. C.

FREE SAMPLES—Please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Barley Cereal. My baby is now ..... months old.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. W1-7, Fremont, Mich.
In Canada: Dept. W1-7, 49 Wellington Street East, Toronto 1, Ont.

Name.....

Address..... *City and State*.....



Figure

From your figure's point of view no day need be wasted. Trim while you work, relax with a clear conscience, as does radio actress Alice Frost.



Stretch up for posture's sake.



Don't jackknife; just kneebend.

HOLLYWOOD would get a lot more competition in the heavenly body department if we "civilians" would go through with all the exercising we periodically vow we'll do. Somewhere in the shuffle, our good resolutions to exercise die an early death. It seems that unless we gals join a class or pay for an exercise course by mail (money well invested), we don't follow through on all the wonderful figure-trimming recipes we know or read about.

Maybe we're lazy. But probably it's more a matter of not having the exercise habit. Or perhaps it is that purely routine exercise isn't much fun.

The trick then is to sugar-coat the pill and do our exercising while we're doing something else. You can, for instance, work on a double chin while you're doing the dishes, hanging curtains, writing a letter. Drop your lower jaw and as you close your mouth slowly, stretch your lower lip up over the upper one as far as possible. This exercise is even better if your head is tilted backward. It's a crazy grimace but good even for upper chest muscles. Or you can do this good facial exercise. Form a small "O" with your lips and twist your mouth as far to the right as you can. Then to the left. But don't overdo these or any other exercises. Work up gradually. Luckily we can do something about tummies that protrude while doing almost any kind of work—filing, at the kitchen sink, sitting at a typewriter. It's a matter of relaxing your stomach and then pulling it in. Do it several times a day at first. Thereafter do it as often as you think of it and try to think of it often. If you're inclined to swayback particularly, and even if you're not, make sure your hips are tucked under you.

Housework done the way most women do it is one thing but if you tried pretending that you're a ballerina you'd do it with flourishes. In picking something up from the floor for instance, why should we always bend over like a hairpin? Instead, try it this way: Stand on one foot, fling the other out straight behind you and with your overworked back kept straight as a ramrod, slowly lower your torso till you can get that raveling, the baby's ball or whatever it is that needs picking up. Going from one room to another, why not walk on your tip-toes with arms stretching upwards? Awfully good for your waistline. Dusting can be exercise too. Forget your kitchen ladder or the footstool if, by stretching, you can dust the top of pictures, polish the mirror or put dishes away on a high shelf.

Continually leaning over with your back in a curve is killing but making your legs do some of the work is figure wisdom. Instead of leaning over to dust the lower rungs of a chair or tuck in the bed sheets, why not keep your back straight and with your sitdown almost touching your heels, squat way down to do such work. Tough exercise at first but good for legs and thighs.

There are many odd moments during the day when you're waiting for water to boil, the iron to heat, which you can profitably spend trying to slim your hips. While you stand, beat the soft flesh with your clenched fists. In a sitting position you can tighten the muscles of your buttocks and relax them. Do it often. It's good exercise that no one need be conscious of but you. As you go about your shopping, practice stretching up tall, hips tucked

this way



Reach for what you want—grace!



Check your walk in passing.

under, head high. As you walk past store windows, take a sidelong glance at your posture just to check on how gracefully, how proudly you walk. Where posture is concerned, keep in mind that an imaginary line drawn from your ear's tip downward should pass through your shoulder, center thigh, knee, and just in front of the ankle bone.

In elevators, or wherever you get the chance to stand against a wall, practice posture and work to overcome a lordosis curve (sway-back to you). With hips tucked under, tummy pulled in, try to get every vertebra in your spinal column to touch the wall. And if you can stretch your arms high and straight above your head while in this position, do it for your waistline and bustline's sake. But stretch!

If you occasionally ignore your kitchen and dust mops and do the scrubbing and dusting on hands and knees, tummy pulled in, you'll use some more muscles you've forgotten about.

We don't claim that exercising this way will roll away excess pounds but it should help re-align your figure, tighten flabby muscles, improve your posture and slim your waistline.



Can hands that wash dishes be "exquisite...fragile"?—They can!

No matter how hard your hands must work . . . Pacquins Hand Cream can help give them a lady-of-leisure look! Use Pacquins several times a day . . . this snowy fragrant cream will quickly ease away roughness, redness, and dryness.





Pacquins was originally made for doctors and nurses...

Doctors and nurses who scrub their hands in hot soapy water 30 to 40 times a day. Pacquins Hand Cream, super-rich in skin-softening ingredients, was first made for their professional use. If Pacquins can do so much for them . . . just imagine how it can help *your* hard-working hands.



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE



A clan should gather eagerly at the skirl of the bagpipes; but the children of John MacVane, NBC news commentator, look more as if their father had hypnotized them into remaining.

WHAT'S NEW from COAST

By
DALE BANKS



A Day In The Life of Dennis Day is spent behind a soda-fountain on the singer-comedian's NBC Thursday show, 7:30 EST.



Newest husband-and-wife comedy team: Alice Faye and Phil Harris, on NBC's Bandwagon, Sunday nights at 7:30 EST.

NOW that the Bing has gone in for his transcribed show, practically every star on the air lanes has begun angling with his sponsors for the same breaks. It's understandable; they can make a whole batch of programs at once, and avoid the panic-factor in a radio production, the fear (not that seasoned performers suffer from it, but the possibility is always there), of sending out a less-than-perfect show. In addition to thinking of their own convenience—and the stars aren't harping on that too much, of course, because sponsors generally figure that they're buying a star including his at-his-convenience when they're shelling out big dough—the stars keep pointing out that a transcribed program would be flawless and thus provide better listening. Better get to see all the broadcasts you'd like before this becomes too widespread a habit. Crosby has an audience for his transcriptions.

* * *

This is noteworthy only because we can't, to the best of our ability, remember ever before hearing of a pretty girl who admitted that she wasn't also a great big talent. Sammy Kaye tells us that when he invited Eileen Henry—she was Miss New York in last year's Miss America contest—to audition with his band, Miss Henry turned him down. At first, Sammy thought he couldn't believe his ears—then he thought the young lady wanted to be coaxed. But that, it turned out, wasn't it, at all. Miss Henry just answered very sweetly that nothing would please her more than to be able to sing with his band—but—she just can't sing!

* * *

Joseph C. Harsch—CBS news an-

The flawless fiddle technique of comedian Benny adds musical value to his Sunday night NBC program.



to COAST

alyst—is still trying to figure out exactly how this came about. Seems, one day recently, he was working away in his office, preparing his script for the broadcast, when he was disturbed by strange noises coming from the air-conditioning unit. Sometimes, it can be dangerous when things go wrong with those gadgets, especially in an office like Harsch's, which has no other form of ventilation. So he promptly called a couple of experts. As soon as one of the experts touched the unit, there was a fluttering of wings and a white pigeon flew out and beat its way around the office until it was released, via several doors and a window. What bothers Harsch is that he can't find any explanation for how the pigeon got in there in the first place.

* * *

Here's an item. As we go to press it comes to our attention that a Boston advertising firm has applied to the FCC for a license to develop an outdoor television station, which will screen its programs on billboards. We can see that the idea is novel. So will a lot of motorists and pedestrians and plain old hitch-hikers. And that leads us to wonder what the National Safety Council has to say about it. Considering the Council's rather appalling figures on the number of deaths per year in these United States, deaths caused by automobile accidents, we wonder whether it's wise to add a hazard.

* * *

Sidelights on human behavior: Harry Bartel, who provides that deep foreboding voice which announces the Casebook of Gregory Hood show, tells us that radio actors—even the ones who specialize in the chiller-diller dramas

Is this suffering

A WOMAN'S NATURAL HERITAGE?



From Adam's rib woman was created and glorified with many charms and attributes. Nature endowed some girls with beautiful figures—others with soul-stirring eyes and laughing lips—others with vivacious personalities.

But alas! With all these precious gifts, many women—by their very physical nature—suffer from distressing symptoms on "certain days" of the month.

This Is Something You Shouldn't Joke About!

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause *you*, like so many unfortunates, to suffer from pain, nervous distress, irritability and feel so tired out, restless and highstrung—on such days — this is something you shouldn't joke about! Start at once—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's famous for this purpose.

Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than relieve such monthly pain. This great medicine ALSO relieves accompanying weak, nervous, cranky feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly thruout the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress—A VERY SENSIBLE THING TO DO!

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

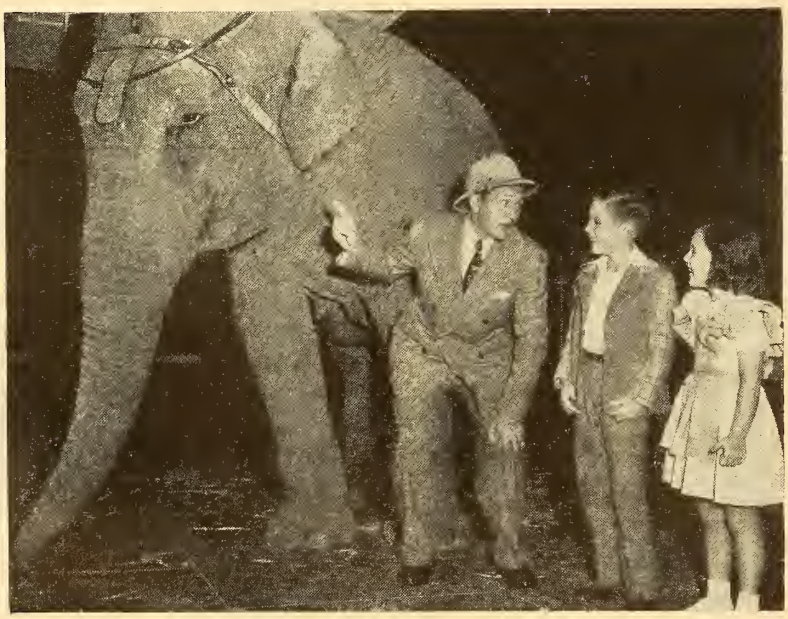
For over SEVENTY YEARS — Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of women in this way—and so many have reported truly remarkable benefits. It's also an excellent stomachic tonic. All drugstores.

Don Ameche and his son Lonnie (known as Slug) rushed over to be first in line at the opening of a new Hollywood ice cream parlor.





Bob Hope and Jerry Colonna, out for a quiet ride in their jeep, met a whole crowd of people: a photographer for one; also young starlets Dorothy Porter and Gloria Saunders.



When bored Blanch visited Art Linkletter's People Are Funny (NBC) to prove that elephants never forget, she was introduced to two awed young Linkletters, Dawn and Arthur Jack.

—are just as anxious to find out how the plot works out as any listener. He says that nine out of ten actors he's watched at first rehearsals of mystery programs turn to the last few pages before they read the whole script through from the beginning.

* * *

Bet you didn't know that singing star Gene Autry just missed being a baseball player by a narrow margin and some $50. It seems he played pro ball back in the mid-20's and was offered a job with the Texas League. But the money involved was only $100 a month, which happened to be $50 less than Autry was earning at the time as a railroad telegraph (bet you didn't know that, either) operator. So it was no deal.

* * *

Paul Lavalle has organized and conducted many different types of orchestras in recent years, ranging all the way from the hot jazz combo of Lower Basin Street to the all-string, longhair Stradivari orchestra. Now, he's organized a tin pan band.

In cooperation with the musical education plan of New York's Children's Aid Society, Lavalle organized a children's orchestra made up of kids from four to eight years of age. The young-

sters are being taught basic music rhythms by beating on tin pans and kettles, in conjunction with Lavalle's theory of mathematical rhythm formulas for music study.

There's a sidelight on this, too. No sooner had Lavalle developed this novel idea for the Children's Aid Society, than the manufacturers of pots and pans were calling him up, offering all kinds of new utensils to be used—the utensils to be donated free, of course, in return for some publicity. But Lavalle nixed that in the bud. His kids only play on old and battered kitchen utensils. The tone is better.

* * *

One of Mel Blanc's proudest possessions is a gigantic postcard, making him an honorary letter carrier in the National Association of Letter Carriers. Mel earned the honor through his role as the "Happy Postman," on the Burns and Allen show, by being instrumental in helping the letter carriers win a pay increase a while back.

* * *

Fannie Brice loves to tell this story about Jackie Kelk. Jackie made his debut on Fannie's show some years ago. He was nine years old at the time. Fannie says he may have been young, but he sure was determined that nobody would be able to say he didn't know his way around. He kept his eyes and ears open every second and made like a carbon copy of all the experienced actors.

So, when Fannie Brice stepped out of her shoes a few minutes before air time, Jackie promptly stooped over and untied his oxfords and did his broadcast in stockinged feet. The rest of the cast did itself proud. There wasn't even a snicker from anyone. But after the show, Fannie took the kid to the corner drug store and over an ice cream soda explained as tactfully as she could—so the sensitive kid wouldn't be hurt—that it really wasn't necessary to take off one's shoes in order to broadcast. Fannie just did it because her feet hurt.



Blue-eyed and blonde Doris Singleton is Alan Young's "Betty," Friday nights at 8:30 EST, over NBC.

Can a young wife escape this threat to *Marriage Happiness?*



If only every married woman could learn the REAL TRUTH about these *Intimate Physical Facts!*

Often a marriage goes on "the rocks" simply because the wife doesn't realize how important douching two or three times a week often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*—how important douching is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems.

AND WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT — wives may not know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—ZONITE.

No Other Type Liquid Antiseptic-Germicide tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

No longer would any well-informed woman think of using weak, old-fashioned or dangerous products for the douche. These DO NOT and CAN NOT give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

The ZONITE principle is truly a miracle! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is *so powerful* yet absolutely *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.* ZONITE contains no phenol, creosote, no bichloride of mercury. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as necessary* without risk of injury.

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It KILLS every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE immediately kills *every reachable germ* and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE! *NEW!*

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published — mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-17, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

R
M



Florence Williams is Mrs. Barry Cameron in the NBC drama; she's noted for her radio portrayals of "perfect wife" parts.



No longer do Abbott and Costello have to struggle along just looking at each other. Singer Marilyn Maxwell is with them this season.



Jack Bailey M.C.'s Queen For a Day (MBS) for a large audience, plays the piano for a much smaller —though enchanted—one.

Talking about taking off shoes, it was reported to us that three female candidates for Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts made the same request the other day. They asked whether it was all right to take off their shoes while auditioning. All three were singers and claimed they felt more relaxed without their shoes.

* * *

We understand that Hildegarde is one of the very few people in this country who uses only her first name to sign checks, contracts and other legal papers. Oh, yes, she has got a full name but very few people know what it is. For your information it's Hildegarde Loretta Sell.

* * *

Rita Ascot, who portrayed Widdy Green on the National Barn Dance for four years, writes us from Chicago that she's only now getting around to discovering what rural life is like first hand. She and her husband, WLS production manager Al Boyd, have started making excursions to their recently bought farm in the Fox River Valley and are trying to figure out how and when to go about their spring plowing. They intend to farm the place—if they can find out how.

* * *

Come February, the moppets are embarking on nursery school adventures again. We liked Myron Wallace's report of his four-year-old son's report of his first day at school. When Myron asked him in that familiar tone that all fathers always use to ask this question, "And what did you do at school today?" the boy answered calmly, "Well, first I cried and then I didn't."

* * *

Here's something to send a few co-eds on their ears and on scouting missions on the New York University campus. Robert Merrill has been singing in foreign languages for some years. But, like many singers, he's learned the foreign words phonetically from his coach. Bob got bored with that, considering it the hard way to learn the lyrics, because he wasn't always entirely clear as to what they meant. So, he's enrolled under an assumed name at the University and is studying French, German and Spanish. That's all the clue we're entitled to give.

* * *

Conrad Binyon, 15-year-old Butch on the Mayor of the Town, is going around with his chest stuck out these days. He's also got a new possibility for his future career. Because he's one of the most active juveniles in West Coast radio, he was chosen to direct the annual class play at Hollywood High and we hear that he acquitted himself nobly.

* * *

Mistakes are always possible, but Cyril Armbruster, producer of the Adventures of the Sea Hound, certainly tries to cover all contingencies. Just before broadcast time the other day, we found him leafing through a big dictionary. It was a dictionary of sea terms and he was making sure the script writers hadn't played fast and loose with any of the seafarer's language they'd put in the script. Armbruster also keeps a very large and detailed map of the West Indies on hand, to check locations mentioned in the script. Sort of an arm-chair explorer. The question is, will he know so much about the West Indies that, come vacation, he will head in the opposite direction.

Most agents are glad to be called agents and not flesh peddlers, or tenper-centers, these being among the milder and more printable of the appellations hurled at them as a rule.

Alan Young, however, likes his agent, is openly grateful to him and blows his horn every chance he gets. Alan is also practical in his gratitude. He's just presented Frank Cooper, his agent, with a Hollywood home as a token of his appreciation. It was Cooper who, hearing Young broadcast from Canada, brought the young comic to America and you know what's happened since then. Incidentally, we're told that in addition to being a radio star and playing feature roles in two movies to date, Alan is at the moment busy writing a picture.

* * *

Here's where the myth that child prodigies usually grow into adults with arrested development gets another sock in the eye. Percy Faith, of the Contented Hour, was one of the precocious kids that has made good. He started taking violin lessons at seven and did very well at them. Then his aunt got a piano which fascinated Percy so much that he started taking piano lessons, too. By the time he was ten he was so good on both instruments that he gave concerts on the piano and violin.

* * *

Victor H. Lindlahr, food expert on Mutual, is making a bid for fame. He bets that he's one man in America who's talked to the most women—without any comeback. He's been broadcasting for 17 years every weekday and that, in itself, is a kind of record.

* * *

Looking for a life of adventure? Try radio announcing, says Ken Carpenter, currently holding down the announcing assignment on the Life of Riley show. Ken has been knocked down by the winning horse, while describing a Santa Anita race. He's been pushed through a plate glass window, while working a big Los Angeles parade. He's tried to jump from one Navy destroyer to another, only to miss his footing and get his pants caught on a taffrail. He's even fallen down a cliff, while broadcasting special events from a moving mountain in L. A. What more could you ask?

* * *

The law of supply and demand is getting to work in favor of serious singers who are looking for a break. It's usually a very long haul to the Metropolitan Opera Company, which is the goal of most vocal students. Now, there's a short cut in the offing. James Melton, we're told, is a good person to approach for an audition. His program is always on the search for fresh voices of an operatic caliber.

* * *

Recently, when an interviewer asked young Beverly Wills, daughter of Joan Davis and Si Wills, what she wanted to be when she grew up, Beverly answered, "I want to write stories like daddy and tell them like mummy." Beverly is almost always at rehearsals of the Joan Davis show and she gives promise of growing up with excellent taste.

* * *

It's getting to be quite a gag around the studio. They've taken to calling Jimmy Durante "Sweater Boy." It's only partly in fun, though. There's a good bit of envy of his collection.

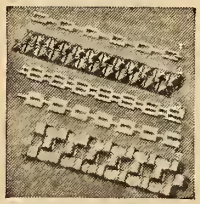
"Hey! STORK CASTILE is made just for babies!"



Your physician will tell you Stork Castile is safe, non-irritating. It's made especially to take better care of babies!

Now superfatted with soothing lanolin.

the famous Stork quality —in a smart, new package



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It's new...it's exclusive...it's

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☐ Send me (tax and postage-prepaid) full size bottle of Nestle Baby Hair Treatment at special introductory price of $1.00. I am enclosing $1.00. Also send me your FREE booklet "Curls for your Baby"

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Nestle BABY HAIR TREATMENT

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST



One time when Charlie lets Bergen run things—when they're in, not on, the air.



Zoo-visiting, George and Gracie take along just the thing to catch the eye of a youthful sea-lion.



Richard Kollmar, Director Marx Loeb, Claire Trevor rehearse for a recent Reader's Digest dramatization.



Patty Foster, six, earned herself television's first child contract.

If you've got an ex-GI in your home—as who hasn't—and your ex-GI knows the least little thing about that wonderful legendary World War II figure Kilroy, write whatever it is to Mutual's Spotlight on America program in New York.

GI's don't need to be told about Kilroy. No matter where our boys stormed beachheads, what obscure islands and hamlets they entered, anywhere in the world—Kilroy was always there first. His signature was found scrawled everywhere. No one ever saw Kilroy. No one ever caught up with him. Spotlight on America is anxious to find out who was the first Kilroy and where he is now. They'd like to know how the idea started and why.

* * *

We were talking to Allen Ducovny the other day and getting some new slants on the Superman show. Allen's a nice guy and he knows his stuff.

"You know," he said, "how restless kids get in the movies whenever love scenes are played on the screen. I think the word you hear rippling through the juvenile audiences at such times is a disgusted 'mush'. Well, that's why we don't ever have any love interest written into the Superman scripts." He pointed out that even the relationship between Lois Lane and Clark Kent (Superman) is purely platonic.

* * *

Have you noticed that with the exception of Kate Smith, practically no big name singers any longer use theme songs? It's Perry Como's hunch that writers don't go too much for identifying themselves with any one song these days of rapid turnover in the popularity of popular music items.

GOSSIP AND THINGS FROM EAST AND WEST . . . Jerome Robbins, choreographer who has staged and directed many ballets for Broadway musicals, adding a new field to his talents. He's working on a ballet series for Television. . . . More on Television: Baseball fans who've been griped by Standing Room Only signs at the ball parks will rejoice to hear that more games will be televized next season. . . . Songstress Patti Clayton is slated for a personal appearance tour of the country this Spring. . . . The New Jersey Education Association has honored Jerry Devine's This Is Your FBI by choosing it for presentation at its annual convention as one of the best examples of radio in education. . . . Hector Chevigny, blind radio writer, has written an autobiography called "My Eyes Have A Cold Nose," which is getting up close to the best seller class.



Introducing

OLAN SOULE

ONE of the most authentic actors in radio is Olan Soule. Any role he's called on to play, from truck driver to an author, is likely to be something he has done in real life.

The truck driving began when Olan was with the Jack Brooks stock company in Sabula, Iowa, for about two years. Then came three years with the Lane Shankland repertory company in East St. Louis. In 1931, when the depression folded up road shows, Olan headed for New York, bringing with him his new bride. Olan says in New York he ran elevators and served hamburgers with the best actors in town.

In 1933, he moved to Chicago and embarked on another phase of his career. He dusted off an old shorthand book, and, with his wife as tutor, managed to get a job as a secretary-switchboard operator-file clerk.

But auditions required him to beg out of his job, often. So he lost it—at exactly the same time that he landed the part of Sam Ryder in the then new serial, Bachelor's Children. Olan has played that part for eleven years and is now one of the three remaining members of the original cast.

With one foot in the door, the other foot slipped in easier. Parts on Orphan Annie, Grand Hotel, Freedom of Opportunity and Theater of the Air followed rapidly. In 1943, he first began playing on the First Nighter shows and last year won the post of leading man.

At home in Evanston, Illinois, he's a confirmed putterer. He has two children, JoAnn, six, and Jon, four, and the pride of their hearts is a nine room doll house he made for them one Christmas. Olan had just started making the doll house when he was drafted into the Army. Thinking it would be a long time before he'd get back, he sold all his power tools. Then the Army decided it didn't want Mr. Soule, so he returned home and set about finishing the house by hand. Some 600 working hours later it sat under the Christmas tree.

SURPRISES
FROM PINEAPPLE LAND

Expect a delicious surprise when you serve these new pineapple dishes originated by Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist. And for refreshment any time, help yourself to Dole Pineapple Juice.





CHICKEN SALAD PLATTER

Cut Dole Pineapple Slices in halves and arrange around edge of a large plate in scallop design, as shown. Combine coarsely-cut left-over roast chicken or turkey, chopped hard-cooked egg, sliced celery, and strips of sweet pickle in desired proportions; dice 1 or more pineapple slices, and add: mix with French dressing, season well, and heap in center of pineapple-bordered plate. Serve mayonnaise or Thousand Island dressing separately.



DOLE RECIPE 46-13

PINEAPPLE-BEET RELISH SALAD

Pineapple Layer: Add 1 tbsp. plain gelatin to ¼ cup cold water; set aside. Heat 2½ cups (a No. 2 can) Dole Crushed Pineapple just to boiling, remove from heat, stir in gelatin and 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Pour half this mixture into 9″ x 4″ x 4″ loaf pan, chill until firm. ***Beet Layer:*** Add 1 tbsp. plain gelatin to ¼ cup cold water. Heat 1¼ cups beet-liquid-and-water to boiling, remove from heat, stir in gelatin. Add 1 tsp. salt, 3 tbsps. sugar, 3 tbsps. vinegar or lemon juice, and remaining pineapple-gelatin mixture. Cool until it begins to thicken, then fold in 2 cups chopped cooked beets, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tsps. minced onion, 2 tsps. horseradish. Pour over pineapple layer in pan, and chill. Serve sliced, with mayonnaise. Serves 8 or more.



DOLE RECIPE: 46-15





De luxe Frolic Gift Set—
Talc, Bath Softener,
Eau de Cologne, Perfume,
and Sachet, $5.00.



Frolic Eau de Cologne
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Frolic Perfume
$6.50; 3.50; 1.10

Frolic

It's fun . . . it's young
it's lasting!

Give her the fragrance she loves

by CHERAMY, perfumer

April Showers

The Fragrance of Youth



April Showers Perfume
$6.50; 3.50; 1.10



April Showers Eau de Cologne,
Sachet, Talc, and Perfume, $2.95.



April Showers Dusting Powder
and Eau de Cologne, $2.25.

All prices plus tax

About Marriage

2-STUMBLING BLOCKS

This is the second in Radio Mirror's series of articles in which Mr. Anthony discusses some of the problems of modern marriage.

LAST month I discussed emotional immaturity as one of the most frequent causes for divorce. I hope I made it plain that this immaturity can manifest itself in many ways. I remember that I mentioned infidelity, specifically, as one of the many ways in which the childish inability to grow beyond the first, rapturous stage of love and marriage shows itself. Unfaithfulness, however, can be a symptom of other things besides emotional immaturity.

Unfaithfulness is one of the chief causes for divorce. In some states, in fact, it is the only cause accepted by law. Now, it is my experience that people are never unfaithful simply for the sake of being unfaithful. There is usually an underlying cause, which, if recognized and treated in time, would eliminate the need for seeking love, attention, or pure physical gratification from someone besides the husband or wife. So, let us treat infidelity as the symptom of some maladjustment, some personal lack or inadequacy, rather than as a definite cause in itself.

We've examined the way infidelity grows out of a constant pursuit of the stars-in-your-eyes romance, which is nothing but a refusal to accept the fact that love, like everything else, grows and matures and changes its forms. Now let us examine infidelity as it grows out of a very prevalent maladjustment—physical incompatibility.

In a society like ours, where there is so much apparent frankness about sex, where sexual stimulation is used in so many ways—in advertisements and stories and movies—it seems a paradox that really simple and elementary facts about sex are virtually a mystery to a large section of the population. It's paradoxical—and regrettable, because ignorance is dangerous.

Love is made up of many elements, not the least of which is the physical desire of one man for one woman and vice versa. This physical desire, though it is not the most important element in love, is healthy and normal and certainly important enough to either fuse the love into a fine marriage, or to destroy it, if the desire is frustrated or denied. Many a marriage in which all the other elements are present—trust, understanding, companionship, a sharing of responsibilities—has ended in divorce because of this something which has come to be labeled physical incompatibility.

Scientifically, there are very few real, physical reasons for such incompatibility. There are cases which might be called physical incompatibility—like women with Rh-negative blood marrying men with Rh-positive blood and finding that they cannot have children by one another. But even in such cases, it does not follow that such a couple could not have an entirely happy and healthy physical relationship. The problem of children can be solved, either scientifically, by artificial insemination, or socially, by the adoption of children.

Real physical incompatibility springs most often not from basically physical causes, but from mental ones, from the (*Continued on page* 57)

By JOHN J. ANTHONY



A Thousand



Mary was too excited to keep quiet. "That's the Hester Street trolley and the policeman's whistle!" The others

Good Wishes



too recognized these sounds in Keith's music.

TODAY'S CHILDREN welcome the New Year in with the laughter of friends, and with prayers and hopes so deeply felt that they need be spoken only in the heart

BECAUSE Hester Street had a special look, this afternoon before New Year's Eve, Naomi Daniels found herself thinking about it more warmly even than usual. She was idling through Simmons' drug-store with Carlotta Lagorra, helping to buy small extras for the night's festivity, but she kept looking through the warm, steamy windows and at the people rushing in for last-minute purchases, and wondering if she could make any of her thoughts clear to Carlotta, if she tried.

It's funny, she was thinking; when you're walking down a strange street you see only that it is bright or sad, cared-for or neglected—you're outside it. But when you live on a street—no matter what street, in what city—your view is so different! Then the street has a life of its own, and the people who live there are drawn into that life—or they're not. Naomi sighed. It was very often because people were not drawn into that life that she, as a social worker, found complicated problems waiting for solution.

Some streets are cold and unfriendly by nature—maybe, Naomi thought whimsically, it's the way they're built, cold and stiff and straight. The stream of neighborliness there runs very shallow. If there is an accident, or a great celebration, a street like that may become momentarily close-knit; neighbors who have never exchanged so much as (*Continued on page* 58)

On the opposite page, Keith (played by Wilms Herbert) is at the piano; Mary (Lois Kennison) beside him. Ruth Hewlett is at the left, next to Tony (Edwin Rand); Carlotta (Gale Page); David (Jack Edwards, Jr.); Marilyn (Betty Lou Gerson); Italo (Milt Herman); Naomi (Jo Gilbert). Today's Children is heard daily on NBC, at 2:15 P.M. EST. This story was written especially for Radio Mirror.

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Bert Parks is Quiz Master of ABC's Break The Bank, heard Fridays at 9:00 P.M. EST.

WE BROKE

Being on Break the Bank was fun. But when the Weisses broke it, it wasn't just fun—it was high adventure!

HAVE you ever won $5000 in less than ten minutes? $5220, to be exact? That happens about as often as the Dionne Quintuplets, I guess—maybe even less frequently. So don't blame me too much if I'm still a little dazed at what happened to me one night on the Break the Bank radio program. $5000 is a lot of money. Oh, maybe it's nothing exciting to the people you read about in the papers around the first of every year—the people who figure their incomes in six or maybe seven figures. But for the rest of us—most of us—it's an incredible sum, all in one lump. It usually represents a year, or maybe two years, of work—eight hours a day, five or six days a week, month after month.

Of course, I wasn't thinking about any of those things that night as Edith and I were driving to the Ritz Theater in New York, where the broadcast was being held. We were just feeling good because we'd been able to get tickets. Edith's mother had had four of them, and two people she'd invited to see the show with her hadn't been able to make it at the last (*Continued on page* 65)

THE BANK !



Quiz-program history was made at this moment, as well as family history for Commander Jack Weiss, U.S.N.R., and his just-acquired wife Edith. Navy experience, a knowledge of geography, a steel-trap memory helped them Break the Bank for a figure that left them limp, and left Quiz Master Bert Parks, M.C. Bud Collyer and the radio audience (seen and unseen) gasping.

In Living Portraits

LORA LAWTON

The story of a courageous woman who has learned to meet life's constant challenge



PETER CARVER, successful and attractive, was one of Washington's most sought-after young men until he fell in love with Lora Lawton. The obstacles that stood in the way of their marriage made Lora doubly precious to Peter; but now, with their happiness realized, he is in danger of forgetting that his riches make that happiness vulnerable—they are a hazard to the ideals and aspirations that strengthened his and Lora's love.
(Peter Carver is played by Ned Wever)



LORA LAWTON'S life has been at times a lonely one, at others made stimulating by success achieved through her own resourcefulness and courage. Divorced by her first husband, Lora's unhappiness spurred her on to a brilliant career in photography. Too vital a woman to be content with solitude, however, Lora is now the envied wife of successful ship-builder Peter Carver; and she is learning that life sometimes offers problems that even money and affection combined cannot solve.

(Lora Lawton is played by Jan Miner)



GAIL, Peter's spoiled and pampered young sister, married young ANGUS MACDONALD without fully realizing that in place of the luxury with which Peter had surrounded her, she would have to adjust to living—at least until Angus makes his mark—as the wife of a struggling young man with a modest income. Angus, to whom Gail means everything, is trying to teach her that even without money two people can build happiness for each other, but Gail continues to resent Peter's decision that she must live on her husband's salary. Her resentment has turned into a jealous hatred of her sister-in-law. (Gail is Marilyn Erskine; Angus is William Hare)



MAY CASE is friend, confidante —and efficient secretary—to Peter Carver. Her sympathetic, alert mind has been puzzling over human vagaries for many years, and she has often been able to give Peter just the bit of advice or comfort that he needed. Convinced that her beloved employer can truly find his happiness with Lora, May has shown that she is ready to be as honest and understanding a friend to Peter's wife as she has so long been to Peter himself. (played by Ethel Wilson)



CLYDE HOUSTON, feature editor of the magazine for which Lora still works on special assignments, was the first person to recognize her talent. Lora values highly the friendship of this man, who was instrumental in furthering her career; and, because of a recent crisis in his own life, Clyde has cause to be grateful to Lora. If it had not been for her help, he might have gone on lonely, unable to marry the woman he loved. He owes Lora much happiness.
(played by James Van Dyk)



IRIS HOUSTON, Clyde's lovely wife, will never forget Lora's part in making her marriage possible. There was a time when Lora's unaffected charm irritated Iris, a Washington social leader; but now that they understand each other better they have become very dear friends. In fact, Lora has directly and indirectly influenced the whole personality of Clyde's wife so that Iris's pattern of living has undergone a change—and she is happier and more useful than ever before.
(played by Elaine Kent)

Lora Lawton is conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, heard Monday through Friday, at 10:15 A.M. EST, over NBC.



Christmas Song

SOON it will be Christmas again, the beautiful time. I call it beautiful not only because of the surface things, the symbols—the evergreen trees festooned with colored lights, the giving of presents, or even the wonder and delight Christmas brings into the eyes of children—though all these are as precious to me as they are to anyone else. No, I believe Christmas is beautiful because above all else it is a time of remembrance, and all its memories are happy ones, from the great universal memory of the Christ Child's birth to the millions of individual memories which are the personal property of each one of us.

That may not sound like a very important matter. What is a memory, you may say, even a happy memory, but something that is past and gone, never to be recaptured? But memories are more than that, much more; they are guideposts for the present and the future; and they *can* be recaptured. Let me tell you about Jim Kenyon, who recaptured his, and then I think you will know what I mean.

He was an ordinary-looking young man, this Jim Kenyon, not too well dressed, and with a diffident, unhappy look in his brown eyes. But he had a good, firm jaw, perhaps a little too firm so that it denoted a certain stubbornness, and I liked him on sight when he came to see me on the morning of December 24th, a year ago. He felt a bit foolish about visiting me, you could see. We'd never met, and already he was doubtful about the impulse that had brought him. All the same, there he was, and he was going through with it now that he'd started.

"I need somebody to tell me what to do," he said, "and I don't know anybody in Chicago. I've only been here a few months. So I thought maybe you wouldn't mind if I came to you."

I told him that of course I didn't mind, and he took a deep breath and began to tell me about himself, and about Marcie. His wasn't a unique story. I only wish it were. I wish with all my heart that there could be only one Jim, one Marcie, in this land of ours.

Without ever having seen Marcie, I feel that I know her well, from the way he described her to me. Very young—she was barely nineteen in 1940, when she and Jim were married—and small, and as pert and

On a Hymns Of All Churches program, Jim suddenly heard the one thing that had power enough to turn the bitterness in his heart to hope



for Jimmie

gay as the blue ribbon she sometimes tied around her black hair. High-spirited, tantalizing one moment and tender the next, apt to be embarrassed by any show of sentiment because it was "icky"—that was Marcie.

Theirs was a boy-and-girl romance in the small town, fifty miles from Chicago, where they had both been born. Together they'd gone to dances in the high school gymnasium, double-dating with another couple in Jim's cut-down Ford, and on Saturday afternoons in the Fall Marcie would sit in the bleachers cheering her head off for Jim to make the winning touchdown for the home team. Once he actually did, and she was shyly proud of him, though she did her very best to keep him from knowing it.

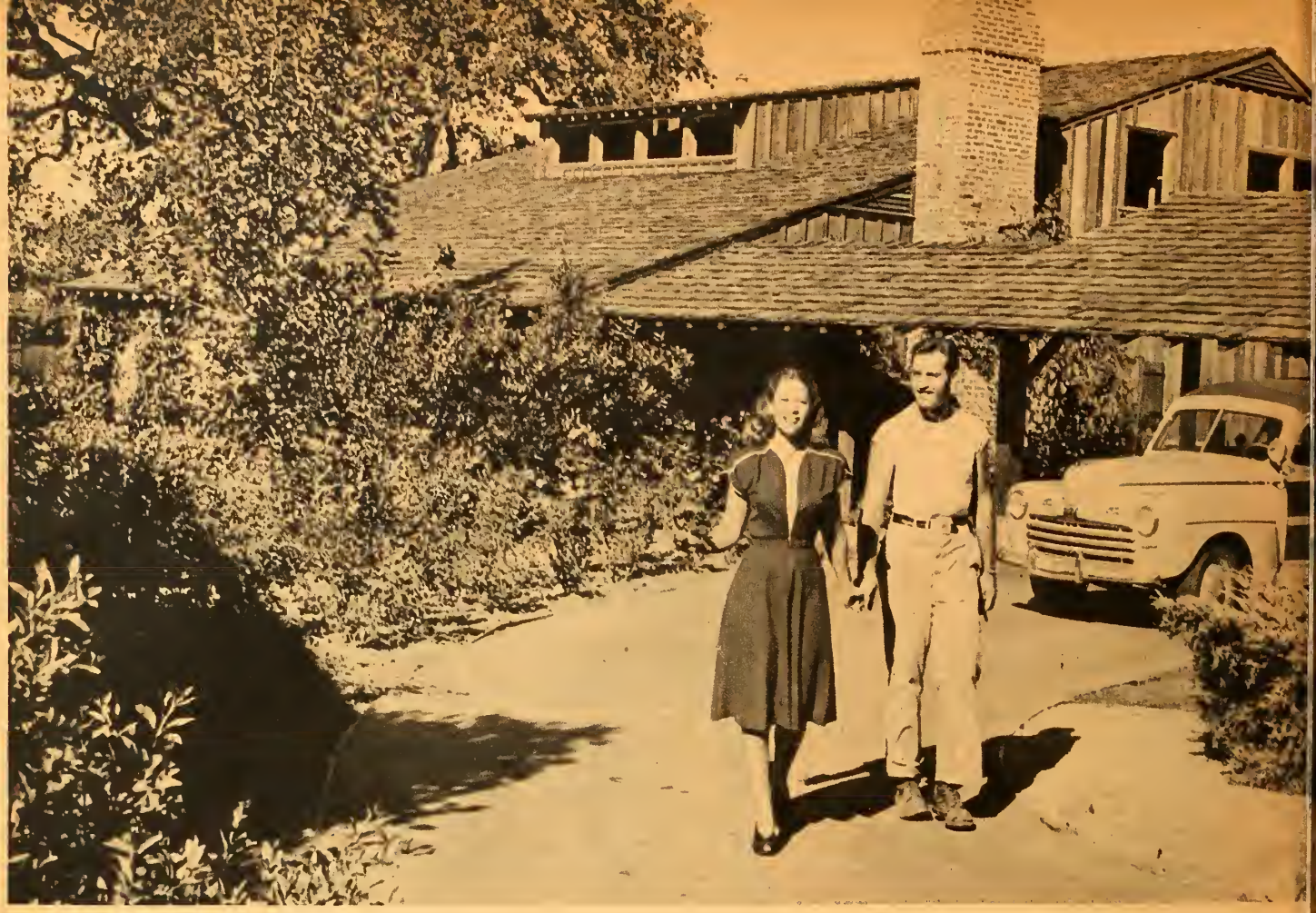
They had their quarrels and misunderstandings, like any pair of healthy adolescents, and there was one terrible weekend when, to punish Jim, Marcie went out twice in succession with a boy named Bert Hazzard. She confessed afterward, when she and Jim had made up again, that she'd been miserable the whole time. In fact, that was the night she (*Continued on page* 77)



By Dr. Preston Bradley

As told to RADIO MIRROR

The Pastor of the People's Church of Chicago is heard on Hymns Of All Churches, Monday through Friday at 10:25 A.M. EST, on ABC. His Christmas story was written especially for Radio Mirror.



Come and Visit DINAH SHORE

Five oak trees, a blueprint, and a dream—that's where the Montgomerys live

THIS is a triangle love story, with no scandalous overtones.

The principals are a boy and his sweetheart and a piece of land.

The boy is George Montgomery, his sweetheart is Mrs. M.—you know her as Dinah Shore—and the piece of land is six and one-half acres of the flat and fertile San Fernando valley, halfway between the purple San Gabriel mountains and the green Hollywood hills, land as young as green alfalfa and as old as the five thousand-year-old wild oak trees which give it its character and its name.

"Five Oaks" the Montgomerys recognized as home the minute they saw it. They are rapidly turning it into the reality of home, and the story is one of the most heartwarming in a long time to come out of a community which breeds more cynicism—particularly about marriage—than romance.

George and Dinah found their land by accident, in June, 1945.

It happened on a Sunday afternoon. They had driven out to the valley for Sunday brunch with friends, and were heading homeward. It was a beautiful, sunny day—too beautiful to go home. They decided to go for a drive.

"I know what we can do, George," Dinah said. "We've always wanted to own a couple of acres in the valley. We'll go by a real estate office and pick up some addresses—it'll be a good excuse for spending the day out of doors." (The Montgomerys are ranchers at heart; they own a 10,000-acre ranch in Montana.)

They stopped at the first real estate office on the highway, explained their purpose.

A couple of acres was all they wanted, they said—not to build on now, of course, with everything so



They couldn't wait to move in—so they lived in one room. The Early American love seat is proof of Dinah's proud contention that "George can do anything." He built it.



(Mrs. George Montgomery)

The master bedroom will be George's tour de force. He's arranging for two of everything—except the fireplace.



Dinah Shore is heard on CBS, Wednesday nights at 9:30 EST.



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difficult. But a place to grow some alfalfa maybe, to keep some horses if they decided to bring some of the horses down from Montana. Just . . . just a piece of this beautiful valley, a piece of the good earth with a view.

The real estate agent, who was a woman and very pleasant, thought she understood. She hadn't anything that exactly fitted the requirements at the moment, but there was one place she wished they'd look at. It was a little more land—six and one-half acres—and it had a little house on it. Just one room, really, and a bunk room. But it was a beautiful spot. She told them about the five old, old trees.

"We don't need a house," George said, reminding Dinah that they hadn't finished furnishing their new house in Benedict Canyon.

"But it's a pretty day, George," Dinah said, "and we really haven't anything else to do."

So the three of them drove by the place. And Dinah fell in love, at first sight—as, (if her romance with George Montgomery can be taken as an indication) is her custom. At first sight, and irrevocably.

It was not just the trees, although they are magnificent. It was the green (*Continued on page* 69)



This is the way they iron their clothes . . .

Things "just growed"—with a little help from George's toolchest.





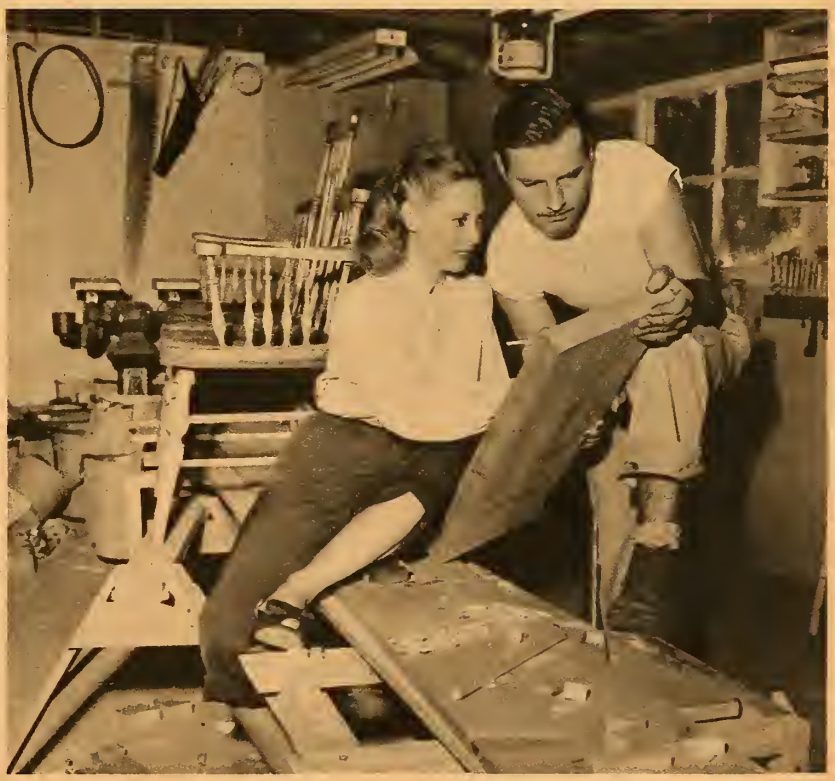
Big and baby Bantams are Dinah's



"Gotta have a place to sleep!"—so the seven-by-seven bed came into their all-in-one room.



articular pets. She's up at six to feed them.



"Gotta have a place for tools!"—so the workshop went up fast.

Come and Visit DINAH SHORE (Mrs. George Montgomery)

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Big and baby Bantams are Dinah's particular pets. She's up at six to feed them.



"Gotta have a place for tools!"—so the workshop went up fast.



BETWEEN

Some new poems worth reading--

LINES AFTER A LONG YEAR

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

We are walking out again
As we used to do,
When hours were silver footed
And every star was blue,
We weep our tears in secret,
Our grief has all been said,
And all we ever feared of Death
Is done with and is dead,
And so we walk out once again
Finding, free and slim,
Always the faint, familiar,
Counterpart of him,
Sungold on a tennis court,
Swinging at a ball,
Buying tickets for the game,
A shadow in a hall,
Climbing in a cock-pit
Whistling down a street,
Dancing in a corner,
Always the strange and fleet
Familiar look of eye or hand,
The half-glimpse of a shoulder,
The way we think that he might look
A long, war year older.
Light steps precede us as we go,
Light steps follow after,
We are walking out again,
Listening for his laughter.

—Gladys McKee

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse that you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

MACBETH LEARNS OF HIS WIFE'S DEATH

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

—William Shakespeare

THE FACE

As a beauty I'm not a great star,
There are others more handsome by far,
But my face I don't mind it,
Because I'm behind it—
'Tis the folks in the front that I jar.

—Anthony Euwer

(Woodrow Wilson's favorite limerick)

THERE WILL BE COMMON THINGS

There will be common things to lift the heart
Long as the earth shall turn, and hearts need lifting:
There will be wild geese calling at the start
Of every Spring, and blue-gold hazes drifting
Through every Autumn; there will be the fragile
Exquisite snowflake caught upon the sleeve,
Birdsong cascading, trees, and sight of agile
Chipmunk at play. And these will interweave
With other common things so joyously,—
Good friends' hellos, and letters, laughter, quiet
And order, work accomplished, and to be
Done soon, and faith, and courage standing by it—
That we may question whether we should call
Them common in their dearness, after all!

—Elaine V. Emans

EVENING AT HOME

When we hove lived o lifetime, you and I,
And time no longer harries us with fears
Of Not-enough or All-too-soon; when eyes
No longer fill with visions or with teors
To answer youthful dreoming; when the breoth
Of oll finolity confirms the goins
We've made—I will reveol whot eorly deaths
You led me post, down whot courogeous lones
You drew my heort. Because of you I sing
Instead of speoking, dream instead of sleep.
Through every day my thoughts of beauty ring
With overtones of you. Tonight I keep
My silence ond consider Love—and smile
To see it odd new meoning oll the while.

—Horold Applebaum

the BOOKENDS

some old ones, worth remembering



By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

YOU ASK FOR IT

You can't expect your deor to bring
The moon tied firmly on o string
And hand it to you, silver-lit.
But when you love you ask for it.
It's foolish to believe your sweet
Can fashion paradise complete
And run it for your benefit,
But when you love you ask for it.
Divine unreason! you reflect,
And certainly you don't expect
To have your heart reduced to grit,
But when you love you osk for it!
—Georgie Starbuck Golbraith

HAIR APPARENT

A womon is clossed, with meticulous care,
By nothing so much as the shode of her hair.
There's the platinum blonde, and the strawberry too,
The redheod, with titian or copperish hue,
The light brown, the dork brown, ond also the medium,
As well as the black—to list more would cause tedium.
A man though, re hair, is just jetsam ond flotsam,
He comes in two classes: he has or hos not some.
—Richard Armour

BEFORE SLEEPING

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Bless the bed that I lie on!
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head,
One at head and one at feet,
And two to guard my soul asleep.
—Anonymous

FROM DON JUAN

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these can not estrange:
Men have all these resources, we but one,
To love again, and be again undone.
—Lord Byron

ANNIVERSARY

Consider, dear, this oneness born of years
And small things shared, like breakfasting at eight
Or reading late;
The little quarrels and the quick-dried tears,
Walks in our hills
At dusk, and meeting bills
By skipping steaks and shows,
And heaven only knows
How many things!
But not the sunsets, dawns and flickers' wings
Tawny against the dark pine.
Oh, more, much more than these were yours and mine;
The spotted sparrow's song
With winter rain, vacation trips
Along the coast to fish, grey hulks of ships
Returned or leaving with their long,
Gull-flowering, silver-flashing sun.
Dear, we have done
And seen and known so much together—
Enough to keep us strong in any weather.
—Bess Toles

RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.

Ring for her finger

After ten years, the Smiths feel that their story is just beginning. That's what makes it a love story



By JACK SMITH

The Jack Smith Show is heard Monday through Friday, 7:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

IT was our fifteenth birthday, the day we met. . . .

Five years later, on our twentieth birthday, we were married.

That (on the 16th of last November) was ten years ago. . . .

If we had not had the same birthday (I am fifty-five minutes older than Victoria. An "older man," she calls me) we might never have met. True, we both grew up in Hollywood, but I was going to Hollywood High School and Vickii to Glendale High, which might have been a world away and a world apart. True, I belonged to the Santa Monica Beach Club and Vickii belonged to the Santa Monica Swimming Club and the clubs adjoin, but you can miss even your destiny in a crowd. True, our families—as we learned later—had mutual friends. In fact, my mother's brother-in-law's brother married into Vickii's family so, taking it all in all, it seems reasonable to suppose that we could not have escaped fate. Just the same, except for "our" birthday, we *might* have, and so have missed a happiness that, speaking for myself, is the meaning of life.

We entered marriage on a very peculiar basis, Vickii and I. Both children of divorced parents, and brought up in Hollywood where, if there are not more divorces than otherwheres, they are more publicized, we never thought our marriage would last. Vickii was convinced it wouldn't and I, although I was less skeptical and tried to dissuade her from the downbeat thought, was afraid it wouldn't. Defensive, both of us, we said to our friends, "We'll probably never last longer than a year." "Don't talk like that," our friends warned us, "or you won't have a chance." Well, most of those friends are now divorced and we are still, and happily, and more happily as each day, week, month, year goes by, married.

Last summer, we took our first honeymoon. Our first real honeymoon, for when we were married, I could get only three days off the air, which we spent in a state of trance at the Pickwick Arms in Greenwich, Connecticut. Since then, when we have had the time to go away, we haven't had the money; when we've had the money, we haven't had the time. But last summer, in the tenth year of our marriage, we honeymooned . . . in South America, in Buenos Aires, in Rio, in Trinidad, in Guatemala, in Mexico. It was as beautiful, as (*Continued on page* 54)



The makings of a favorite kind of Smith evening: music, work, Buff and one of the Vicki-made specialties that cured Jack of his bachelor addiction to pie

1. "She loves me . . . or not," sighs Kenny Baker to boarder Don Wilson; Barbara's pretty nose is in the air over the run-down state of Glamour Manor. No other guest has ever made a return visit—they've just got to make sure Mrs. Biddle will enjoy herself and come again. Why doesn't Kenny Do Something?



At GLAMOUR MANOR

It's a big day at Glamour Manor. One more like it, and Kenny Baker's hostelry will be rocked to its very foundations!

WHEN singer-comedian Kenny Baker took over managership of ABC's two-year-old Glamour Manor, he found it in the doldrums. Sometimes it seems to pretty Barbara Dilley, the hotel's bookkeeper, that nothing will ever get it into shape . . . especially not Kenny. Life is further complicated by the Manor's star boarder Don Wilson, whose advice always leads to trouble of which Kenny is on the receiving end. And by Schlepperman, also eager to help—and also talented only in helping Kenny dig his own pitfalls. (Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays the hotel has its troubles. Tuesdays and Thursdays the audience participates in interviews m.c.'d by Kenny Baker. Barbara is played by Barbara Eiler; Schlepperman by Sam Hearn; Mrs. Biddle by Elviah Allman. Listen in at 12 Noon, EST, ABC.)

And now, the crisis (written especially for Radio Mirror). Wealthy, man-mad Mrs. Biddle is on her fluttery way to Glamour Manor. *If* she likes it, she may tell her friends. If her friends come, the hotel is made . . . if *they* like it.



2. Don Wilson's suggestions have a way of bouncing back, but tbis time he seems to have something. What tbey need, he says, is an intelligent, handsome, courteous bellboy to impress socialite Mrs. Biddle.



3. Schlepperman has overheard. He offers bimself. Kenny and Don are skeptical, but "Haven't I had all my life a ringing in the ears?" Schleppie insists. "And I always let ladies go first, especially when paying a check." Kenny finally agrees.



4. This is it! Mrs. Biddle arrives. Like the intelligent, handsome, courteous bellboy he is, Schleppie lets her go first, carrying ber heavy bag, while be daintily brings up tbe rear with ber jewel-case.

GLAMOUR MANOR

(Continued)



5. Tensely, Mrs. Biddle's reactions are awaited. Then she phones the desk, and all relax. She loves everything, including the bellboy's virile, dashing personality! Barbara forgives Kenny, and they're so busy with each other that there's nobody but Don to tell Schleppie what to do with Mrs. B's jewels. "Put the ice in the safe," Don advises slangily, "and keep it under your hat!"



6. Bewildered but compliant, Schleppie does. And the next morning Kenny finds that disaster is upon them. Safe cracked . . . jewel-case gone! Mrs. Biddle will be furious. She will leave Glamour Manor, sue the hotel—put them all in jail! Bankruptcy, chaos and ruin face the utterly horrified Kenny.



7. Don comforts the hysterical Mrs. Biddle, as Barbara looks on fearfully. It's not only the jewels Mrs. Biddle is bemoaning. Here she had placed such trust in Kenny, and thought Schleppie was so cute . . . and now they've permitted her to be robbed! All her faith in men is gone.



8. In the midst of all this turmoil, Kenny is still standing by the safe. Now, suddenly, he is astonished to find that his feet are getting very wet. In fact, he's right in a puddle of water. But where can it be coming from? Schleppie shrugs. What's so strange about that? He knew all along that the ice Don told him to put in the safe would melt!



9. Ice in the safe! But then—where are the jewels? Schlepp beams. "Under my hat," he confides, "where I kept them all night, just as Don told me to. And believe me, for the bumps I got on my head now, I should get liniment treatments, for free!" And he produces them.



10. All is happiness again. Mrs. Biddle has her jewels and her faith in men restored . . . and her cute, precious Schleppie is the man of the hour. Barbara is all ready to adore Kenny again—he's the smartest man in the world for not putting those jewels in the safe where robbers could get at them! Glamour Manor is back on its feet . . . but watch out! There's always a next time!



Eve married Ned Bergen in Reno, now is hoping a trial separation will keep her marriage from ending where it began.

Always on her way

EVE ARDEN is unlike her namesake Eve in one respect—she never longs to stay in any one Garden of Eden. She's spent her life racing from one place to another with a cloud of dust forming in her wake . . . and to her endless wanderlust she owes everything she has. This includes her NBC radio show, Village Store, in which she and Jack Haley spar; her dozens of movies including Stage Door, Cover Girl, My Reputation, Doughgirls, Pan Americana, and Mildred Pierce; her many New York stage productions—and even her husband, child, and home in Hollywood.

Right now, she's fairly static. You can find her tall, angular figure and her blue-eyed, yellow-haired head planted steadfastly behind an NBC microphone in Hollywood. And on a Hollywood hilltop you can see her early American house, perfect in all its details, complete with two-year-old adopted daughter Liza, nurse Margaret, housekeeper Jeanie, and gardener Joe. But things were not always so static—and they probably won't stay that way. Not with Eve around to keep things moving.

She always reacts the same way to any setback: a voice within her says, "Get going!" and she goes. It was the same way in romance as in everything else in her life. Some eight years back, while she was temporarily in Hollywood, a fellow actress introduced her to a young insurance man named Ned Bergen. It was quarrel at first sight. They went out steadily for several weeks thereafter and argued just as steadily as they dated. Finally they had a particularly ferocious evening. They both despised each other at the top of their lungs, and Eve flung out of his car at the end of the date. shouted that she never wanted to see him again, and slammed into her house. The next morning she awoke still boiling with rage and thought, "Get going!" It was instinctive. (*Continued on page* 74)

Covering Cover Girl

Eve Arden—

a coast-to-coast assignment



On the air every Thursday night at 9:30 on NBC—Eve Arden with Jack Haley, and guests (here, Victor Mature) invited for a half hour at the Village Store.



"No child of mine will be an actress!" Eve's father said, ignoring destiny.

Eve's house is full of beautifully-chosen antiques; her talented interiors are used as home-magazine models.





Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard daily at 12 PT, 1 MT, 2 CT, 3 ET, on NBC.

Life

A soldier's letter—

EVERY now and then we get a letter which reveals an experience so intense that its meaning and its message shine forth with perfect clarity. For such a letter no comment is necessary. No interpreter is needed, for the hopes and fears it touches on are so elemental that responsive understanding leaps up at once in the heart of the reader. And such a letter is our first. The writer has received Radio Mirror's check for one hundred dollars.

"I have the future..."

Dear Papa David:

That life can be beautiful is a known fact to me. My first dark spot in life came, as to many others, with the draft. But still I had the future to look forward to.

After finishing Infantry Basic Training I was sent overseas. I saw only a small bit of action and then I was moved into Japan. After spending about a month there, I was pulling guard duty there the night of November 22, 1945—a date I shall never forget for it was then that it happened. The ammo dump which I was guarding blew up, catching myself and 149 others in it. I was badly burned. My face was a mess; also my legs and hands.

I was able to make it to an aid station and there I passed out. When I came to myself some two weeks later I was completely blind and I was told I would never walk again and that they were going to amputate both my hands. There is where I failed to see the beautiful side of life.

I refused the operation on my hands and was soon returned to the States; here I recovered my sight in a short while. Then I was told that my hands were improving very nicely.

In a short while I was up in a wheel chair, feeling much better. And now,

CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

to be read not with the eyes alone, but with the heart

thanks to the science of plastic surgery, I am walking and writing this letter with the two hands that were supposed to be amputated. They have worked wonders with my face. I have now had my ear restored and my hair is growing in fine.

Of course it has been rough but now I will be a civilian in a few short months. So you can easily see why I think life can be and is very beautiful.

J. T. W.

Radio Mirror's fifteen-dollar checks have gone to the writers of the following letters.

Open House

Dear Papa David,

My husband and I were very lonely after losing our only son a year ago. Sometimes it seemed we could never go on without him. I am afraid we became obsessed with self pity, until one day I realized that the solution of our loneliness was right before our very eyes, if we were unselfish enough to take advantage of it.

You see, Papa David, there were several children in our neighborhood whose mothers worked, and these children were lonely too. So why not turn our home into a meeting place for them? No sooner said than done, I had everything arranged, and two days later I was baking cookies, happy in the thought of having youngsters in the house again.

Not all of them came that first evening, and those who did were rather shy and afraid to really be themselves. I suggested games, played the piano, asked them to sing and before long they were having a grand time. For the first time in months, I heard my husband's hearty laugh ring out.

Now, we have open house for the children three times a week and all of us eagerly await those few hours of enjoyment.

Needless to say, my husband and I still have an empty ache in our hearts for that boy who can never return, but we have found that life can be beautiful, if we will remember to think more of others, and less of ourselves.

Mrs. E. H. B.

Worth all it cost

Dear Papa David:

I was born on a farm thirty-one years ago and the man I married was a farmer. But I didn't like the farm. My husband, though, was a naturally born farmer and loved everything (*Continued on page* 71)

Radio Mirror Offers One Hundred Dollars each month for your

Life Can Be Beautiful Letters

Have you sent in your Life Can Be Beautiful letter yet? If, some time in your life, there was a moment when the meaning of happiness became clear to you, won't you write your story to Papa David? For the letter he considers best each month, RADIO MIRROR will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received which we have space enough to print, RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42, New York 17, New York. No letters can be returned.





He Flies



Four people can ride in "Grand Slam"—that's handy, because four is just the size of the Family Weist.



Wife Elizabeth, young Gretchen and Richard—they're all used to moving around at high speed.

THROUGH THE AIR

Dwight Weist—commuter with wings

WHEN Dwight Weist comes home from work every late afternoon, eight-year-old Gretchen and six-year-old Richard stop their play at the faint sound of an airplane engine in the distance. Then they scream. "Daddy's plane!" And then, with their collie "Lassie," they rush pellmell down the garden lawn to the shore of Lake Tomahawk, in Orange County, New York State. There they jump up and down, waving, shouting (and barking) while the amphibious plane roars down to the lake for a landing.

And a second later, he has taxied his oddly shaped silver-colored plane up to the stone dock built by the children and himself. He is home for dinner!



No timetables to memorize, no racing for trains . . .

Lassie's the proudest dog in the county. Not every master wings home in a Seabee with a plexiglas nose!



Dwight Weist is heard as Stan Burton in The Second Mrs. Burton, daily, 2 P.M. EST., CBS.



Dwight's day is so full he doesn't always know what show comes next.

Daytimes, "Grand Slam" waits cosily at its Wall Street mooring.



Months ago, the neighbors gave up staring at Dwight Weist's "Grand Slam"—though they haven't yet given up talking about it. It's a Seabee, made by Republic Aircraft; and it looks like no other plane yet made. Its cabin, which holds four people, has a plexiglas nose like a bomber; and its engine rests on top of the cabin, with the propeller fastened behind the cabin—so that the plane is pushed instead of pulled. "Horse power? 215," says Dwight briskly when discussing his new airbaby. "Cruising speed—105 miles an hour."

BUT the fact that Dwight flies back and forth to his radio work in New York City isn't the least bit astonishing once you're hep to his philosophy. "It takes me thirty minutes by air—it'd be one hundred and forty minutes driving time. Much faster," says he. Fast is the word for his career too: he's on the CBS Grand Slam show; he announces Inner Sanctum, Big Town and NBC's Aldrich Family. He plays the male lead, Stan Burton, in The Second Mrs. Burton—and on the side he is a commentator for Pathe Newsreel. All of which is quite an armful in the course of a week—and all of which he does calmly and at top speed. From rushing by foot to various shows to rushing by air to work is a short step, he thinks.

Furthermore, the airplane in his life gives rise to new adventures. And new friends—and new enemies! Take what happened a few weeks back:

He and his pretty wife Elizabeth were flying leisurely back home to Lake Tomahawk from New York City. While they flew, he discussed his radio career that day, and she discussed the shopping spree she had just indulged in. Then, suddenly, the bright afternoon sky became dark, a deep haze obscured everything including the horizon—and below them, in the murky gloom, a few lights began twinkling. They were only five minutes from home, but Dwight instantly thought of his motto: "I don't want to be the trickiest pilot in the world, I just want to be the oldest one."

He told his wife, "Dear, I think we'd better make our first emergency landing."

"Yes, but where?" said Elizabeth, looking down into black oblivion.

"I'm heading for the Hudson River," said Dwight. Then he caught sight of a necklace of lights far below.



Nighttimes, Dwight lands on Lake Tomahawk, taxis up on the beach, moors his plane practically at his front door.

He decided they represented Route 17, and if he followed them he'd be led home to Tomahawk Lake. But at this moment his wife nudged his arm.

"I think I see a lake over there on the left," said she.

"Okay," said her husband—and promptly headed the plane toward a tiny circle of lights in the middle of which he saw the glint of dark water. By the time they made a power landing on the unknown lake, he could see no water at all. But the plane settled safely on the lake's surface, and he taxied it over to a boat dock he could dimly make out on shore. He opened the door—and an angry man began shouting at him from the dock.

"HEY—don't you know this is Tuxedo Park Lake? Private property, a reservoir, and no plane is ever allowed to land here!" the man yelled. He meant it, too. He was the lake's guard, posted there by the wealthy estate owners who surround the lake, and he was flabbergasted at the idea of any stray plane landing on the sacred waters.

There ensued a loud argument between him and Dwight, who refused to move his plane that night. The fight was interrupted by another stranger—an RAF pilot who happened to be visiting a nearby mansion. He had been (*Continued on page 75*)



Dwight's motto is "I don't want to be the trickiest pilot—just the oldest." Richard will learn safety first.

HAPPY RE-NEW YEAR



Chocolate always was good, always will be. What better way to start things off?

Don't stop at saying "Happy New Year." Produce one of these cakes, and your friends will know you really want them to be happy!

By KATE SMITH



RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, and Sunday nights at 6:30 EST, when Kate Smith Sings—on the CBS network.

OF ALL the cooking articles I write for RADIO MIRROR I think I like the January one best. Winds may howl, sleet and snow glaze my windows and the thermometer drop way below freezing, but to me there is still something exciting, something stimulating and heartwarming about the beginning of a new year. Sometimes, though, I wonder if we shouldn't change our customary greeting to "Happy Re-New Year." It is true that the word "new" holds a magic of its own, as though we have been given a fresh start in life, a chance for new happiness and success, and this is as it should be. But there is also something rather limiting about it, implying that in our eagerness for the new we wish to cut ourselves off from the old, which of course we do not want to do at all. We have all had moments when an old book or an old song satisfied some desire within us far better than a new one—I know this is especially true of music because so many of the requests I receive for numbers to be sung over the air are for old favorites. We all want to make new friends, but even more, I believe, we want to renew and keep fresh our old friendships, and no matter how much we dream of a richer, more satisfying life for ourselves and our loved ones, we know we cannot create it except by using the knowledge and experience we have gained in the past.

All this seems to be a far cry from cooking, but maybe it isn't, after all. I can't, for example, think of a better way of making new friends and keeping old ones than to ask them to share the cakes pictured on these pages. Bake more than one—they go fast!

New Year's Party Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
1 tsp. soda
¾ tsp. salt
1⅓ cups granulated, or firmly packed brown sugar
½ cup shortening
*Milk (See * below for amount)
2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 tsp. vanilla

*With butter, margarine or lard, use ⅞ cup milk. With vegetable or other shortening, use 1 cup milk.

(*Continued on page* 68)

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

Sunday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:30	CBS:	Carolina Calling
		8:30	ABC:	Earl Wild, pianist
		9:00	MBS:	Young People's Church
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Renfro Valley Folks
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Story to Order
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Words and Music
		9:30	MBS:	Tone Tapestries
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Choir Practice
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
8:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
		10:00	MBS:	Radio Bible Class
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:30	9:30	10:30	ABC:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Circle Arrow Show
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
		11:00	MBS:	Bible Institute
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
		12:00	MBS:	Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Eternal Light
		12:30	MBS:	Lutheran Hour
		12:30	ABC:	String Orchestra
		1:00	MBS:	The Worden's Crime Cases
10:00		1:00	ABC:	Johnny Thompson
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	People's Platform
		1:00	NBC:	America United
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Leo Durocher
		1:15	MBS:	American Radio Warblers
10:15	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Time for Reason
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Singing Sweethearts
		1:45	MBS:	Opportunity U.S.A.
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Frank Black, Robert Merrill
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Married for Life
11:00		2:00	ABC:	Warriors of Peace
		2:30	NBC:	Harvest of Stars, James Melton
11:30		2:30	ABC:	National Vespers
		2:30	CBS:	Stradivari Orch.
		2:45	MBS:	What the Veteran Wants to Know
12:00		3:00	ABC:	Danger, Dr. Donfield
		3:00	MBS:	Open House
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Carmen Cavallaro
		3:30	ABC:	A Present From Hollywood
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Vera Holly, songs
12:45		3:45	ABC:	Samuel Pettingill
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	The Quiz Kids
1:00	3:00	4:00	ABC:	Are These Our Children?
		4:00	MBS:	House of Mystery
		4:30	NBC:	Lucky Stars
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Hour of Charm
		4:30	ABC:	Green Hornet
		4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
2:00		5:00	ABC:	Darts for Dough
		5:00	MBS:	The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Quick as a Flash
2:30		5:30	ABC:	David Harding, Counterspy
		5:45	CBS:	Hoagy Carmichael
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet
	5:00	6:00	ABC:	Phil Davis
		6:00	MBS:	Those Websters
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
		6:30	MBS:	Nick Carter
		6:30	ABC:	Willie Piper
		6:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
7:30		6:30	CBS:	Kate Smith Sings
		7:00	ABC:	Drew Pearson
4:00		7:00	MBS:	Let's Go to the Opera
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
4:00		7:00	CBS:	Gene Autry
		7:30	MBS:	Sammy Kaye
8:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Stump the Authors
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:30	8:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
5:00		8:00	ABC:	Paul Whiteman
9:00		8:00	CBS:	Adventures of Sam Spade
		8:30	MBS:	Special Investigator
8:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Fred Allen
		8:30	ABC:	The Clock
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Hildegarde
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Exploring the Unknown
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
6:15	8:15	9:15	ABC:	Louella Parsons' Show
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Eddie Bracken
		9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
8:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
6:45		9:45	ABC:	Policewomen, drama
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Theatre Guild
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Don Ameche Variety Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Meet Me at Parky's
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
		10:30	MBS:	Latin American Serenade
	10:30	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
10:30	11:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



NEW STAR ON THE HORIZON

It's hard to put your finger on exactly what it is that Peter Lind Hayes does to tickle your fancy and raise the chuckles. (He co-stars with Dinah Shore Wednesday nights at 9:30 EST, CBS.) His range is enormous and his appeal pretty universal. His satirical sketches, his seemingly off-the-shoulder character creations can hardly be called imitations. Maybe the best way to describe Hayes' effect on the sense of humor is to say that he does orally what Jimmy Savo accomplishes with his pantomime.

Peter was born in San Francisco 30 years ago. His mother is the famous actress-comedienne, Grace Hayes, who certainly knows her way around on the "boards," as they say in the profession. Part of Peter's childhood was spent in South Illinois and a lot of his early schooling was got in New Rochelle, N. Y. Theater people are great travelers.

Peter liked to travel—but—he also did not go for school in a big way. So, in 1932, he decided to give up trying to get an education and devote himself to the theater. He embarked on a vaudeville tour.

Proximity and talent combined to get him into the movies and he appeared in several big productions like "Million Dollar Legs," with Betty Grable, "These Glamour Girls" with Lana Turner, in "Seven Days' Leave" and in "Playmates."

In 1940 Peter married Mary Healy, who is now starring in Orson Welles' Broadway hit, "Around the World." The following year Peter and Mary appeared together in a coast production of "Rio Rita," which starred Joe E. Brown. In 1942 Peter enlisted in the Army. He rose to the rating of sergeant and he is the recipient of the Bronze Star for heroic and meritorious service. He led a troupe of 11 men who put on 620 shows for over one million GI's throughout the South Pacific Theater of War.

While Peter was in the Army, he also did a steady bit of writing, turning out the Hello Mom and Soldiers With Wings scripts, both top Army recruiting radio programs. And less than a month after he doffed the brown gown, he was headlining at the Strand Theater on Broadway.

Then came Peter's debut at the Copacabana in New York. There wasn't one New York critic who didn't scramble around trying to find new ways to acclaim his brilliance. It was this overwhelming and spontaneous proclamation of greatness that led to his getting the co-starring spot on the new Dinah Shore show. Just to round out the picture of success, he's also been signed to a seven-year contract by International Pictures and, right now, is busily at work on his picture, entitled "Peabody's Mermaid."

Monday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lee Sullivan's Variety
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Loro Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith In Our Time
1:30	9:10	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
10:55	9:25	10:25	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Soy It With Music
11:30		10:45	ABC:	Club Time
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
9:30	10:10	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington Sings
		11:30	NBC:	Jack Berch
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Holiday On Wings
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
		12:45	MBS:	Navol Academy Band
		1:00	MBS:	Editor's Diary
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
10:15	11:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Enoch Light's Orchestra
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
2:45	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
2:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Sing Along Club
11:45		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
3:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	Heart's Desire
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	MBS:	Judy Lang, songs
1:00	2:30	3:30	ABC:	Meet Me In Manhattan
		3:30	CBS:	Winner Take All
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
		3:45	ABC:	Jean Colbert
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
		4:00	ABC:	Tommy Riggs Show
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:30	ABC:	Cliff Edwards
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	MBS:	Buck Rogers
12:15		4:45	ABC:	Dick Tracy
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00		5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	CBS:	Oklahoma Roundup
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:15	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
4:45	4:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	In My Opinion
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
		7:00	CBS:	Mystery of the Week
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Bob Hawk Show
7:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum & Abner
		8:00	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
8:30		8:30	ABC:	Fat Man Detective Series
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Joan Davis
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Case Book of Gregory Hood
7:30		9:00	ABC:	Dark Venture
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
		9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theatre
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Victor Borge
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30		9:30	ABC:	Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
		10:00	MBS:	California Melodies
		10:00	ABC:	Doctors Talk It Over
9:00		10:15	ABC:	Joe Mooney Quartet
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Tonight on Broadway
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.

Tuesday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	9:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
9:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Alan Scott
		10:00	NBC:	Lee Sullivan's Varieties
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
10:55	9:25	10:25	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Say It With Music
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Grand Slam
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington
		11:30	NBC:	Jack Berch
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Galen Drake
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
8:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Quaker City Serenade
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
		1:00	MBS:	Editor's Diary
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
1:45	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
2:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Swing Along Club
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
3:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	Heart's Desire
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
		3:30	CBS:	Winner Take All
1:00		3:30	ABC:	Try and Find Me
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
		3:45	ABC:	Jean Colbert
	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Tommy Riggs Show
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
12:15		4:30	ABC:	Cliff Edwards
		4:45	ABC:	Dick Tracy
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	MBS:	Buck Rogers
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Hop Harrigan
2:00		5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
4:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethancourt, marimba
3:30		6:15	CBS:	Frontiers of Science
		6:30	CBS:	Red Barber
3:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:00	CBS:	Mystery of the Week
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Blue Barron's Orchestra
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Songs by Warde Donovan
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		8:00	MBS:	Michael Shayne
		8:15	MBS:	Inside Sports
7:30		8:30	ABC:	The O'Neils
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Mel Blanc Show
		8:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Amos 'n' Andy
6:00		9:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Boston Symphony
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee & Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
6:30		9:30	CBS:	Hollywood Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
		10:00	CBS:	Talent Scouts
10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Dpen Hearing
		10:30	MBS:	Dance Drchestra
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Red Skelton
		11:15	CBS:	Frontiers of Science



COMMERCIAL CONSULTANT

Leave us face it, commercials—and now singing ones—are a big and integral part of radio in these parts. It occurred to us that someone does those commercials, so we did a bit of scouting around and came up with Jean Tighe, the lovely blue-eyed, black-haired, 23-year-old young lady above, who's been dubbed NBC's "Commercials Consultant" by her co-workers.

While Jeanie—as her friends and radio fellow workers call her—spreads her activities pretty widely through the networks—you hear her before and after NBC's Portia Faces Life (Mondays through Fridays at 5:15 P.M. EST) and ditto on The Second Mrs. Burton (CBS, daily, 2 P.M., EST) and the Songs by Vera Massey program on WOR, Saturdays at 5:45 P.M., EST—she's most frequently on call for NBC for odd assignments.

Asked if it could possibly be that doing commercials was her ambition, Jean shook her head. She was much more anxious, she said, to get a break than to go on "making the breaks in the shows." Considering her looks and her background, we wonder why she hasn't got that break so far.

Jean was born in New York—Brooklyn—23 years ago. By the time she was twelve, Jean was touring the country in vaudeville, her specialties then being playing the guitar and the piano. Still later, but not too much later, she moved into night club work and added dancing to her variety of abilities.

During the war—and this hasn't stopped yet—Jean spent every possible moment singing in the veterans' hospitals in the New York area. She has a deep concern for the maimed and wounded GI's and she even invented and copyrighted a game called "Bughouse," which is used in all the convalescent hospitals as a therapeutic measure. Incidentally, Jean is one of the very few performers who is allowed to enter the psychopathic wards of our veterans' hospitals. It has to do with the soothing quality of her singing.

Whenever she got a chance, Jean also studied flying out at the Flushing Airport. She's now a member of the Civil Air Patrol, which took the studying and passing of examinations, not only in flying, but in camouflage, Military Etiquette and First Aid.

Looking the way she does, it isn't surprising that Television producers began to notice her. Unfortunately—or so Jean thinks—the fact that she's a sort of "commercials" specialist acted like a cinder in their eyes, because what they came up with for her to do on the Dumont Video Station was to make the time announcements.

However, the kind of background and training she has had is bound to bring results of a more desirable kind. She tried Hollywood some years ago, with no luck. It's entirely possible that the next time she tries, things will go much better for this very pretty girl with the beautiful voice.

Wednesday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
		10:00	NBC:	Lee Sullivan's Varieties
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Once Dver Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Dur Time
10:55	9:25	10:25	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Say It With Music
10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
11:30	9:40	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Grand Slam
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington
		11:30	NBC:	Jack Berch
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Quaker City Serenade
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	Editor's Diary
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
1:45	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
2:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Swing Along Club
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
3:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	Heart's Desire
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Winner Takes All
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
1:00		3:30	ABC:	Try and Find Me
		3:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
		3:45	ABC:	Jean Colbert
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson In Hollywood
		4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	ABC:	Cliff Edwards
		4:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		4:45	MBS:	Buck Rogers
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:00		5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
		5:00	MBS:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	4:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	CBS:	Theatre of Romance
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
4:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Word From the Country
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethancourt
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Red Barber
4:00		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
8:00		7:00	CBS:	Mystery of the Week
8:00	8:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	The Korn Kobblers
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
7:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Battle of the Commentators
		7:30	NBC:	Carolyn Gilbert
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:00	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song?
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00		8:00	CBS:	Jack Carson
8:15		8:15	ABC:	Listen to La Guardia
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	It's Up to Youth
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
		9:00	ABC:	Affairs of Ann Scotland
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Pot o' Gold
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:30		9:30	CBS:	Dinah Shore
7:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Academy Award
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Frank Morgan
9:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Bing Crosby
		10:00	MBS:	Author Meets Critics
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Information Please
		10:30	NBC:	Kay Kyser
		10:30	ABC:	Henry Morgan

Thursday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
	3:30	9:30	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lee Sullivan's Varieties
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
10:55	9:25	10:25	ABC:	Hymns Of All Churches
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	MBS:	Say It With Music
	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington
		11:30	CBS:	Grand Slam
		11:30	NBC:	Jack Berch
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Quaker City Serenade
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
		12:45	MBS:	U. S. Navy Band
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	Editor's Diary
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:40		1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
1:45		2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
2:45	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
2:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman In White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Sing Along Club
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
3:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:00	MBS:	Heart's Desire
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
1:00		3:30	ABC:	Try and Find Me
		3:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
		3:30	CBS:	Winner Takes All
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
		3:45	ABC:	Jean Colbert
		4:00	ABC:	Tommy Riggs Show
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson In Hollywood
1:45	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
12:45		4:30	ABC:	Cliff Edwards
		4:45	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		4:45	MBS:	Buck Rogers
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	5:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Hop Harrigan
2:00		5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
4:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	In My Opinion
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethancourt's Orchestra
		6:30	CBS:	Red Barber
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
		7:30	ABC:	Professor Quiz
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Dennis Day
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
		8:30	NBC:	Aldrich Family
		8:00	MBS:	Mark Warnow's Orchestra
6:45	7:30	8:30	ABC:	America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Burns and Allen
		8:30	MBS:	Vic and Sade
8:30		8:30	CBS:	F.B.I. in Peace and War
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Dick Haymes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Duchin, Edward Everett Horton
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30		9:30	CBS:	Crime Photographer
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Take It From There
		9:30	MBS:	By Popular Demand
		9:30	NBC:	Jack Haley with Eve Arden
		10:00	ABC:	Sammy Kaye
		10:00	MBS:	Eddie Dooley's All American Football Roundup
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
		10:30	ABC:	Ralph Norman's Orchestra
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
		10:30	MBS:	I Was a Convict
7:30		10:30	CBS:	That's Finnegan



LADY COP COPS THE AIR

Mary Sullivan, whose experiences as a policewoman on the Homicide Squad furnish the material which is dramatized on Policewoman (ABC, Sundays, 8:45 PM, EST) is a motherly, 64-year-old woman. Retired from active service after 35 years with the N. Y. Police Department, during which time she won three honor medals for distinguished detective service and rose to the position of Director of the New York Police Woman's Bureau of 195 cops, Mrs. Sullivan adds her personal comments on each case.

Mrs. Sullivan did not start out in life with wide-eyed dreams of adventure. She was born in the police tradition, three brothers, one uncle and two cousins being members of New York's finest, but that had little to do with her eventual career. In a perfectly usual and normal fashion, Mary Sullivan grew up, fell in love and got married. Then, shortly after her daughter was born, Mary Sullivan was widowed.

Clever, intelligent and energetic, Mary Sullivan got herself a job as a matron in a police station.

It was an event in the bitter winter of 1911 that made Mary Sullivan change jobs again. One cold day, a blonde sat in the Hell's Kitchen police station, wrapped in furs and silence. Days of grilling had failed to shake her stony calm or get a word out of her concerning a dope smuggler's murder. Finally, the inspector, exasperated beyond all patience, strode out to the matron's desk, where Mary Sullivan was filling out some reports.

"I wish you'd talk to that dame and see if you can't get something out of her," the inspector said. That was how Mary Sullivan's career was born, in a day and age when there were as yet no such things as policewomen.

Anyone who is inclined to think that the stories dramatized on the Policewoman show sound far-fetched, has only to hear Mary Sullivan reminisce about some of her experiences first hand. Once she lived for weeks with a gangster's opium-smoking moll to collect information on the murder of Herman Rosenthal, who was shot down in front of a New York hotel. Then, on another case, Mary Sullivan moved into the apartment of a killer's wife to learn her peculiarities of speech, which peculiarities she finally mimicked so well on the telephone that she learned the killer's hideout and thus brought about his arrest.

Her jobs may have been tough and unladylike, but they have left little stamp on her personality. She is the grandmother of two boys who fought in World War II and a good grandmother, with all the qualities of softness, kindness and affection that such a role calls for. In addition, at 64, she has something not many other grandmothers can boast of having—the energy, imagination and zest for living that enables her to start out on a brand new career—in radio.

Friday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
		9:15	CBS:	This is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lee Sullivan's Varieties
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith In Our Time
10:55	9:25	10:25	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
7:30		10:30	MBS:	Say It With Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	MBS:	The Jackie Hill Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Grand Slam
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington Sings
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Division Diary
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	The Editor's Diary
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
2:45		2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
2:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman In White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Sing Along Club
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
3:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	Heart's Desire
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Winner Takes All
1:00		3:30	ABC:	Try and Find Me
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
		3:45	ABC:	Jean Colbert
		4:00	ABC:	Tommy Riggs
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	ABC:	Cliff Edwards
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
		4:45	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		4:45	MBS:	Buck Rogers
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00		5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
4:45		5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
		6:00	ABC:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Report From Washington
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Red Barber, sports
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		8:00	ABC:	Court of Missing Heirs
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Baby Snooks
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody Paul Lavalle
		8:00	MBS:	Burl Ives
		8:15	MBS:	Monica's Music Box
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Alan Young Show
9:30	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Adventures of Thin Man
		8:30	MBS:	Love Story Theater
		8:30	ABC:	This Is Your F.B.I.
8:30	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Break the Bank
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	People Are Funny
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30		9:30	CBS:	Durante and Moore
7:00		10:00	ABC:	Boxing Bouts
		10:00	MBS:	Spotlight on America
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Molle Mystery Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	It Pays to Be Ignorant
		10:30	MBS:	Meet the Press
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Malsie

Saturday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:15	CBS:	Phil Cook
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC:	Musical Novelty Group
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Arlen
8:15		9:00	ABC:	Wake Up and Smile
		9:00	NBC:	Percolator Party
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
6:15		9:30	CBS:	Carolina Calling
		9:30	NBC:	Camp Meetin' Choir
		9:30	MBS:	Rainbow House
		9:45	NBC:	A Miss and a Male
		10:00	ABC:	Buddy Weed, Trio
8:30	11:30	10:00	CBS:	Give and Take
		10:00	MBS:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		10:00	NBC:	Adventures of Frank Merriwell
		10:30	MBS:	Jackie Hill Show
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30	NBC:	Adventures of Archie Andrews
		10:30	ABC:	Junior Junction
	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Elizabeth Woodward
4:30		11:00	NBC:	Teentimers Club
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:15	ABC:	Johnny Thompson
		11:15	MBS:	Vacation Symphonies
		11:30	ABC:	Piano Playhouse
		11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS:	Quaker City Serenade
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
		12:00	MBS:	Judy 'n Jill 'n Johnny
		12:00	ABC:	Texas Jim Robertson
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
11:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	American Farmer
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Home is What You Make It
		12:30	MBS:	Saturday Symphonies
		1:00	NBC:	National Farm & Home Hour
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	To Live in Peace
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS:	Checkerboard Jamboree
		1:00	ABC:	To Live in Peace
10:30		1:30	ABC:	Dance Music
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	County Fair
10:00	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
		2:00	ABC:	Metropolitan Opera
4:30	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Your Host Is Buffalo
		2:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
		2:30	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:30	NBC:	The Baxters
		2:30	MBS:	Art Jarrett's Orchestra
		2:45	MBS:	Game of the Week
		3:00	MBS:	Football
		3:45	CBS:	Cross Section AFL
		4:00	NBC:	Doctors at Home
		5:00	CBS:	Matinee at Meadowbrook
		5:00	ABC:	Dance Music
		5:30	MBS:	George Towne's Orchestra
		5:30	NBC:	Edward Tomlinson
		6:00	MBS:	Cleveland Symphony
		6:15	ABC:	Chittison Trio
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Columbia Workshop
		6:15	MBS:	Lorenzo Fuller
4:15	5:30	6:30	ABC:	Harry Wismer, sports
		6:30	MBS:	Eddie Howard
6:00		6:45	ABC:	Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
6:15		7:00	ABC:	It's Your Business
4:00		7:00	CBS:	Sweeney and Marsh
9:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Curt Massey Show
		7:30	NBC:	Curtain Time, drama
6:00	4:30	7:30	CBS:	Vaughn Monroe
		7:45	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
		7:45	MBS:	Crime Doesn't Pay
8:30		8:00	MBS:	20 Questions
		8:00	ABC:	Famous Jury Trials
8:00		8:00	CBS:	Hollywood Star Time
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Life of Riley
7:00		8:30	ABC:	I Deal in Crime
		8:30	MBS:	Juvenile Jury
		8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
8:30		8:30	CBS:	Mayor of the Town
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
9:00		9:00	MBS:	Gold and Silver Minstrels
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Roy Rogers
9:00		9:00	ABC:	Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This?
		9:30	MBS:	Leave It to the Girls
8:00		9:30	ABC:	Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
R		10:00	ABC:	American Melodies
M		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Old Opry
		10:30	ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown

Ring for Her Finger

(Continued from page 37)

glamorous, as breathlessly exciting as if we had met for the first time, and married, the day we sailed. . . .

But the way it began: I, just about beginning to be girl-conscious, was dating a girl whose name was Helen Weber. One night, at her house, "Gosh," I said, just to make conversation, "I have a birthday coming up!"

Helen said, "When?"

"November 16th," I told her, "and coincidence—I'll be fifteen!"

"Well, well, well," Helen said, with a thoughtful smile. "Why, I have a cousin has a birthday the *very same day.* Her name is Victoria Stuart. She was named for her uncle, Victor Schertzinger, the *famous* movie director and producer. Tell you what, we'll have a party! *I* know, I'll have a joint birthday party for the two of you!"

The evening of the 16th, I turned up at Helen's house done up in all my birthday gear—new sports coat, new tie, new wallet, new socks and belt and shoes, feeling pretty sharp but looking, of course, bored to the point of pain.

WHEN Helen, making a big do of it, introduced me to Vickii, I didn't say to myself, and neither did she, "This is *it!*" Actually, we were both too young, young even for our age, to face any reality beyond the next dance record. I think my very first impression was that, for a girl, I *liked* her. And I do remember thinking she was the dreamiest dancer I had ever danced with. As for her looks, I thought she was "different." Since my ideal girl was, and is, a girl who looks smart *and* "different," Vickii's face and figure, her clothes and the way she wore them, fitted into my dream of beauty like a picture into a locket made for it.

Between dances—and hamburgers—I had, however, a pretty miserable time of it with the dark damsel who certainly wasn't making any effort to give *me* a happy birthday on *hers.* Painfully shy, Vickii was the type who threw out sarcastic remarks in an effort to cover it: the number of hamburgers I stowed away, for instance. "The *food* you eat!" she said, "It's repulsive!" It certainly was. I ate like a team of horses. Always have. Still do.

Since I've had sense enough to appreciate it, I have always especially liked Victoria's honesty. "How did you like the show?" I'll ask her when I get home from a broadcast. "The second number wasn't good," she'll say. She admits that she is "super-critical" when it comes to me, and sometimes worries about it. She needn't. In a business where you get so much corn syrup, honest criticism keeps your ego cut down to size. But, at fifteen, you are too vulnerable to take it. . . .

As much as we liked each other the night we met—and we have long since acknowledged *how* much—we did not start dating for a very long (time wasted) time. We were, to tell the truth, a little embarrassed. Helen Weber and I had been "going together," and Helen was Vickii's cousin and, well, it was just one of those things that, at fifteen, is a Situation. But we did meet at parties, at the beach, at the movies and although we did not pair off, when Vickii was present, *no other girl was.* . . .

Of those days during which, I still regret, we did not get together, Vickii says, "How could we?" I spent most of my time, she explains, not making time with her but parked in front of a radio listening to Bing Crosby, then crooning himself into legendry as one of The Rhythm Boys at the Cocoanut Grove. Vickii adds, "Furthermore, the only ever-lovin' words *I* ever heard you say were 'Oh, if I could sing at the Cocoanut Grove, I'd die happy!' " She does admit, however, that she was no-end impressed when, three months after she first heard me offer to die for the privilege of singing at the Grove, I—and two friends of mine (we called ourselves The Three Ambassadors)—were booked into the Grove, *replacing Bing's old outfit.*

I was still at Hollywood High during the day, in my third year, but you can be sure I fixed things so that rehearsal and performance times fitted! And for a thrill there may be one to beat the way I felt when I sang the same solo numbers Bing sang, but I doubt it.

It must have been a year after I started singing at the Grove that, no longer "going steady" with Helen, I paid my first call on Vickii—taking my pal, Chuck Cormack, along with me. Thereafter, and for many months, the three of us went out together, and had so much fun together that it never occurred to me (*come clean, Smith, you didn't have the nerve!*) to ask Vickii for a date, solo. Besides, Vickii wasn't the type you felt you owned. (*You don't feel it now. You still pursue . . .*)

AFTER The Three Ambassadors got really going, appearing, as we did, with Kate Smith, Eddie Cantor and other big name, big band programs, we went East with Phil Harris. The engagement was supposed to last six weeks but went on, here, there and everywhere but Hollywood for two years.

During that time, I kept remembering Vickii. . . .

I kept remembering her a little more than I might otherwise have done because my brother Walter—indeed, yes, *the* Walter Reed (Smith) of RKO Pictures—was in New York with me and he liked Vickii, too, and had her picture and put it on his dresser and *that* griped me. Walter wrote to Vickii, too, and heard from her and worried to me (of all people!) that she was going out with other boys and that one boy looked "serious." *I,* by the way, did not go out with others girls, partly because I worked from seven in the evening to five in the morning, but mostly because, since boy meets girl if he really wants to, no matter what his hours, I hadn't the heart for it.

When, eventually, we got back to the Coast, doggone if Walter, after dinner our first night home, didn't call Victoria on the telephone. On the upstairs phone. And continued to call her—on the upstairs phone—every night for weeks. Until *I* got on the downstairs phone and we *really* had it out!

There was, in addition to the competition offered me by my brother, a pack of wolves all, to my greensick eyes, fabulously wealthy and winning, in full pursuit of Victoria. There was, in particular, a character who owned a Cadillac "coup" and the wherewithal to hang a girl in mink and diamonds. He was a tough one, this business man. He was, my brother gloomily remarked, "in dead earnest." Suddenly the words "*so am I!*" rang, like bells, in my head.

Time after time before I got the words out, I'd wanted to propose, tried to propose, been afraid to propose to Victoria. Time after time I'd lost my nerve and had spent the evening, time a'wastin,' telling her some gag Phil Harris had pulled in New York. Or what Kate Smith's favorite book was. Or how Bing had made a hole in one the day before. When a fellow is wide awake to the fact that there is only one girl for him, or *ever will be*, the very thought of putting your whole happiness to the test is like the thought of jumping off the Matterhorn.

. . . It was in some café—naturally, I don't remember the name of it—on Wilshire Boulevard, in Hollywood, that, in the most ineffectual, round-about way a man ever said "Will you?" to a woman, I proposed to Vickii. I began by saying, "I'm-er-going East in-er-about three weeks." Long pause. Then, squirming like an uneasy eel, "Do you think," I fumbled, "I mean, would you ever-er-consider coming East yourself—sometime?" After which, there was another pause. It seemed to go on and on like the circles that widen into infinity after a pebble the size of a molecule is thrown into one of the Great Lakes.

THEN, as I was going down for the third time, I heard Vickii speaking words I didn't rightly hear, and so, cannot remember, except that they conveyed the impression that she might, indeed that she *would* "Consider coming East sometime"—*and why*.

You talk about reprieves—brother! I was literally bowled over. I hadn't really thought she would. I hadn't ever thought so. She had such a wonderful family; such close family ties; so many friends; so many dates; the big business menace. . . .

Back in New York, even though I had left her with my ring on her finger, and our engagement announced, the sense that something too good to be true couldn't come true, continued to haunt and harass me.

There was, I reflected despondently, so much against us. "If you don't like it, come on home," her uncle Victor said when she told him she was going to New York to be married. Vickii's father, a solidly successful advertising man, had very little respect for the theatrical profession. "You know you will starve," her father told her when Victoria went to him with the news that she was going to marry a singer. "He can't possibly earn a living," Mr. Stuart added. "Therefore, I will continue your allowance so that you can, at least, *eat*."

Not until Vickii's father learned that she was spending her allowance on little luxuries, foolish things, did he withdraw it and, at the same time, his disapproval of me. Now, Vickii's Dad is my Number One fan—even going so far as to compare me (favorably) with Sinatra.

Needling my depression during the three months—from August, when I left Hollywood, to November when Vickii came to New York—was the basic fear that she would plain forget me. A fear not without foundation, for in one letter she wrote, "It's a funny thing about me, but if I don't see someone for two or three weeks, I forget what they look like." As if this wasn't ominous enough, in a later letter she said, "You had better send me that full-face picture you promised me, I've forgotten how *you* look."

In an attempt to keep myself in her memory, and in her heart, I sent her flowers every time I knew she was be-

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ing given a shower, or was going to a party or was, if ever, staying home—anywhere, in fact, any time, I "reminded" her with roses.

There will never again be a longer three months than those three months of worrying and waiting—and when, at long last, on November 14, Walter and I met Vickii's train at Grand Central, she stepped off it and (as if I hadn't suffered enough) threw her arms around my brother, kissed him—and *shook hands* with me!

ON the 16th of November—"our" birthday—Vickii and I were married in Christ Church, at 60th and Park Avenue in New York. In that huge dim church the voices of our little wedding party (eight in all) resounded against, it seemed to me, the very walls of heaven. The ring box which my brother kept clicking nervously, open and shut, between his fingers, sounded like cannon firing. Vickii wore a tailored suit which was the glossy black-brown color (*note that this is ten years later, Mrs. Smith; I do not forget*) of her eyes and hair, and carried the white flowers that are her favorites—gardenias and lilies of the valley.

Less than a year ago I discovered, pressed in a book of Victoria's, a faded spray of lily of the valley and, because Vickii never keeps things, but had kept this memento of our marriage day, I felt—look, I'm a *singer*, not a poet!

I believe that being away from our homes and our families, during the first year or so of married life, helped more than anything else to cement firmly the foundation of our marriage. In New York, with not a relative around, we had to stand together, and close together, on our own four feet and if we had any temptation to "run home to Mama" the three thousand miles we would have had to run, overcame it.

Actually, most of our differences were small ones. Our taste in food, for instance: Apart from the fact that I eat like a behemoth, Vickii like a bird, my favorite dinner, and I wanted it every night of the week, was steak, mashed potatoes, peas and pie. Vickii, on the other hand, is mad for foreign food—Spanish, Mexican, East Indian—and, since she can cook like a female Savarin, soon "adjusted" me to currys, smorgasbord and bamboo shoots.

I am or was, inclined to be extravagant. Every Sunday, during our first year, I would take the dog and trek over to a florist, returning laden with red roses and gardenias, for Victoria. Until Victoria, who is a Stuart, complained that her Scotch blood was on the boil and *couldn't* I, if I had to buy out a hothouse, do it on Friday night when it might serve to impress dinner guests on Saturday!

Basically, however, we have very much—I'd practically say *exactly*—the same likes and dislikes. We are both crazy about dogs, always have been; have one Cocker, Buff, and a sizeable art gallery of dog pictures, photographs, sketches, etchings and paintings on plates. We both dislike fortune-tellers, anything that smacks of black magic. We both love shows and double feature movies. We love carnivals and fairs. We both like to talk in bed until comes the dawn. We both love to fix a home. One of our completely shared hobbies is a passion for buying, and working on, old furniture. In our apartment in New York there are, among other things, a Seventeenth Century broom-maker's bench, a Seventeenth Century hanging cupboard, a milk bench and a Dutch sink, with a radio concealed in its innards, which after weeks spent in removing libelous layers of paint, we linseed-oiled, waxed and rubbed. Milk glass is another hobby. Every Saturday, my one day off, we drive up to Connecticut, go browsing about in antique shops. Demon painters, both of us, when we were engaged we painted my mother's beach house—all *three* sides of it. The fourth side we, beat-up, left to the brushwork of wind and sun and rain. Recently, I shellacked the floors in our apartment and although it meant that for three days Jack Smith was off the Jack Smith Show on account the shellack had shellacked his voice, it was worth it.

With all this love of home, we've never had a home of our own, are dying for one and, soon now, will have it. In Glendale, California, where we own a couple of lots, we plan to build a house of the kind that looks as if it had been lived in since Victoria reigned (in England), but with all the modern conveniences. Whitewashed brick will, we figure, take the curse off modern architecture. Windows to the floor, modern string rugs and all that labor-saving gadgetry.

In California, when we go there, I may make—am thinking about, am interested in making—a picture. Previously, when I have been paged by the movies, I've hesitated, said "No," believing that a shoemaker should stick to his last and that mine is radio. Now, I've come to feel that one medium helps, and feeds, the other. At the same time, I worry about it, wonder... When, not long ago, one of my managers came to me with the outline for a big publicity campaign which, if successful, might mean that I'd be recognized wherever I show my face, I said, "I sort of hate to see this go through." I would, too. I've always envied Amos and Andy who, aces that they are on the air, live like private citizens because, out of blackface, few people recognize them.

We like to live like private citizens, Vickii and I. We like the way our day goes, pretty much hand in hand. . . .

Late risers—we seldom get to bed before one o'clock—our alarm goes off at ten. We get breakfast together. Then I listen to recordings of last night's program, try to glean improvement ideas therefrom. Most days Vickii supplies lunch; some days I have it with Bill Brennan, the show's producer, or an agency representative. About two-thirty I'm over at CBS answering personal mail. It is Vickii, by the way, who reads all the fan mail and lists the requests that help me make my final selection of songs for future programs. In the rating season, this mail may run to seven or eight hundred letters a week.

REHEARSALS start at four, in general—at three, if I am going over a duet with a future guest singer.

Wednesdays vary somewhat from the other days. After breakfast Bill Brennan comes over and we work on shows for the coming two weeks. Wednesday nights after the program, we meet with all the song publishers in town, listen to the new songs, get a backlog of material to go into future broadcasts. This is careful work, because you can't always tell about a song right off. First time you hear a song, you may not even notice it; the fifth time you might catch yourself trying to remember the name of that tune.

We have dinner at home, shortly after eight, or as soon as I can get home after my evening show. Vickii, maintaining that she hates to see a wife "tagging along," never goes to CBS with me. She says, too, that she gets a better perspective on the show if she listens to it quietly, alone, at home. A great help to me, she also listens to others shows—Sinatra, Perry Como, Dick Haymes—and tells me what's going on. We have no maid; Vickii does all the cooking, so dinner at home is, cosily, just the two of us. We usually eat out four nights a week but are partial (or I am) to the three nights *in*. We can't go to the theater, my schedule being what it is but, on Sunday nights, we often have a quick dinner and catch a double bill at a neighborhood movie. Occasionally, we can lunch together at The Stork, Twenty-one, wherever and, in spare time, Vickii goes shopping with me. She, of the two of us, has the tasty taste. That's why I take her along with me while she, knowing I can't help her, doesn't take me. I am very fortunate, I might add, in that my wife makes all her own clothes. One of her ambitions was, and is, to be a dress designer and one of my ambitions is to have a dress shop for her where she can successfully play that role.

The luckiest thing in all my lucky life is that Victoria Stuart and I, Jack Smith, were born on the same day.



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About Marriage

(*Continued from page 19*)

lack of honest sex education and from a fear which grows out of that lack of knowledge about the functions of the human body and mind. The blame for infidelity is most often placed on women.

Viewed shallowly, this may be true in the most immediate sense. It may be true that a normally passionate man will find his wife cold, retiring, repulsing his advances and to all intents and purposes completely without any desire for him. A man like that may find himself practically driven into the arms of other women.

Cold, unresponsive women are very frequent. Their behavior is known as frigidity. A frigid woman is a woman who needs to go to a doctor, perhaps even a psychiatrist, to find out what made her that way. Because frigidity is not normal—or healthy.

Frigidity is usually a symptom of some deep-lying fear. It may be a fear of pregnancy, a fear due to immaturity and the refusal to accept the responsibility of having children, or fear due to plain ignorance about the process of childbearing. Nothing is so terrifying as the unknown, especially in the case of childbirth, about which there are so many idle-wife tales. Frigidity may also be caused by the remnants of an unsatisfied childish curiosity and a buried but strong sense of shame which was produced in childhood and never understood or overcome. All these fears are based on a lack of sex education. There may be other, more complicated reasons for frigidity. But the important thing to bear in mind is that frigidity can be analyzed and cured.

It is wrong, however, to place all the responsibility for physical incompatibility at the feet of women. Men are gravely at fault in this respect, too.

Many men have a double standard about sex. They have women divided into two groups, the "good" and "bad."

In the minds of such men, the thought of a free, uninhibited physical relationship with one of the "good" girls is practically impossible. Yet, the "good" kind are the only kind they marry. If their wives approach their marital relationship openly and frankly, they become suspicious that their wives might not have been such "good" girls. On the other hand, if their wives know as little about sex as they do, the chances are that the wives become nervous, irritable, unhappy and unpleasant.

As in the case of divorces caused by immaturity, it seems to me that divorce is not the solution for people who find themselves physically incompatible. The frigid woman, or the man with the idea that "good" women do not enjoy, or want (or deserve?) a healthy, normal outlet for their physical desires, is not likely to make a better, happier marriage with someone else. And it is possible for people who are not happy in their physical relationship to save their marriage. If they would go to a doctor, eliminate all the real physical possibilities for their incompatibility and learn from their doctor, in a frank and scientific way, the importance of a healthy sex life and what constitutes such a healthy sex life, many marriages could be saved.

Of course, infidelity is a blow against the vanity and love of the other partner in a marriage. But, if it were understood to be only a symptom of some underlying disturbance, a great deal of unhappiness and failure could be avoided. The wife of the unfaithful man, the husband of the frigid woman, the wife of the unsatisfactory physical partner, the husband who discovers that his wife has been seeking satisfaction elsewhere, all owe it to themselves, to their marriage and through their marriage to society, to make every effort to find out what caused the infidelity.

Any two people who have been drawn together so strongly that they took the step of getting married, should feel the responsibility to help one another solve the problem of physical incompatibility, just as they would feel the responsibility to help one another in any problem which might face them in the course of their daily living together.

WATCH FOR

GINNY SIMMS

on the cover of

FEBRUARY RADIO MIRROR

and a story filling in the background on her exciting new family life

Yours for a Happy Holiday!



PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

ALWAYS BETTER....BETTER ALL WAYS

A Thousand Good Wishes

(*Continued from page 21*)

a nod may find themselves in eager conversation. But if friendliness isn't in the nature of the street—right in its life—the warmth won't last. When the emergency is over, the doors close.

That was why Hester Street was such a wonderful place! Its mood was altogether different; nothing was stiff and forbidding, everything was friendly and shared. Everything, Naomi mused, was sort of small-sized, so that nobody and nothing on it could possibly scare anyone.

"You're getting sentimental!" Naomi told herself sternly, but still she had that wistful urge to share her thoughts. Did anyone else—Carlotta, for instance—look upon Hester Street almost as though it were a person, with a whole entity of its own? Did others feel that nobody who came there could be an outsider for long—that, if the stranger were willing to open *his* door, the street would open its own? She sighed, shook herself mentally, and tried to pay attention to what Carlotta was saying.

" . . . toothpaste, Mr. Simmons. And —oh yes—a new lipstick. Bright red."

"Didn't you get that for Christmas?" Naomi questioned.

CARLOTTA looked guilty. "Well, I did. But," she added firmly, "I buy a lipstick the way some women buy hats—to give my morale a lift. Not that I use them so often, but my budget doesn't run to extravagant hats and once in a while I just *have* to splurge! Makes me feel brave."

Naomi squeezed her arm affectionately. "As if you needed anything to make you brave!" Then she changed the subject. "How about some hot chocolate at the counter?"

They seated themselves at the fountain stools while Mr. Simmons was wrapping up their purchases, and gave their orders to his sixteen-year-old helper.

Naomi found herself looking again to the blustery sidewalks outside. When she saw Carlotta smilingly watching, she confessed, "This time of year, especially today, always makes me feel more than usually sentimental about Hester Street. And about people," Carlotta understood; her nod was an invitation to go on. "Hester Street's nickname . . . *the street of dreams* . . . is so appropriate just now. A New Year on its way and I find myself looking hopefully at everyone who passes here, everyone we meet on the street, everyone who comes to the Foundation—all of them with their own special dream that they are sure will come true in the next year. I feel so confident they will come true and all the disappointments of the old year will just dissolve in a bubble of hope."

Carlotta echoed, thoughtfully, " . . . *the street of dreams* . . . "

"Dreams!" The voice behind the two women was angry and hurt and young. "Did you mean this street, Hester Street? How can anyone have any right to dream or hope on a crowded, miserable street like this?"

They turned simultaneously, wheeling to face the speaker. They saw a young girl, her arms loaded with packages, her pretty face set and angry. But just as Carlotta would have spoken, the girl's face turned from anger to embarrassment and a flood of pink surged up into her cheeks.

"Oh! I am sorry! I shouldn't have broken in on you that way. I spoke before I thought. You see, I was hating Hester Street so much when you spoke and when I overheard your remarks—well—"

Both Carlotta and Naomi smiled comfortingly before the girl's confusion. "Won't you have something with us, Mrs.?—"

"Mrs. Jack Hewlett." Shyly the girl placed her parcels on the counter and climbed onto the stool. "We just moved here two weeks ago and I don't know anyone as yet."

The other two exchanged glances of sympathy. "We'll have to remedy that right away," Naomi told her. "I'm Naomi Daniels and this is Carlotta Lagorra. On Hester Street everyone knows everyone else and I'm sorry we didn't find you before. But—tell me—why do you dislike Hester Street so much?"

There was a little pause before Mrs. Hewlett spoke. Her hands kept smoothing the woolen gloves she had taken off. "It's not just Hester Street, I suppose," she said at last, hesitatingly. "I guess I would hate any crowded city street, full of apartment houses and people who pass you on the stairs and maybe say good morning to you, but never really see you at all. Jack and I were both born in the same small town and we lived there up until now. We knew everyone. People and houses were permanent, you know—generations living in the same spot. Jack worked there after we were both out of high school and we had planned to be married and then he was going to be taken into the bank as assistant cashier, and then the war came."

There was another pause. She kept her head lowered. "But when he came back from Okinawa he was different . . . restless. He didn't want any part of Ainsville."

"So you married him and came to Chicago," Naomi supplied.

"That's right. But I thought it was only for a little while; that it was because he hadn't become adjusted to being a civilian. I thought he'd go back and settle down in Ainsville. But he won't—he likes it here. And I didn't know it could be so lonesome without my folks." Her voice shook a little on the last words.

"Why!—you're homesick!" Carlotta smiled at her.

"But that's one sickness people do recover from," Naomi added. "Especially when they have a husband and a home of their own, even if it is an apartment on Hester Street."

Mrs. Hewlett tried to smile back at them, but it was unconvincing. Her eyes thanked them for their attempt at comforting her, but it was plain that she didn't believe for one moment that they were right.

"Poor little thing," Carlotta remarked to Naomi as the two of them walked homeward a little later. "It's not easy to be uprooted and torn from a family like hers. She doesn't believe that her homesickness could only be temporary. She's convinced she can't be happy here."

Naomi nodded. "I'm more worried about the effect all this misery of hers must have on her husband . . . a young man just back from the horrors of the war, wanting to make a new life for himself and his bride. And she just sopping around in tears!"

"But homesickness can hurt! I know how I'd feel if I couldn't see Mary and David and Tony and Therese and father—"

"Of course it does. But women have always had to adjust to new lives with their husbands. Her happiness and her responsibilities lie in her new life, not with her old. Women have always had to wrench themselves away from parental nests—"

"Is that a hint to me?" Carlotta asked with a wry smile.

Naomi shook her head. "Your problem is one only you can work out, Carlotta. You've mothered your sisters and brothers and your father so long, it will be hard for you to know when the point is reached where they no longer need you."

"Well, I doubt if that point has been reached yet. At least, they need me for the New Year's party tonight. You haven't forgotten, have you, Naomi? Everyone's coming—Keith and Marilyn and some of Therese's friends and—"

"No. I haven't forgotten. But are you sure you aren't too tired to give such a large party?"

Carlotta shook her head. "It's not a bodily weariness. It's a mental depression, I'm afraid. Oh, nothing serious . . . but the end of the old year makes me feel melancholy . . . so much of all

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our hoping and planning has been left unfinished or went awry. Christmas was happy, but it was like all our Christmases—too many sacrifices for the gifts we were able to afford and the holiday spirit lasts such a short time. I wonder if the Lagorras will ever have all the security and the advantages I want for my family? I wonder if the little frictions and the family troubles will be solved in the New Year? Are there really good things ahead, Naomi—or is it just the same old struggle to just keep our footing in the same old place?"

"You *are* discouraged, Carlotta! It's unusual to hear you talk like that. And all I can say to help is what we both know: that dreams do sometimes come true and trouble has a way of vanishing just when it seems to be the blackest."

They were at the building which sheltered the Lagorra third-floor apartment by this time and Carlotta answered her friend only by a quick, grateful smile before she left her and hurried up the steps and into the hallway. Naomi understood. Their friendship was too close to stand on formality, and there was work to be done for the party tonight.

ON the way up the worn, creaking stairs Carlotta tapped on a doorway. Sounds of music from within crashed abruptly to a stop. The door was flung open.

"Who—? Oh, hello, Carlotta. Let me help you carry your packages upstairs."

"No, thank you, Keith. I just wanted to remind you of the party tonight."

"I haven't forgotten." He smiled his own warm, peculiarly charming smile. "Mary has been down every hour, on the hour, to remind me. And I have a surprise of my own for tonight."

The little meeting somehow cheered Carlotta so that she was smiling pleasantly when she let herself into the neat, clean, though cheaply-furnished Lagorra flat. She handed some of her packages to Mary who had come bounding out to meet her, her hands full of crepe paper.

"Carlotta—I thought you were never coming! I don't know how to decorate and my sandwiches are all lop-sided and I broke one of the cups, trying to polish it! Oh, do you think anyone will be here? This is my first New Year's Eve party! At least, it's the first one you've ever let me stay up to see the New Year come in."

"And it has to be perfect, doesn't it?" Carlotta bent and kissed the shining hair of her little sister, tenderly. "Come on. I'll show you how to hang the paper streamers and we'll have those sandwiches made in no time at all."

Gay red and blue and white paper streamers were tacked from wall to wall, making a festive draped ceiling. Paper hats of all sizes and shapes were placed on the round table for distribution to their guests; whistles and noisemakers were tucked in a drawer for the proper moment, for the twelve o'clock celebration. The punch was tasted and declared perfect. The sandwiches might be scorned by a caterer for their mansized largeness, but Hester Street dwellers were not partial to the one-bite-and-swallow kind of tidbit.

Even David sulkily consented to climb up on a chair to tack streamers his sisters couldn't reach. But he was in no party mood.

"Oh, heck!—Carlotta—why must I

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Does TONI really work?

Answer: Yes! Toni will wave *any* kind of hair that can be permanent-waved, even grey, dyed or bleached hair.

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Answer: Yes! Mothers find Toni's gentle *creme* waving lotion is ideal for children's silky-fine hair. (And the child is free to run about and play while the permanent is "taking"!)

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R M

be here tonight? I've got plans of my own. A coupla guys and me were planning to catch the midnight show at the Strand and—"

"Don't let Mary hear you say that!" Carlotta whispered fiercely, glancing around at the slight figure of her younger sister, busy in the kitchen. "David, she has her heart set on this party and on having the whole family and all our friends here. It's her first real, grown-up party. I don't often ask you to do me a favor, but I'm asking you now."

"All right, sis. Don't get in a lather. I'll be here." But his nineteen-year-old face had darkened to a scowl and he shouldered his way past her and out the door. Just before it banged shut he thrust his head in again. "But don't expect me to be the life of the party, either!"

CARLOTTA shook her head, wearily. The depression of the morning returned . . . and with it came an involuntary memory of the unhappy little Mrs. Hewlett. For the next hour, as she worked, Carlotta couldn't get her out of her mind. It was no use worrying over David—he would keep his word and be at the party. She would just have to manage, somehow, to shepherd him and his wisecracks away from their father; to hope the evening wouldn't be spoiled by the tension between those two.

But Mrs. Hewlett couldn't be dismissed so easily. Homesick and miserable on New Year's Eve! So far away from her family and too young to know how to adjust and make a life for herself and her husband. Somehow Carlotta knew that the whole evening would be no pleasure to her if she had to worry about what the Hewletts were doing.

Leaving the cake frosting still in the bowl, she went to the telephone.

"Naomi? Listen—would you do something for me? I can't get away from the house and I've been worrying about Mrs. Hewlett all afternoon. You, too? Then don't you think it might be a good idea for us to invite them to the party? Oh, I knew you'd feel that way, Naomi! And you'll stop by and ask her? Thanks . . . yes, David will be here . . . well, not too graciously . . . but Mary is still happy and excited . . . you *will* see Mrs. Hewlett, then . . . thanks again, Naomi."

On the other end of the line, in the office of the Hester Street Foundation, Naomi Daniels thoughtfully replaced the receiver. It was just like Carlotta, she mused, with all the burdens she had on her hands now, to worry about a homesick stranger! Then she remembered, guiltily, that she herself had had the Hewletts preying on her mind all day, too. Settling her hat firmly, she locked the door behind her and set out.

But the closer Naomi came to the Hewlett apartment house and the Hewlett apartment and, finally, to the Hewlett door, the more foolish she felt. Of course it was just a neighborly gesture, but suppose the young husband thought her a busy-bodying intruder? For a social service worker, Naomi suddenly found herself developing all kinds of nervous timidity.

"Stop being so silly! They won't bite you." She admonished herself sternly and rapped on the door.

She was unprepared for the quick rush of feet on the other side—the thud as if someone had flung herself hard against the door—the jerk that yanked it open. Naomi stepped back in surprise.

"Jack!" this was a wail. And, then —"Oh. Oh. It's you! I thought—please, come in." Little Mrs. Hewlett retreated in confusion, putting her hands up in a feeble effort to restore some order to her disheveled hair—or to hide her wet, puffy eyes.

The apartment was attractive, brave with cheap, durable flowered-chintzes and geraniums in pots in the windows. A solid row of family snapshots ranged the mantel; keepsakes and childish trinkets adorned the bookshelves. Naomi's eyes went to the couch. The pillows were dented from the imprint of a body—as if someone had flung herself heedlessly onto them—and were sodden and damp. Naomi looked back at the girl.

"Yes." Mrs. Hewlett half-sobbed, half-spoke. "I've been crying—I have good reason to cry!" But somehow the effect of the defiance was lessened by the pathetic way she dabbed at her eyes with a tiny ball of a handkerchief —and Naomi remembered her frantic *"Jack!"* at the door.

Naomi seated herself on the couch and patted the pillow beside her. "Come and sit down and tell me about it. I hear all kinds of troubles, you know, at the Foundation. Please think of me as a friend, just like you had back home."

Her friendly gesture was too much, or maybe it was the mention of home. The little bride threw herself down on the couch and buried her head on Naomi's shoulder.

"He left me!—Jack left me!" She was crying without restraint now. "He walked out and slammed the door and he said I wasn't to wait up for him; he'd do his New Year celebrating some place else—where he was wanted. We —we quarreled, Miss Daniels!"

"Who was in the wrong? And call me 'Naomi,' please."

THE girl threw back her curly head and straightened up, though the tears still rolled down her cheeks. "He was wrong, Naomi—but I love him and I don't want to quarrel with him! He wanted us to go out to some cafe and then go somewhere, somewhere where there were people, he said. He wanted noise and laughter and gaiety! What would that mean to us?—to be with a lot of strangers, pretending we were having fun? I wanted to stay home and just before midnight we could call our families and talk long-distance to them and it would almost seem as if we were home, too. We don't have much money to spend and I wanted to spend it like that, the way New Year's should be spent—with your family. But Jack—"

"Jack wanted some excitement. Can you blame him, really? Look, dear. He works hard all week and he was probably looking forward to the two of you having some fun tonight. Although, I will admit—a cafe—" Naomi saw the tears welling up again in the girl's eyes and she hastily changed the subject. "Don't cry. And I'm not going to let you stay here by yourself and just wait and listen for that doorbell. You're going to a party with me. We'll leave a note for Jack and tell him where the Lagorras live."

"Go to a party!" The girl's voice was outraged. "After what I've just told you? What would I be doing with a lot of strangers—" her head went down on her knees and her shoulders shook with sobs—"I want Jack! I want my own family!"

If Naomi was impatient, her tone did not betray her. It was soothing and gentle. "How else, Ruth, do people become friends, if you won't go out of your way to meet them? Everybody is a stranger to you, at first. If you stay here and mope—if you meet Jack at the door when he comes home, with tears and reproaches, the rift between you is going to get deeper and deeper. And you love your husband. I know that. Maybe tomorrow will be a much brighter day for both of you, if he finds that you had enough courage tonight to go out and try to make new friends for yourself." Then, as the curly head

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of RADIO MIRROR published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1946.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of RADIO MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor Fred R. Sammis, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Doris McFerran, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Secretary, Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Orr J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.; Henry Lieferant, 54 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; (Mrs.) Elizabeth Machlin, 299 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; (Mrs.) Margaret Machlin, Beaver Dam Road, Stratford, Conn.; Arnold A. Schwartz, c/o A. A. Whitford, Inc., 705 Park Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.; Harold Wise, 11 Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.; King & Co., c/o City Bank Farmers Trust Co., 22 William Street, New York 15, N. Y.; Carl M. Loeb, Rhodes & Co., 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none so state.): Orr J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.; Mary Macfadden, 406 E. Linden Avenue, Englewood, N. J.; Charles Mendel, 720 West End Avenue, New York 25, N. Y.; Carroll Rheinstrom, 300 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. City Bank Farmers Trust Company, et al, 22 William Street, New York 15, N. Y., as Trustees for: Mary Macfadden, Beulah Macfadden, Berwyn Macfadden, Brewster Macfadden, Braunda Macfadden, Helen Wiegers, Byrnece Mackerman, Beverly Hebert.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only).

(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1946.
(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI,
Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 137, Register No. 90M8. Certificate filed in N. Y. County No. 284, Register No. 317M8. Commission expires March 30th, 1948.

was still bent and unresponsive, Naomi changed her plea. "If you won't do it for yourself or for Jack, will you do it for me? My whole New Year's Eve will be spoiled if I have to remember you sitting here in a darkened room, crying."

Ruth Hewlett still protested but Naomi wouldn't listen. She knew that the girl would cry herself sick or into hysterics and—worse still—work herself into such a state of either self-condemnation or self-pity that it would be disastrous to this already-shaky marriage.

She waited for Ruth to change into a party dress and then firmly escorted her over to her own rooms, to wait while Naomi, herself, showered and dressed. This was no time for the girl to be left alone. At the same time, it was not the appropriate moment for any discussion of her problems, so Naomi talked about the people Ruth would shortly meet at the party.

WHEN they set out it was already dark. A cold, blustery wind was swirling down Hester Street, its blasts echoing around the street corners and sending old newspapers swirling before them, to wrap themselves around the legs of pedestrians. The icy cold made the two women's cheeks tingle and their eyes smart. Bowing their heads and clutching their hats, they fought their way down the street.

"Here we are! Whew!" The two flung themselves into the little warm hall. "One good thing, Ruth—after that wind we both look as though we'd been crying, so perhaps no one will notice your eyes."

"I hope not, but they *do* get so puffy." From Ruth's voice, the older woman could tell that she was not quite in such depths of despair. "Naomi, are you sure they want me? Are you sure they won't mind a perfect stranger coming to their party—and such a gloomy one, too? I think I'd better go home. I honestly don't feel in a party mood. I'd *rather*, Naomi."

Naomi didn't even pause in her climbing of the stairs. "Not for one minute, Ruth. You're coming with me and you're going to have a good time . . . you'll see."

They had barely reached the third-floor landing when the Lagorra door was opened wide.

"Buon Capo d'Anno! Happy New Year! It is our good friend, Naomi Daniels! Enter—enter!" Old Italo Lagorra was beaming with quiet and dignified pleasure as he held the door open for the two women.

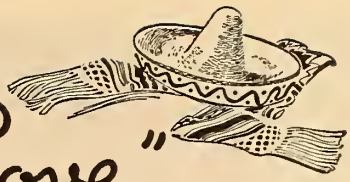
"Thank you and a Happy New Year to you, too, Mr. Lagorra. I can't say it as you did—Buon Capo—May I present Mrs. Ruth Hewlett? Carlotta and I met her this morning and she was kind enough to come with me tonight."

The old shoemaker bowed slightly. "It will brighten my whole house to have you present, Mrs. Hewlett. This is a time for old friends and for the new friends, is not so? I am grateful you all come together this night under my roof."

As they went in, Naomi stole a look at Ruth's face. Already, it was beginning to glow with the anticipation of friendliness and acceptance — *nobody* could resist Italo, or doubt that when he said "welcome" he meant it with his whole kindly heart.

Catching Naomi's glance, Ruth smiled. "He *is* sweet," she whispered, with relief; then Carlotta was welcoming them. "Hello, Miss Lagorra. It was kind of you to ask me tonight."

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"Call her 'Carlotta,'" Naomi ordered. "And this is Mary Lagorra and Therese Lagorra and Mrs. Murray—Marilyn—and—Keith!—come here, I want you to meet a new neighbor on Hester Street . . . Mrs. Jack Hewlett."

Everyone was so kind. The tall, good-looking one they called Keith took her arm and piloted her around the room, finishing the introductions, and his friendliness put her even more at ease. If the other guests or the hosts noticed her red-rimmed, tear-streaked eyes, they were careful not to mention them. Instead there seemed to be an added warmth to the party, a sheltering, extra attention that warmed her sore and timorous nerves.

The door was flung open again.

"Mille Agurii; Mille Agurii, Father!"

"AH, Tony, you remember! You remember the little saying I taught you in the language of my homeland!" And turning to the others, pleasure written large on his face, Italo explained, "It means a *thousand best wishes* and you must say it twice. Then I answer 'mille agurii!' So it was in Italy on all special holidays."

"Yeah—and here it's 'mud in your eye!'"

"Always the wisecracks, David! Never can you be a proper son to your father and let him be happy for even a moment." Italo turned in angry sorrow on his younger son.

It was an awkward moment.

Then help came from an unexpected source. "David, you remind me of my brother, Jimmie. Don't you worry, Mr. Lagorra. I found out they wisecrack only because they're afraid to be sentimental. They're afraid of being mushy." Ruth Hewlett had stepped into the breach and, with her hand on David's arm, she led him away.

The family and guests held their breath. It was quite within probability that David would wrench his hand away and be rude to her.

But, to their amazement, he went docilely. Maybe it was her own youth—maybe it was her assurance of her experience with her own younger brother—but she certainly had the upper hand, and when they stopped at the punch bowl he even had the manners or was so bewitched that he offered her a glass! *It's nothing short of magic!* Carlotta thought, surprised. Ordinarily David would have nothing to do with her friends, or was so unpleasant they soon left him alone.

But Ruth had a way with her. There had been no barb in what she had said and no adult superiority in the way she had intervened between father and son. Now she was laughing with David as they stood together, and listening with interest when he talked.

Carlotta could overhear a snatch of the conversation.

". . . treat me like a kid. They don't realize I'm grown-up—"

"I know. But look at *me*, David—I'm only a year older than you. The trick is to *act* older, to take on a little responsibility that they don't expect. It gives them a shock—" she giggled with him—"but it works. You'll soon find your family accepting the fact that you're grown up. But don't take them for granted, David. It's only when you're away from them, like I am, that you find out how much they mean to you."

"Why? You've got your husband with you, haven't you?"

There seemed to be a pause, or else Carlotta couldn't hear the words. But she saw Ruth's downcast look and the tightening of her lips that meant she was holding back tears.

"Yes—Jack is here—"

Then Marilyn and Keith crowded in on Carlotta and she heard no more. The party was taking shape nicely and everyone seemed to be having a good time. Naomi was everywhere, and her quiet smile and her lovely, gracious poise managed to strike just the right note with all these people of different ages—a note of happy, joyful anticipation. Therese's girl-friends forgot their usual corner huddles to whisper over boy-friends and hair-dos, but instead let themselves be drawn into the general fun . . . even into the word games they might ordinarily have yawned over. Under Naomi's influence Marilyn let go, for the moment, her deep inner sorrow over the death of her husband, and her cheeks shone with gentle excitement.

"How do you do it?" Keith whispered to Naomi. "What is the secret you have of making everyone feel wanted and admired and happy?"

"I guess my experience as a social service worker," she offered, laughing.

"No. I think it's your experience as a warm and genuine person. It's your training in friendship."

His words lit a warm glow in her heart. The past year's struggles with other people's problems; her work in the Foundation that sometimes seemed full of disappointments and frustrations—all of this now seemed more than worthwhile. *It only takes a few words of appreciation,* she thought, and now her own spirits lifted to meet the coming of the new year.

And now it was nearly twelve o'clock. Keith raised his hand for silence.

"I DON'T like to interrupt such a wonderful party, and I hope you don't think I'm being selfish. But I have a little surprise for you I hope you'll like. It's eleven forty-eight and it will soon be 1947. If you don't mind, I'd like to play for you a little piece I made up especially for tonight and for this party."

"Oh, Keith, what a lovely thing to have done for us!" Carlotta was overwhelmed. Mary clapped in delight and the others joined in.

"It is a so-great honor," Italo exclaimed. He led the way to the tiny, battered piano and the guests all followed to stand in a near-circle. "Your musical composition, Mr. Keith, it has a name, si?"

"Yes, Mr. Lagorra. I call it *The Street of Dreams.* I think you all know what I am trying to say. Marilyn, will you turn the pages for me?"

He seated himself and his hands rippled over the keys. Then he paused. When he began again, the music had a hesitant, grudging sound, as if a stranger were walking down Hester Street for the first time, unsure of himself, unwilling to be there. Then it grew stronger, surer. There seemed to be an onward march of many people, the bright, gleeful laughter of children playing, and the little, odd surprise of clanging bells and the blowing of whistles and the honking of horns, making a familiar, homey pattern.

"That's the Hester Street trolley and the policeman's whistle." Mary was too excited to keep quiet. But no one scolded. They had all recognized the sounds and they, too, felt a part of them.

From the beginning there had been the faint strains of the melody and now it took over—sweet, tender, hopeful—and its repetition wove itself into the hearts of the listeners. To each one it had its own message of dreams. On each face was the wonder and the longing. For just a little while, as Keith's fingers lingered over the keys, each one was in a dream-spell of his own—and who knew what whispering promise of better things to come was being pledged and forged into the hearts that heard that melody?

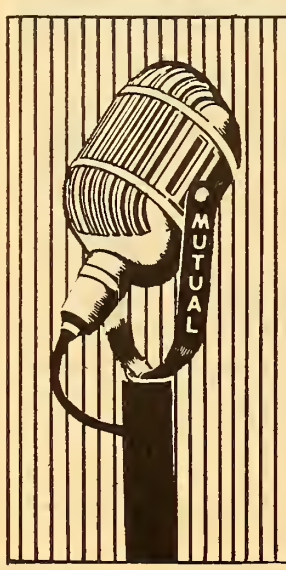
Ruth's eyes were not the only ones that were wet when the music ended. But only hers were fixed on the doorway instead of on the musician.

Naomi noticed. She slipped her arm through Ruth's as the last chord faded away. "Don't worry, dear. He'll come. And there's always tomorrow."

A sigh, almost as if the circle were waking out of a little sleep, went round the room as the last note rippled and ended. Then David broke in.

"It's one minute to twelve! Where's the buzzers and the whistles, sis?"

His loud words were a shock; but no one condemned him for the abrupt shattering of the mood. With delicate understanding they all realized that Keith's music for them had been too personal for compliments or thanks. The moment had been intimate; it was right that it should snap without the awkward sentimentality of words to blur or to (*Continued on page* 64)



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(*Continued from page* 62) try to describe their feelings.

"Here you are—I'll keep the dunce cap!" Laughing, Carlotta distributed the funny paper caps and the noisemakers, and as she did so, she had a moment to silently touch Keith's hand in gratitude. It was surprising how many others found the same method of saying something that was too big for words.

"Look at me! I'm a drum majorette! I'm going to lead a parade—" Mary pirouetted around the room in her high, red, stiff hat.

"You want I should put that thing on my head, at my age?" But Italo was only joking and he placed the silly paper shako on his head with the air of a cavalier.

"Oho! . . . a clown! All I need is a red nose and baggy trousers!" Tony capered around the room and raised his whistle to his lips.

"Not yet . . . listen!"

They all paused, expectantly. Then, suddenly—from out the open window—there came a dull, booming sound. On its heels there rose the screaming shrill of a gigantic siren. And then pandemonium broke loose. It was twelve o'clock. It was 1947!

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year, everybody!"

Italo kissed his older daughter. Someone grabbed little Mary and whirled her around in a spinning circle. Hands touched hands in greeting; voices mingled with the clatter of buzzers on wood and the screech of whistles. It was the New Year! It was the world's hope for peace . . . it was the future dawning for those who dwelt on Hester Street.

"Yippee! Happy New Year, Ruth!" This from David and his clumsy, still-boyish hug was that of a brother to a sister. She saw him hug Carlotta the same way and rub his face in Mary's curls. Her heart pounded strangely—she had been accepted, almost, as part of this family group.

A hand touched her shoulder. She spun around quickly.

"Happy New Year, Ruth."

"Oh—the same to you, Naomi."

"You jumped when I touched you just then. Were you hoping it was Jack come to see the New Year in with you?"

"Oh, Naomi, I've been praying all evening he'd come. I want to tell him something. I want to tell him I've learned my lesson. I'm not homesick any more, Naomi. Why, these people are just like my own family—they like me and they make me feel that I fit in, too. Jack's begged me to make friends but I wouldn't. I said that people here couldn't be like my own folks and my own friends at home. He even suggested we go to church here and I did—once. But the minister didn't look or talk like our old Reverend Allen at home and I wouldn't go again."

She hung her head. "I've been so selfish. Even now, thinking about home and remembering how my father used to read a chapter out of the Bible to us just before the whistles blew for the New Year—even that doesn't make me feel lonesome. That music Keith played, it was almost like a prayer for all of us."

Naomi nodded, and dodged a dancing couple who were doing a joyful, if inexpert heel-and-toe polka around the room. She drew the other girl aside.

"Did you ever read the story of Ruth in the Old Testament, dear? Do you remember how she had to make a choice after her husband died? She had left her family and her homeland to be with him and now she had to decide whether she wanted to return to her own home. But she said to her mother-in-law: ' . . . whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people—'."

The little bride echoed, softly, ". . . whither thou goest . . ." There was a new strength and purpose in her soft young face.

"That Ruth knew it was seldom wise to go back. We must go forward. We must take our lives where we find them and work out our destinies there. It is fear that makes us run back to something safe and remembered, but when we do, we usually find we have outgrown it."

"I KNOW. You were right and so was Jack. All I could think about was my own unhappiness. If I had thought about other people, it might have been like tonight—helping David I forgot myself and I had such a wonderful time!" A sudden thought struck her. "Did you realize that the mother-in-law in the Bible story was called *Naomi?* Not that you are old enough to be my mother."

"I'm very happy if I was able to give you the same kind of advice I know your own mother would have given you, Ruth."

"You did. She would have been so ashamed of me. She made a home for my father when—*Naomi—listen!*"

Someone was knocking on the door; and when Italo opened it, they saw a stranger—a young man with truculent wariness and suspicion in his eyes. A young man whose tie was twisted and whose hat was pushed far back on his head in a defiant gesture. He said nothing in response to Italo's greeting, but his eyes swept the room.

But he was no stranger to Ruth. With one glad cry she ran to the doorway and threw herself into his arms.

Naomi was too far away to hear what they were saying. But not too far to watch their expressions.

And she saw the truculence and the stiffness in Jack Hewlett's eyes gradually fade. She saw Ruth's lips move as she whispered to him. Almost, Naomi could tell what the girl was saying by her actions . . . her shame-faced apology, her plea for understanding, the promise in her eyes. And then the whole party—who had been politely pretending to ignore the little scene—saw the strange young man sweep the girl off her feet and hug her tight, his face shining with happiness.

They walked into the room, still holding tight to each other, and now Naomi could not help overhearing their words.

". . . and I'm so sorry, Jack, that because of me we missed our first New Year's party together. We didn't get to see the old year out—our very first year of marriage."

He looked down at her and grinned. "I like it that way, Ruthie. We didn't make much of a real marriage in the old year, anyway. I'm glad we didn't have to look at each other while it went. It's the new year for us, darling. We don't have to look back at our mistakes—we can look forward to starting all over again."

Naomi was not only listening, but unashamedly watching. She rejoiced in the change that speech had made in Ruth's face—a few hours before so tear-streaked and hopeless, now brilliant with love and confidence and hope. It was a sight *worth* watching!

Keith's hand on her arm, and his low, understanding chuckle made her turn

quickly. "I want to say goodnight, Naomi. I'm walking home with Marilyn. Let me wish you once more a Happy New Year!"

"Thank you, Keith. Goodnight and best wishes, Marilyn. I'm leaving, too, Carlotta. It's been a wonderful party . . . the best."

"Goodnight! Happy New Year! Remember to make your resolutions tomorrow!" It was well past midnight now and the guests were slowly leaving. The Hewletts approached their host.

"I want to thank you, sir, for being so kind to my wife. We appreciate your taking her in, a total stranger, like that."

Italo waved their thanks away. "It is nothing. Is it not so that we are neighbors? Then how shall we be behaving—with the noses up in the air and the no-speaking? Ah, no. Better we should all stick together like friends here. And you must come again, soon."

"We will!" Jack Hewlett was almost fervent. "But now we'd better be getting along to our own—" giving his wife a quick, tender hug—"to our own home."

"Our own home," she repeated, firmly.

"Goodnight!"—and then they were all gone. The Lagorra family was alone.

Carlotta shooed them all off to bed, Mary and the rest. Even Italo's offer to help she refused, insisting on his getting the sleep he needed.

Now the living room was quiet.

Quickly, deftly, she went about, emptying ashtrays and putting the apartment to order. There wasn't much to do; the decorations could stay up until the morning. But still she lingered. Somehow she felt a reluctance to leave the scene of the party. There was a need within her for this quiet moment with herself.

SHE was tired, but not with the depressing fatigue of the morning—why? What had happened? Why did she feel this peace and serenity and happiness that made her steps light and kept her eyes glowing? Had it just been the gaiety of the evening?

It was more than that. It was like Keith's music that bubbled and sang and made them laugh with its gentle caricature of Hester Street and the people who lived there. But underneath the frivolity there was the strong, sweet, hopeful melody of the hearts of all of them. And, she realized slowly, the whole evening had been like that—a promise of dreams coming true . . . for herself in the growth and security of the Lagorras . . . for Italo in the sight of his strong sons and gentle daughters . . . for Mary who brought joy to everyone, to whom everyone was kind . . . to David who had curbed for one evening his unruly, resentful teen-age tongue and had, in that slight measure, grown up.

And for the gentle, lovely Naomi who had seen a little ripening of the fruits of her long work for the people of the community. For the young Hewletts in their new understanding of each other. For Keith, who had brought the gift of his music to them. For Marilyn Murray who was learning that time does heal the greatest of sorrows.

For all of them, new courage for their lives on the "street of dreams."

We Broke the Bank

(*Continued from page 23*)

minute. So we'd inherited them and, to us, the evening was going to be just another in the succession of good times we'd been having the past two months.

You see, we'd only been married for two months. I was about to be discharged from the Navy, and we'd had our honeymoon and were just sort of hanging around New York having fun until my final papers came through and we could leave for my home in Chicago. Everything was all set for me to resume my practice as an Ear, Nose and Throat surgeon, my office was waiting for me, and we were pretty sure we could find an apartment hotel or something to provide a roof for our heads. So we had nothing to worry about, and only good things to look forward to.

OUR honeymoon had been pretty special. After all, we'd been waiting for it a long time, and we were determined to make the most of it. Both of us are well over twenty-one, so we decided that we'd tell everyone we'd been married at least two years. That would be so we could avoid the usual jokes about honeymooners and newly-weds. We didn't want to have to bother with other people at all—even so much as pretending to laugh at their jokes. We just wanted to be by ourselves. It worked out the way we'd planned it, too. We pretended we were an old married couple, and nobody paid any attention to us. So Edith and I have decided that from now on, that's going to be our advice to newly married couples—"Tell people you've been married for years!"

Anyway, we were pretty gay as we drove up to the parking lot. But right there we hit a snag. "Sorry," the attendant said, "we're full up."

I looked at Edith and she looked at me. It was getting late and we knew if we had to go looking for another parking lot, we'd probably miss the show. Edith giggled a little and whispered, "Tell him about how you've given the best years of your life to the Navy. Maybe that'll influence him."

But I thought I had a better idea. "Look," I said to him, "we've got tickets for Break the Bank, and it's getting late. . . ."

I think that's what did it—that, and maybe the uniform helped some, too. He stuck out his lower lip and thought about it a minute. Then he said, "Okay, I'll try to squeeze you in somewhere. But you better hurry. Those radio shows don't wait for anybody."

So we climbed out of the car and hurried to the theater. We got there just as the doors were closing. People were still standing in line, hoping that there might be some extra seats at the last minute. Anyway, we got in all right and settled down in our seats.

Pretty soon Bert Parks, the Quiz Master, and Bud Collyer, the Master of Ceremonies, came out to explain to the audience what the show was all about, and began to pick out the contestants. Collyer came down into the audience and chose various people who had to stand up and tell Bert Parks, who was on the stage, what their names were and where they were from, and things like that. Sometimes they had to answer a simple question, and if they gave the right answer they got a dollar bill

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right then, which encouraged everyone.

"Now we need someone who knows about geography," Collyer said and, looking over at me, he grinned. "There's a Navy man—he ought to know something about the world and the seven seas."

I chuckled to myself. Most of my four years in the Navy had been spent right here in the United States, except for a few months in Trinidad. But I did know my geography, or thought I did. It had been one of my favorite subjects at school. So I stood up and told them my name and where I was from.

"How long have you been in the Navy?" Collyer asked.

And that was pretty funny, too, because I'd just been figuring it out that afternoon. "Four years, three weeks, and one day," I told him. The audience roared, and I could hear a muffled explosion of laughter from Edith. Collyer kept a perfectly straight face, and asked, "How many hours?"

"I could probably figure that out, too, with a little more time," I told him, and then he did laugh.

"Is the young lady with you your wife?" he asked.

"She certainly is," I replied, and then added, as Edith nudged me, "we've been married for two years."

For some reason or other, that seemed to please the audience, because there was a spattering of applause and a lot of good-natured laughing.

"Would you like to be a contestant on this program?" was the next question.

"Yes, I'd like to, very much," I heard myself answering.

"And your wife, too," Collyer went on. "You can help each other with the answers."

Edith tugged frantically at my coat sleeve, but I grabbed her hand and we started up the aisle to the stage.

A LOT of things went through my mind on that short trip to the stage. All my life, it seems, I'd been listening to quiz shows over the air. My nephew always used to tease me about it—calling me "Uncle Information Please." I thought about him now, and wasn't sure whether I hoped he'd be listening tonight or not!

Edith's hands were shaking just a little, as I helped her into her chair up on the stage, so I leaned over and whispered to her, "What are you worried about? It's their money we're going to be playing with, not ours."

Before we knew it, we were both up there in front of the microphone and Bert Parks was asking us our first question. "Books of maps of the world are named after a mythical giant who carried the world on his shoulders. What was his name?"

Without even thinking, I heard my voice giving the answer: "Atlas."

"Correct," he said. "That's worth ten dollars. Now for twenty . . . Off the southern tip of Florida is a group of islands which belong to the State of Florida. What are they called?"

Well, even though I've never been there, I knew that one. "The Florida Keys," I told him.

"Well, that's twenty dollars. Now for fifty. On what Continent is the Sahara Desert?"

I almost smiled at that. Anybody could answer that question. "Africa."

"Good," he grinned at me. "That's fifty bucks in the paymaster's book. Now, the next question is worth exactly twice as much. And be careful—it's a little different. I'm going to ask you something, and then the orchestra will play a song. The clue to the answer is in the title of the song. Here's the question: If you broke the bank tonight, you could go on a world cruise and might want to book passage on this luxury liner. What is the name of the liner?"

THE orchestra began to play, and I thought, "Oh—oh, here's where I bow out gracefully." Because, although the tune was remotely familiar, I didn't have any idea what its title might be. Music isn't one of my strong points. I shrugged my shoulders and smiled ruefully at Bert Parks. Just as I was about to admit that I didn't know the song I heard Edith saying in a small voice, "Why, that's 'Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary'."

I could have hugged her, right there in front of everyone. "The Queen Mary!" I almost shouted into the mike.

Bert gave an exaggerated sigh of relief. "That's what I call having a smart wife," he said. "She's just saved that hundred dollars for you and given you a chance at the two hundred dollar question. Here it is: Many islands in the West Indies fly the flag of European nations. Tell us to what European country the following belong. You must get two out of three. The first is—Martinique."

"I believe that belongs to France," I said. "Correct," said Bert, "and how about—Trinidad?"

Well, after all, I'd been stationed in Trinidad—I knew that one cold. "Great Britain," I told him.

"Right," he said, "that's the two you need. But just for fun, try the third one—Curacao."

"I'd say—Holland."

"And you'd be right! Now, for three hundred dollars, here's a tough one: The country of Panama is bordered on the north by Costa Rica. Only one other country borders Panama. What is its name?"

I thought for a minute. What had that old map in my geography book looked like, anyway? Then I could see it in my mind's eye, and the answer came out automatically, "Colombia!"

"Right!" said Bert, and a note of excitement was beginning to creep into his voice. "Now, the next question is worth five hundred dollars. Don't get nervous. You're not nervous, are you?"

I hadn't really thought about it until then. "Not yet," I said.

"All right. Here's the five-hundred dollar question: Almost everyone has sung or heard the stirring song, 'On the Road to Mandalay.' In what country is Mandalay?"

I was glad, then, that I'd always read my newspapers. That country had been in the news a lot during the war. "Burma," I told him.

"Perfect!" he exclaimed. "That earns you five hundred dollars. And you have only one more question to go—it's the one that *could* break the bank." He turned to the girl they call "Janice, the

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Paying Teller"—the one who gives out the prizes—and asked, "How much is the Bank worth tonight, Janice?"

She made a quick calculation, and answered, "Five thousand, two hundred and twenty dollars."

There was an excited buzz and a few whistles from the audience, and I suddenly felt Edith's shoulder pressing into my arm. It was getting to be almost too much for her, I guess—she was leaning against me for support. I gave her a quick wink and straightened my shoulders. And now I was really hoping that my little nephew was listening. This was something for the family to talk about the rest of their lives!

"Are you ready for the Bank-breaking question? The one that's worth exactly $5220?" asked Bert Parks. I nodded, speechless.

"All right, here it is, nice and short—In what country is Lake Maracaibo?"

There was complete and utter silence throughout the theater, and I hesitated just a moment. It was a pause to allow me time to get over the sigh of relief that came up from the very bottom of my feet. I'd been afraid it would be one of those questions that only an "answer man" or a college professor would know. I could feel the corners of my mouth twitch and, almost without thinking, I blurted out—right in front of the microphone—"Do you want to congratulate me now or wait until the end of the program?"

Bert's black eyebrows went up and his white teeth flashed. "Don't tell me you know the answer to that one, too?" he asked incredulously.

"Sure," I said, " . . . Venezuela."

"THAT'S right!" he shouted, and then the audience went crazy. I've never heard such yelling and cheering in my life. I just managed to hear Edith say in a faint little voice, "Ohhhhh!" I reached for her hand and squeezed it—hard.

And, as far as we were concerned, the program was over. Janice made out the check and Ed Wolf, the producer of the program, signed it and handed it to us right there on the stage. He told us that it was the largest single cash prize ever given away on a radio program. I wanted to tell him it was the largest single check I'd ever held in my hand, but I decided I'd done enough talking for one night!

Of course, that wasn't the end of it. We stayed around the studio for about an hour after the show was over. Telephone calls and telegrams kept coming in, and people were crowding around congratulating us and asking us how it felt to "Break the Bank." I honestly couldn't answer that one. I didn't know *how* I felt, and I'm sure Edith didn't, either. It had all happened too quickly—too breath-takingly.

People telephoned and telegraphed from all over the country. Some of our friends sent their telegrams collect, saying they were sure we'd be able to afford it! One telegram from Chicago, my home town, said the sender knew a Commander Jack Weiss, and wondered if it was the same one who'd been on the program that night. The only thing that bothered him, he said, was that the Commander Jack Weiss *he* knew had been married only two months—not two years. That made Edith laugh. She said if that were the only kick-back we were going to have for all the fibs we'd told about how long we'd been married, we were getting off easily!

A girl who'd won a dollar bill during the pre-program questioning asked us to autograph the dollar for her. She said she thought it might bring her better luck next time.

When we finally left the studio and went down to get the car, the attendant met us with a big smile on his face. He said he'd heard the program and was sure glad he'd let us in. Otherwise we might not have gotten there in time to break that bank.

People had been asking us all evening what we were going to do to celebrate, so when we got into the car, Edith and I looked at each other. "We've just *got* to do something special," I said.

"I know," she suggested, "let's go up to Rumpelmeyer's and have a champagne cocktail!"

I stared at her for a minute, because Edith is a real teetotaler. And then I remembered that we'd just won five thousand dollars, and that doesn't happen every night in the week. So up to Rumpelmeyer's we went, and had our champagne cocktails—one each!

One funny thing happened the next day. We'd gone up to the Manufacturers Trust Company on Fifth Avenue to deposit that check, which had been burning a hole in my pocket all night. The teller remarked to the other people working behind the bank window that I was the contestant who'd broken the bank for five thousand dollars on the radio program the night before. And one of the men looked up and said, "I thought it was five thousand, *two hundred and twenty* dollars." I guess that show has plenty of listeners!

Well, it's all over now, and things have gotten back to normal again. But every once in a while I stop to think about that night at the Break the Bank Program. All those quiz programs I'd listened to—I'd never heard one without wishing I were up there at the microphone myself. The questions always sounded so easy (except maybe Information Please!). Usually, when I listened to the questions, I'd automatically say the answers out loud before the contestants got to them. But I'd always suspected that if I were up there myself, there'd be another tale to tell.

It's pretty strange to have a big sum of money dumped into your lap so unexpectedly that way. Edith and I couldn't for the life of us think of anything special to spend it on. We thought at first we'd like to use it as a down payment on a house of our own, but everybody knows how impossible *that* is these days! So we'll probably stick to furnished apartments until the housing situation straightens out a little. And in the meantime, the money is tucked away snugly in the bank until something worthwhile comes along. Edith says we'll sleep sounder at night—knowing it's there!

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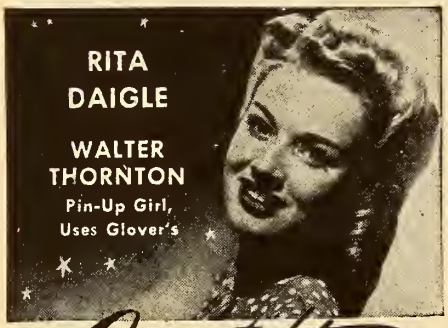
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NAME.....

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Happy Re-New Year

(*Continued from page 50*)

Sift flour once, measure into sifter with soda, salt and sugar. Have shortening at room temperature; mix or stir just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients, add ¾ cup milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Beat 2 minutes. Add eggs, melted chocolate, remaining milk and vanilla and beat 1 minute longer. Turn into two 9-inch layer pans which have been lined with paper and greased. Bake in 350-degree oven until done, about 30 minutes. Spread top and sides of cake with chocolate icing; make numerals with white icing. Note: Mix cake at low speed of electric mixer or by hand. Count only actual beating time, or count beating strokes, allowing 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and beater often while mixing.

Favorite Birthday Cake

2⅔ cup sifted cake flour
3 tsps. double-acting baking powder
1 tsp. salt
⅔ cup shortening
1¼ cups sugar
*Milk (See * below for amount)
1 tsp. vanilla or grated lemon rind
5 egg whites
½ cup sugar

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use 1 cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening; add 1¼ cups sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring. Beat egg whites until foamy, add ½ cup sugar gradually, and continue beating only until mixture will hold up in soft peaks. Beat thoroughly into batter. Turn into two 8-inch layer pans which have been lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Bake in 350-degree oven about 30 minutes until done.

Gingerbread

1½ cups sifted cake flour
¼ tsp. soda
¾ tsp. double-acting baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. cloves
½ tsp. ginger
½ cup molasses
½ cup water
¼ cup shortening
¼ cup sugar
1 egg, unbeaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, salt, and spices, and sift again. Combine molasses and water.

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together thoroughly. Add egg and beat well. Add dry ingredients, alternately with liquid, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in greased 8x8x2-inch pan in 375-degree even about 35 minutes, until done. Cut in squares. Serve warm or cold.

Honey Nut Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
½ tsp. salt
⅔ cup butter or other shortening
½ cup sugar
½ cup honey
3 eggs
1 cup finely cut nut meats
¼ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly; then add honey in thirds, beating well after each addition. Add ¼ cup of flour and beat until smooth and well blended. Beat eggs until thick enough to pile up in bowl; add to cake mixture and beat well. Add nuts. Add remaining flour in thirds, alternately with milk in halves, beating very well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in greased 9-inch tube pan in slow oven, 325-degree, 1 hour and 5 minutes, or until done, or in a 9x5x3-inch loaf pan 1 hour and 25 minutes, or until done.

Molasses Spice Cake

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
1½ tsps. double-acting baking powder
½ tsp. soda
½ tsp. salt
1½ tsps. cinnamon
¾ tsp. ginger
¼ cup sugar
½ cup shortening
*Milk (See * below for amount)
2 eggs, unbeaten
1 cup molasses

*With butter, margarine, or lard use ¾ cup milk minus 2 tablespoons. With vegetable or any other shortening, use ¾ cup milk.

Sift flour once, measure into sifter with baking powder, soda, salt, spices, and sugar. Have shortening at room temperature; mix or stir just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients; add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then beat 2 minutes. Add eggs and molasses and beat 1 minute longer. Turn into 10x10x2-inch pan which has been lined on bottom with paper, then greased. Bake in 350-degree oven until done, about 40 minutes. Serve warm, plain, or with apple sauce. This cake may also be baked in two 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven, 375-degrees, until done, about 25 minutes. Spread Easy Fluffy Frosting between layers and on top. *Note*: Mix cake by hand or at a low speed of the electric mixer. Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often while mixing.

Easy Fluffy Frosting

1 egg white
Dash of salt
½ cup corn syrup
½ cup vanilla

Beat egg white with salt until stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Pour syrup in fine stream over egg white, beating constantly about 4 minutes, or until frosting holds its shape. (Or beat about 2½ minutes at high speed of electric mixer.) Add vanilla. Makes about 2¼ cups frosting, or enough to cover tops of two 8-inch or 9-inch layers, top and sides of 8x8x2-inch cake, top of 10x10x2-inch cake, or 16 large cupcakes.

Fluffy Chocolate Frosting

Use above recipe, folding in 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled, just before spreading.

Fluffy Honey Frosting

Use above recipe, substituting honey for corn syrup. Omit vanilla.

For double the recipe, double ingredients above and proceed as directed, beating about 10 to 15 minutes, or until frosting holds its shape. Or beat about 6 minutes at high speed of electric mixer. Makes about 4½ cups frosting, or enough to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.

Come and Visit Dinah Shore

(*Continued from page 33*)

look of the place, and the feeling of room to move, the breathtaking view, the rose garden. And the little house was enchanting . . . redwood, inside and out, completely rough and ranch-like but homelike, inviting. The brick fireplace consumed an entire wall of the big sitting room. The little kitchen shone with copper pots and pans. It was typically Californian, yet suggestive of the stability of Connecticut, the hospitality of Dinah's native Tennessee.

"But we *have* a house," George remonstrated, "a very nice house . . . "

"But it's in *town,*" argued Dinah, "and it's stuffy and crowded in town."

"There's not nearly room enough," George held out. "We need at least two bedrooms."

"Why?"

"And you have to have an office."

"Yes, but . . . "

"And we need a bigger kitchen, and a dining room, and a workshop . . . "

"Why?"

"And—we hope, someday—a nursery."

This should have been the clincher, but Dinah had given her heart.

"You can build one," she said. "When we need it. Really, George," she pleaded, "you know you love it too."

"Can we buy it—here—right now?" he asked the agent.

THAT was too fast, but the lady did her best. By eleven o'clock that night—they had first laid eyes on the place at four in the afternoon—Dinah and George owned Five Oaks. It was a rugged seven hours. They didn't let the real estate agent out of their sight. They drove her back to her office, tapped their toes restlessly while she tried—in vain—to reach the owner of "their" land. They took her out to dinner. Another try on the phone brought no response from the owner's home. Dinah and George took their prisoner to a movie. At ten o'clock, the trio found their man and made the deal. At eleven o'clock the ink was drying on their check.

"How soon," Dinah asked George as they drove through the dark toward home, "do you think we can move?"

The Montgomerys moved to Five Oaks in November, into quarters which had the comfort—if not the luxury, and more charm—if not more convenience—than the city house they had sold without a qualm and were abandoning. In the year which has elapsed since then they have made shift, sleeping in a "guest cottage" converted by George from a ramshackle building the original owners of Five Oaks had used for a barn and a garage. In a welter of dust and wood shavings which seep in from the constant construction work going on they have cooked in the tiny kitchen of the original ranchhouse, sat by the fire at night in the unchanged "big room." Now, a year after they moved into the place, they can swim in their new pool, play tennis on their new championship court.

The one room "bunkhouse" rapidly is blossoming forth into a sprawling ranch house which "has everything."

Ultimately the one room will grow to eleven. Dinah and George are adding a big Dutch kitchen (the original kitchenette will become a bar), a din-

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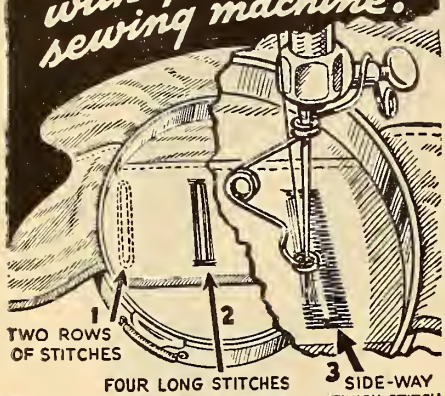
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ing room opening on an outdoor breakfast terrace, a music room and den, and the master bedroom with two dressing rooms and two baths, all on the first floor. And there will be a second story nursery.

"We have nothing constructive to offer yet," Dinah explains, "but we have plans."

The nursery will be a child's suite, really, complete with miniature kitchen and bath, a sitting room with a view of the whole broad valley, a nurse's room and bath. Also on the second floor will be an office for Dinah's secretary.

All of this is materializing with a speed which—in the present period of acute shortages—is nothing short of a miracle.

"Nobody else could get materials, or workmen," Dinah brags. "But George did."

That, of course, is Dinah's theme song. "George made it," "George did it," "George can do *anything*," are ever-recurrent phrases around their house.

GEORGE made most of the furniture, he built the tool house and a tractor shed—he even made a towel rack in the shape of an American Eagle, may the Good Lord forgive him (and the Lord may, since he claims it was not meant for the center of the mantelpiece where Dinah displays it, but for their ranch shack in Montana).

Step by step, George is turning the white lines on the blueprints into the wood and plaster and stone of the finished structure, partly through the help of those of his ex-GI pals who are now in the building business, but largely through his own brain and muscle.

George began, Dinah relates, by drawing up the plans himself. The big bedroom with the fireplace, two dressing rooms and two baths, was his idea. Dinah's idea of a kitchen, the cooking ell lined with copper plating, with two brick ovens and a charcoal grill was worked out by George's drafting pencil.

When they got to the point of actual building—beginning with the conversion of the garage into a guest house spacious enough to be "home" over a period of months—George had to call in help. It came in the person of Johnny Hill, an Army friend of George's, who is a builder. Johnny's crew of carpenters, plumbers and electricians was booked up for months in advance—but because George was a good guy, an ex-GI like themselves, and also because George was not above turning a hand on the job himself, they agreed to work on George's house and push up another job. Dinah's part of the lure was the chow—outdoor barbecue lunches and suppers, from steak to watermelon, were forthcoming every time the work seemed to get monotonous.

"Dinah is a wonderful cook, you know," George will tell you, getting in his two cents worth of praise.

"I have to admit it," she is quick to reply. "I am a very good cook. Very good, indeed."

"But a foul dishwasher," adds George, backing up.

The house, like Topsy, "just growed."

First, of course, came the guest house—because "we gotta have a place to sleep."

Then—because "we gotta have a place to put the cars"—a port cochere. (The Montgomerys, now that they're ranchers, have a spanking new Ford station wagon.)

Third—because "we gotta have a place for our tools"—George's workshop. There, George and Johnny Hill and the rest of the crew keep their supplies and equipment. There, also, George builds the beautiful pieces of furniture, early American and provincial in design, intricately modeled and turned (*and* the towel racks which look like eagles and the picture frames etched with pine trees) which will furnish the house when it is complete.

"We got the workshop right away, you see," Dinah remarks, pointedly. "That's *George's* hobby. But where's my dark room? There isn't even a place in the plans for it. The basement is going to be the freeze room. Too cold. The barn is going to be full of hay. Too inflammable. The nursery is going to be full of babies—we hope. No dark room."

Dinah considers herself—with justification which shows up in her negatives, both color film and black and white—a first-class photographer. She was never so angry as the time a national magazine used *her* photographs of her European USO tour with Bing Crosby without the credit line, "Photographs by Dinah Shore." She fully expected the first room planned for the new house would be a scientifically designed dark room—so far they have finished one guest house, one car port, one workshop, one swimming pool, one tennis court, one barbecue house. (One towel rack—American Eagle design.) Under construction are the ten new rooms of the one-time one-room house, but not one of them is a dark room. Dinah—she pretends—is very sore.

SOMETIMES the building progresses in big leaps. When Dinah left last summer to spend five weeks in personal appearances in the East, nothing had been added to the main house but the basement. No workmen were engaged, nor material in prospect. No relief was in sight from a situation in which Dinah's priceless Meissen China was getting chipped, her copper kitchen utensils tarnished, her linens ruined, and her expensive theatrical evening gowns faded because of lack of closets.

When she returned, the whole superstructure of the house was up. George and Johnny and his crew had really pushed the job. With luck and good weather, there should be a house to live in at Five Oaks before Christmas.

Dinah hopes so. It is not that she minds roughing it. What does she care about dust and wood shavings, she says, when she can get up at six o'clock in the morning and watch the stark mountains turn red in the sunrise and feed Bantam hens their breakfast, and sit under a spreading live oak tree and purr while her handsome, brilliant (to say nothing of his being useful) husband sees to it that their paper house comes alive in sticks and stones.

Dinah could stand the mess forever—didn't George make it?—but nobody else can. Including cooks, who rebel at the cramped quarters, laundresses, who object to running a washing machine in the middle of a business office, and secretaries, who find it equally disturbing to have to file important letters in boxes on the floor, and type contracts on the top of the ironer.

"I like to cook," Dinah explains, "and I don't mind ironing.

"But," she adds, wistfully, "I hate to come indoors."

Indoors, away from the sound of hammers, from the view of the mountains. Oh, let's face it: away from George.

Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page 45*)

about tilling soil and raising crops.

We were very much in love even though we were just kids. He was 19 and I was 17 when we married. It was in the depression years and we had a hard go of it. We always planned for the day we could buy a farm of our own and have a home for the children we hoped to have. But secretly, I always longed to move to the city. Finally, after things grew worse on the farm, I did get my way and we moved to town to live.

Life was easier for me and I was well satisfied but I could tell that my husband wasn't, even though he pretended to be. We were happy though. We moved west to California after the war broke out. My husband worked at defense work until we had saved enough to buy our "dream farm" and get a good start at farming. So we went back, even though I cried bitterly at the idea. But I had to be willing for I thought it might keep my dear one from being inducted into service. It was selfish of me, I know, but how could I give him up? That's what all wives thought, I guess.

WELL, we had one busy but happy year on our farm and our second baby came during the year. It seemed we were completely happy.

Then came the call for my dear one to leave us, for the service of his country. His worry was not for himself but for me and our little boys. He wanted us to move back to town—if we sold all our livestock and chickens, with money they would bring and our allotment, we could make out while he was gone.

I had never spent a night by myself in my life and was nervous, but I heard myself saying "No, I'll stay here on the farm and take care of everything." For I thought I should, even though I dreaded it like crazy. (We do not have electricity and are a quarter-mile from a neighbor.) So it was settled and he left us here and went to serve in the Navy.

After about six weeks my husband got a short leave and came to see us. Then he was gone overseas and we didn't know if we would ever see each other again or not. War is like that; we all know.

I carried on the best I could. I fed chickens and hogs, milked cows, pumped endless gallons of water. I managed to grow a good garden and we had our milk, eggs and meat so I saved most of our allotment. I learned the value of money for once in my life. I was so tired at night, I could sleep. But there were nights when our boys would get sick and I'd be up at all hours to care for them. My nerves would be so taut, the least noise would scare me half to death. These were the times I remembered our God and asked his help, most of all.

I took time every day to write long encouraging letters to my husband. I told him things were going fine. I got encouragement from all sides and that helped me to keep going, just doing things I didn't think that I could do.

Then after two long years, our loved one was home again, safe and sound. What a happy day! That meeting I can't write about. Our baby was now a big boy of almost two and one-half years old and he knew "daddy" from the pictures we had. Our other boy was about nine years old by now.

My husband told me "Darling, you have done even better than I dared hope you would and I'm very proud of you. Now we will sell the farm and go back to the city, for I can be happy anywhere, if you are happy." I was delighted (I thought), but as I thought it over, I felt sad. I realized I had learned to love the farm and seeing things grow. For the first time I understood my husband's love of the farm. It was so peaceful and close to nature. God is here and He has been good to us.

I told all of this to my husband and I'll never forget the love that shone in his eyes. I had won his respect in every way. That was worth all it had cost me in hard work and loneliness.

It won't always be easy. Farm life never is. We will soon get electricity though, and we got us a good car with our money. We can make a go of it. We are still in love after fourteen years.

We hear people say of some folks, "Well, the war made a man out of him," and I think "Yes, and it made a woman out of me too."

Yes, life can be beautiful. Life is beautiful, for we are together.

Mrs. P. S.

Just Aunt Beatrice

Dear Papa David:

I was married when I was seventeen to a fine boy.

We had a boy the first year. When the baby was three his daddy passed away.

I was left with no insurance, no one to turn to, and I was a very sick girl.

My husband's Aunt and Uncle offered to take my son and give him a home and education. I was never to let him know I was his real mother, until he grew to be a man.

I was just Aunt Beatrice and I stood by for years and years watching him grow in peace, but with a hurt in my heart no one shall ever know.

But as years went by I married again and moved far away. We lost track of each other and as I got older I longed for this boy by my side.

During the war I wrote a letter to the Uncle and he told me my boy was in the Navy—so I contacted the Navy only to find he had been wounded and was being sent home. I learned later that when he arrived home he found the letter I had sent the Uncle.

The fifth day of December my phone rang and a voice said, "This is Chuck McGuire." All the breath went out of me. I did not know whether to laugh or cry. I was so shocked, after all these years. He said, "I believe you are my mother." I said yes, I was. He did not speak for a while, then said, "I'll be right out. I have two days before having to go to the San Diego Naval Hospital."

When I met him at the car we both cried like babies. He said he had always loved me, and that when he had been wounded he dreamed I came one night to his bedside and held his hand.

He spent his first Christmas with us. I was so proud to show him off!

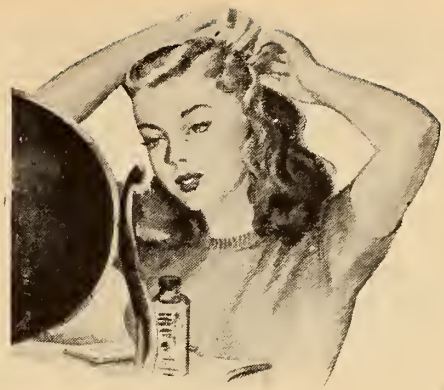
Now we have years of joy and happiness to make up for the empty ones.

Mrs. B. F.

Coleen's Love Story

Dear Papa David:

The few times I'd gone out with Bob I thought of him only as a serious,



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good-looking boy: and to him, I was just another of many girls. You see, Papa David, I'm a blonde, and the one with whom Bob was really in love had silky red hair, soft brown eyes—and a lovely plume of a tail! She was Coleen, his big Irish setter.

Bob had no family and was perfectly happy with Coleen's companionship. She was the only "folks" he had and he'd taken an apartment in the suburbs so they could roam the hills in his leisure.

One Autumn Saturday Bob took me on a hike. The setter ranged eagerly through the undergrowth, following exciting trails, and Bob swung along up one side of a mountain and down the other, extolling Coleen's merits while I hobbled miserably along the rocky trail with brambles snatching at my clothes and my skin. I thought to myself, "This is our last date, brother! For a man I wanted I might compete with another girl, but I'll never play second fiddle to a setter for his affections!"

After a few unsuccessful attempts to date me, Bob seemed to lose interest and it was two months later that he phoned. "I'm leaving for the army tomorrow, Jean," he said.

"Best of luck, Bob," I answered, "whatever will you do with Coleen?" His voice grew husky. "She wouldn't be happy in a kennel, so we're going for one last hike this afternoon, and I'll be coming back alone."

He tried to sound casual, but I sensed his heartbreak in parting with his pal. Impulsively I exclaimed, "You're doing no such thing! I'm keeping her until you get back."

After a moment's stunned silence he blurted, "Gosh, Jean—that's swell!" The next day when Coleen and I had returned from seeing Bob off, she lay with her nose to the crack of the door, waiting for him. I felt sorry for her. "Come on," I said, "let's play!" She chased the ball I threw, but after I had broken my cranberry vase, we went for a walk in the park. Before many weeks I loved her dearly.

We sent Bob our pictures and he wrote regularly. Have you ever noticed that some people can express themselves better in writing? Bob could, and through his letters I grew to understand him better and appreciate his depth of character. One day, as Coleen sat beside me and I stroked her ears, I told her "I love him too, Coleen, but you're the only woman in Bob's life!" She planted a wet kiss on my nose for that one.

When Bob was discharged, Coleen and I met the train. She saw him first, and with a wild lurch on the leash, threw herself on him joyously. As I watched their reunion there was a lump in my throat. I thought, "Bob has Coleen, and Coleen has him, but now I haven't anyone!"

When Coleen quieted down Bob strode over to me; I started to shake hands but Bob grabbed me up and kissed me. Right there I learned life can be beautiful, for he whispered, "Darling, I've learned to love you by mail, and Coleen and I both want you to marry me, Jean—how about it?"

This time I didn't resent his love for the setter, because I love them both, and now life is especially beautiful for Bob, Mrs. Bob—that's me—and our setter, Coleen!

B. J.

The Darkest Moment

Dear Papa David:

I was born of a Jewish father and a Gentile mother. My father and mother's marriage disrupted two families. When I arrived we were still ignored. But my parents had such kind and gracious attributes, such a broad-minded attitude, that after a few years mother's relatives treated father and me as "belonging to the family." However for several more years I was the only little girl I knew of who had "relatives on just one side," her mamma's.

I heard grown ups say "Her father is dead to his people." But I wondered—how can he be dead when he eats and sleeps and walks and talks? Who are his people? What a confused world for a little girl.

My father and mother loved each other devotedly. Their love, devotion, their peaceful home life, and their innate kindness finally won over father's brothers and sisters.

During these years of growing up I fought bitter battles with my school mates. When they called me "Christ killer" I ran home weeping copious tears for I loved the little Christ child. I victoriously fought for a little "whole Jewish boy" who because of his frail constitution could not defend himself, but who was constantly abused by tongue and fists of the children.

These discriminations toward us, these taunts made me determined to excel so I concentrated on my school work and I achieved success in scholarship, both in grade and high school. By this time I had become conscious that there were good and bad attributes in all peoples and races. Some had given us science, others had given us literature, art, music, inventions, ethics but all had contributed to a higher type of living. I probably could not have realized this so readily had I not been of mixed blood.

I had hoped to make a certain sorority when I went to college. All the girls at home belonged and long before this I was just "one of the girls" in my home town. But not so at the state university—my name, not my features nor my abilities, kept me out. I was disappointed but not disheartened. Again I turned to study, to giving joy to others, forgetting selfish desires and satisfactions. I was fighting not with fists but by doing good. Within a year I was a member of the sorority and was class poet of the 1908 graduation group.

Then my hearing became impaired. I was young to wear a hearing aid and at that time a hearing aid made one very conspicious. I had to convince myself that wearing an aid was similar to wearing glasses, a necessity. I had to compel myself not to be selfconscious. I learned that people are kind and considerate to those who are afflicted. Many times I have been given a seat near the platform so that I might better hear the speaker. I have been introduced to people whom I would not have met had my hearing been acute.

Conductors, porters, taxi drivers have been kind and gracious to me who otherwise might have been gruff to me if my hearing aid had not been noticed. Guides of tours have almost always put me at the head of the group so I might hear.



In July 1942 my son went in the service. I, as all mothers felt a chill fear, but I told myself "You still have your girl and husband." On April 5, 1943 my daughter, a nurse, enlisted in the army. Again fear possessed me. Again I said, trying to reassure myself "You still have Dad." Then noon of April 8 I went to the door to greet a friend coming to lunch. Turning around I saw Dad dying on the davenport.

I believe that was the darkest moment I have ever had. All three gone. Where could I turn? What was before me but darkness? Could I in my own strength keep on? I found I could not go on alone. Day after day, night after night I asked "Why this, God?" I said "Dear Lord give me courage and strength along my way" and I added "If it be Thy will, bring my boy and girl safely home to me." God heard my prayer.

Life can be beautiful for those who cultivate happiness within, who have tolerance and love for mankind and who have a faith in God. I know.

Mrs. F. R. S.

There's a Way

Dear Papa David:

I'll start back in the summer of 1937, when I was nine and a half years old. I was stricken with infantile paralysis and I was so ill that my doctor did not think I'd live a week. It left me totally paralyzed. I didn't look on the bright side of life just then. Mother asked me to promise her I'd never say such things again. I am still keeping that promise.

I couldn't just sit with nothing at all for me to do so one day I started trying to draw and color with my mouth. I found I could do pretty well. The school children wanted to buy some of the little pictures I had made for the price of ten cents. Other people began wanting them.

I had some newspaper writeups and when I was thirteen I was surrounded with greetings, packages and letters from many places. The one I most treasure is the one written on my birthday from our late President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I have corresponded with many people. I started painting with oil when I was fourteen. I make quite a bit of pin money. One man gave me one hundred dollars for a water color picture. He saw me color and said that was one time he couldn't believe his eyes.

My only brother was overseas two years in Europe and never received a scratch. He's been home one year. You now can see how I came to know that even under some of the worst circumstances life can be beautiful if people will only have faith and believe that where there's a will there is a way.

Miss N. G. T.

Justified Faith

Dear Papa David:

I am a very heavy woman on my feet and as a result of this and my age, I have a hard time finding and keeping work. After much walking and disappointment, I finally found a job in a laundry. And was doing pretty well until the manager decided I was too heavy and clumsy at the work so he laid me off. And in a week my husband came down with one of his attacks.

This left both of us without work, and we had no other source of income. I cried myself sick over where we would get money to buy food and especially for rent; this hotel would not keep a tenant even three days behind.

When the colored maid came in to clean and inquire about my sick husband she was so nice and understanding, I told her my story, without thinking she could or would aid me. Her eyes filled with tears, and pity. She said to me: "You want to ask me to loan you money but you are afraid I'll refuse and look down on a white woman asking a negro for aid, aren't you? Well, we'll keep it a secret. I'll not loan, I am giving it to you because you have no way of paying back. Sure," she said, "I didn't know any better than to hate the white race until I grew up. But now I know people have the same feelings. Now some of my best friends are white." So she gave me twenty dollars and kept my rent paid for as long as we were without work (over a month). She also kept my secret from the other tenants in the hotel. She is married and gone from here now. But I keep in touch with her because someday I hope to justify her faith in "whites."

Mrs. E. A.

A Good, Useful Life

Dear Papa David:

Upon my graduation from high school, I entered a nurse's training school to study nursing. I had been a girl graduate only two months when I had a tragic accident.

I had left a group of my classmates who were making candy in the kitchen of the nurses' home to go and take a bath, as I had been called by the hospital to come and take charge of the operating room. When I was gone an unreasonably long period of time, the girls decided to see what had happened. And they found me in the bathtub overcome by gas. Unconscious. My right arm and leg had been scalded until the leg had to be amputated above the knee.

Through the physical and mental suffering that followed with its intermittant desire to give up, one thing stood out clearly. My father and mother had worked hard and wanted to educate me. I in turn had wanted to make that education do something for them, to lighten the physical burdens of their declining years, not alone because I felt I owed it to them, but because I loved them even as they had loved me. Now, even thus handicapped, I knew I had to make that education pay dividends—for them. I did not know how. But I knew I could not give up. I hoped and prayed that God might show me the way.

That was in 1927. I went back home and lived with my parents for one year. In the meantime I bought and mastered the use of an artificial limb. Then one day the hospital that graduated me, and that stood by me through my misfortune, called and said they had a job for me if I wanted to undertake it.

From that day until this I have worked without illness or loss of time, as their hospital buyer. I handle all the buying—drugs, kitchen and floors—with their innumerable invoices, and all the unimaginable details that go into the business management of a hospital's supply room. And though my accident kept me from ever doing the floor duty I wanted to do when I entered training, my nurse's training has benefited both the hospital and the buyer who had to turn to her mind for support when her body became incapacitated. Now I am happy. I can say I've had a good life and a useful one.

Miss S. W.



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Always on Her Way

(Continued from page 43)

So she did. She dashed into her clothes, packed a bag, and drove to Palm Springs to forget Ned—and perhaps to meet new men.

But she only stayed one day in Palm Springs, during which she brooded. At the end of it she drove hastily back to her home in Hollywood. And there, as she roared into her driveway, she saw a great many boxes piled on her front porch—florists' boxes filled with flowers wilted from waiting for her. They were peace offerings from Ned.

So what did she do? She thought, "Get going, Evie!" Then she called him up—and they flew to Reno that night and got married. But echoes of that quarrel—perhaps others—must have persisted; for right now Eve and Ned Bergen have agreed on a trial separation which may or may not be the end of their marriage.

But then Eve Arden has always been getting under way. She was born in Mill Valley, California, an only child. At the age of four she recited a poem to some friends of her mother's at teatime, and over her supper that night she announced to her father, "When I drow up, I will be an actess."

"No child of mine will be an actress!" bellowed her father.

THIS dialogue went on during the ensuing years, with no variation whatsoever. By the time Eve was seventeen, the proud owner of a diploma from Tamalpais High School, she and her father had their customary two-sentence discussion once more at the dinner table, and she ended it by telling him what was to be her life's motto: "I shall get going!" In this case, that meant she went across the bay to San Francisco, where she spent the summer with friends. They were bustling people, and when she talked of going on the stage, they said, "All right—put on your hat." She did, and they dropped her firmly in front of the Henry Duffy Theater with instructions to go inside and ask for an acting job.

It just fell into her lap—as everything was to fall into her lap the rest of her life, as long as she kept moving. She went into the theater, asked to see the director, saw him, and got a bit part. She was, all of a sudden, a professional actress—and she remained with the Duffy Theater for two and a half years. She might have been with them for many more, except that at that point she was moving again . . . she had come to Los Angeles with a Duffy play, and after the play finished its run she stayed in Los Angeles visiting friends. Her host and hostess were actors, and one actor leads to another—so Eve met a new acting company, and a vastly amusing one. It was a small traveling troupe that roved up and down California.

Naturally, Eve felt right at home; she promptly became its leading lady. The troupe carried its props, costumes, and lights in a trailer, and acted any place in a hotel that seemed suitable—the lobby, maybe, or an outdoor terrace, with the play's furniture supplied by the hotel. Also they acted in big private homes, usually in the living room. Eve loved every minute of it. When the troupe broke up, she began acting at the Pasadena Community Playhouse; then, with Tyrone Power, she did a professional play in Hollywood. Out front one night sat Lee Shubert, searching the stage for talent for the Shubert-Ziegfeld Follies of 1935. He took one look at long-legged, acid-voiced Eve and signed her up—and she was off, at last, for Broadway and New York—theater, movies, radio.

From then on, she's commuted briskly from California to New York, alternating plays with movies. But her real interest in life is her Hollywood house and the people under its roof. She and Ned built the house themselves, and Eve alone did all the floor plans. That house has been on the cover of a famous decorating magazine; and she's been the subject of many articles advising other home-makers how to decorate.

The Arden household touch is unique. For instance, she has three raised hearth fireplaces in the house; and the window-seat in her bedroom is three and a half feet deep, and fitted with a comfortable mattress. Also, she collects early American primitive paintings of children; and locomotive engines in any form. The house is littered with locomotives. She has wooden ones, iron ones, oil paintings of them.

Into this house of an evening come a swarm of assorted friends. They're composers, writers, actors (her best friends are the Gregory Pecks, and Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan); and many school friends from the days of Tamalpais High School.

EVE is probably as famous for her stunning wardrobe as she is for her comedy roles. "What's it composed of? Heavy emphasis on two items—suits and hats," says she. Her suits she chooses carefully for good lines, and then forgets about. But her hats she never forgets—she has eighty of them, all sizes, shapes, and colors, and she wears them constantly. After all, she is always under a hat and under way.

Take her recent trip to New York City, complete with daughter Liza and a nurse. Reservations had been arranged at a famous Fifth Avenue hotel. Right on schedule, the trio appeared in the lobby and walked confidently up to the desk. "I'm Miss Arden, and I have a two-week reservation," said Eve.

"Yes, indeed," said he. "But that's made for a month from now, according to our records—and we haven't a single foot of space to offer you until then!"

He meant it, too. Eve, Liza, and the nurse began hotel-hopping—one night in a luxurious suite, the next in a broken-down hostelry where the cockroaches fought them for space. And so on for the ensuing two weeks. The only place her friends could count on seeing her was at a different theater every night, watching a different play. So, at the beginning of her two-week stay (when they realized that keeping track of her was going to be hazardous), they all wrote down her nightly theatrical plans—and whenever they wanted to reach her, they waited in the lobby of the play for that night!

Confusing, what? But not to Eve. With her theory of "Get moving!" it fits!



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AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

He Flies Through the Air

(*Continued from page 49*)

attracted by the sound of Dwight's landing to come down to the dock, and he was as cordial as the guard was unfriendly. In no time, he had Dwight and Elizabeth seated in the charming library of the house he was visiting, drinking coffee and exchanging air views.

Meanwhile, the telephone kept ringing—for Dwight! The angry guard had notified medical authorities, the police, and anyone else who came to his mind about Dwight—and had identified the house into which he had gone. So Dwight spent a good hour arguing over the phone about not paying a $25 fine for landing in the private lake, about how important he thought it was to insure his wife's life and his regardless of reservoirs. He finally settled everything fine-free, and he and Elizabeth spent the night. The next morning they left—leaving behind them a brand-new friend (the RAF pilot) and a brand-new enemy (the frustrated guard)!

THERE was also the famous time (in pre-war days, when Dwight owned a pre-war plane) when they flew to Boston to visit relatives—with baby Gretchen, then aged two and a half years, and baby Richard, who was eighteen months old. They had a full plane-load of baby bottles, blankets, and other infant paraphernalia. The relatives were astounded then, and still are now. But Dwight looks back on that time with the amusement of a man who currently flies up to Canada to fish out of the bow of his floating plane; who flew to the Kentucky Derby; and who often backs the "Grand Slam" up on the beach to park it for a dressing room, when there isn't a handy dock around.

"It has a reversible pitch propeller, and backs up just like a car," says Dwight. "And of course it has wheels which you let down under water. Then I can taxi it right up on the beach if necessary; or up the ramp to the hangar, when I land at Wall Street in New York City."

He was born in Palo Alto, California, the only son in a family of three daughters. His father was secretary of the YMCA, and as such was transferred right after Dwight's birth to Cleveland, Ohio. Here Dwight went to Prospect School. By the time he was ready for high school, his father became head of the Community Chest in Scranton, Pennsylvania—so again the family moved, and Dwight went to Central High School. Then he went to college at Ohio Wesleyan University . . . and inadvertently stumbled into his life work after he'd been there three years.

He was studying hard, acting diligently in college plays, and meanwhile writing a radio show for an acting-and-singing student trio, who appeared over the station WAIU in Columbus, Ohio. This was a twenty-mile trip from the campus, but Dwight often went with them and acted small parts in his own radio scripts. One night the station manager, who was brooding over the imminent departure of his best announcer, heard Dwight's voice. Instantly he rushed to Dwight's side, demanded an audition, and gave Dwight the job of permanent announcer.

Delighted, Dwight worked there eight hours a day. Meanwhile, he also drove back and forth every day, went to his classes—and slept through most of them. He had a Phi Beta Kappa rating in his studies . . . but as his radio work went up, his college rating went down.

It was finally too much for the Dean. He called in the erring Dwight and demanded to know what had happened. "Radio has come into my life," said Dwight. Horrified, the Dean delivered a scorching speech of reprimand, winding up with the remark, "You're trading your birthright for a mess of pottage!"

The speech had no effect. Dwight continued with his radio work—and a couple of years after he had graduated from college, he noted an interesting item in a radio magazine. The Dean was now announcing at a local radio station! Dwight resisted an impulse to send the old boy a wire saying, "Hey, Dean, how's the pottage?" and continued on his way . . . via a truck-traveling little theater company and a season at the Cleveland Playhouse, New York City.

He arrived in New York in the summer of 1932, a handsome, blue-eyed, six-foot-three, brown-haired young man with nothing theatrical to recommend him. He came, furthermore, on a hunch. It had been his pleasure at parties to do impromptu and impersonations of famous people—and at one party some friend had said, "Why don't you go to New York and try to get on that new radio show, the March of Time? They use lots of actors who impersonate celebrities."

So that was exactly why he had come to New York, unbeknownst to the March of Time producers. His first three weeks in the big city he spent in a most unusual way: he attended newsreel theaters all day long, and in the evenings, in his hotel room, he imitated the celebrities he'd watched. The people up and down his hotel corridor heard an assortment of astonishing voices coming from his room: Herbert Hoover's, Franklin D. Roosevelt's, George Bernard Shaw's, Clark Gable's, many more.

BUT regardless of their astonishment, he continued, and at the end of three weeks' practice, he walked into the March of Time offices and did his stuff. He was hired on the spot . . . for a job that was to last thirteen years until the program discontinued! Inspired by this quick success, he walked into the Cavalcade of America offices—and cinched the job of narrator there for years to come, also!

Meanwhile, he had done something else surprising for a newcomer to New York: within a matter of months, he had met one Elizabeth Maxwell and had fallen in love.

It happened very unexpectedly. He was, at the end of several months, a popular member of the Greenwich Village set, and had an apartment there. One evening a friend of his invited him to an impromptu party. Dwight strolled in and caught instant sight of a small dark girl with large brown eyes. She was across the room, and she was the most vivacious girl he had ever seen. She seemed to talk completely when she talked—with the tones of her voice, her sparkling eyes, her gesturing hands. He was lost before he even knew her name, and from the night of that party they went out



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steadily seeing New York together.

They had what might be called a typical Village romance—they went out to little restaurants near their homes, they often rode on the Staten Island ferry boat, they heard all the operas together, and one Sunday they even climbed the Palisades. Many quiet evenings they sat in front of his radio-victrola, listening to his collection of records. He found out that she was from Erie, that she had lived in New York for four years before meeting him, and that she was a registered nurse. But even though they were both deeply in love, they didn't get around to considering marriage—until the housing problem drove them into it.

It was, however, a far different housing problem than today's. It was simply that for some reason Dwight moved to Long Island, and Elizabeth moved to the most remote part of New York. Dwight found that he spent most of his time commuting endless distances from her place to his—and one night, exhausted from his travels, he said, "What do you say we get married?" She said "I say yes," and it was shortly accomplished, at a small chapel in Manhattan with a few close friends attending.

THAT was twelve years ago. During the years they have acquired two children, a dog, a permanent home in the country and, of course, the plane. The home was acquired with typical Weist speed. One Sunday in 1940, they were out at the Bowman Beach Club on Lake Tomahawk, guests of their friend Karl Swenson. They were enchanted by the countryside, and Karl told them idly that there was a small house for sale whose two acres of property came right down to the lake front.

"Where? I'll buy it," said Dwight after his customary two seconds of meditation. They saw the six-room house, half-fieldstone and half-clapboard, that afternoon. By the next afternoon they had bought it. And after that, he decided that the only way to live there and still work in New York was to buy a plane. He promptly bought one—a Fairchild, in 1940—and *then* learned how to fly! "I thought if other people could fly, so could I," he says now. It was as simple as that.

Later, of course, came the war. He spent a year flying in the Civilian Air Patrol, and meanwhile sold his plane outright to the government for training purposes. When it came to buying his post-war plane he decided on one he could moor at his doorstep. Hence the "Grand Slam."

However, all this doesn't mean that he and Elizabeth aren't land-minded, too. Both of them own bicycles, on which they pedal Saturdays and Sundays . . . often to the nearby town of Goshen, where they lunch at the Inn. They also own a car, which they reluctantly drive whenever a plane or bicycle wouldn't be practical. And Dwight spends hours with his garden power tractor, cultivating their big vegetable garden. This is a good thing, since nowhere in America is there a family which eats more healthfully than the Weists. They seriously love devouring their Weist-grown Swiss chard, kale, and spinach; and their idea of nectar is buttermilk—or eggnog.

A great deal of the children's toys and furniture are Weist-manufactured, too . . . hand-made in the woodshop Dwight has operated for eight years now on West 51st Street in New York City. He goes there to work in spare hours between radio shows, and right now has all his power tools converging on a tri-marin boat. But his ship-building is progressing slowly because of his radio-activity.

"There's an old radio gag about rushing around so much you don't even know what show you're in," says he. "But one time it actually happened to me!" He was hard at work with a group of actors, rehearsing Big Town one morning, when a frantic stranger dodged into their CBS rehearsal room.

"Got to borrow Weist for a minute!" panted the stranger, with which he got a grip on Dwight's sleeve and pulled him down a hall, up a flight of stairs, and into a broadcasting room where several actors stood waiting around a microphone. As Dwight was dragged through the door, still bewildered, some one shoved a script in his hand. Some one else pushed him in front of the mike. Some one else pointed to the opening speech. He opened his mouth and delivered the speech before his eyes, and every time that character was supposed to talk, he talked . . . and it wasn't until one of the lines in the script revealed the words "David Harum" that he realized what show he was on.

But that was nothing to the show he wasn't on. This was several years ago, when he and his family were still New York apartment-dwellers. He had had one of his pack-jammed days full of shows, and when he strolled into his living room that night he felt tired but triumphant. Then he saw Elizabeth sewing beside the radio, which was turned on. At sight of him she gasped in astonishment—and at that moment he realized that the program she was listening to was one he should be on!

Not a word was exchanged by either of them. He silently turned, sprinted out the front door again, and ran all the way to NBC. There he dashed into the broadcasting room in time to say the closing commercial. He had simply let the program slip his mind.

BUT little else ever has. At home in the evening he sits behind a sheaf of aviation magazines, all of which he reads ardently. When he's not reading, he sits behind a typewriter—pounding out stories. He has authored two expert radio scripts already. One was "The Death of Adolph Hitler," which was done by Orson Welles on the Kate Smith hour. The other was "Evening Call," produced by the Radio Guild.

Every Tuesday evening he and Elizabeth see a play in New York, spending the night in town. Many evenings they entertain at home, seeing such radio personalities as organist Jesse Crawford (Dwight's best friend), Ed Jerome, and Nelson Case. But even when guests are present Dwight is busy—making model planes for his children. Or taking records off the air, which is a vital hobby with him.

"I guess just about the only thing I don't do is play cards," he says. "I detest cards. They should only be played if you have nothing better to do—and so far I've never had time in my life to play, even once!"

He hasn't, either. He's far too busy. Some day he wants to be busier yet—writing short stories for magazines in the country; but always with the "Grand Slam" moored near his window—so that he and his family can fly anywhere they like, whenever they want. At high speed!

Christmas Song for Jimmie

(*Continued from page 29*)

promised to marry Jim as soon as they'd both graduated.

In 1940 there was a war, but it was far away and unimportant to Jim and Marcie. The important things were the shiny new apartment they had, and Jim's job in the bank, and the best place in town to buy lamb chops—and each other. The curve of Marcie's lips was more meaningful to Jim than the Maginot Line, and the way Jim looked at the breakfast table, all shaved and combed and clean-shirted to go to work, interested Marcie far more than the situation in the Far East. By the middle of 1941 they had one other item to add to this list of vital matters: little Jimmie, who everyone said was the image of his daddy.

It might have been—it should have been—that way with them for always; but the war came closer and closer, and finally caught this little family up as it had caught millions of others. Not right away—it was early in 1944 before Jim was drafted, but by then he was more than ready to go.

"I'M NO hero," he told me. "I was scared, sure, and I hated like the dickens to leave Marcie and the kid. But —well, I hated even worse sticking around at home, safe, when other fellows my age were doing what had to be done."

There were the weeks in the training camp, and a home leave with Marcie, who by then had given up the apartment and was living with her parents, and then Jim went overseas. He didn't tell me much about his war experiences. He said they weren't so much, compared to some. I gathered, though, that he'd been wounded seriously enough to account for the slight limp I'd noticed when he came into my study, and to be one of the first men discharged after Japan's surrender.

He was excited about going home, more excited than he'd been about anything since his wedding day. He pictured Marcie as she'd look standing on the station platform with that blue ribbon in her hair, and holding tight to Jimmie with one hand while she waved a greeting to him with the other. And he'd get off the train and hold her close, and neither of them would say a word. They wouldn't have to.

Only—it wasn't that way at all. There was quite a delegation at the station to meet him—Marcie's parents, and his, and assorted brothers and sisters—and while he was grateful that they thought enough of him to come, he couldn't help wishing that these first few minutes could have been his and Marcie's, and no one else's. And Jimmie, while he said "Hello, Daddy," very politely, had obviously been coached to do just that, and didn't really know who he was.

Marcie had no ribbon in her hair. She looked tired, he thought, and nervous. After he'd kissed her she leaned back in his arms, looking at him as if she had forgotten him and was trying to fix his features in her mind again. Or at any rate, that was the way he interpreted her oddly questioning expression.

They went home, but it wasn't home, it was just the house which belonged to Marcie's parents. Since there wasn't a vacant house or apartment in town, the plan was for them to go on living there for awhile, along with Mr. and Mrs. Davidson and young Terry and Madeline, Marcie's brother and sister.

"I like Marcie's folks all right," Jim said. "It was just so darned crowded. Marcie and the boy and I all slept in the same room, and Jimmie wasn't used to having me around, so he wouldn't go to sleep at night until we'd turned out the light and were in bed too. We never got a chance to talk to each other, really talk—there was always somebody around. Jimmie in our room or one of the family in the other parts of the house. It got on my nerves, I guess, and pretty soon I was yelling at Marcie for spoiling Jimmie. She'd snap back at me then, and one thing'd lead to another—you know how it is.

"Then I began wondering about Marcie. She seemed so different, somehow, not the easy, friendly, happy girl she'd been before. I couldn't help thinking that maybe something had happened while I was away. Something she hadn't told me. After all, I'd been gone a year and a half . . ."

Suspicion is the seed of an infernally hardy plant. It doesn't need much to make it grow. Little things happened, little, half-joking things were said. Coming back into the house unexpectedly one morning, for something he'd forgotten, Jim heard Marcie talking to someone on the telephone. "Yes," she said. "Yes . . All right, I'll see you this afternoon. I can't talk any longer now." He asked her who it was, and she answered, "Abbie McNeal. We're going shopping together this afternon. but she'd keep me on the telephone all morning if I didn't hang up on her." It was logical, but still—he wondered.

And some of the talk at the bank and in Creary's billiard parlor bothered him. "It's a good thing you boys are back. Women need their own husbands around, keep them from getting into trouble." The man who said this accompanied it with a smile, but maybe the smile had a certain hidden significance. Marcie liked to dance, she liked a good time, and the war hadn't taken all the unattached men out of town.

"FINALLY I did something I shouldn't have," Jim said, "I didn't even mean to do it—it just happened. These things were in my head, going round and round. and I couldn't get rid of them. One night Marcie and I were going out to a movie. It was my idea, and I had to talk Marcie into agreeing to leave Jimmie home with her folks. I was waiting for her on the porch and Jimmie was playing around in the yard. He stopped playing and wanted to know where we were going. I told him, and then I heard myself saying, 'Didn't Mommy ever go out at night when I was away, Jimmie?'

"He looked up at me. He seemed to be thinking, wondering what he ought to answer. Right then, I wished he wouldn't answer anything. I'd have given anything not to have asked him in the first place. He said, 'No—only with Uncle Bert.' "

There was only one person in town, as far as Jim knew, who could be "Uncle Bert," and that was Bert Hazzard, the same Bert Hazzard who once before had been there, waiting for his chance to take Marcie over when Jim's back was turned. He recollected, too, that Bert was still a bachelor, and 4-F.

Marcie came out, and he was silent while she said good night to Jimmie. They started down the street, and had

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gone a block or so when Jim said in a strange, tight voice which he hardly recognized as his own:

"Maybe you'd rather see this movie with Uncle Bert than with me?"

Marcie had been walking easily and lightly beside him. At his words the rhythm of her steps faltered, and she turned to stare at him.

"Uncle Bert . . . ? I don't know what you mean, Jim."

"Don't you?" he said unbelievingly. "It seems Jimmie has a new relative named Uncle Bert, who used to take you out when I was overseas. It wouldn't be Bert Hazzard, would it?"

"Why yes," she said. "I went out with him a few times. You knew about it—I wrote and told you."

That could have been true. Jim knew there were many letters he had never received. If it were true, it didn't help. Jimmie had still called Bert "Uncle."

"You must have been pretty friendly with him," he said, and at that Marcie stopped walking.

"What does that mean?" she demanded. "'Pretty friendly.'"

"What does it sound like?" he countered. In spite of his anger, he couldn't bring himself to say the blunt, ugly words that were in his mind.

"Do you really believe I could—" Marcie said. "Do you, Jim Kenyon?"

A wise man would have said, "No," because it would have been true, and a coward would have said "No" simply to keep the peace, but Jim was neither a coward nor very wise. He said:

"I'm not saying what I believe. I'm asking you, Marcie. I want to know. You—you aren't the same as you were when I left, and I've wondered why. Could be the reason is Bert."

Her face was very white. Without a word, she turned and began to walk back toward the house. He ran after her, caught her roughly by the arm. "Come on," he said. "Don't try to run out on me. Just answer my question."

SHE tried to pull away from him, but she couldn't. "I won't answer a question like that!" she said stormily. "You can believe whatever you please. You say I've changed—well, so have you! Nothing pleases you any more. You're jealous and suspicious and hateful." Her eyes flashed. "*Take your hands off me!*"

Jim let her go, and they walked back to the house in silence. When they got there, Jim went up to their room and began to pack a suitcase. She was putting on an act, he said to himself, pretending to be the injured and misunderstood wife. The main point was that she hadn't denied his accusation—and it would have been easy to deny if she were innocent.

Marcie came into the room and watched him pack, but she didn't try to stop him. He left the house and went to his own parents', and the next day he quit his job at the bank and took a train to Chicago.

"That was three months ago, almost," he said, kneading the knuckles of one hand, hard, with the thumb of the other. "I've been here ever since, and I was sure I was right until this morning. I—" He broke off, looking at me appealingly, as if ashamed to go on.

"What happened this morning?" I asked. I wanted to keep him talking, but more than that I wanted to know if this bewildered and unhappy young man had been able to find his own way out of his troubles. I hoped he had.

The only work he'd been able to find in Chicago, he told me, was as a checker for a taxicab company, working on the night shift. That morning, on his way home from work, he'd passed a radio shop which had its loudspeaker on the sidewalk, and he'd heard a song. He stopped where he was, with the crowds jostling him, and listened. For the life of him, he couldn't have moved from there until the song was finished. And while he listened, the dirty city street faded away and all he saw was the living room of the little apartment back home where he and Marcie—and Jimmie—had lived until he went away to war.

It was a song he'd never heard before, except in that living room. Its title was "Oh, How Shall I Keep My Christmas?" and it had been one of the songs printed in a little paper-bound book a department-store Santa Claus had given Marcie and Jimmie before the Christmas of 1943.

Memory swept him back. He saw Marcie with two-year-old Jimmie on her lap, and she was flushed and pretty and laughing. "I wish we had that Santa Claus here to sing this song himself!" she said. "It's the only one Jimmie wants to hear."

Imperiously, Jimmie ordered, "Again, Mommy!"

"Oh, Jimmie!" Marcie sighed. But she sang it again, in her clear sweet voice—and again and again and again, holding Jimmie in her arms and looking — Jim remembered that he'd thought at the time—like a twentieth-century Madonna.

Jim shook his head impatiently, and began walking again along the street. But he couldn't leave his memories behind.

Marcie waking up in the morning, opening her eyes slowly and looking first of all over to his side of the double bed, to make sure that he was there—and when she saw him, smiling that wonderful crinky smile of hers.

Marcie in the kitchen, the first year of their marriage, a dripping spoon in one hand and a cook-book in the other, trying to make a lemon meringue pie because he'd mentioned that he liked them.

And Marcie bending over her worn cloth coat, remodeling it so it would do another winter because, she said, a new suit was more important to him, working in the bank, than a new coat was to her.

HAVE YOU A STORY LIKE THIS TO TELL?

What episode in your own life was influenced by a hymn? Write us a letter telling the true story, in three hundred words or less, of how the hearing of a hymn helped you to make an important step in your life. Radio Mirror will purchase what is, in the opinion of the editors, the most interesting story, and will print it in the April issue of Radio Mirror. The name of the person writing the letter chosen will also be announced on the Hymns of All Churches program. Address your letters to Hymns of All Churches, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Space permitting, we will print others of the letters as well. All letters become the property of Radio Mirror, and will not be returned.

"I remembered other things," he said, "too many to tell you, Dr. Bradley. The only trouble was—why should I remember them right now? Just because I happened to hear a song she used to sing—that doesn't really have anything to do with whether or not she—behaved herself, while I was away. It doesn't prove anything at all, one way or the other. Okay, so she used to be in love with me. That doesn't mean she's in love with me now. She still could've changed, fallen for Bert Hazzard. I walked along, trying to see the straight of it, and all at once I knew I couldn't figure it out alone. I was going past your church, and I decided to come in and see if I could talk to you about it. Maybe you can tell me if I'm just kidding myself because I'm lonely and want to go back to her anyhow."

"NO," I said, "I don't think you are kidding yourself, and I don't think you just happened to hear that song, either. You see, Jim, God has His own ways of opening our eyes when we've wilfully shut them. He has given you back your faith in Marcie. That was the only thing He had to give you, because it was all you'd ever lost. I won't go into why you lost it—maybe Marcie was right when she said you were the one that had changed, after you came back. Certainly, some way or other you had lost your faith in her, even before you accused her of infidelity. You wondered why she didn't deny the charge; but if she had, you wouldn't have believed her. You couldnt have—you didn't have the faith. Marcie knew that, and it's why she refused to answer your question—it's why she let you go away. Do you believe—now, this minute—that Marcie was ever untrue to you, even in her thoughts?"

Jim stared at me for a long silent minute; I could almost see his thoughts and confused feelings rearranging themselves, giving order back to his little world.

Slowly, he shook his head. "I *was* sure she had been, before—but not now."

"Still, there's no logical reason for you to change your mind. No reason at all, except that you heard a song. But God doesn't work with logic, Jim. He has other ways of making us see the truth—and I'm sure that what you believe now *is* the truth. I'm certain, even though I've never seen her, that Marcie never stopped loving you, not for one instant, and that if you go back to her tonight you'll find her waiting."

"You think so, Dr. Bradley?" Eager hope blazed in his face, then died. "You think she'll take me back?" he asked dubiously.

"Of course she will," I said. "Never doubt it, Jim. Women like Marcie don't hold grudges. I think, though, you'd better hurry. You want to get home in plenty of time for Christmas Eve, don't you?"

This Christmas season I will be on the radio myself, talking on the Hymns of All Churches program. I don't know what Christmas songs the choir will select. I do know that whatever songs they pick will be heard by two people living together again, in happiness and in trust. I will be thinking of these two as I, in the studio, listen to that wonderful music. I will be thinking of them and hoping that somewhere other listeners will find in the music the same healing nostalgia, the same lost memories, that brought back Jim's faith in his Marcie.

America finds a new, easy way to save

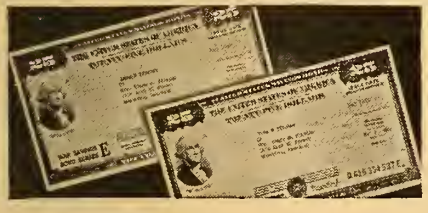
Out of the war has come one blessing—a lesson in thrift for millions of those who never before had learned to save.

Enrolled under the Payroll Savings Plan in thousands of factories, offices, and stores, over 27 million American wage earners were purchasing "E" Bonds alone at the rate of about 6 billion dollars worth a year by the time V-J Day arrived.

With War Bond Savings automatically deducted from their wages every week, thrift was "painless" to these wage earners. At the end of the war, many who never before had bank accounts could scarcely believe the savings they held.

The moral was plain to most. Here was a new, easy way to save; one as well suited to the future as to the past. Result: Today, millions of Americans are continuing to buy, through their Payroll Savings Plan, not War Bonds, but their peacetime equivalent—*U. S. Savings Bonds*.





From war to peace! War Bonds are now known as U. S. Savings Bonds, bring the same high return—$25 for every $18.75 at maturity.



Out of pay—into nest eggs! A wage earner can choose his own figure, have it deducted regularly from earnings under Payroll Savings Plan.



New homes to own! Thousands of new homes, like this, will be partially paid for through Bonds wisely accumulated during the next five to ten years.



Keeping cost of living in check! Buying only needed plentiful goods and saving the money which would bid up prices of scarce goods keeps your cost of living from rising. Save *automatically—regularly.*

Weekly Savings	SAVINGS AND INTEREST ACCUMULATED In 1 Year	In 10 Years
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7.50	390.00	4,329.02
9.38	487.76	5,416.97
12.50	650.00	7,217.20
15.00	780.00	8,660.42
18.75	975.00	10,828.74

Savings chart. Plan above shows how even modest weekly savings can grow into big figures. Moral: Join your Payroll Savings Plan next payday.

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"...not a creature was stirring..."

(None, save the doctor going out on a call.)

You remember how it starts—that beloved old Christmas poem:

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,—not
even a mouse.

Well, that isn't always true for the doctor. Sometimes there's just no rest at all for him—even on Christmas Eve. Blizzard or heat wave . . . December or July . . . night or day . . . near or far . . . no matter when you call, he comes!

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● Not a single branch of medicine was overlooked in this nationwide survey made by three leading independent research organizations. To 113,597 doctors from Canada to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific went the query—*What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?*

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RADIO MIRROR

February

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"HUNGRY, HONEY?"



GIRL: No, I'm not *hungry*. Just *looking*.

CUPID: *Just looking*, she says! "Lovelorn Maiden Gazes Yearningly at Valentine, and says she's—"

GIRL: Smart-aleck! Know-it-all! Instead of poking fun at me, you might try to *help!*

CUPID: *Me* help *you?* Why don't you stop moping long enough to help yourself? *Smile* at men. *Gleam* at 'em, give 'em the old glitter. They'll eat it up!

GIRL: And then have stomach-ache! You should see my smile, Cupid. Looks as though it got dragged along a country road. I clean my teeth faithfully, but—

CUPID: No sparkle, eh? And "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, now that I think of it—

CUPID: *Now* that you think of it! You beanhead! "Pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*. Let *him* figure out what's what. He may say it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And then, as I'm walking out, he'll hand me a box containing one bright smile—

CUPID: Nitwit, bright smiles depend largely on firm, healthy *gums*. Ipana not only cleans teeth—it's designed, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, start right in ... and Baby, you'll be on the way to a smile that'll have men eating their hearts out for you!

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FEBRUARY, 1947

RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 27, NO. 3

Coming Next Month



According to our request-letters, it's altogether too long since we've given you Living Portraits on Stella Dallas. So, next month, there they'll be—pages of friendly at-home pictures to bring you up to date on Stella and her family, and show you what they're doing these days.

* * *

Backstage Wife (Mary Noble) and her actor-husband become involved in sinister doings, when relatives turn out to be not quite what they seem. That's next month's picture-story, and an exciting one it is.

* * *

Stories too on Tom Breneman, Roy Rogers, Patti Clayton, Judy Canova—Biographies of radio people whose careers are in the making, and more information about those you already know—Decoration, Food, and Fashion by stars who are as vitally interested in these things as you are.

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Introducing

JUDY CANOVA

QUICK, when you hear the name Judy Canova, of what do you think first? Right. Braids, straw hats, high shoes—and corn! But the young lady who has her own show on the NBC network, at a choice time (Saturdays, 10 PM, EST) is the farthest thing from a country bumpkin!

In the first place, Judy, who was born in Florida some 28 years ago, comes from an illustrious family. Her mother, Henrietta Perry Canova is a descendant of Commodore Perry and the Canova branch of the family lists among its famous members the sculptor, Antonio Canova, whose works were in wide demand in the early 19th Century. In the second place, Judy started out as a "long-hair," beginning her music studies under the tutelage of her mother.

The thing that side-tracked Judy from an operatic goal was her radio appearance on the Paul Whiteman show in 1937. Judy's cut-ups on that program received such wide notice that she was offered stage and radio engagements for her zany type of comedy that were just too good to turn down.

Today, Judy's activities line up something like this—she's under contract to Columbia Pictures, she has her own NBC show and, in between, she manages personal appearances.

Judy has decided that since she didn't turn out to be an opera singer, she's satisfied to settle for being a sort of feminine counterpart of the late Will Rogers. Actually, to a large degree, this ambition has already been achieved. Her comments on the happenings of the day have the keen insight and perspective that characterized the beloved Rogers' wit. One nice example was Judy's remark when the European phase of this World War II was declared ended. She quipped, "Now, if Congress would only come to terms, we'd only have one war to fight."

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You can catch a cold shoulder in mink, Pet!



YOU *should* be a heart-throb in mink, Honey. But that dreamy coat can leave you out in the cold if...

If you forget that even in winter there's a heat wave under your arms. For odor can form without any noticeable moisture. And heavy furs... warm woolen clothes... increase your chance of offending.

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Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even *after* you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.*



Introducing ETHEL SMITH

Only her music is Latin—she's as United States as apple pie

AS American as her name, Ethel Smith is still considered the foremost exponent of the Samba, Rhumba and other Latin American rhythms on the electric organ. She's familiar to radio audiences as a guest star on major variety programs, a guest who returns and returns once the public has heard her.

Born in Pittsburgh, Miss Smith was educated at Carnegie Institute of Technology where she studied German, Spanish, French in addition to the organ and piano.

She went to California on a personal appearance tour. One day she was asked to accompany a singer at one of the Hollywood studios and there she noticed an electric organ. Until she tried playing it, she had never found an organ that would give full liberty to her fine finger action and speed. She was fascinated by the new organ and managed to visit the studio daily to practice on it, until she was sent to Florida with a trio.

Ethel was a traveling lady. She made three trips to Cuba and the South American countries. Wherever she went, she always contrived to live among the people of those countries, studying their customs, their languages and, especially their music. It was inevitable that she should combine the exotic music of Latin America and her love for playing the organ. She began to make more and more successful appearances in Cuba and South America and it was while she was playing there that an executive of a tobacco company asked her to return to New York for a commercial radio show.

Besides winning herself a reputation of being virtually an artist of South America, Miss Smith, through her study of Latin languages, became a central figure in diplomatic circles. Many of the American news correspondents and commentators sought her out as an interpreter, sometimes even as a good-will ambassador, because of her fine understanding of the people.

Since her return, Ethel Smith has made her mark in the film world too. She's appeared in pictures like "Bathing Beauty," "George White's Scandals," "Twice Blessed," "Easy to Wed," "Cuban Pete" and "Walt Disney's Carnival." Her recordings are not to be sneered at, either, what with "Tico, Tico," "Lero, Lero" and "Bon Ti Bi Atreveido."

Introducing HENRY MORGAN

He auctioned off a network—vice-president by vice-president!



WHAT is this Henry Morgan—the brash young man who has injected the first real touch of originality into radio comedy with his wit, sharp satire? The only way to find out—because interviewing him won't tell you—is to listen to his program on ABC, Wednesdays at 10:30 PM, EST.

A good looking, blue-eyed, brown-haired chap, neatly dressed, Morgan might be mistaken for what he likes to call "the average man." That is, until he opens his mouth.

According to Morgan, he was born of mixed parentage—man and woman—on the day before April Fools Day, 1915. A native New Yorker, he started poking fun at radio years ago when, at the age of 17, he went to work as a page boy for WMCA, New York, at eight dollars a week. He discovered very soon, however, that a page boy's opinions concerning programs, announcer or talent were not only not solicited, they were not welcome. In spite of a bit of discomfort here and there on the staff, however, Morgan did work himself up to an announcer's job at WMCA before he moved over to WABC. He wasn't with WABC very long before he went to WCAU in Philadelphia.

Returning to New York, Morgan was hired by WOR as an announcer. Among his chores was announcing dance bands from remote spots. Finally, WOR decided to give him a once-a-week program on which he could do all the kidding he wanted—a matter of self-protection from the station's point of view.

After a row with the executives at WOR, which he gleefully related in detail to his radio audience, he went on the air and auctioned off the whole network, station by station, vice-president by vice-president, for $83. The announcers he sold in pairs—"so they wouldn't be lonely."

Early in 1943, Morgan went into the Army. Upon his discharge in the fall of 1945, he picked up with Here's Morgan on WJZ. Then he went west and married actress Isobel Gibbs.

At long last he returned to New York and the Henry Morgan Show finally went on the air. After three broadcasts, Henry got another target for his wit—a sponsor. Morgan is one of the few in radio whose contract allows him to kid his sponsors.



BANG WENT BETTY'S CHANCES!

IT WAS HER FIRST real party . . . "to launch her properly," Betty's mother said.

The nicest boys and girls in town were there, and that one boy in particular whom Betty was so sweet on. Everything went beautifully and there was no doubt that this gay little party was really putting Betty over . . . and then came the candle incident! And from that moment on Betty was not only launched . . . she was *sunk!*

News like that* gets around pretty fast and it can take a girl a long time to stage a come-back.

How About You?

How can anybody be so foolish as to take chances with *halitosis (bad breath)? It's often two strikes against you from the start. And you yourself may not realize when you have it.

Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful precaution against off-color breath? So many smart people, popular people never, never omit it.

Before Any Date

Before any date, where you want to be at your best, simply rinse the mouth with this delightful antiseptic.

Almost at once your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

BEFORE ANY DATE.... **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** FOR ORAL HYGIENE

R M

5

FACING the

Hal McIntyre's band spent five months overseas, doesn't mind one-night stands now.



If Hal (center) didn't relax between numbers, he wouldn't relax at all.





Jean Carlton sings on CBS Sundays with the Stradivari Orchestra.

THERE's a major bandstand rebellion going on. For weeks the Broadway columns have been bulging with items that Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Les Brown and other tune titans are thinking of calling it quits. Now that they have made their reputations and riches, they are weary of the arduous one night stands, the theater dates and the strenuous five-shows-a-day, the nerve-racking recording dates. Harried ballroom operators are finding it increasingly difficult to book big-name attractions and the smoke of battle still hangs over the lush sanctums of Broadway booking offices as the agents tangle with the tired and temperamental baton-wavers.

"I don't ever want to see a bus again," one dejected horn tooter told me. "That's where ulcers are born."

"All the money in the world can't buy you a home-cooked meal when you're making a quick hop between Scranton and Shamokin," complained a prominent leader as he stuffed himself with a Lindy pancake.

Observing this crisis with more than casual interest is mild-mannered, friendly and philosophical Hal McIntyre, whose fine, experienced band is growing in stature with each date and each record.

The McIntyre band spends seventy-five per cent of its time on the road and in theaters. The rigors of these travels are nothing new to tall, good-looking McIntyre. He got his indoctrination with Glenn Miller's band when that outfit hit the road and found on its bumpy pathway the key to popular music success.

I cornered Hal between rehearsals for a new batch of Cosmo records, a brief interlude between extensive road tour stops.

"I can't say that Harry James and Tommy are

MUSIC

Kate Smith, National Chairman of the Sister Kenny Infantile Paralysis Fund Drive, takes over from last year's chairman, Bing Crosby.





Newest disc jockey is famous sports announcer Ted Husing, on New York's WHN.



Paul Whiteman, who started the Joe Mooney Quartet on their way, now M.C.'s the group's own program, Monday nights, ABC.

crazy," he said, "It's a rough racket. But I don't mind it. I couldn't think of doing anything else and there's no other way a band can reach its public and hold it."

McIntyre is mildly amused when the now-prosperous musicians moan about the unpleasantries of road touring. He thinks it's a cinch compared to the conditions he and his boys experienced when they went overseas to entertain our troops. His was the only major dance band to undertake the trip.

Hal was too modest to recount his experiences but others are eager to tell how Hal's band started with an audition at the Olympia Stadium in Paris, swept eastward and across Germany, traveling in trucks, so the band could start performing at ten minutes notice. It played in enlisted men's clubs, open fields, rain or shine, improvised theaters, wherever enough GI's were around who wanted to hear a bit of home-made American jazz. All told, the band spent five months overseas and gave shows before 450,000 swing-happy soldiers.

"I remember a long time ago seeing a play called 'Gentlemen Of The Press,'" he said. "The hero was a reporter whose wife burns 'cause he's never around at important times like wedding anniversaries, baby birthdays, and Christmas week.

"Today, that gives me a laugh. Baby birthdays! Look, when our first baby was born in Hartford, know where I was?—playing a date in Toronto. It was seven weeks before I could get to see June, my wife, and the kid. You got any kids? You know, then, how agonizing those seven weeks could be?"

Last year Hal and his wife had another baby. Birthplace was the same, dear old Hartford. But this time Hal was in Salt Lake City!

"But I couldn't wait this time. I chartered a plane!"



Sigmund Romberg, who has composed some of America's favorite music, is currently on concert tour. Listen for him as a summer replacement for an evening show.



Three weekly shows leave Perry Como no time for fun and family. A weekly half hour may be the answer.



Hildegarde Loretta Sell—better known as The Incomparable Hildegarde—lights up CBS's Campbell Room, Sundays at 9.

The most unforgettable moment in Hal's life was the time he and his band were hustling to Columbus, Ohio, from a one-nighter in Indianapolis. They stopped at a roadside diner for coffee. George Moffett, McIntyre's manager, got into a hot dispute with one of the musicians. The owner of the diner, somehow, got mixed in enough to leap from behind the counter and crash a baseball bat in Moffett's direction. Hal jumped towards the diner proprietor, who then grabbed a 12-gauge shot gun, and pumped two bullets which tore through the wall.

"A couple of million Nazis never saw me long enough to shoot at me," Hal said. "It took a hash house owner in Indianapolis to do that."

* * *

All is not well with several big network radio shows that emphasize musical personalities. There is talk of a backstage feud between Benny Goodman and Victor Borge, who merge their talents on NBC each Monday. The Alice Faye-Phil Harris stanzas are due for complete overhauling, and both the Ginny Simms and Dinah Shore listener ratings are disappointing their respective sponsors.

* * *

Night club business in New York and other key cities is way off form. One of the few major spots that is doing capacity business is the Hotel Roosevelt in Gotham where the reliable Guy Lombardo band holds forth. One major hotel dancing spot had less than two dozen diners the night we canvassed it, despite the fact that a very well known orchestra was on the bandstand.

* * *

The reason you haven't been hearing Ginny Simms on phonograph records is because the record company she signed with, ARA, went out of business. However, within a few months Ginny should be reaching the juke boxes again singing under the Sonora label.

* * *

Ted Husing, the sports gabber, is the latest disc jockey, talking and spinning records over WHN. He is reported to be the highest priced record commentator on the air.

* * *

"Archie's Little Love Song," Duffy's Tavern's new comedy song was actually penned by Hoagy "Stardust" Carmichael.

* * *

Look for Perry Como to have his own half hour show on CBS in 1947, dropping his three-times-a-week NBC shots. Perry, who came up the hard way, via barbering and mine work, wants to thoroughly enjoy his belated prosperity by lazying around and playing plenty of golf.

* * *

Friends are still confident that the Sinatras will be reconciled altho that dramatic night club patch-up, engineered by comedian Phil Silvers, was not the final solution.

* * *

Lena Horne has signed a recording contract with the new Black and White company. She'll feature songs from MGM movies.

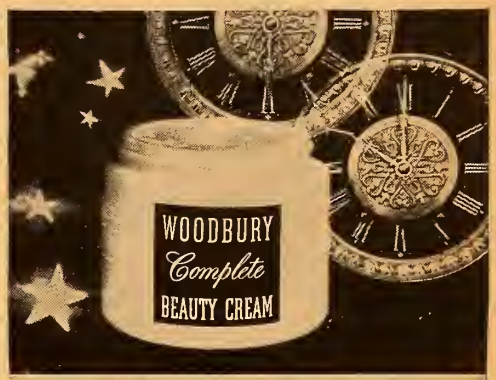
—that Always-Fresh look...



Lovely star, Elyse Knox, has it . . . skin sparkling-fresh all day long. "For cleansing that beautifies, too—it's Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream!"

Elyse Knox

featured in Monogram's Cinecolor picture "BLACK GOLD"



WOODBURY *Complete* **BEAUTY CREAM** { *Beautifies* as it cleanses. Contains four rich oils to soften and *smaath* tiny dry-skin lines.

around the clock... the Woodbury-Wonderful Way!



8 A.M. **Skin morning-fresh** after a dewy "cream bath" the Woodbury-Wonderful Way. Even Baby Sharon approves! As Elyse says: "An early-morning face-do—with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—*beautifies my skin as it cleanses!*"



6 P.M. **Luscious-looking Elyse** with her football-star husband, Tommy Harmon. Her skin sparkles fresh, lovely, after *another* Woodbury-Wonderful cleansing. "Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream whisks off studio grime . . . leaves my skin glowy!"

That "Always-Fresh Look" this Woodbury-Wonderful Way

Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Tissue off. Repeat creaming for *plus*-softening. Tissue. Splash with cold water—skin glows with that "Always-Fresh Look"!

FOR SPECIAL SKIN PROBLEMS

Very Dry Skin: First cleanse. Soften with Woadbury *Special* Dry Skin Cream—Vitone-rich! Under make-up, Woodbury Creampuff Powder Base.

Oily Skin: Woodbury *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream—melts on skin. Finish with Woadbury Vanishing Facial Cream to check shine. Purifying Stericin in all Woodbury Creams.



11 P.M. **Woodbury time again.** Another skin-glow cleansing with Woodbury Cream. "And", says Elyse, "a thin film to soften dryness overnight." Try this Woodbury-Wonderful way, girls, to keep your skin Always-Fresh around the clock!

THIS WINTER



give your hair—

New Beauty



SPARKLING COLOR—let Nestle Colorinse take away that dull-drab look. You'll be thrilled when you see how Nestle Colorinse gives your hair richer, warmer color.



GLAMOROUS HIGHLIGHTS—rinse dancing highlights into your hair. See how these sparkling highlights make your eyes and your whole face look brighter!

SILKEN SHEEN—"He" loves hair that's silken-soft, satiny-smooth to touch. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair this wonderful sheen. *Try it today — after you shampoo!*



NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢



Nestle HAIRLAC

New Records

RECOMMENDED by KEN ALDEN



FREDDY MARTIN:
Hits the juke jackpot again with the lovely "Once Upon a Moon" which gives the Martinmen plenty of opportunities to inject their symphonic styles. "You Are Everything To Me" is pleasant stuff on the reverse. (Victor)

HARRY JAMES:
The strenuous horn of the James boy makes this wrapup of "If I'm Lucky" and "One More Kiss" a wax winner. (Columbia)

GREAT GILDERSLEEVE:
Our old radio friend presents a heart-warming album of children's stories which includes Hansel and Gretel and Brave Little Tailor. A gift goodie. (Capitol)

NORO MORALES:
One of the best interpreters of Latin American rhythms shines with "Carmencita," a guaracha, and "Vem Vem," a samba. (Majestic)

DUKE ELLINGTON:
Hard to find anything to top Ellington in style, arrangements, musicianship. His newest disc, "Just Squeeze Me" and the torrid "Swamp Fire" proves all this. (Victor)

VAUGHN MONROE:
The muscular baritone has put out a new album of dream songs none of his many fans will want to miss. (Victor)

EDDY HOWARD:
A singer who is getting more and more attention keeps up the pace with "The Girl That I Marry" and "You Are Everything To Me." (Majestic)

LARRY GREEN:
A new pianist-conductor who evidently was nurtured on old Eddy Duchin records, shows off his flashy Steinway with "For You, For Me," and "Either It's Love Or It Isn't," two brand new movie tunes. (Victor)

PAUL WESTON:
A capable arranger issues an album of oldies like "Deep Purple," "Blue Moon," and "You Go To My Head" that wins the nostalgia blue ribbon. (Capitol)

SAMMY KAYE:
Two new Hit Parade hits, "And Then It's Heaven" and "Why Does It Get So Late So Early" get the familiar Kaye hijinks but manage to survive. (Victor)

WOODY HERMAN:
The distinctive Herman vocal on "No, Don't Stop" makes this a standout. "Heaven Knows" is on the back, where it belongs. On a 12 inch platter Herman turns his orchestra over to composer Igor Stravinsky for the weird and wild "Ebony Concerto." (Columbia)

JACK SMITH:
Radio's sparkling singer gives out with "Je T'Adore" and "Why Did I Have To Fall in Love" for good returns. (Capitol)

PEGGY LEE:
Spirited singing with "It's A Good Day" and the more mellow "He's Just My Kind." (Capitol)

SLIM GAILLARD:
Groovy "School Kids Hop" and "Chicken Rhythm." (Majestic)

DARDANELLE TRIO:
Something different and worth trying is this new instrumental unit pairing the lovely "September Song" with the disturbing bluesy "When A Woman Loves A Man." (Victor)

GEORGIA GIBBS:
One of our better canaries chirps "Is It Worth It?" and "The Things We Did Last Summer." (Majestic)

Yours FOR A 3¢ STAMP if you join the Book League of America now

--JUST PICK THE BOOK YOU WANT

HERE is a sensational offer! Pick any one of the four big best-sellers shown below. It's yours for just a 3c stamp, as a New Membership Gift from "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"! These novels are best-sellers from coast to coast. Choose the one you want, for just a 3c stamp. Also pick the one you want as your first Selection, at the Club's bargain price. Take advantage of this amazing offer now!

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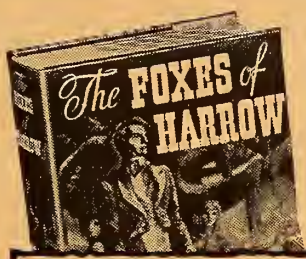


THE STRANGE WOMAN

Angel or Devil . . . Which WAS She?

TO the New England world, Jenny Hager was a righteous woman. But to the eight men who really knew her—father, husbands, sons, lovers—she was a shameless, passionate *she-devil!*

500,000 readers have gasped at this amazing character—soon to be portrayed on the screen by HEDY LAMARR in a $2,000,000 production!



THE FOXES OF HARROW

Flaming Passion in Wicked Old New Orleans!

DEVIL-MAY-CARE Stephen Fox landed in New Orleans, with a ten-dollar gold piece, a pearl stick-pin—and a swaggering audacity. But he gambled his way to wealth and power—won the blue-blooded Odalie—then her sister, Aurore—and finally, the sultry Desiree.

"As sheer entertainment it will take backwater from nothing."—*Chicago Sun.*



BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

He Knew the Whole Town's Secrets!

AS a physician, Dan Field knew the intimate lives and loves of the townsfolk. Yet he hid a burning secret of his own—a *forbidden* love for the *one woman* he could not have!

"GEE! What a swell book!" says the *Chicago Sun.* Going like wildfire at publisher's price of $2.75 . . . winner of $145,000 in cash prizes!



IN A DARK GARDEN

Even War Could Not Crush Their Love!

JULIAN CHISHOLM sought escape from his passion for his brother's wife by studying medicine. Then he became a surgeon in the Confederate army, only to fall madly in love with Jane—who turned out to be a spy for the Union! Enemies in name, they shared a love so great that even the hatreds of war could not keep them apart..

"A beautiful love story . . . action-packed reading . . . never-ending suspense."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

AND BEAUTIFUL BONUS BOOKS COME TO YOU FREE!

AS a member of "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club," you not only receive best-selling novels (like those shown above) by today's popular authors at the Club's bargain price—you ALSO receive FREE Bonus Books, masterpieces of world literature.

For every two regular Club Selections which you accept, you get one of these Bonus Books absolutely FREE. Typical examples of these classics are such works as *Short Stories of DE MAUPASSANT; Best Known Works of SHAKESPEARE; Tales from the DECAMERON; Seven Famous FRENCH NOVELS; Best Known Works of ZOLA; JANE EYRE; THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, etc., etc.*

These Free Bonus Books are handsomely and *uniformly* bound. Thus you steadily build an impressive, lifetime library of the greatest works of the greatest authors—a library that you will be proud to own and to display to others.



Your free "BONUS BOOKS" grow into a beautiful and impressive uniformly-bound library of great classics.

MEMBERSHIP IS FREE *"IN AMERICA'S BIGGEST BARGAIN BOOK CLUB"*

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Membership in "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club" is FREE. And every month you may receive a popular best-seller by an author like Ben Ames Williams, John Steinbeck, Somerset Maugham, or Ernest Hemingway—selling at $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition. But YOU can get *your* copy for ONLY $1.49!

IN ADDITION, for every two Selections you accept, you get—FREE—a BONUS BOOK, a masterpiece by Poe, Balzac, Dumas, Ibsen, Voltaire, etc. These BONUS BOOKS are *uniformly* bound; they grow into an impressive lifetime library.

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You do NOT have to accept each monthly Selection; only six *of your own choice* during the year to fulfill your membership requirement. And each month the Club's *"Review"* describes a number of *other* popular best-sellers; so that, if you prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, you may choose it instead. There are no membership dues to pay; no further cost or obligation.

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(Write title of one of books shown at top above)

Also enroll me free as a member of The Book League of America, and send me as my first Selection the following book:

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For every two monthly selections I accept, I will receive, FREE, a BONUS BOOK. However, I do NOT have to accept each month's new selection, only six *of my own choice* during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Review" describing a number of *other* popular best-sellers; so that if I prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, I may choose it instead. I am to pay only $1.49 (plus few cents postage) for each Selection I accept. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... Zone No. (if any) STATE .....

Occupation ..... If under 21 age, please .....

Slightly higher in Canada. Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada.

WHAT'S NEW



For "Archie's Little Love Song" recently previewed on Duffy's Tavern, Archie had a famous "collabowriter", Hoagy Carmichael.



Gracie, with fire in her eye, takes over the baton from orchestra leader Meredith Willson, on the Burns and Allen show, heard Thursday evenings at 8:30 P.M., EST, over NBC.



Elaine Rost, CBS, plays all kinds of parts—children to old women — on daytime serials.

EVERY Sunday night most of us tune in on two or three of the nation's most famous news commentators. It sometimes seems as though these men are deliberately trying to panic us. This, we feel, is a dangerous thing. Today, in a new year that is just getting under way, there is a deep need for calmness. The news, itself, is often startling enough. We don't need it pitched at us in a hysterical voice, we don't need the excited "war voices" of 1938, '39 and '40.

There is a crying need today for men who can talk to us in calm, confident tones. There is a need for men who can think clearly, who do not feel they can reach us only through sensational predictions and announcements. There is a need for men who know how to analyze, who do not mix gossip and rumor with facts.

The rant and rave technique belonged to Hitler and his ilk. It should have been buried with them. It is not needed by men whose cause is just, who speak the truth.

So why don't the men at the microphones stop biting their fingernails, as they seem to be doing when they bring us a roundup of news? One of the surest ways to keep peace in the world is to keep our thoughts and our voices under control. We Americans are nervous enough as a people and the staccato, jittery voices coming at us of late have not been helping us or our cause in the world.

* * *

We are happy to tell you that the Superman program, which we praised several months ago in this column, has just been given the "Page One Award" by the Newspaper Guild as the outstanding radio series of the year. And this was the show the wise ones said would flop because it dared

By DALE

from COAST to COAST



Visitor Fred MacMurray found Anita Gordon more interesting than Charlie McCarthy.

to touch upon serious, rather than nonsensical, problems!

* * *

Tom Breneman, that genial fellow you hear on the Breakfast In Hollywood show, is now tossing his hat in the millinery ring. He is heading a new firm called Tom Breneman Hat Fashions. And every month twelve exclusively designed chapeaux will be distributed to leading stores throughout the nation. All of this strikes us as rather odd, because Breneman has been making snide remarks about women's hats for years.

* * *

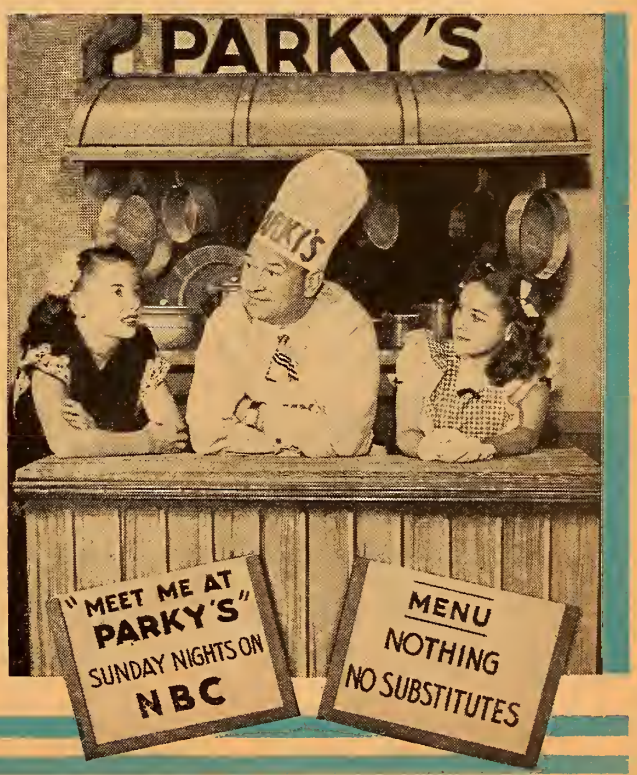
We shared a taxi with Guy Lombardo the other day as he made a quick rush across town from the radio studio to the Roosevelt Hotel, where his band is playing. We asked Guy why his brother, Carmen, had given up singing. Guy wouldn't tell us. When we got to the bandstand with Guy, all brother Carmen would tell us is that he would rather stick to his sax and clarinet.

* * *

There were some ghosts present in the rafters of Mutual's Longacre Theater in New York. All this can be explained when you know that the long-faced Basil Rathbone was in the studio doing an eerie broadcast for Exploring the Unknown. The apparitions were in the form of the ghosts of a gay comedy, "Command To Love," which played in the same theater way back in 1929. Rathbone was the star of that play and, all during air-show rehearsal, he kept complaining that he heard the "ghost-voices" of the past objecting to the fact that the theater had been turned into a radio studio.

B A N K S

Joan Barton, Patsy Bolton, and Parkyakarkus himself.





Dennis Day brought his Mom and Pop along to NBC to meet guest star Jack Haley. Mom and Pop are Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McNulty, and their son is the Dennis of A Day in the Life of Dennis Day, heard Thursdays.

"My logical successor"—that's what John McCormick said of Christopher Lynch, Irish tenor.





Pilot, then reporter, then M.C. —that's the experience of Stu Wilson of CBS's Surprise Party.

From one to another. Burl Ives, whose folk songs have captured the heart of many a radio listener, recently made another conquest. A man with a pork pie hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth drifted into the studio to hear Burl transcribe one of his shows. The man listened attentively, then came over to Ives and said, "I wish I could sing like that." Ives took a deep breath and gulped. The man in the hat was Der Bingle, yes, the same Crosby who has made millions of dollars and friends singing his way. The really good ones, it seems, are never satisfied—not with themselves, at any rate. Maybe that's how they get that way in the first place—good, we mean.

* * *

Bernard Pearse, ABC's director of special events for television, went back to school recently. But this time, he went as a teacher and the place was Ithaca College in Ithaca, N. Y. Pearse taught his class the latest technique in the use of both live cameras and film in the coverage of special events. This latest wrinkle in college courses was started by the television department of ABC to help meet the growing demand for trained video personnel. The college kids, Pearse told us by phone, are crazy about his course. Gives the listener something to look forward to, also. Good training now should mean good video, when it gets going.

Many of you have written us asking the best method to break into the radio game. We've always stressed ingenuity. Take the case of Maurie Webster, interviewer on the CBS Surprise Party show. Maurie told us that he got nowhere when, as a high school lad, he first applied for a job at a Tacoma radio station. But on his second visit, he arranged matters so that the station manager had to hear him. Maurie's minister was slated for a broadcast talk, and Webster convinced the pastor that he should go along and introduce him to the radio audience. He did so well, the station manager hired him.

* * *

YOU always take a risk of being mauled and pushed about when you go to see one F. Sinatra. But, we've known Frank since those lean days when he first got a job with Harry James' band, so we "risked all" and dropped in at one of his rehearsals a short time ago. We talked about the trend from swing to sweet and then we asked Frank how his fan clubs were going. Sinatra told us about a new one. It was formed by the tough studio crew who worked with the singer on his last picture. Frank is very proud of this new club, because the men who work on the movie sets are a hard-boiled, unsentimental sort. By the way, did you know that the thin one has fan clubs in 40 countries? People in far off places used to think of Babe Ruth as the typical American idol—now it is Frank Sinatra, who weighs about a third of what the Babe did.

* * *

Alan Young is taking piano lessons from Charlie Cantor, who, in the role of Zero, is featured on Alan's programs Friday night on NBC. Young, who used to be a guitar player in a Canadian band, has a fair ear for music and is picking up the piano technique rather quickly. If you happen to get tickets for the Young show, here's a tip. Don't leave immediately after the show goes off the air—hang around as Cantor gives Young his weekly lesson.

* * *

All of us have, at one time or another, hummed or sung "Stardust." Now, Hoagy Carmichael, the CBS star who wrote it, reveals that he carried that classic American song around in his pocket for two years before Isham Jones took it and made it a sensation. And Hoagy was an established song writer when he had all that trouble trying to get "Stardust" started!

* * *

To the people of Venice, California: We would like you to do a little sleuthing for us. Could you tell us whether or not Mel Blanc actually runs a hardware store in your town? It's probably true, but it seems too much like a publicity gag to us. Mel, as you know, operates a Fix-It Shop on his CBS show and a publicity gal swears that he also really owns this Fix It hardware store in Venice. Could be. But we are leary.

"Red Majesty is terrific!"

says: MRS. RONALD COLMAN

MRS. RONALD COLMAN
delightful wife of the distinguished screen star is one of many Hollywood beauties who give "rave notices" to Red Majesty.



World's Newest Shade!

No wonder this new queen of the reds—Tangee Red Majesty—is a sensation in New York and Hollywood. It's that rarest shade of all—a truly royal red. *And you'll love what it does for your lips!*

1947's Smartest Case!

Last word in post-war beauty! Gleaming brass—exquisitely etched. A simple twist of its swivel base and up comes your Red Majesty.

America's Top-rated Lipstick!

In a recent test of 27 leading lipsticks (conducted by a group of impartial experts) Tangee Satin-Finish lipstick was rated No. 1 ...receiving particularly high marks for "staying power" and ease of application.

PRESENTED IN:

RED MAJESTY	*RED-RED*	*GAY-RED*
THEATRICAL RED	*MEDIUM-RED*	*NATURAL*



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

USE *Tangee*...

AND SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN BE

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

Or is there a man shortage? . . . On a recent Mayor Of The Town broadcast, Claude Binyon, who plays the role of "Butch," was cast aside by his girl friend. The following week, the 15-year-old actor was snowed under with letters from girls, all of them saying that they'd like to be his girl friend now that he is unattached.

* * *

Our congratulations to Peg Lynch, the charming creator of WJZ's The Private Lives of Ethel and Albert, for consulting her radio audience about the time they would like the show heard on the air. Recently, the program department decided that they would like to change the time of this humorous drama concerning the Arbuckles, but Peg insisted that the audience be asked if they wanted the time change. A simple little announcement over the air brought in 10,113 replies, almost all of them saying "Please don't change the time of the show, it's a time when the whole family can hear it." So the show stays on at the same spot, 6:15 P.M., EST. We think that Peg's gesture was a truly democratic one.

* * *

Now we are writing about someone we really know and have liked for some time. He may be new to you, but not if you have been listening to the Adventures of Sam Spade on CBS. We're talking about that guy, Howard Duff, who is doing a bang-up job playing that hard-boiled private eye, Sam Spade. We first met Howie during a quick trip we took to the Pacific Ocean Areas during the war. Howard was a GI then, a staff sergeant working with the Armed Forces Radio Service. We met him on Saipan, in a hut occupied by three other characters, Barron Polan, a Hollywood agent, Jack Sher, a thin magazine writer and a red-headed pixie named Bob Welch, who has recently turned producer for Paramount. These four did much to keep the island in a turmoil. Duff, or "Sober Howie," as they called him, was the quietest of the quartet. He was then, as he is now, a big, good-looking guy, very considerate and friendly. He did a fine job as a radio correspondent for the Army, banging around Guam, Saipan and Iwo Jima. Now, we hear, he has been signed for pictures.

* * *

For David Low's new book "Years Of Wrath," a cartoon history of the period 1931 to 1945, CBS news analyst Quincy Howe has written a running text that recalls the circumstances surrounding the world-famous cartoons.

* * *

As it launches its tenth year, the Dr. Christian program can look back on some fine things accomplished. It is the only show on the air written by the listening audience, written out of the pain and joy of the average person's experiences. More than 200 rural doctors have become personal friends of Hersholt's. The program has become an inspiration to thousands of lonely and shut-in people all over our land. Its producers and actors can be proud of the fine job they've done in keeping it the simple and heartwarming show that it promised to be on that afternoon it started 10 years ago.

* * *

By the time you read this, we may have another full hour show back on the air. It takes a great deal of talent to grab a place in the Hooper free-for-all, but this new show, now in the final stages of preparation, looks as if it will have the stuff to keep us all happy for a solid hour. In the laugh department are Groucho Marx and Mickey Rooney. For romance, in the way of a song, is Frances Langford. Could you ask for more?

* * *

Here's a secret little thing we picked up. Edgar Bergen, for a good many years has been trying to duck Charlie. Bergen has always cherished a desire to do a single act. But, no sponsor would buy Bergen as a single. Is that nasty chuckle we hear coming from Edgar's meal ticket?



GeGe Pearson of the Red Skelton Show helped open her own new Fan Club headquarters in Los Angeles.

Gale Gordon plays the title role on Mutual's Case Book of Gregory Hood, Monday nights at 8:30 EST.





Variety in guests and subjects for Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary on Hi, Jinx! Sylvia and Murray Winant talk about a new record album for children while Mrs. Wendell Willkie waits to discuss women in politics.

..."and it's no TRICK to make 'em"

THEY LOOK FANCY . . . they taste delicious! But they're sure-fire and easy. No practice needed . . . no sleight-of-hand. You'll do 'em quick—and right, the first time. Just be sure to have on hand some wonderful KARO* Syrup. It does more than sweeten. It adds *food-energy value*—and the finest flavor you ever struck!

Such "dressed-up" plain food disappears like magic, when the family gets a taste. How about trying the recipes tomorrow?

THE KARO KID



GLAZED HAM ROLLS

1 cup grated raw tart apple
½ cup dry bread crumbs
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter

6 slices boiled ham, ⅛ inch thick

Thoroughly mix ingredients for stuffing. Spread by spoonfuls on ham slices and roll. Place in baking dish. Pour KARO Glaze over rolls. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 30 minutes; baste frequently.

KARO GLAZE: Combine ¾ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label, 3 tablespoons water, ¼ cup vinegar, 6 cloves and 2-inch stick cinnamon. Simmer 5 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Sufficient Glaze for 6 Ham Rolls.



PARTY BAKED APPLES

½ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label
½ cup water
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons sugar
4 baking apples, cored
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar
14 almonds, blanched
4 maraschino cherries, chopped

Combine first six ingredients. Bring to a boil. Remove from heat. Pare upper half of apples. Place in baking dish. Pour syrup mixture over apples. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour or until tender, basting frequently. Remove from oven. Top apples with meringue made from egg white and 2 tablespoons sugar. Insert cherries and shredded almonds. Bake 15 minutes or until lightly browned. 4 servings.



* KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Company, New York, N. Y.

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THE *perfect Valentine gift*

Give her a Valentine gift
That's enduring—
A compact exquisitely
Smart and alluring!
A gift that is useful
Yet glowing with glamour—
Elgin Americans always enamour!



"Heart's Desire" compact in sterling silver, $24



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At better stores everywhere

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Introducing

KING COLE TRIO

IT'S a long way from the days when the King Cole Trio appeared in New York as an intermission act at Nick's in the Village and at Kelly's Stables. With a radio show on the NBC web all their own (Saturday nights at 5:45 P.M. EST), a featured spot on the Music Hall, NBC, Thursday nights, and an opening at Broadway's leading vaudeville theater, the King Cole boys have every right to be merry old souls.

The soft rhythmic voice and exquisite piano phrasing of King (Nat) Cole, brilliant guitar work of Oscar Moore, and Johnny Miller's throbbing bass have joined together to add a new facet to modern American music.

King Cole, a Baptist minister's son, was born in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1916, received his first musical instruction from his mother, Perlina, when he was still a small boy, and by the time he was twelve, was a capable pianist as well as organist in his father's church. The rest of the family were also musical. His sister Evelyn and brother Edward (who later played bass with Noble Sissle and with Nat's first big band) sang with him in the choir. And of his other brothers, Lionel, who is now 11, and Isaac, 17, the latter is especially gifted and studies piano day and night, hoping to be as good as Nat.

Oscar, from Austin, Texas, was born on Christmas Day in the same year as Nat, and lived as a youngster in Phoenix, Arizona. Here he developed an amazing technique and versatility, playing with his brothers in a four-piece group—two guitars, bass, and violin. (His brother, Johnny Moore, is also famous in his own right these days.) About a year before joining Nat, Oscar had come to Hollywood to do studio work, landing a job at MGM, and he is the guitarist you heard strumming in "Girl Crazy."

Bassist Johnny Miller joined them after a big-band background. And now here they are—the first Negro group to earn themselves a sponsored, coast-to-coast, long-time contract.

Introducing

AGNES MOOREHEAD



WHEN Agnes Moorehead was in New York City, we knew a host of young radio actresses who sat in awe of her. They said it was a little short of a theatrical miracle, the way Aggie Moorehead could read a radio script once, think two minutes and come up with a perfect characterization for whatever part she had been cast in. Now, she's narrowed her range down a bit and the part you hear her in most often is her regular job as Marilly, the sharp-spoken but soft hearted housekeeper on Mayor of the Town—CBS. She's still on call, however, for any program originating in Hollywood which requires anything from eager young children to querulous old ladies.

Agnes was born in Clinton, Massachusetts. When she was still a small child, her family moved to St. Louis. After her graduation from the University of Wisconsin, she sang for a while on a St. Louis radio station until she decided to come to New York and study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

She snagged a part in "Scarlet Pages" and began on an acting career of her own which did very nicely at keeping the wolf from the door.

Then radio began to get into its stride and the daytime serials and other dramatic programs created a new outlet for her abilities. Agnes was one of the first Broadway actresses to enter radio. Ernest Truex, who remembered her in comedy roles on the stage, gave her her first chance in radio as his "stooge." After that, her "stooging" became legendary around the studios.

In 1936, Agnes became a member of Orson Welles' famous Mercury Theatre. When Orson went to Hollywood to take his first crack at producing movies—that was "Citizen Kane"—Agnes elected to stay in New York because of her full radio schedule. But pretty soon a wire came for her, offering her a part in the picture—a fine offer she couldn't turn down. She's been in Hollywood ever since.



Can you tell...

which is the expensive blouse ?

Both are charming...both were laundered with LINIT* Starch to keep them fresh, crisp, dainty. But one cost $39.75...the other $7.85. (Look below and see if your guess was right.)

The point is, whether your budget is orchids or oatmeal, anything starchable looks *its best* when you use LINIT. It gives the perfect finish to all fabrics. Easy directions on every package.

It's the blouse at the top that cost $39.75



...ADDS THE *"finishing touch"*

*LINIT IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. ©C.P.R. CO., 1947

LINIT is the smooth, penetrating starch that makes cotton *look* and *feel* luxurious as linen. By restoring the original finish, LINIT resists muss and soil. And irons fly—with LINIT!

R M



Helen Neushaefer, color authority...stylist...searches for new colors at private exhibit of precious porcelains.

miracle ingredient PLASTEEN gives your nails the lasting beauty of ovals of rare porcelain

From fabulously precious porcelains, came Helen Neushaefer's inspiration for her new nail polish. For she knew the ancient porcelain art owned a priceless secret . . . *how to make brilliant colors last.* Now, after years of searching to capture in nail polish this same precious quality, she has a secret of her own . . . PLASTEEN . . . a miracle ingredient to *help shock-proof your nail-do against chipping and to add amazing new brilliance.* You'll find enduring loveliness in any of her 12 breath-taking colors . . . and for only ten cents . . . at all chain store cosmetic counters.

Helen Neushaefer

NAIL POLISH

It lasts so long . . . it looks so beautiful



The Secret of PLASTEEN

. . . is its miraculous power to "weld" color to the nail. But just as startling is the shining, jewel-like brilliance and the smoother flowing qualities Plasteen gives to Helen Neushaefer's Polish. *And to hers exclusively!*

Distributed by A. Sartorius & Company, Inc.
Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.



An EXPLANATION to our READERS

ONE of the most satisfying things in the world is to have your dreams come true. But perhaps the most exciting thing in the world is to *make* your dreams come true—to see the things you've hoped for, worked for, take shape in your hands and come a little nearer, at the end of each day's work, to the dream in your mind.

The magazine you are reading—this February, 1947 issue of Radio Mirror—is a dream come true. All through the war and in the hectic times of the early post-war period, there were discussions and plans for Radio Mirror as the magazine really should be some day. Plans were made and revised, tried and discarded, pages pasted into a dummy magazine and torn out again. Each letter you wrote containing a suggestion for a bigger and better Radio Mirror was carefully considered. The research staff made surveys among you readers, to find out exactly what you felt the perfect Radio Mirror should contain.

Dreaming, as you know, is cheap. You can dream that you have a fine new automobile, for instance, and it doesn't cost you a cent. But when you try to buy that automobile, to make your dream come true, you find it's a costly business. Our dreams, too, were costly ones. And then, last November, we were told of greatly increased prices for paper and printing.

But, we told ourselves, this is, nevertheless, the time for our great "some day" to arrive—time to make our dreams into realities. And so, all during November, when everyone else was planning for Christmas, we were planning for our big day—the day when the February issue of the *new,* bigger, more exciting Radio Mirror would go on sale. We put into it the things that we knew that you wanted. More full color picture pages. More new stories about your radio favorites. Stories about the home lives of the stars, about their wives or husbands and families. Stories about reader-listeners to whom the exciting adventure of going on the air, of winning prizes, has happened. New picture stories. A wonderful section for the housewife, with an enlarged cooking department and added home features as well. Pages devoted to the answers to your questions about radio and the people in it. An improved program guide, presented in a more understandable way, and kept up to date by the best methods available to us.

All of these things and more we put together in the very best way our editorial and art staffs could devise. Once assembled, they became the February issue of Radio Mirror, which you hold in your hands. The price of this new magazine is twenty-five cents. Thus, rather than allow the inescapable factors of soaring manufacturing costs to lessen the quality of the Radio Mirror you have liked so well, in order to maintain the fifteen cent price in the face of higher manufacturing costs, we have tried to give you instead a magazine which we hope and believe you will like even more, and which you will feel justifies the higher price we are compelled to ask for it.

Will you let us know how you do like it because, after all, it is yours more than ours—if you didn't read and enjoy it, there wouldn't be a Radio Mirror.

The Editors

I ASKED



Eileen didn't fully get her wish, but **QUEEN FOR A DAY** *did perform a miracle!*

By EILEEN JONES

Queen For a Day is heard 2:30 P.M. EST, Monday to Friday, on Mutual stations.

FOR A HOME!

PERHAPS I should let some other Queen tell you her story, because mine doesn't run completely true to form. . . . I did *not* get my wish.

All contestants on the Queen For A Day radio program, over the Mutual Broadcasting System, are asked what they would like most—their heart's desire—if they were chosen to reign that day. The winner is selected by judges who consider their wishes and choose the one most unusual or most interesting. And master-of-ceremonies Jack Bailey and the companies which sponsor the program really do try to fulfil those desires—they were able to get the Seeing Eye dog that Queen Eloise Lee asked for for her little blind girl neighbor. And they sent Queen May Boss to realize her cherished life's dream, to study dramatics.

Only I can know how hard they tried to fulfil my wish, but in jam-packed, crowded Los Angeles it would take a veritable miracle to find a place to live for myself and my husband and my three-year-old Bobby. That was what I wanted. A place for our very own.

But if I didn't realize my spoken wish, another—a greater gift, even—was given me; became a miracle within me.

So in that sense I *am* typical of all the Queens. I am sure that a spark of the same magic touched them and worked its change in them, too. Perhaps few of them have been as defeated and hopeless as I was that day, but I am sure that they, too, walked into the Earl Carroll Theater, where the broadcasts are held, as one person and left (*Continued on page* 80)



So much had been taken from me I'd lost my perspective. But I still had Hugh's love.



The gifts took more room in our already-cramped quarters. But now I didn't mind a bit.

Pepper Young's Family

FINDS A GIRL FOR JOE

I WAS pretty happy when I saw Joe Davis' letter lying on the table that morning not so long ago. It had been months since I'd even heard from him. The last time was a year ago Christmas, when he'd phoned from Fort Dix to say he'd just been released from the Army.

Of course, you don't actually get much of a chance to talk during phone calls like that. It's mostly a matter of "How are you, anyway?" And "It doesn't seem possible that it's all over." And "Are you married yet?" and things like that. You're usually too excited to ask about the things you really want to know.

But "What's cooking?" did get an answer from Joe that I was glad to hear. He was looking into chicken farming, he told me—going to find a small place in the country somewhere, put all his money into it, and raise the best birds in the state. Knowing that Joe had planned all during the war to do just this—and knowing too how few of us had actually gone to work on the things we'd been planning to do when we got back—I cheered him on enthusiastically, and extracted a promise that he would let me know where and how he landed just as soon as he was organized enough to write about it. That had been a while ago.



"It seems pointless," Joe said, "to work all day and then come home to sit

Gathered to hear about Joe's love problem, in this story written especially for Radio Mirror, are: on the floor, Pepper (Mason Adams); above him, Mrs. Young (Marion Barney); standing,



by yourself over a can of pork and beans. You begin to wonder what it's for."

Betty (Elizabeth Wragge); in the armchair, Mr. Young (Thomas Chalmers); beside him, Linda (Eunice Howard); smiling at Joe, Carter (Burt Brazier). Listen in daily at 3:30 P.M. EST, on NBC.

Joe planned his farm carefully, except for one detail. It took his friend Pepper Young to handle the romance.

"That's planning," I thought as I ripped the letter open and started to read. "Joe's strong point always was drawing up a blueprint, and going after what he wanted in the order of importance. Wonder if he's made his million yet." But the friendly glow changed to perplexity, then to worry; and, after I'd read the four close-written pages through, I whistled to myself.

It wasn't the point of the letter that bothered me. That was all right—there was going to be a state Poultry Convention in Centerville, about ten miles from Elmwood where we lived, and Joe was asking if we could put him up for the three or four days he'd be in town. "There isn't a room for love or money," he wrote, "and I seem to remember a studio couch on that glassed-in side porch at your folks' home. Tell your mother I learned to be neat and tidy in the Army! And I'll promise not to be a bother to her."

All that sounded like the old, optimistic Joe; but the rest of it, the description of his "beat-up house," the taxes, the floods, the chicken-diseases—Joe had never been one to complain, but it was easy enough to read between the lines and see that things weren't going right at all. There was an overlay of depression, of (*Continued on page 75*)

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ANYONE CAN MAKE MISTAKES

When ONE MAN'S FAMILY started out so blithely for the weekend, they didn't know that ahead lay trouble for Cliff, hours of fear and worry for all and a new perspective for Joan



"Joan, don't be a drip!" Pinky told her. "Come on outside and see our snowman. Why, we'll even let you name him after supper."



"Please, Grandmother Barbour," Margaret begged, "let us stay up for a while. Let's all sing something!" So Jack warmed them up with "Springtime in the Rockies" and one by one they all came in on the chorus.

"WHO was it said something about the fog coming in 'on little cat feet'?" Hazel asked, glancing out the window. The big living room was warm from the evening fire and the older members of the Barbour family ranged around it in a comfortable, half-drowsy circle.

"I don't know. But I never think of fog as having any body to it; it just drifts in thick wisps." Mother Barbour barely raised her head from her knitting. "I don't know when we've had such a long siege of this dreary weather. Or do I say that every January?"

Father Barbour straightened in his chair. "Now, Fanny—you know you think San Francisco has the finest climate. Personally, I like the fog. I like the way it comes in over Golden Gate. I like the introspective mood it brings. Hail and rain and snow are violent forms of Nature—sunshine in January is an occasional blessing—but the quiet stillness of fog gives San Franciscans a chance to turn over their mental wastebaskets and empty the year's accumulations of worries."

"A pretty choice of words," Claudia told him. "Joan's English teacher should have heard you."

"Still worried about Joan and her crush on that Mr. Edwards?"

Claudia frowned and then sighed. "Oh, I know it's normal for a girl of fourteen to have an attachment to an older man. It's part of growing up, and I suppose—if it has to be anyone—an English teacher isn't a bad choice. I remember how I thought the doorman at the Biloxi Theater the most romantic person when I was fourteen and (*Continued on page* 102)

In the picture on this page are, standing: Betty (played by Jean Rouverol), Nicky (Tom Collins), Cliff (Bart Yarborough) and Hank (Conrad Binyon). Seated: Hazel (Bernice Berwin), Teddy (Winifred Wolfe), Mother and Father Barbour (Minetta Ellen and Anthony Smythe), Joan (Mary Lou Harrington) and Pinky. On the floor: Penny (Anne Whitfield), Margaret (Dawn Bender) and Claudia (Barbara Fuller). One Man's Family is heard Sunday afternoons at 3:30 EST, on NBC.



1. It is winter registration week at the University in the D.A.'s town. The District Attorney and his staff, Miss Miller and the ever-present Harrington, are checking the whereabouts and activities of known racketeers, who might go to work as they always do when there's an influx of new people in town. The D.A. is worried. He has heard from other cities that colleges and universities have been made the scene of a singularly sordid kind of racket, one in which veterans who are trying to enroll for courses under the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights are being robbed. According to the D.A.'s information, there are several ways in which the racketeers operate to separate the naive vets from their savings, the simplest way being to offer to help a bewildered veteran who is unfamiliar with the routines in college offices. While being "helpful," the racketeers take over the money veterans bring along to pay their entrance fees, money which they know will be refunded when their GI money comes through. No such racket has yet been reported on the local campus, but the D.A. doesn't want to give any rackets a chance to get started if he can help it.

Mr. District Attorney is heard every Wednesday night from 9:30 t

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Mr. D. A. uncovers a vicious racket, but warns veterans that many like it still operate



2. Already, ex-Wave Marian Hughes is in the clutches of Alan Hanford, one of the racketeers who prey on GI's.

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY has long been a champion of the rights of the people. He makes crime prevention just as much a part of his job as the prosecution of criminals after they have committed their aggressions.

In this case, Mr. D.A. did his best to think faster than a group of the vilest kind of racketeers, but he was not fast enough to prevent murder. (Mr. District Attorney is portrayed by Jay Jostyn. Vicki Vola plays Miss Miller; Harrington is played by Len Doyle; Marian Hughes by Jean Gillespie; Alan by Gordon Ayres; Ivy by Grace Coppin and Bert by Ward Wilson.)

10:00 P. M. EST, over the National Broadcasting Company network.



3. Meanwhile, the D.A. has hit on a way to make certain that any campus racketeers will be spotted as soon as they get to work. Miss Miller is to masquerade as a co-ed at the college.



4. Alan works fast. He's talked the confused Marian into giving him all her savings to pay for entrance fees at another college, Alexander University, where he has "friends."



5. Alan Hanford feels his success. He's getting ready for a date with Marian, when he'll tell her she's been "accepted" at Alexander and show her a telegram supposedly from the Dean. Bert, his partner, who arranges all the telegrams for the gang, is trying to get Alan to stop drinking. He's no great brain, but he knows liquor is no fit diet for Alan when he's going to need a cool head later.

Mr. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

The most cynical kind of criminal is the one who preys on the ex-servicemen and women of the country. In this case, one of the nastiest, pettiest rackets against veterans is exposed. Mr. D. A. hopes that this exposure will serve as a warning to all veterans. Neither the police nor the most vigilant of D.A.'s could possibly keep track of every racket or of all racketeers. While everything that can be done is being done to protect the interests of veterans, it is important for the veterans to be on the alert, too. That there are people low enough to take advantage of the lack of information and experience of the young men and women who sacrificed so greatly that all of us—including the racketeers—might be safe, is a bitter thing. But such people do exist and operate.



6. Alan's behavior has made Marian suspicious. Turning up drunk for their date, Alan not only annoyed Marian but he talked altogether too much. Frightened, Marian escaped from him and hurried to the D.A.'s office for aid.



7. Drink-fuddled, Alan has lost his head. In his room, faced with Bert who is worried and insists on phoning their absent boss, Ivy, Alan grows panicky and shoots Bert to silence him.



8. Cold-bloodedly, after dumping Bert's body into the river, Alan has returned to his racket. But now, warned by Marian's information, Miss Miller has managed to get herself picked up by Alan and is baiting the trap that will convict him.

9. Alan and Miss Miller have walked into a trap themselves. Alan did not expect to find Ivy there, especially an Ivy who has just read of Bert's murder and knows who did it.



10. Ivy, who genuinely loved Bert, stupid as he was, has taken her revenge. Infuriated with Alan's treachery and stupidity, Ivy has just stabbed him to death. Only afterward does she realize that Miss Miller has been an unwilling witness to the murder. Although Ivy has nothing against Miss Miller beyond this, she knows she can't afford to leave her alive. Luckily, the District Attorney and Harrington have been shadowing Miss Miller and Alan. They step in and interfere in the nick of time.



Between the

ADD TO YOUR COLLECTION SOME QUIET, THOUGHTFUL POEMS — AND

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: 1946

Your words awake the sun;
They pierce our long night;
"With malice toward none . . ."
With firmness in the right . . ."
Your heart knows the price
That makes the heart falter:
". . . so costly a sacrifice
. . . so costly a sacrifice
On Freedom's altar . . ."
In your love we cherish
A nation's rebirth
Whose light "shall not perish
From the earth."
—Joseph Auslander

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate:
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.
—Richard Hovey
Unmanifest Destiny

I loved thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
—Robert Aytoun

UNPOSTED

This is a letter I shall never send.
More for myself, this note
That never will be read, that has no end.
Remember when I wrote:
"It still is winter here"?
More true today
Than when you went away.
Such cold will stay.
Strange how indelible and clear
Some things remain—
The empty station and your train
Suddenly disappearing down the track,
Lights changing, red to green;
The night, enormous, black,
Rushing to meet me. I have seen
That moment held immovable, as though
Time had no ebb or flow.
Perhaps, by thinking back,
I can be sure of how all seasons pass,
How snow
Accepts the ancient miracle of grass;
Think of a world that once we used to know
Before this winter of the heart began
To desolate the year.
Those other letters that I wrote you ran
To many pages. Is there more to say,
With winter here,
With winter here to stay?
—Leslie Nelson Jennings

The Last Word

"A feather in your cap," you say
You've won our little spat;
I'll wear a feather too that's gay
In a forty-dollar hat!
—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

PLAYS

How soon, alas, the hours are over,
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage,
Allotted us to play the sage!
The theatre expands; beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
But when we play the fool, how wide
How many prompters! What a chorus!
—Walter Savage Landor

WHEN PEOPLE ASK

When people ask
To marry me,
I always tell them,
"No."
It's very nice
Of people
To think about it
Though!
I'd hate the chore
Of sweeping
And to cook
Would be a task.
I'll never
Never
Marry—
But I love to have them ask!
—Mary Carolyn Davies

Bookends

A FEW GAY ONES TO MAKE FEBRUARY BRIGHTER



By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

FROM
SONG—TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

—Ben Jonson

FROM
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

—Lord Byron

Going for the Eggs

After supper, needing eggs, I walked
Down the road to see my neighbor. We talked
Of hens and hogs and how the price of grain
(Which proves half sweepings) makes a man profane
In wintertime. Adding ice and snow together
He said, "We're having quite a spell of weather,"
While I allowed that mercury ten below
And backroads filled from wall to wall with snow
Was quite a spell. His wife agreed with me,
Then fetched the eggs, mediums, and so we three,
Agreeing, said good night. He held a light
High above my head to start me right
Along my homeward way—for it was late
For country folks—a half clock after eighf.

—Harry Elmore Hurd

The Quarrel

Forgotten were the dreams we'd held so dear;
Forgotten, too, the vows sincerely made;
In that brief moment fraught with doubt and fear
A lifetime held its breath and softly prayed.

—W. Herman Murphy

(Mr. Murphy: We'd like to send your check, but have no address. Won't you communicate with us?—T. M.)

TERMINAL LEAVE WITH DECORATIONS

Home is my sailor, home from the sea,
To his old home town where he longed to be;
Met at the train by the town's brass band
With the mayor along with key in hand . . .
And after the civic interlude,
Bouquets from the feminine pulchritude!

But changed my son, I see—somehow
Unmoved by civilian fireworks now;
My hero has naught but a poker face
As well, it seems, for female grace . . .
Blase from travel, and touched by fame,
Only his appetite's still the same!

—Carolyn Ellis

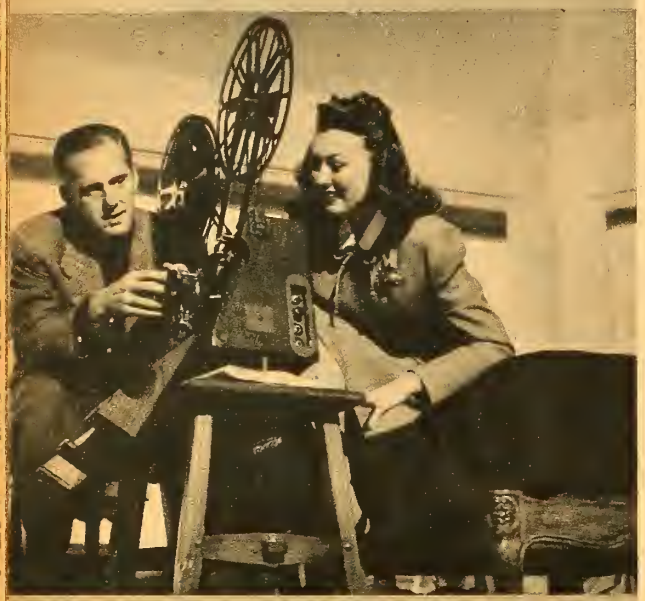
RADIO MIRROR *will pay* **FIFTY DOLLARS** *each month*

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for publication in Radio Mirror.

The Best



Background to breakfast for Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt Dehn is the blue Pacific.



Since Baby David arrived he's spent his time either in the camera's eye . . .



. . . Or under the doting eyes of his breathless and dazzled young parents.

GINNY SIMMS, the brown-haired, blue-eyed singer known for four years as the "GI Sweetheart", owes her real romance to none other than her million devoted GI friends! What happened was this:

In June of 1945 she was taken to a party given by a young bachelor-about-Hollywood whom she had never met. His name was Hyatt Robert Dehn. She had heard of him because many of his friends were film people, and he had squired many of the town's most beautiful girls. But she had never even seen him before they were introduced. When that happened, she had to look far up to see his face, since he was six feet three. He was also bone-thin, wore his clothes with a casual air, and his face, she noted, was a quizzical, highly sophisticated one.

But their conversation wasn't the least bit sophisticated—or quizzical.

He told her that he was an industrial engineer, and currently President of the Defense Housing Project. He couldn't have chosen a subject that would better have caught Ginny's fancy. More than any other woman star, she had been interested in the GI's welfare—singing to them in hospitals from coast to coast, organizing a radio program expressly for them, planning a post-war entertainment bureau for wounded veterans doomed to spend long months in hospitals.

So her face lit up with interest, and she and Hyatt began talking. That talk led to other talks—for three weeks. Then they were married . . . and by this time they're the parents of David Martin Dehn, whose life is the most fascinating of any baby in America.

You don't think so? Well, listen to this: over his crib hangs a microphone, which is hooked up to the speaker system covering all the rooms of the house—so that every time he whimpers Ginny and Hyatt can hear and come running. Also, in addition to the usual picture record of his progress, they have made weekly recordings of his voice ever since he was seven days old. Further, a peep-hole was built in the nursery wall so that guests and Dehns can look in on the baby without disturbing his nap!

But even before all these wonders came to pass, young David's life was unusual: his trip from the hospital to his home was commemorated for all time by a movie. It's a private movie, of course, made by his parents. It shows Ginny checking out of the hospital with her new baby, getting into an ambulance with him, and being received by Hyatt at the door of the Dehn home—with Hyatt wearing a silk hat and carrying a sign around his neck: "I am a proud papa."

However, this early film (*Continued on page* 100)

Ginny Simms is the singing star of the half-hour Ginny Simms Program heard Friday nights from 9 to 9:30 EST, on CBS

of Everything



Covering Cover Girl Ginny Simms: brilliant vocalist, lovely wife, radiant new mother—and business woman, part time

"The Nose and



"Your tremolo is slipping, Schnoz,"
Garry says. "You need a voice coach . . ."

the Haircut"

By way of CBS each Friday comes a gifted pair—sprightly Jimmy Durante and his brush-topped boy Garry Moore



"You work pretty well with our announcer Howard Petrie. Why not let him teach you?" But Jimmy says no to that.



"Then," says Garry, "why not our own lovely song star, Suzanne Ellers?"

"I'VE taken on a new job, Jimmy—in the shoddy, shabby and shady suburb in the Shropshire section of Massachusetts—with a flashy, trashy but fairly fashionable cash haberdashery——"

. . . and so they're off again and it's another Friday and once more the Columbia Broadcasting System brings you those two favorite comedians, Jimmy Durante, the Best-Dressed Man—and Garry (Junior) Moore, the Child Prodigy who forgot to grow up. The walls of Studio A tremble as Jimmy rushes hither and yon (he's got friends in Yon), hob-nobbing with the bigwigs, straightening up affairs down in Washington, and pausing now and then to lend a hand when Garry's own inimitable brand of puckish humor gets them into trouble. They both pause, of course, when lovely Suzanne Ellers wanders in to sing. As Jimmy puts it: "she's just the kind of *femme* to cherchez!"

Born in 1893 on New York's lower East Side, Jimmy Durante began pounding the piano in an old Bowery night club—so obscure that he can't, now, recall the name. He never learned to read music, just picked it up, and covered possible sour notes with the sound of his own outstanding voice. He sharpened his repartee working in his father's barbershop,



"That's my boy!" replies Durante. for this is an idea he does like. And all by himself he hits high C above C.



"Am I not the fairest in the land, Junior? Do I not catch the eye, and rivet the attention?"

THE NOSE AND THE HAIRCUT

talking very fast at the lathered, and helpless, customers. In 1927, the team of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante made vaudeville history, and from then on Jimmy worked upward. Ultimately, Hollywood sent round the world the image of The Nose and the raucous sound of the voice that makes things sound twice as funny as they start out being. Clayton and Jackson are still with him, working behind the scenes.

Garry Moore is a good comedian because he thinks the whole world is mad—and he thinks it's mad because it almost forcibly *made* him a comedian. He wanted to be lots of other things—a playwright, a sports announcer, a news announcer. But he found his way on to Club Matinee—as a comic—and from then on he was marked. And the result was that he was pitchforked right into his own network show, co-starring with one of our greatest comedians.

Vocalist on the program, blonde Suzanne Ellers started singing professionally when she was fifteen. Only twenty-three now, she spent several seasons with West Coast orchestras, was the voice-behind-the-face in many movies where the leading lady was required to sing, and couldn't.

Announcer Howard Petrie wandered into radio when, as a securities salesman, he tried to sell to the program manager of a Boston radio station. When he left, he was an announcer. He not only announces the Durante-Moore show but is heard in character parts.

Musical director Roy Bargy started out as a "serious" musician, but was won over to jazz by Art Tatum. He has been in the popular field ever since.



Waiting for the go-ahead signal—Moore, Durante, Musical Director Roy Bargy, and the orchestra—any Friday night at 9:30, on CBS.

"It says here . . ."
"But Junior, it's far too late," says Jimmy.



"Listen to that! What a note! What an allegretto! What a dulcet, pear-shaped tone!"



Bargy, Moore and Petrie have to listen . . . but they don't have to like it.





Life Can Be Beautiful is written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, heard daily at 12 PT, 1 MT, 2 CT, 3 ET, on stations of the National Broadcasting Company

Three women share first

THIS month's group of letters is the most heart-warming proof we have ever had of one odd little fact about happiness: there is no age that is the right age to discover one's own way to it. *Every age is right, if we make it so.* And our proof is this: three letters came to us telling stories so moving that it was impossible to say which of them should be placed above the others. One was written by a girl in her teens, one by a grandmother, one by a young woman working out a problem of marriage and parenthood. To each of these women will go a check for thirty-five dollars, one-third of the hundred dollars that we set aside each month for the best letter.

"Dad says I'm Okay"

Dear Papa David:

I am a girl of just sixteen. My mother was taken away to a State Hospital when I was three years old. There were five of us children, three boys and two girls. Our ages were ten, eight, six, three and four months old. All of us were pretty well broken up as well as Dad. Although we were all very small then, we remember our mother. She was always kind and we loved her dearly. Daddy was always good to her.

After she left, all five of us kids were going to be put up for adoption. Everybody wanted to take us. But "No" was Dad's reply. He said he'd promised Mom he wouln't part with us if anything should happen to



place this month, for Papa David could not decide which of them told the most poignant story

her. He also said he was going to stick it out and raise us up as if she'd been with him. He said if they took us, they had to take him, too. Although he had a stiff battle with them, as you might call it, he won.

He had a hard time keeping the three oldest in school and going to work, too. Money didn't permit him to hire a woman to look after us.

Then two of our aunts came to take my smallest brother and me to their homes to care for us until we were old enough for school. We stayed with them for six years. It was hard for our aunts to let us go after keeping us so long, but they thought it best that we should all be together.

When we came back home Tommy was six and I was nine years old. We sure had a time of it, too. No one there to show us but Dad and he has been mother and father to us. We were healthy and happy.

Dad has had chances to marry, but he says he loves his wife too much and says he won't have a stepmother over us children. He said if he searched the whole world over, he could never find a woman to fill mother's place in his life.

In the past fourteen years we've all grown, naturally. Bob is twenty-four years old and married. He has served two years in the states, in World War II. Leroy is twenty-one years old, married and has served three years overseas with General Simpson in the 9th Army. He's been in England, France, Holland, Scotland, Germany—just about everywhere. Annalee is nineteen years old, married, and has a baby boy. He's three weeks old now. He sure is cute. I will be seventeen in November and have been taking over the task of housekeeping ever since I was thirteen years old. I don't know too much about cooking but Dad says I'm okay. With what recipes I pick up and what the ladies tell me, I manage. I put up twenty-three glasses of grape jelly this year.

I have all the washing to do—on a wash-board. I keep Tommy in school. He's thirteen years old now. He's in the sixth grade and is doing fine. I have to be just like a mother to him.

I had a ninth grade education so I can help him with his lessons. I get his meals, keep him clean. Really he seems more like my son than my brother. He's pretty good to me, too. Tommy and I get along well.

All of us are praying and sticking together and looking forward to our Mother's homecoming. Some boys and girls say they would die if anything should happen to their mother. Well, it did to ours and I hope this is a lesson to everyone that thinks that way, so they can know that Life Can Still Be Beautiful.

I know from experience.

Miss B. W.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH MONTH FOR YOUR

Life Can Be Beautiful Letters

Have you sent in your Life Can Be Beautiful letter yet? If, some time in your life, there was a moment when the meaning of happiness became clear to you, won't you write your story to Papa David? For the letter he considers best each month, RADIO MIRROR will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received which we have space enough to print, RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42, New York 17, New York. No letters can be returned.

Blessings to Count

Dear Papa David:

Life can be beautiful even though you are a widow, too old for employment—though still energetic—dependent upon your children and obliged to live in other people's homes.

My husband and I put our substance into raising and college education for two sons and one daughter, all in college at once. We went without a car and much more as our income was average. My husband said over and over, as if it bothered him, "If I go first, the children will have to look after (*Continued on page* 93)

"IT'S A



Besides being a mother to young Kit and Jeff, Ruth has a full-time job mothering the eldest male Putnam, too!

By GEORGE A. PUTNAM

I SAID, "I have made up my mind. I want to get married. I want a home and a family. Now you have to make up your mind. If not you," I added, twirling my black mustache in what I sincerely hoped was a menacing gesture, "then *someone else*—"

This is the way—sounds more realistic than romantic, doesn't it?—that I proposed to Ruth Carhart, the girl who has been my wife for six supremely fulfilled and happy years.

According to Ruth's version of my pedestrian proposal, and her reaction to it, the fact that I said I wanted a home and a family touched her more deeply than if I had wooed her with the tongue of a Shelley. She adds—kidding, no doubt—"When you muttered darkly, 'If not you, then someone else'—that did it! I just decided no one else was going to get you!" As if anyone else—!

Prosaic as my proposal may sound, however, the fact that I was in love with Ruth, completely in love with her, motivated what was actually a canny appeal to what I knew was the deepest instinct in Ruth—the maternal instinct.

So it was. So it is.

Ruth likes to describe me as I was when she first met, and mothered me. "So thin," she says, "A spare 134 pounds. In need of having your teeth fixed. Wearing those tortoise rims." She likes to recall how she put ten pounds on me (easy as pie, the pie *she* makes, and those apple pancakes!) and how she took me, literally by the hand, to the dentist and with what a sense of creative achievement she replaced the thick-lensed specs with

HONEYMOON

That's what life is for announcer George Putnam, as long as his Ruth is with him



That's Henry, the famous egg-for-breakfast raccoon.



George and Ruth wrote "our" song—Rain On My Heart

snappy numbers in a better-looking kind of horn rim.

Ruth still takes mothering care of me and is exasperated, as a mother with a child, when she can't get me up in the morning. (But she does, she does!) Or can't get me to have a haircut concerning which, because of Henry, she is currently meeting with stubborn opposition.

Henry is a raccoon. We found Henry when we were honeymooning (six years and some months from date of marriage) in Florida last winter, and adopted him. The lease on our apartment in Bronxville specifies "No cats or dogs," but it doesn't say anything about children, of which we are blessed with two—Jeffrey, called Jeff, four and one-half, and Christopher, called Kit, two and one-half—and it doesn't say anything about raccoons.

So we have Henry and, to get back to my present lack of sleek barbering, Henry likes my hair long. He likes to run his fingers through it. Henry also likes four and one-half minute eggs for breakfast. When I walked into the kitchen the other morning with my stop-watch in hand and said to Ruth, "Henry likes his eggs four and one-half minutes," I didn't think I had that long to live. When I added, defensively, "You have to *tempt* Henry," Ruth called heaven to witness that although there was a truck strike on and she couldn't get meat for the children, she must "tempt" Henry!

Just the same, I take good care of Henry. A few weeks ago, I took him to the vet in charge of the Bronx Zoo, for a check-up. When I came home, in a glow because I'd been told Henry's coat is fine, his weight normal, his reflexes admirable, Ruth, torn between the urge to homicide or hysteria, said I could scarcely be happier if I had taken the children to the pediatrician and been told they made Superman look puny!

In her heart, however, Ruth loves Henry as much—well, almost as much—as I do and the kids love him more, if such be possible. One of these days, we hope to have a small farm, somewhere in Connecticut, perhaps, and then Henry will have the right sort of friends. Jeff wants a zebra and I would like to have one of those small kangaroos, and a beaver. . . .

But this is not the story of Henry—this is the story of Ruth and me, and how we met, (*Continued on page 87*)

PORTIA BLAKE SETTLES A

Point of Law

The law itself has no heart, not even for people in love. But there's nothing to keep a lawyer from helping to bring a boy and a girl together

Lucille Wall as PORTIA BLAKE



the star of Portia Faces Life, heard daily at 5:15 EST, on NBC.

BEING a lawyer brings you into contact with all sorts of people you might otherwise never meet—good people and bad, people who love, and people who hate and most of them in trouble of one sort or another. And being a woman lawyer, I've heard it said, makes you much more apt to become involved—because women are supposed to be so much more emotional than men, you know—with these people. Well, that may be so, or it may not. But I do know that I can remember cases I've worked on where I've been pretty thankful for something inside me, call it sympathy or call it curiosity or what will you, that has impelled me to delve deeper into circumstances which seemed, on the surface, to add up to what are called "open and shut cases." If that's being female about my profession—well, I'm awfully glad I am!

I remember one case in particular that wasn't really my case at all. I heard an argument, and a girl crying, and I saw a boy with love and misery and pride warring in his heart, and . . . well, there I was, all of a sudden, right in the middle of it. Let me tell you about it.

I met the Evans girl and the Parrish boy because I took a trip to Lewisburg nearly three years ago. And *that* came about because I'd had a letter from my husband, Walter, who was overseas at the time with the Office of Strategic Services, asking me to see if I could be of assistance to a brother officer. In due time this brother officer, Lucian Thompson, turned up, told me about a lawsuit involving some property belonging to his family, and I set off for Lewisburg, where the property was located, to make a search of the records. Somehow, since it was Walter who had asked me to help Captain Thompson, I wanted to do the search myself—in some obscure way, it made me feel closer to Walter, who had been away so long, and whom I missed so sorely.

Dickie—my son, Walter's step-son—felt the same way about it. Dickie had made some sort of club-



"Ridiculous!" Aunt Edith exploded. "I never in all my life heard anything so insane!"

orate plan for the time which I would need to be in Lewisburg, but when I told him that Walter had asked me to go, he gave up the plans without a murmur. Blood couldn't possibly tie those two closer, my husband and my son, which makes me warmly happy every time I think of it. So Dickie and Miss Daisy, our housekeeper, saw me to the train, and off I went to Lewisburg—thinking I was going to make a search into musty old files, never realizing that I was going to search, instead, into the hearts of a boy and a girl who loved each other so much, and an old woman who had not learned in all her years that real love is selfless.

Lewisburg, seat of Rimrock County, is an old town for the Midwest, with a really lovely Colonial courthouse and square, a modern factory to keep it alive, and a busy little Main Street. I registered at the hotel there on that windy March morning, and then went straight to the courthouse, said I was Portia Blake, a lawyer, and asked permission to search the records in the Thompson case.

Everyone was very helpful—especially a pretty, dark girl who led me to the law library. She found the books I asked for, made a couple of very helpful suggestions, saw that I was comfortable, and started away. At the door she turned to say, "If there's anything else you want, please call me, Miss Blake. I'll be right down the hall—and my name is Maxine Evans, by the way."

She smiled, and I smiled (*Continued on page* 63)

The Little

NINE-YEAR-OLD Norma Jean Nilsson could be any little girl who lives next door.

Any little girl, preferably, who's a baby Bernhardt, has the I.Q. of a genius, and happens to be in love with Jack Carson. "I *adore* him," she says enthusiastically. "I'd like to marry him when I'm eighteen."

Which is going a little beyond the good neighbor policy, and beyond what's expected of her as Jack Carson's next-door-neighbor, on his CBS program on Wednesdays. But Norma Jean always gives more than enough on everything. One reason, no doubt, why she's the foremost child radio actress today.

The reason also why she could still be the little girl living next door to you. She's unaffected, unspoiled and sweet. An intellectual tom-girl who likes to play hopscotch, skate, and can play a convincing game of "Cowboys and Villains."

Life for her partially revolves around her dolls, a beloved grey alley cat called "Pinky," and a tiny turtle named "Flower." She bought the turtle at a variety store in Times Square, smuggled him back to Hollywood in a cottage cheese carton, and he lives in style in an old discarded blue granite roaster now. "Pinky" is unimpressed with their present fame, and it takes some tall urging to get him to concede to photographers' requests and pose for special shots with Norma. "*Please* look at me, Pinky," she begged on one occasion recently. "You're a big shot now. You have to do what they say."

Her father, Dr. Arthur V. Nilsson, a brilliant man, is Professor of Anatomy at the Los Angeles College of Chiropractic. Her mother, who was studying to be a chiropractor when she married, was also talented in dramatics, and Norma inherits her own emotional ability from her. She has an older brother, Arthur, Jr., thirteen, who wants to be a shortwave "ham" radio operator, and to whom (*Continued on page* 90)

Norma Jean Nilsson is a star—

but she might well be

your own small daughter!



Girl Next Door





She's in love with Jack Carson and plans to marry him when she grows up. So Wednesday night at CBS is Norma's favorite time of all—that's when she is on the air with Jack Carson's show.

The rest of the week, Norma spends her time with toys, pets, and things like having Mother fix her hair and fit her clothes—like any other little girl.



The Little Girl Next Door

Norma Jean Nilsson is a star—
but she might well be
your own small daughter!

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Which is going a little beyond the good neighbor policy, and beyond what's expected of her as Jack Carson's next-door-neighbor, on his CBS program on Wednesdays. But Norma Jean always gives more than enough on everything. One reason, no doubt, why she's the foremost child radio actress today.

The reason also why she could still be the little girl living next door to you. She's unaffected, unspoiled and sweet. An intellectual tom-girl who likes to play hopscotch, skate, and can play a convincing game of "Cowboys and Villains."

Life for her partially revolves around her dolls, a beloved grey alley cat called "Pinky," and a tiny turtle named "Flower." She bought the turtle at a variety store in Times Square, smuggled him back to Hollywood in a cottage cheese carton, and he lives in style in an old discarded blue granite roaster now. "Pinky" is unimpressed with their present fame, and it takes some tall urging to get him to concede to photographers' requests and pose for special shots with Norma. "*Please* look at me, Pinky," she begged on one occasion recently. "You're a big shot now. You have to do what they say."

Her father, Dr. Arthur V. Nilsson, a brilliant man, is Professor of Anatomy at the Los Angeles College of Chiropractic. Her mother, who was studying to be a chiropractor when she married, was also talented in dramatics, and Norma inherits her own emotional ability from her. She has an older brother, Arthur, Jr., thirteen, who wants to be a shortwave "ham" radio operator, and to whom (*Continued on page* 90)





She's in love with Jack Carson and plans to marry him when she grows up. So Wednesday night at CBS is Norma's favorite time of all—that's when she is on the air with Jack Carson's show.

The rest of the week, Norma spends her time with toys, pets, and things like having Mother fix her hair and fit her clothes—like any other little girl.



Come and Visit



Kay Kyser's program is heard on NBC, Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. EST.

Georgia and Kay Kyser live in a tiny house, but everything important fits into it—including Kim. And the door is always on the latch

HEATHER ROAD, which clings to a woodsy slope back of Beverly, is a very small and inconspicuous street, and the house where Kay Kyser, Georgia, and eight-month-old Kimberly live, is an equally small (for these parts) and inconspicuous house. A pretty house—strictly honeymoon cottage with a vine-covered doorway and brown shingle roof. But it *is* small—maybe a little too small for the Kyser combination, where you have to mix one confirmed bachelor (Kay celebrated his 39th birthday before he gave in to the matrimonial urge) and one frustrated interior decorator. Georgia, who, as America's most famous model, lived out of a hat box for years, admits to a terrible yen for "fixing up" houses.

Kay, until June 1944, when Georgia and her hat box moved into the Heather Road house, had lived in a cozy litter of old sheet music, new magazines and his great grandmother's furniture. The elements of the bachelor house are still there—the old sheet music and the new magazines neatly catalogued in antique cabinets in Kay's room, the drop-leaf tables, Hitchcock chairs and spool beds—after all they were priceless antiques—displayed to best advantage throughout the house. Georgia may be an amateur decorator, but she knows a pine sawbuck table when she sees one. The changes are subtle, but they're there. You don't have to invade Kimberly's nursery to find out that this is no longer a bachelor's abode.

You could, for instance, just count the pots of green stuff in the living room.

"Never marry a girl," Kay advises, "until you find out how she feels about ivy." Kay learned about this symptom of his wife's secret disease too late. He would have you believe that he and Kim are soon to die a horrible death, smothered to death in a Georgia-made jungle of green leaves.

"Georgia," he complains bitterly, "puts ivy in *everything*. In my grandmother's copper coffee pot—ivy. In my Great Uncle Oscar's brass spittoon—ivy. A thing like this has got to end somewhere."

"Somewhere" turned up, in the day these pictures were taken for RADIO MIRROR, in the shape of the old cobbler's bench which the Kysers use for a coffee table in their den.

A cobbler's bench, as even most interior decorators know, was once a functional object. Cobblers—shoe-makers, to you—sat astride the low bench at one end, fished supplies out of a stack of drawers at the other end, and cobbled. Now, rubbed to a fine luster, their drawers filled with cigarettes, coasters and matches, their benches loaded with hors d'oeuvres, they show up in the very best living rooms.

Georgia had worried about Kay's cobbler's bench—like all the other old pieces in the house a genuine antique—for a long time. The black leather seat, she felt, was simply disreputable. With photographers coming, something had to be

the Kay Kysers



When KAY KYSER married GEORGIA CARROLL, he thought he was merely marrying the girl who had been one of America's most sensational cover beauties, and whose career as a singer was getting well under way with the Old Professor's own orchestra. But besides all this, he got, he says, the world's most frustrated interior decorator. She's raided his Southern family for antiques, used them in strange and wonderful ways, added an elaborate nursery to his small bachelor establishment—so that now it's a home, and one of the happiest around Hollywood.

Come and Visit the

KAY KYSERS



Georgia lived out of a hat box; Kay lived in a clutter. Marriage has changed both their lives—and they love it.



Ivy, Kay fears, will soon take up more room than the family; it's everywhere.



Kim's well-equipped nursery comes with space for an eager father to try his hand at helping.

done. So, just before the cameraman—and Kay—arrived, she ripped out the timeworn and offensive leather, revealing a nice, round hole. Just the place, ultimately, for a plant. In the meantime, a round pewter tray was the best she could do.

"What have you done to my cobbler's bench?" Kay shouted upon sighting the improvement. Georgia had just taken out that "mangey old black leather." And what was she going to put in its place? Some more ivy? Georgia *had* thought of using a plant.

"And where," Kay wanted to know, "are you going to put the hors d'oeuvres? When you get a hundred people in this four by five room and they want some hors d'oeuvres, where are you going to put the hors



Airing Kimberly is a daily family project; it's usually a slow parade on the terrace.



When it's spoonbread or corn pone, Madelon gives over to the specialist from North Carolina.

Like every other Hollywood infant, Kimberly makes visits to the photographer as regular a part of her routine as visits to the pediatrician.



d'oeuvres?" He conjured up a host of starving guests.

Georgia assured him the bench with a nice green plant in the center would be twice as attractive. Kay groaned. "It isn't supposed to be attractive," he said, "It is supposed to be used. And you have just fixed it so all we can do is smell it. Put it back, I tell you. I won't *let* you desecrate a hundred-year-old cobbler's bench."

No decision had been handed down as this article went to press.

On other matters of "improvement"—and to give Georgia the credit she deserves, the total effect is delightfully informal and attractive—Kay has given ground gracefully.

As a practical man, he would never have thought a pretty girl would want her bureau cluttered up with a bunch of blue and white bowls with setting hens on them.

"Egg dishes," Georgia explained. "Very old."

Kay in his bachelor days would never have hounded the antique shops to find egg dishes for a bedroom. Neither, probably, would he have warmed up to a gold and white canopied bed and blue and white patterned wall paper, but he has to admit—now that he has a wife with gold hair and blue eyes to show it off—that it's really very pretty.

"Just don't go collecting seven-foot beds," is the way he concedes defeat. "Remember this is a *little* house."

Georgia's collecting—like the ivy mania—came as a bit of a shock to a man who (*Continued on page* 72)



In Living Portraits

ROAD OF LIFE

To know his own heart is not always easy, even for the doctor who is trained to solve the emotional problems of others

DR. CARSON McVICKER, chief-of-staff of the Neuropsychiatric Institute, is a psychiatrist of recognized achievement. Handsome and gracious, she is also very wilful, so used to having her own way that she cannot adjust to any denial of it. The frustration of her love for Dr. Jim Brent, plus trouble with her unmanageable husband, have brought Carson to a state of nervous collapse.
(played by Charlotte Manson)

DR. JAMES BRENT, Carson's assistant at the Neuropsychiatric Institute of New York, is the focus of a tangled emotional situation. An extremely capable doctor, he admires his brilliant, beautiful chief for her professional competence, but all his love is for his wife Carol and their adored little girl Janie. The warmest friendship is all that Dr. Jim can offer Carson.
(played by Matt Crowley)





CAROL BRENT, Dr. Jim's lovely, petite wife, is trying desperately to overcome the natural jealousy she feels toward Carson—an effort made no easier by Carson's public avowal of her love for Jim. But Carol has lived through one unhappy marriage; all her strength of character and bitter experience are behind her determination to make this marriage a success. These qualities of character, as well as her beauty and the charm of her daughter Janie, are finding their way into the portrait that IRWIN DALEY is painting of the mother and child. Largely because of the personalities of his subjects, Daley, who has never before done anything worth while, is turning out a real masterpiece.

(Carol is played by Marion Shockley; Daley is played by John Briggs)



ISOBEL DALEY, Carson's secretary, tired of supporting her shiftless father, artist Irwin Daley, forced him to go to the Brent home to do a portrait of Frances Brent. But instead of painting. Frances Irwin is doing a portrait of Carol and Janie.
(played by Mary Patton)



ALICE RANDALL, a school teacher in the small Pennsylvania village of Merrimac, makes her home at the same farmhouse where Carson and Frank Dana are living. A victim of Brewster's disease, which seriously incapacitates her, Alice will not allow the illness to embitter her. She remains simple and gentle, with a sweetness of personality that makes her friendship desirable.
(played by Terry Rice)





BUTCH BRENT is Dr. Jim's foster son, a young doctor recently out of the Army and not yet set up in practice. Civilian life is being made harder rather than easier for genial, affectionate Butch by his bride FRANCES, a handsome, flamboyant young woman whose orphanage childbood left her with a tremendous fear of poverty, and a fierce determination to obtain money and position. Hard, callous, ill-educated, Frances regards Butch merely as a key to security, but ber inability to fit in with his family makes her defiant and reckless.
(Eileen Palmer and Lawson Zerbe)

FRANK DANA, former war correspondent, lives with the farm family to whose home Carson came for her much-needed rest. Frank has seen a vast amount of tragedy and destruction; he is sharp-tongued and rather bitter, and when he met Carson was particularly unamiable to her. His estimate of her changed somewhat, however, when his caustic comments helped to maneuver the wealthy Carson into a genuine attempt to do something constructive with her money.
(played by John Larkin)



Road of Life is heard twice a day, Monday through Friday, at 10:30 A.M. EST on NBC, and again at 1:45 P.M. EST, over CBS.



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Onions, green peppers, tomatoes combine colorfully and tastily. Let experience guide you in the seasoning.

Citizen of the World, this sauce:
at home, and appetizing, everywhere



Pomegranate seeds in halves of alligator pear make an exotic salad to go well with a simple One Dish Egg Dinner.

AROUND the WORLD IN A SAUCEBOAT



EVERY once in awhile when the newspapers are filled with discouraging stories about disagreements between countries all over the world I find myself wondering if we are going about the business of international relationships in the most direct and efficient way. I know some of you will feel like telling me to stick to the things I know about and leave international affairs to statesmen who are trained for the job. But even so, and even though I would not for the world seem to criticize their work, I can't help thinking that there is altogether too much emphasis placed on racial differences and not nearly enough on racial similarities, and that if we would try harder to overlook the differences and concentrate on the things we have in common with other countries we might find after awhile that the differences are not insurmountable. Of course, since my two great interests are music and food, my personal observations are in those fields. I know that people of all nations respond to the same things in music; every country has songs of home and childhood and mother love, melodies of young romance and gay dancing tunes. They are not the same songs, of course, but they are the musical expression of feelings which are universal regardless of nationality. I have found, too, that the same foods are used in various nations, prepared in similar fashion. For instance, there is the very delectable combination of onions, green peppers and tomatoes. It is so popular with food lovers in our own and many other countries that I believe it's a valid indication that, if we investigated, we'd find a lot of other shared tastes and ideas.

A sauce made of onions, green peppers and tomatoes is simple to prepare. Onions and green peppers are year-round in the markets, and the tomatoes you use may be either fresh or canned, or you might even experiment with the dehydrated ones. Since it can be used as the basis for an almost endless variety of recipes I have called it my basic sauce.

Basic Sauce

2 tbls. margarine or other shortening
1 clove garlic (optional)
1 medium onion, chopped fine
2 green peppers, chopped fine
3 fresh tomatoes, chopped fine (or equivalent in canned tomatoes)
½ tsp. salt; pinch pepper

Sauté onion and garlic in margarine, using low flame, for 2 to 3 minutes. Add green pepper and continue cooking, stirring occasionally, until onion is clear and golden. Add tomatoes, salt and pepper and continue cooking until all vegetables are tender and sauce is rich and thick. There is almost no limit to the ways in which this basic sauce can be used. One way is Eggs Aleppo, which I so have named because the friend who gave me the recipe is a native of that city.

Eggs Aleppo

Basic Sauce
2 to 4 eggs
1 package wide noodles

Prepare sauce as directed. Cook noodles in boiling salted water until tender. When sauce is finished, break eggs carefully over the top, allowing 1 or 2 per serving. Bake in medium oven until eggs are set. Arrange cooked, well-drained noodles on serving plates and top each with a portion of the basic sauce and egg combination. A variation of this recipe is the one-dish egg dinner which we have illustrated on the opposite page.

One-Dish Egg Dinner

Cook onion and green peppers as directed for basic sauce. Turn into well greased individual baking dishes. Add the diced tomatoes, raw, and to each baking (*Continued on page* 113)

By
KATE SMITH



RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, and Sunday nights at 6:30 EST, when Kate Smith Sings—on the CBS network.

Easy as it Looks



Julie Stevens experiments with pre-pasted paper

IF you think that a penthouse off Fifth Avenue would be the answer to all your dreams, take the word of Julie Stevens, who plays the title role in CBS's The Romance of Helen Trent, that there is more to dreams than dreaming them.

Julie has the penthouse. It was her first apartment to do with as she pleased, for she had gone straight from the family home in Ferguson, a suburb of St. Louis, to a succession of hotels and furnished apartments. But—it's tiny. "I'd had visions," she said, "of acres of carpeted floors, huge wing chairs . . . but the tape measure proved that if I put that kind of furniture into *this* room we couldn't get into it ourselves."

So she kept the floors and walls dark, because contrasting colors reduce the size of a room. Instead of the wing chairs of her dream, she has two small overstuffed ones—just right to relax in before dinner while she and her husband (Charles Underhill, a director of short commercial films for RKO-Pathé) bring each other up to date on the day's activities.

"Closets are the hardest to keep in order," Julie told us. "We started out right, but all of a sudden we had a chaotic collection of boxes of all sizes and colors." Casting about for a means of restoring order, Julie decided that a ready-pasted wallpaper was the answer. She chose an all-over pattern of green leaves on white ground, which comes packaged with a border design of horizontal green stripes on white. Out came the boxes to be refurbished—"and everything went back into place that same day!"

From that beginning, Julie went on. She covered her cook book and a matching box to hold kitchen gadgets; she's going to line dresser drawers with it—it won't slip, of course, as the usual dresser-lining will; and in china cabinets it's an effective background.

For decoration, or to conceal damage on a plain parchment shade, cut out portions of the design on ready-pasted wallpaper in ivy or floral pattern, apply in silhouette.





Miscellaneous boxes can be transformed into sets by covering with the same, or blending, wallpaper.



For address and engagement books, or a whole desk set, try smart stripes, diagonal or straight.

Yours alone

—if you make them yourself, as Louise Fitch does



First attempt at an evening dress: lustrous black velvet, boned bodice outlined in gold-embroidered satin. For cocktails (below) two-piece black taffeta, rounded peplum balanced by back-flaring skirt; add glamor with pearls at the throat, brief black satin gloves.

LOUISE FITCH, of the cast of CBS's Big Sister, started to sew two years ago. "I was fed up with high prices and poor quality," she said, "as who isn't? But I didn't even have the time for a sewing course. I just got some material and a pattern and went ahead."

"Follow directions" became her law, after one or two failures because the directions seemed too complicated. And "start on cheap material" is her advice to beginners. Suits are difficult, but Louise has achieved two. The white one (right) fits perfectly, boasts notched lapels and bound buttonholes of professional precision. She wears it with navy.

Some of her best things have been accidents. The fawn whipcord (bottom right) came from a friend as a protective wrapping around a package. The ivory gold-embroidered satin on the evening dress was a gift from actress Blanche Yurka. Louise made this for a special occasion—opening night of the Horse Show. "We were going to dinner first," she recalled. "Dinner was six-thirty—and at six I was putting in the hem!" But at six-thirty the horsehair-stiffened skirt was a graceful swirl around her feet as out she went to dinner.

"And the best thing," Louise says, "is that if you make your things well, of good materials, they go on for years."



Royal blue stripes white wool. Gored skirt, jacket with waistline dart ending in slanted pockets, are detail-perfect.



Accessories score: with fawn whipcord skirt and black jersey blouse, flat black suedes, and broad medallioned belt. Green python pumps, belt, bag for hunter's-green wool; hat-trim, scarf of pale pink.





INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

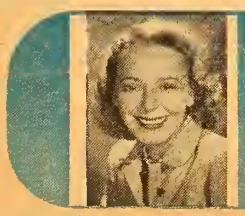
A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30			Earl Wild	Caroline Calling
8:45				
9:00		People's Church	White Rabbit Line	
9:15	Story to Order			Renfro Valley Folks
9:30	Words and Music	Tone Tapestries		
9:40				Johnson Family
10:00	Bible Highlights	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Circle Arrow Show	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00		Bible Institute	Fine Arts Quartet	Wings Over Jordan
11:15				
11:30		Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Pilgrim Hour		Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	String Orchestra	
12:45				
1:00	America United	Crime Cases	Johnny Thompson	People's Platform
1:15		Radio Warblers	Leo Durocher	
1:30	Chicago Round Table	Juvenile Jury	Sammy Kaye	Time For Reason
1:45		Opportunity U.S.A.		
2:00		Married For Life	Warriors of Peace	
2:15				
2:30	James Melton		National Vespers	Stradivari Orch.
2:45		Veterans' Information		
3:00	Carmen Cavallaro	Open House	Dr. Danfield	N. Y. Philharmonic
3:15				
3:30	One Man's Family	Crimes of Carelessness	From Hollywood Samuel Pettingill	
3:45				
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	Are These Our Children	
4:15				
4:30	Grand Marquee	True Detective	Green Hornet	Hour of Charm
4:45				
5:00	NBC Symphony	The Shadow	Darts for Dough	The Family Hour
5:15				
5:30		Quick As A Flash	David Harding	
5:45				Hoagy Carmichael

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Those Websters	Sunday Evening Party	Ozzie and Harriet
6:15				
6:30	Bob Burns	Nick Carter	Willie Piper	Kate Smith Sings
6:45				
7:00	Jack Benny	Symphonic Notes	Drew Pearson	Gene Autry
7:15				
7:30	Fitch Bandwagon	Dance Orchestra	Stump the Authors	Blondie
7:45				
8:00	Edgar Bergen	Meditation Hour	Paul Whiteman	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	Fred Allen	Special Investigator	The Clock	Crime Doctor
8:45				
9:00	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	Exploring the Unknown	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons	Hildegarde
9:15				
9:30	American Album	Double or Nothing	Jimmie Fidler Policewoman	Eddie Bracken
9:45				
10:00	Don Ameche		Theatre Guild	Take It Or Leave It
10:15				
10:30	Meet Me at Parky's	Latin American Serenade		We the People
10:45				
11:00				



Florence Lake

—who is the skeptical but warm-hearted switchboard operator on CBS's That's Finnegan, Thursdays.

Curt Massey



—one of the seven musical Massey brothers and sisters, made his first public appearance at a party at the local jail at the age of eleven, billed as "the best violinist in the whole county". Known as The Westerners, the Massey family has been in radio for many years, but only recently has Curt broken away from western ballads to sing, on CBS and MBS, the "vocal velvet" songs he likes.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Honeymoon in New York		Breakfast Club	
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		This Is New York
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Lee Sullivan	Once Over Lightly	My True Story	Joe Powers
10:15	Lora Lawton	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Hymns of All Churches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Club Time	Time to Remember
11:00	Fred Waring		Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Gilbert Martyn	
11:45	David Harum	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00			Glamour Manor	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15		Morton Downey		Aunt Jenny
12:30		Quaker City Serenade	At Your Request	Helen Trent
12:45		Naval Academy Band		Our Gal Sunday
1:00		Editor's Diary		Big Sister
1:15				Ma Perkins
1:30		Jackie Hill		Young Dr. Malone
1:45		John J. Anthony		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children			Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Women in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Cinderella Inc.
3:15	Ma Perkins	Judy Lang Songs		
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill	Jean Colbert	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Riggs Show	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Sea Hound	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:15	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Oklahoma Roundup
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00				
6:15	Sketches in Melodies			In My Opinion
6:30				Red Barber Sports
6:45				
7:00	Chesterfield Club			Mystery of the Week
7:15		Vincent Lopez		Jack Smith
7:30			The Lone Ranger	Bob Hawk Show
7:45		Inside of Sports		
8:00	Cavalcade of America	Bulldog Drummond	Lum and Abner	Inner Sanctum
8:15				
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Casebook of Gregory Hood	Fat Man Detective Stories	Joan Davis
8:45				
9:00	Telephone Hour		Dark Venture	Lux Radio Theatre
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Victor Borge	Guy Lombardo	Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room	
9:45				
10:00	Contented Program	California Melodies	Doctors Talk It Over	Screen Guild Players
10:15				
10:30	Dr. I. Q.			Tonight on Broadway



Peggy Stanley

—is "the girl" in the life of Joe Powers of Oakville, heard on CBS Monday through Friday at 10 A.M., EST. Joe Powers, editor and radio broadcaster, tells stories of the tragedies and comedies which occur in the lives of the people he knows and loves in his home town of Oakville, which is "a typical small town somewhere in the Western part of the country". Each day's story is complete in itself.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics	Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Allan Scott Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches Listening Post	Joe Powers Evelyn Winters
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Gilbert Martyn William Lang	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45		Morton Downey Naval Academy Band	Glamour Manor At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band	Editor's Diary Jackie Hill John J. Anthony		Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Smile Time Queen For A Day	Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Jean Colbert	Cinderella Inc. Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Sea Hound Buck Rogers	Tommy Riggs Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	House Party Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hep Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air The Chicagoans

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 8:15 6:30 6:45	Jose Bethancourt			Frontiers of Science Red Barber
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club Ward Donovan	Dance Orchestra		Mystery of the Week Jack Smith American Melody Hour
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Rudy Vallee A Date With Judy	Michael Shayne Inside Sports Adventures of The Falcon	Lum and Abner The O'Neills —	Big Town Mel Blanc Show
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos and Andy Fibber McGee and Molly	Real Stories American Forum	Boston Symphony	Vox Pop Hollywood Players
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Red Skelton	Dance Orchestra		Talent Scouts Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics	Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	Time in New York
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Once Over Lightly Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches Listening Post	Joe Powers Evelyn Winters Time to Remember
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Gilbert Martyn Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45		Morton Downey U. S. Marine Band	Glamour Manor At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		Editor's Diary Jackie Hill John J. Anthony		Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Smile Time Queen For A Day	Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Jean Colbert	Cinderella Inc. Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson The Johnson Family Sea Hound Buck Rogers	 Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	House Party Hollywood Jackpot
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Theatre of Romance

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Jose Bethancourt			Word From the Country Red Barber
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club Carolyn Gilbert	Dance Orchestra Battle of the Commentators	Headline Edition Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Ellery Queen
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Mr. and Mrs. North Great Gildersleeve	What's The Name of that Song? It's Up To Youth	Lum and Abner Listen to LaGuardia	Jack Carson
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Real Stories	Ann Scotland Pot of Gold	Frank Sinatra Dinah Shore
10:00 10:15 10:30	Frank Morgan Kay Kyser	Author Meets Critics	Bing Crosby Henry Morgan	Academy Award Information Please



John Conte

—the announcing voice on both the Screen Guild and Silver Theatre programs on CBS, is one of the youngest announcers on the air. To be exact, he's twenty-three, with years of experience behind him—including a year of being the object of Gracie's radio affections on the Burns and Allen show. He sums up: "I always knew what I wanted so I went ahead and did it."

THURSDAY

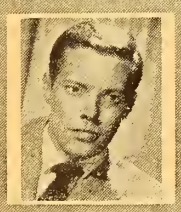
A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.		Breakfast Club	
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		
9:30	Daytime Classics			This is New York
9:45				
10:00	Lee Sullivan	Once Over Lightly	My True Story	Joe Powers
10:15	Lora Lawton	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Hymns of All Churches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		The Listening Post	Time to Remember
11:00	Fred Waring		Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Gilbert Martyn	Grand Slam
11:45	David Harum	Victor H. Lindlahr		Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00			Glamour Manor	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15		Morton Downey		Aunt Jenny
12:30		U. S. Navy Band	At Your Request	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00		Editor's Diary		Big Sister
1:15				Ma Perkins
1:30		Jackie Hill		Young Dr. Malone
1:45		John J. Anthony		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children			Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Cinderella Inc.
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Jean Colbert	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Riggs Show	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Sea Hound	Cliff Edwards	Give and Take
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	Hawk Larrabee

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00				
6:15	Jose Bethancourt			In My Opinion
6:30	Clem McCarthy			Red Barber
6:45				
7:00	Chesterfield Club			
7:15		Vincent Lopez		Jack Smith
7:30	Dennis Day		Professor Quiz	Mr. Keen
7:45		Inside of Sports		
8:00	Aldrich Family	Mark Warnow	Lum and Abner	Suspense
8:15				
8:30	Burns and Allen	Dixie House Varieties	America's Town Meeting	F. B. I. Peace and War
8:45				
9:00	Eddie Duchin, Eddie Foy, Jr.	Gabriel Heatter		Dick Haymes
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Jack Haley with Eve Arden	Hour of Song	Sammy Kaye	Crime Photographer
9:45				
10:00	Abbott and Costello		World Security	
10:15		Stars About Town		
10:30	Eddie Cantor	I Was a Convict	Ralph Norman	That's Finnegan



Dick Haymes

—not only sings those songs in that manner which his fans consider absolutely incomparable, but he offers a capsule musical comedy and a brand new way of introducing his songs as well. All this occurs on the new Dick Haymes show, with the assistance of Helen Forrest, heard every Thursday night at nine, over Columbia Broadcasting System.



Irene Beasley

—combines singing and quizzing on Grand Slam, her five-times-a-week program on CBS. The program takes the form of a question and answer game with listeners providing the questions and studio audience the answers. Prizes are given to both questioners and answerers—all sorts of very scarce and welcome prizes, ranging from nylons up to refrigerators.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.		Breakfast Club	
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		
9:30	Daytime Classics			This Is New York
9:45				
10:00	Lee Sullivan	Once Over Lightly	My True Story	Joe Powers
10:15	Lora Lawton	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Hymns of All Churches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	Time to Remember
11:00	Fred Waring		Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Gilbert Martyn	Grand Slam
11:45	David Harum	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00			Glamour Manor	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15		Morton Downey		Aunt Jenny
12:30		Division Diary		Helen Trent
12:45			At Your Request	Our Gal Sunday
1:00		Editor's Diary		Big Sister
1:15		Vincent Lopez	Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30		Jackie Hill	Our Singing Land	Young Dr. Malone
1:45		John J. Anthony	Stringing Along	Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children			Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Cinderella Inc.
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Jean Colbert	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Riggs	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Sea Hound	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00				
6:15				
6:30				Red Barber, Sports
6:45				
7:00	Chesterfield Club			
7:15		Dance Orchestra		Jack Smith
7:30			Lone Ranger	
7:45		Inside of Sports		
8:00	Highways in Melody	Burl Ives	Court of Missing Heirs	Baby Snooks
8:15		Monica Makes Music		
8:30	Alan Young	Love Story Theater	This Is Your FBI	Thin Man
8:45				
9:00	People Are Funny		Break the Bank	Ginny Simms
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Waltz Time		The Sheriff	Durante and Moore
9:45				
10:00	Mystery Theatre	Spotlight on America	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant
10:15				
10:30		Meet the Press		Maisie

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
9:00	Percolator Party		Wake Up and Smile	
9:15				The Garden Gate
9:30	Camp Meetin' Choir	Rainbow House		Renfro Valley Folk
9:45	A Miss and a Male			
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Smilin'Ed McConnell	Buddy Weed Trio	Give and Take
10:15			Song Spinners	
10:30	Archie Andrews	Jackie Hill	Junior Junction	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45				
11:00	Teentimers Club		Elizabeth Woodward	Let's Pretend
11:15		Vacation Symphony	Johnny Thompson	
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Quaker City Sera.	Piano Playhouse	
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Judy, Jill, Johnny	Texas Jim Robertson	Theatre of Today
12:15	Consumer Time		Tell Me Doctor	
12:30	Home Is What You	Bands for Bonds	American Farmer	Stars over Hollywood
12:45	Make It			
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Checkerboard	To Live In Peace	Grand Central Sta.
1:15		Jamboree		
1:30	Veteran's Aid		Fascinating Rhythm	County Fair
1:45				
2:00	Your Host is Buffalo	Dance Orchestra	Metropolitan Opera	
2:15				Adventures in Science
2:30	The Baxters	Art Jarrett		Of Men and Books
2:45				
3:00	Nations' Orchestras			
3:15				
3:30				
3:45				Cross Section A.F.L.
4:00	Doctors Then and			
4:15	Now			
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Nelson Olmstead	Sports Parade	Tea and Crumpets	Matinee at Meadow-
5:15				brook
5:30		George Town		
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00		Cleveland Symphony		
6:15		Lorenzo Fuller	Chittison Trio	Columbia Workshop
6:30		Eddie Howard	Harry Wismer	
6:45	Religion in the News		Labor U. S. A.	
7:00	Our Foreign Policy	Hawaii Calls	It's Your Business	
7:15				
7:30	Curtain Time		Curt Massey	Vaughn Monroe
7:45		Crime Doesn't Pay		
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Famous Jury Trials	Hollywood Star Time
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Conse-		I Deal In Crime	Mayor of the Town
8:45	quences			
9:00	Roy Rogers	Minstrels	Gang Busters	Your Hit Parade
9:15				
9:30	Can You Top This?	Leave It to the Girls	Sherlock Holmes	
9:45				Saturday Night Serenade
10:00	Judy Canova	Theatre of the Air	American Melodies	
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	



Gordon MacRae

—is M.C. and singing star of NBC's Teentimer's Club. The program not only provides teen-age youngsters with the bands and the songs that are dearest to their hearts, but it is aimed at their parents as well, in the interest of a more sound, tolerant understanding between the adults and the young people. It's heard Saturdays.

Portia Faces Life

(Continued from page 45)

back at her, feeling somehow that even a day spent poring over dusty records could not be too dull with Maxine Evans just around the corner. She was that kind of girl. Her nose turned up a little, and her eyes tilted upward at the corners, and when she smiled, she radiated youth and life.

She looked in twice in the course of the day, once to remind me that it was nearly noon, and to recommend the restaurant on the corner for a quick lunch, and again in the afternoon to ask how I was getting on. When the shadows had lengthened over the rows of sober black-bound volumes with their gilt lettering, she opened the door again.

"Five o'clock, Miss Blake," she said. "We're closing."

"Five already!" I was dismayed. I was deep in Thompson family history. With just a little more time, I felt, I would have what I wanted.

She understood immediately. "Well," she hesitated, "we're supposed to close, but I'll be here for another half-hour. If you want to stay, the janitor can let us both out."

I thanked her, and in a few minutes found out that the extra time did me no good at all. I was well on the trail of the Thompson properties—but it was the wrong property and the wrong branch of the Thompson family. With a sigh, I closed the books, stuffed my useless notes into my brief case. The hall was empty as I let myself out of the library; my footsteps struck hollow echoes on the old wooden floors. Then suddenly there were voices, raised in sharp altercation. I stopped. The quarrel was going on in the front office, through which I had to pass to reach the outside. One voice was Maxine's, and the other was a man's—a nice voice, I noticed, deep and steady, even now when it was quick with anger. I started to retreat to the library; then I heard footsteps, a door slam, sudden silence.

After a moment or two I went on, opened the door to the office. Maxine was alone; standing by her desk, her back toward me. Compact in hand, she was poking mechanically at her hair with shaking fingers. As she heard me, she turned, and I saw that she had been crying. It was one of those moments which, ignored, keeps you forever strangers or which, faced squarely, makes you forever friends. Maxine and I made friends.

"I'm sorry," I said hesitantly. "I heard—"

"You heard us quarreling," she said flatly. Then she burst out, "Oh, Miss Blake, it's so unfair! That was my fiance. He's going to Panama on a construction job, and we want to be married before he leaves, so that I can go with him. And we can't because I'm not of age."

"Not of age!" I exclaimed. Young and lovely as she was, there was nothing immature about Maxine. I'd have said that she was twenty-three or four.

She nodded, rueful humor twisting her mouth. "Isn't that silly? I'll be twenty-one in three months—the age of consent in this state is twenty-one. And my aunt—she's my only relative; my parents are dead—insists that we wait until Bill comes back. That will be two years, perhaps longer. In these days, two years is a long time."

It was, indeed. I thought, achingly, of Walter. In those days, when one's whole life was circumscribed by the war, two years could be eternity.

"That's why we quarrel," she went on. "I want to elope, get married in another state, and go on to Panama. Then Aunt Edith couldn't reach us to separate us. Or by the time she could, I'd be of age, even here. But Bill won't do it. He says he's afraid of spoiling everything by not doing things right."

I approved of Bill. Cautiously, I said that I thought he had the right idea.

"I suppose he has," she said reluctantly, but there was pride in her voice. I liked her for that, too, for being proud of Bill even though she disagreed with him. She snapped her compact shut, dropped it in her bag, summoned a kind of smile for me. "The worst of it is, we have only a few weeks left to be together. The less time we have, the more desperate I feel, and the more we spoil the time by quarreling."

Outside, the wind had gone down, and the evening was all soft blue dusk, filled with the first moist warmth of spring. As we went down the walk, a tall figure came out of the shadows, took Maxine's arm.

"Honey, I'm sorry," he began. "We can't fight now—" He stopped.

"Miss Blake, this is Bill Parrish," said Maxine. I looked up at a tall, fair young man, and understood the lift in her voice when she spoke his name.

To Bill she said, "This is Portia Blake, a lawyer from New York. I—I told her about us."

He laughed. "I expect you did. What do you do with a

girl like this, Miss Blake? She gets an idea in her head, and she can't think of anything else."

It almost hurt to see them. They were both so young, so much in love, so proud of each other. I chatted with them for a few minutes, and kept a firm hold on my own emotions. I was not, I told myself, going to become involved in their affairs. I thought they looked wonderfully right together, but I knew really very little about them, and I had no business meddling, no right to take sides. Firmly determined to forget about them, I left them standing in the soft spring twilight.

But forgetting about them turned out to be impossible. When I reached the hotel, I noticed for the first time the sign above the doorway: Parrish House. The hotel, I found out, was operated by Bill's father. Later, from my table in the dining room, I saw Bill in the archway that led to the lobby. He grinned at me, and came across the floor to ask if I was enjoying my dinner.

"Very much," I said truthfully. "It's unusually good."

"Should be," he said. "Mother runs the kitchen. Her cooking is one of the things I'll miss when I'm away."

IF that was an opening to talk about his trip, I didn't take it. We talked a bit, but about impersonal things—the shortages, and the difficulty of running a hotel. After Bill had gone, the portly waitress came up with dessert. She had been amiable enough before; now that she had seen me talking with Bill, she treated me like an old acquaintance.

"Young Mr. Parrish is awfully nice, isn't he?" she remarked. "He's going away, you know—to Panama on a war job. He wants to take his girl with him when he goes, and he can't because her aunt won't let them get married."

I must have looked surprised at this sudden burst of conversation, because she broke off abruptly and busied herself with setting coffee before me. I began to understand that all Lewisburg was on the side of Maxine and Bill, was watching their romance with the breathless interest they would have taken in a serial on the radio.

I read for a while in the lobby after dinner, and fell into conversation with a middle-aged man who was a permanent guest at the hotel. "Maxine's a nice, level-headed girl," he said. "I've known her since she was knee high. Her mother and father were killed in an auto accident when she was ten, and left her with the aunt. I've known *her* forever, too—went to school with her. A nice woman, but—not flighty, exactly, just feminine. It'd be a question as to who's brought whom up, the aunt or the girl. Edith's possessive, that's all that's wrong with her. Wants to keep Maxine tied to her apron strings—"

I felt rising in me the tide of partisanship that is my worst fault, both as a person and as a lawyer. And as clearly as if he'd been there, I saw Walter's face, saw the fond raillery in his eyes as he loved me and laughed at me at once. I could hear him say, "Go ahead, Portia darling. You know you're going to do what you can for those kids—why don't you get started?"

Walter—I'd come to Lewisburg on an errand for Walter. I wasn't doing much for him, but in those days when women could do nothing but watch the mails and wait for their men to come home, a little meant a great deal. I hadn't come here to champion a girl and boy who meant nothing to me.

But it didn't do any good to tell myself that I was letting my sympathies run away with me and that Maxine's aunt, for all the evidence seemed to the contrary, must be somewhat in the right—not when I saw Maxine the next day at the courthouse. She greeted me as though nothing had happened, but I saw now things I'd been blind to before—the strained look that was there even when she smiled, the harried, almost desperate expression in her eyes.

That noon we lunched together. We happened to leave the courthouse at the same time, and automatically fell into step. Maxine asked how my work was progressing, and I told her about the Thompson case. She listened carefully, putting in a word here, making suggestions.

"Judge Colby might help you," she said at length. "He's out of town now, but he should be back tomorrow or the next day. He's a wonderful person, and he knows everything there is to know about Rimrock County. He's been judge of this district for twenty years."

She did not mention Bill nor her aunt; it was I who brought up the subject when we were on our way back to the courthouse.

"Maxine," I asked, trying to sound just casually curious, "is your aunt your guardian?"

She shook her head. "No. She was married to my uncle, my mother's brother. He died long before I was born, and she came to live with Mother and Father. Because she'd always lived with us, they just assumed that she'd take care of me if anything ever happened to them."

"Then perhaps she has no real authority over you. In some states—" I spoke as if I hadn't spent a good hour checking the law in that very state that morning—"in some states so distant a relationship as that of an aunt by marriage would not be honored by the courts—"

SHE gave me a comprehensive glance. "It isn't here, either," she said. "I've talked it all over with Judge Colby. Legally, I'm a ward of the state. But you see, Mother and Dad left a will, naming Aunt Edith as executor of their estate. It isn't a great deal—a business building here in town and the house we live in—but the income from the business property is enough for me to live on comfortably. That's what the trouble is really about. Aunt Edith says that if I marry Bill without her consent, she'll take the property away from me. I don't think she really would, if it came right down to it, but Bill's afraid she might do something foolish just to show her authority—sell it, and invest the money, perhaps unwisely. And he wants me to have the property. His job is dangerous—men have been killed on it. He wants me to have more than the little insurance he could leave me if anything should happen to him. Do you see, Miss Blake? Between the two of them I haven't a chance."

I said nothing. I wanted to comfort her some way—and there was nothing I could say that would help. When I had checked on the laws of succession that morning, I had thought I might be putting into Maxine's hands the keys to her freedom.

Then she said, "I told Aunt Edith about you, Miss Blake. She wants you to come to dinner tonight." She laughed at my surprised look. "Oh, I know you haven't met her—but she loves to entertain. We don't have strangers in town often, you know. Besides, she just has to show you that her cooking is better than that at the Parrish House. The Parrishes used to be her best friends, but since this trouble has come up over Bill and me, she can't concede them a thing. Will you come?"

I would have accepted had the invitation been far less graciously given, I was that curious to meet Maxine's aunt.

The very recollection of Edith Arnold still makes me feel something of anger, and something of pity, and much amusement. She turned out to be exactly the sort of woman you'd expect to carry a disagreement over a wedding into the kitchen.

She met us at the door that night when I went home with Maxine to the comfortable green-shuttered house. She had a dry, bright prettiness, reminding me of nothing so much as those flowers called everlasting, which, tied properly and dried, keep their form and their color indefinitely.

"Miss Blake!" she exclaimed, "how nice of you to come! Maxine and I are so pleased!"

"Maxine and I"—it seemed to me that right from the beginning she was determined to prove that she and Maxine were an incorruptible unit. I think now that she had invited me with a purpose: she wanted me to see what a pleasant home Maxine had, how many advantages.

WE had a perfect dinner, faultlessly served. Aunt Edith chattered brightly through it, a conversation sprinkled freely with "Maxine and I" and devoted mostly to reminiscences of Maxine as a child, Maxine at school, trips and holidays she and Maxine had shared. She overdid it; Maxine's natural gaiety finally failed to rise to a funny story, and there was a silence. Then Aunt Edith brought the lurking awkwardness out into the light. She glanced archly from Maxine to me.

"What do you think of my niece, Miss Blake, for wanting to leave her home and her friends and go bolting off to the jungle for years and years? Do you think that's any life for a girl who's had everything—"

"It's only two years," said Maxine. "And I won't be in the jungle, Aunt Edith. I'll be right in Panama City while Bill's out on field work."

"Now you see?" said Aunt Edith triumphantly. "You wouldn't be with him all the time anyway. And if it's only two years, you can afford to wait."

They both looked at me, Maxine helplessly, in mute appeal, Aunt Edith imperiously, demanding corroboration. I said something evasive about knowing too little to offer an opinion, and felt like a traitor. I didn't like being drawn into the argument; I resented even more Aunt Edith's air of righteous concern. Undoubtedly she loved her niece and wanted to see her happy, but I felt, too, that she was rather enjoying the drama of the situation.

Bill came in after dinner. Maxine, who had been shifting uncomfortably while her aunt showed me albums full of snapshots of Maxine as a child, Maxine at school, Maxine in her first party dress, rose to meet him with a little cry of relief. Bill smiled at us, a sober smile, I thought.

"Mind if I borrow Maxine for a while?" he asked. "We've got things to talk about."

Aunt Edith gave him her brittle, sparkly smile, and he and Maxine moved out to the front porch while Aunt Edith took me upstairs to show me Maxine's room. It was a charming room, with ruffled drapes and bedcover and a little frilly vanity.

"I made everything myself," Aunt Edith told me. (*Continued on page 66*)

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CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

(*Continued from page 64*) "I've always made Maxine's things, even when her mother was alive. Maxine is handy with a needle, too; we have such fun, planning wardrobes and sewing."

Again I felt sorry for her, this fussy little woman who had wrapped her whole life around her niece and didn't know when to let go. Then a breath of soft air stirred the curtains, and I envisioned Maxine sewing with her aunt through the sweet spring evenings, when she could be in Panama with Bill.

They were still on the porch when we came back downstairs. I said goodnight to them there, refusing Bill's offer to walk me back to the hotel. I started down the walk, with Aunt Edith calling after me, "Now mind your step, Miss Blake—"

I didn't watch my step. My ankle turned when I was just past the square of light that fell from the doorway. I righted myself, found that the heel of one shoe had snapped. I was half kneeling, struggling to clap the heel back in place, when I heard voices from the porch. Maxine's was level, deadly calm.

"You might as well," she was saying. "I won't stay here after you go. I'll follow you someway. Panama isn't a foreign country. I can get passage—"

THEN Bill, flat, a little tired, almost bitter: "I wish you'd see my side of it, Maxine. Running off and getting married will be one of those things where I'll be a hero if everything turns out all right, and an unthinking fool if it doesn't. It isn't just that I'm causing trouble between you and your aunt; it's that I'm responsible for whatever happens to you. Suppose you can't stand the climate; suppose you get sick? And if anything happens to me, and I leave you, maybe with a baby to take care of . . . *then* if you had to come back here, even granting that you had something left to come back to, your aunt would be saying 'I told you so' all the rest of your life—"

There was a strangled sob, a creak of the swing as Maxine flung herself into Bill's arms. Instantly she tried to pull away again, but Bill held her. She struggled furiously.

"Let me go!" she hissed. "You're worse than Aunt Edith, Bill Parrish, with all your supposes and your fretting. You make me so *mad*—"

There was silence, a sigh; Maxine's arms crept around his neck and clung there.

I limped away with a queer ache in my heart that was half longing. The scene I'd just witnessed reminded me a little of differences Walter and I had had. When you quarreled coldly, flinging hard words and accusations at each other from a distance—that was one thing. But when you were most furious with each other and still couldn't stay out of each other's arms—well, you belonged together, and that was all there was to it.

The next morning Maxine's face was set and white, her eyes dark-ringed from sleeplessness. As I came through the office, she was standing at her desk, talking to a plump, short man, but she left him to follow me down the hall.

"Bill's going," she said, "much sooner than he expected. He got word yesterday that he's to leave next week."

I just stared at her. "Oh, Maxine," I said. "My dear—I'm so sorry—"

She smiled strangely, and I was reminded of the night before, of her saying to Bill, "You might as well. I won't stay here after you go—"

"I'm not sorry," she said now. "It—just brings things to a head." Then she would have turned away, but the plump man came up, and she stopped to introduce us. "This is Judge Colby, Miss Blake. He'll be glad to help you all he can." She left us, her slim back very straight, her little heels tapping sharply on the wooden floors.

The judge and I liked each other instantly. He looked like a shrewd Santa Claus, with his round red face and his piercing gray eyes.

"Our girl seems upset this morning," he observed, "if I know the storm signals."

"Yes," I agreed. "I'm afraid—"

"—afraid she's talked young Bill into doing something foolish. So am I. It's a shame. All the difference between their starting wrong and their starting right. Now, if that addlepated Edith would only give them her blessing—"

I looked straight at the judge. "There isn't any way she could be—persuaded—to give her blessing?"

He shook his head. "None. She has full control over the property, and there's no telling what she'd do with it if Maxine walked out on her. I hate to see the youngsters kept apart in times like these, but the boy's right: Maxine should hang onto what security she has. Lord knows it's important these days—" Then he stopped and said in a different tone, "But I'm forgetting you, Miss Blake. It's an honor to have you here. I've heard about you, of course, but I must say I didn't expect you to be so attractive—or so young. Bless me, you don't look much older than Maxine!"

Neither the judge's compliments nor his assistance eased the fearful, swollen feeling in my heart. I told him about the Thompson lawsuit, and he went immediately to a corner shelf, dug out a pile of ancient, musty-looking volumes.

"Try these," he advised. "They're the earliest records we have, from the very first days of statehood. In a case like this, in which a boundary has apparently never been clearly established, it's best to go back as far as you can."

I THANKED him and settled myself with the books, a collection of old wills, company charters, land grants, arranged in no perceptible order. With Maxine's white and desperate face hovering between me and the printed page, I had no heart at all for the job. Only the thought of Walter's disappointment if I failed to help his friend kept me grimly turning leaves, reading paragraphs of crabbed script and fine, time-grayed print.

And then I found it—a document nearly a hundred years old, which contained an accurate description of the disputed property. "For Nicholas Field, my bondservant," read a paragraph, "That acreage bounded on the North and East by the Rimrock River, on the West by—"

And it was all wrong. If this old document was valid—and I knew that it was—Captain Thompson had lost.

I re-read it carefully, a half-dozen times. "And for Nicholas Field, my bondservant—" *Bondservant.* The word stuck in my mind, began to mean something—I wasn't sure what. It was like a door opening on a hidden stairway. Then suddenly I knew. I jumped up, searched frantically on the shelves for the book I knew must be there. Then, with a beating heart, I carried my findings to Judge Colby.

"You've had good luck, Miss Blake," he said before I could utter a word.

"Yes," I breathed. "No— That is, the Thompson case is finished. He won't have a chance. (*Continued on page 68*)

Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips



It's new, new, NEW!

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PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS • CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN



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THAT HELPS KEEP

HANDS SOFTER,

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Luxor HAND CREAM



Luxor contains *Carbamide*, the ingredient long familiar to surgeons, which helps relieve the tiny cracks and scratches that make hands *look* red, feel *rough!*

(*Continued from page 66*) But, oh, Judge Colby, I think I've found a way out for Maxine! Look."

He read where I pointed, and frowned, and then his eyes began to twinkle. "Yes," he said slowly, "I believe you have."

We said nothing to Maxine of what we did that afternoon. We called Bill, and asked him to come to the judge's office, and the three of us had a conference. It was a most peculiar conference for serious legal business, punctuated with burst of laughter, and with wild suggestions from Bill.

That night the judge and I, after a delightful dinner at the Parrish House, paid a call upon Maxine and her aunt. Bill was already there, looking calm and self-possessed, but he carefully avoided meeting our eyes. Maxine, looking more cornered and desperate than ever, had hardly enough spirit to greet us. It was Aunt Edith who fluttered forward, welcoming us brightly. Bill remained on his feet after we'd sat down.

"Guess I'll be running along," he said. "I've got a lot to do before we leave for Panama. And Maxine had better start getting her things together. There isn't much time—"

AUNT Edith laughed merrily. "You're a great joker, Bill!" she exclaimed. "Maxine will have all the time in the world when you're away—"

"But I'm not joking," Bill said. "Maxine's coming with me. She as good as belongs to me right now, openly, legally. Doesn't she, Judge Colby?"

Maxine took a step forward, her great eyes fixed on the judge's face. "Judge Colby, what does he mean?"

The judge coughed. "Just what he says, my dear. This afternoon Bill made formal application for guardianship over you, under the old bondservant law, which reads, 'The state at its discretion may release a minor who is a ward of the state as bond boy or bond maid to any citizen whom the state deems responsible—' "

"In other words—" Bill's lips twitched, "—I sort of own you, darling. The law also says I may extract from you fair labor in return for your keep. You shall be subject to me in all decisions. This is one time, spitfire, when the word 'obey' in the marriage service will mean something."

"Ridiculous!" Aunt Edith exploded. "I never in all my life heard anything so insane! If there is such a law, you can never make it stick. I'll fight it—"

The judge wagged his head solemnly. "The law's there, Edith, and it has never been repealed. You can fight if you want, but Bill's petition is the first item on my docket tomorrow morning, and I see no reason to refuse him. I think he's responsible, and Maxine is, as you've often pointed out, a minor—"

"There's the property!" Aunt Edith shrilled. "That's still in my hands! I'll—"

"I'm afraid not," said the judge. "There's no reason why Bill can't marry his ward if he chooses, and you forget, Edith, that with Maxine as his bondservant, Bill will have full right and control over her property—"

Maxine flung herself at Bill. "Why didn't you tell me?" she cried—and then she saw her aunt, old suddenly, and shrunken, huddled in her chair with her handkerchief over her eyes. Quickly she went to kneel beside her, put her arms around her. "Auntie, please—"

"Now, Edith," began the judge testily. "Don't—"

Aunt Edith raised her head, looked at him dry-eyed. "Oh, don't worry about me," she said tartly. "I'm almost relieved it's turned out this way. Whatever happens won't be *my* fault. And you—" she turned upon Bill with all of her old bright imperiousness—"you can withdraw that silly petition, or whatever it is, right now. Maxine can marry you tomorrow if she wants, but it will be with my consent, and I'll be there to give her away."

The judge and I didn't stay long after that. We left Aunt Edith bemoaning the shortness of time in which to prepare Maxine for her trip, and systematically making a list of things she would need, including mosquito netting and quinine. Maxine and Bill went with us to the door, Bill still laughing and explaining to Maxine how it had all come about, beginning with my finding the old law. Maxine lifted a shining face and shyly kissed me.

'Thank you," she whispered. "I can't thank you enough—"

I hugged her. "Don't try," I said. "Just be happy." But I didn't have to tell her. She was happiness itself right then, and something told me that she always would be.

But I wasn't happy for myself. Perhaps it was reaction, but as I walked down the quiet street with the judge, I felt what Miss Daisy calls "womanish." I felt depressed, close to tears. After all, I had failed in my own errand to Lewisburg. I had failed Walter's friend, failed Walter; in my sunken state it seemed that I had even failed Dickie. I had sworn to him that this trip was for his dad. . . . And, when I thought it over, I didn't even feel entirely right about Maxine and Bill. I felt that I had missed something; something was not quite straight. . . .

The judge had not spoken a word since we had left the house. Now I felt his eyes upon me. "Are you remembering something, Miss Blake?"

"I am," I said slowly. "That old law. . . . Wasn't there a case—"

HE chuckled. "A very famous case, in every college textbook. Digby versus Reeves, 1868. The decision handed down by the state supreme court rendered invalid the bulk of common law made prior to that year. Which means, incidentally, that your Captain Thompson has better than a fighting chance to win his case."

I was already thinking about it, riding high on a wave of relief—and of indignation. "Judge Colby," I scolded, "you knew it all the time! You are guilty, and you have made me guilty—"

"I am guilty of nothing. I told Edith that the bondservant law had not been repealed, and it has not. The Digby-Reeves case simply meant that it was no longer a law but a precedent open to question, along with a lot of other archaic laws, such as its being a crime to shoe a horse on Sunday. Of course Edith might have won had she fought Bill's application, but any lawyer could have stalled the case until Maxine was twenty-one, and there would automatically be no case. As it is, the youngsters are happy; they're starting off right, and Edith's twittery head is full of wedding plans and tropical wardrobes. If that's the result of misrepresenting the law, Portia Blake, I'll go on misrepresenting it until I'm thrown out of office."

I began to laugh. Of course the judge was right—everything was all right. And best of all was the thought of how Walter would enjoy the story when he came home.

College girls learn something NOT IN THE BOOKS!



IN TESTS AMONG COLLEGE GIRLS— 99 OUT OF 131 REPORT NO CHAFING WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS

College girls from coast to coast recently learned something *not* in the books. Something that will make happy reading for every girl who chafes.

Here's the story . . .

Interviewers asked college girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride* Modess.

Naturally, the girls weren't told the name or brand. They were simply asked to try this new napkin—to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

At the end of the test, 99 out of 131 girls reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess.*

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many college students found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges!*

Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton helps create an "absorption control." This acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! Every *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield to guard against accidents. A fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you flower-fresh, too! And never a telltale outline—Modess is *silhouette-proof!*

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin. *Free-Stride* Modess is on sale everywhere.



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Which Twin has the Toni?

(And which had her permanent at a beauty shop ? No one could tell the Ring twins' permanents apart—can you? See the answer below!)





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Take a tip from the Toni Twin, Kathleene Ring of Chicago . . . give yourself a Toni Home Permanent today . . . and look lovelier tonight. It's this easy:

1. Roll your hair up on curlers, dabbing on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.
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With your hair set, step to the mirror and admire your new Toni Permanent. See the deep, wonderful waves. Feel the silky softness of your hair. Notice its radiant natural luster. Toni is a *Creme* Lotion that gently coaxes your hair into deep waves that are frizz-free and easy to manage from the start. And they last as long as a $15 permanent.

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Specs Appeal

Joan Edwards shows why those men who used to hate glasses have changed their minds

Men never made passes
At girls who wore glasses
Said Dorothy Parker, quite cruel
So nearsighted wenches
Kept tripping on benches
While blindly adhering this rule
They tripped over floors
And walked into doors
The accident rate was alarming
Till one smart designer
Said nothing is finer
Than goggles that make you look charming
Harlequins, black rims,
Rhinestones and lorgnettes
Give ladies that elegant feel
As they shout, "Look at me,
I'm free, I can see!
'Cause my glasses have specs appeal!"

— Lyn Duddy









Joan Edwards stars on Your Hit Parade every Saturday at 9 to 9:45 P.M., EST, over NBC stations.

Come and Visit the Kay Kysers

(*Continued from page 51*)

never collected anything but old razor blades. (And *that* collection went out of the house with his bachelorhood.)

"Look," he says, pointing to a collection of old plates displayed in a French Provincial cupboard in the living room. "Every one has a different French song."

There is another collection of old plates, each in a bracket, in an arrangement over Kay's desk. Each represents pictorially a different month in the year.

"Plates to sing. Plates to tell time." And then he brightens. "We even have plates to eat off of."

SOMETIMES—when Kay laughs at Georgia's antique sleuthing—Georgia laughs last. Like the time when Georgia bought the oil painting from a gallery in New York. The dealer represented the painting to be a primitive, probably Dutch—"painter unknown." One thing was sure; it was an authentic original, and it was very, very old. Georgia had it crated and shipped west, hung it in the place of honor above the mantelpiece in the living room. The portrait of a baby, it is completely beguiling and, with its mahogany and gold frame, it reeks of antiquity. Two months after Georgia's momentous purchase, Kay came home laughing like crazy—and displaying the current edition of *House and Garden*. On the cover, illustrating the living room of somebody's Bucks' County farmhouse, was their painting—or one just like it.

"They probably turn them out by the gross," said Kay happily.

Georgia grimly wrote *House and Garden*. Did they know, she wondered, where the owners of the Pennsylvania farmhouse had acquired their Dutch baby? The editors replied with great courtesy that the painting had been sold to X Gallery in New York which had, in turn, sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Kay Kyser, of Hollywood.

Kay's masculine urge for comfort and practicality—and pricelessness be hanged—has triumphed in one or two instances. His favorite chair, a massive wing number with a solid four feet of upholstered back, remains by the fireside in the living room although Georgia insists it is quite out of proportion with the room and the other furniture.

"I like it," Kay explains, disappearing in its folds. "It's the only chair in the world with privacy." It is apparent that Kay will buy a bigger house before he gives up that chair.

The Heather Road house *is* a little cramped—and not just because it houses a former bachelor and a budding decorator. In addition to the quite small living room and even smaller dining room and den, there are only two bedrooms and two baths and—a recent addition—the nursery. And the Kysers are gregarious people. The front door hinges are well worn from the comings and goings of guests.

When she married Kay, all Georgia knew about kitchens was that they should be pretty—with wallpaper, and geraniums and lots of copper pots.

Soon, however, she learned to cook the corn pone and spoonbread and other Southern dishes on which Kay was weaned and which he will eat five times a day if allowed. Kay found a soulmate when Georgia went to the hospital to have Kim. Her obstetrician, a bachelor, Dr. Irving Ress, also hungered for corn pone and spoonbread. Now Dr. Ress is a dinner guest two or three times a month. Georgia and Kay compete to see who can turn out the fanciest Southern dishes.

"We never entertain," Georgia says, adding—as an afterthought—that they have dinner guests nearly every night. Every night they're at home, that is—at least twice a week they see a play or a movie. Their compact, informal house makes for compact, informal dinners, with only four or six guests—not really parties, but fun. Sue and Alan Ladd are often at the Kysers for dinner and a game of gin rummy. So are Mr. and Mrs. Merwin Bogue (Ishkabibble), Kay Aldridge and Arthur Cameron, the Red Skeltons, the Edgar Bergens, Ed Gardners, and Dinah Shore and George Montgomery.

The guests at the Kysers never stay terribly late—just as, when Kay and Georgia go out, they always go home early—thanks to Kay's habit of getting up bright and early in the morning.

"It's not just that he keeps the baby's hours, either," Georgia explains, wistfully. "He got up at dawn right from the beginning." Georgia can remember, but only dimly, when a girl could sleep until noon if she wanted to.

The Kysers don't haunt the nightclubs like a good many of the celebrities of Hollywood. Kay got enough of small, smoky rooms when his orchestra played the night club circuit and Georgia got sick of the Stork Club routine, too, when she was a big time Cover Girl. They can have a much better time, they aver, seeing their friends or just spending an evening at home—playing their own collection of records.

THAT'S why the den—with its bottle green sofas and red and white linen draperies—is the most popular room in the house, though Kay wasn't exaggerating too much when he said it was "four by five." The living room is only slightly larger, and the terrace to which guests can overflow in the other direction is half its former size since the Kysers built on Kim's nursery a few months ago.

Georgia, before her marriage, had gained some reputation as an amateur painter. She still does some sketching—however, the paint box and easel have given way in her affections to a camera. She takes really good pictures, and would do her own developing and printing if she had room in her little house for a dark room. A dark room is definitely included in the plans for the Kysers' Home of Tomorrow—which Georgia, who has not finished "fixing" this house, is already thinking about in some detail. She and Kay will build it one day—and very soon. It won't have more rooms, she says. Just bigger ones.

It will express, as she sees it, both of their ideals of home: for Kay, it will be functional, with all modern conveniences. It will even have, somewhere, big, view windows. Kay likes 'em. From the front, at least, for Georgia, it will be traditional. And while the sofas and chairs may be modern upholstered pieces, there will be places of honor still for Kay's great grandfather's mahogany desk, the sawbuck table, the spool beds.

It will *work* like a modern house, she sums up, but look like Old New England.

Miss Kim Kyser, growing busily in her extremely modern and functional nursery (with its basement, kitchenette and three-foot insulated walls, the nursery cost almost half as much as the total cost of the lot, the rest of the house and the landscaping), will soon add her two cents to the planning.

In the meantime, Georgia and Kay are thinking for her.

"We sold a simply heavenly lot we had up in the hills," Georgia explains. "It would be selfish, when we have a child, to move out into the wilds—just because *we* like it. Isolation is all right for grown-ups—but it is rugged for children. We think children should grow up in city blocks, with lots of houses and lots of kids."

"AND," adds Kay, "go to the public schools and grow up without any fancy ideas."

At the moment, Kim is not thinking in terms of public—or private—schools. "'Get all this mess of fancy clothes off of me,' she says, 'get me out of this city stuff and let me go to sleep.'"

Of course, it could happen only to a daughter of the Kysers that she should be named Kimberly for Kay's Aunt Kimberly who, it turned out, isn't.

When the subject of names came up, Georgia suggested Kimberly—because "it's such a pretty name, and goes so well with Kyser." But she thought it would be nicer to give the baby a name with tradition, a family name.

"It just happens," Kay said, "that I have an Aunt Kimberly."

How wonderful, Georgia thought, remembering that all of her aunts had been named Maude or Fanny. But when Georgia went to Kay's family home in North Carolina to meet the folks, the truth came out. Georgia wanted to meet Aunt Kimberly.

"Aunt who?" Kay's mother wanted to know.

"*Kay-ee.*" Georgia's tone was accusing.

"That's funny," Kay said innocently. "I would have sworn I had an Aunt Kimberly."

"Just like my own case," he says, when Georgia relates the story now. "Mama christened me James King Kern Kyser. Nobody knows where the Kay comes from."

From his innocent expression, it is obvious that Georgia found the baby's name in an antique shop somewhere.

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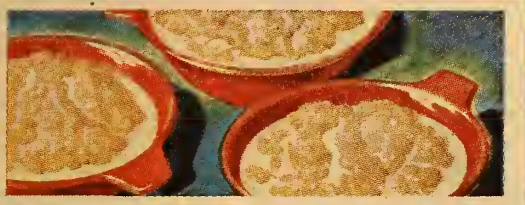


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Because everyday foods vary considerably from day to day in vitamin and mineral values. And, besides, they lose a lot of their vitamins in shipping, storing and cooking.

That's why so many people are supplementing their meals with Ovaltine. *Ovaltine is standardized.* Its content is scientifically controlled. It never varies. Each spoonful supplies the same generous amounts of vitamins and minerals. You know exactly what you're getting. It's a supplementary food that makes up deficiencies in ordinary foods.

So you don't have to worry about variations or losses. You *know* that a serving of Ovaltine in a glass of average milk *always* gives you the same substantial quantities of Vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G and Niacin—and Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. And you can be *sure* that 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily and just normal meals will give you *all* the vitamins and minerals any normal person can use. And when you drink Ovaltine you get these vitamins and minerals the preferred way—*in food.*

You'll find, too, that Ovaltine has a very agreeable taste—a taste that grows on you. So for better results, why don't you start drinking Ovaltine at meals, just as you would tea or coffee? Or, if you prefer, between meals or at bedtime. Then, if you're a normal person, you'll know, as far as *you* are concerned, you've solved the vitamin problem.

FAR MORE THAN VITAMINS... Ovaltine also contains virtually every other precious food element needed for buoyant health and vitality, including the elements that vitamins must have to function properly. That's why Ovaltine is so widely recognized as the ideal supplementary food-drink.

Step into her heart forever

Give her a LANE this Valentine's Day

Roses Are Red...Violets Are Blue ... Lane Cedar Hope Chest for Your Love So True!

GIVE love's own Valentine! Give her a Lane Cedar Hope Chest, and in the giving, find love's complete happiness for yourself. Lane is the symbol of everlasting love, sanctuary of her trousseau treasures—truly the gift that starts the home. Step into her heart forever . . . this Valentine's Day. Select her very own Lane from the many beautiful styles available at a wide range of prices.

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More than a Hope Chest, Lane is the *only* chest that has *all* these guaranteed Moth Protection features: 1. Tested aroma-tight protection. 2. Exclusive aroma-tight features. 3. Built of ¾-inch Aromatic *Red* Cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations. 4. New, waterproof, Lane-welded veneers will not peel. 5. Chemically treated interiors even aroma flow, prevent stickiness and add life to the chest. 6. Free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.

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The Gift That Starts the Home

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HOPE CHEST

Pepper Young's Family Finds a Girl for Joe

(*Continued from page 25*)

disappointment. I re-read the letter thoughtfully, and then marched into the kitchen where Mom had a chocolate fudge cake under way.

"Mom," I asked, "remember Joe Davis?"

"Of course I do," she replied. "He was that good-looking dark haired boy you used to know at the Airport. The shy one."

"Mm-hmm," I agreed, "that's the one. Do you suppose we could put him up for a few days—on the couch in the living room or some place?"

"Why, Pepper," she exclaimed, 'is Joe Davis in town? Why hasn't he been over to see us?"

"He's not in town yet, but he will be in a week or so. And he hasn't been over to see us because he's up in a little town called Squeedunk or something, running a chicken farm. But here—read his letter yourself, and tell me if you get the same feeling from it that I do." Mom dried her hands and gave me the frosting bowl to lick in exchange for the letter.

NOW I wouldn't go so far as to say that my mother is superior to every other mother in the world, but I've been tempted to, many times. And that morning was one of those times. She looked up and shook her head. "Pepper—that boy's unhappy!"

"Just what I thought," I agreed.

"He's lonesome, the poor thing. Whatever he wants to bury himself up there in the backwoods for! Of course he can sleep in the living room. I wish we had a guest room . . ."

"I think he'd prefer the couch, Mom," I said, trying to be off-hand about it. "You know how Joe is—he hates anybody to make a fuss over him. And especially now when he's not exactly sitting on top of the world. I think he'd be embarrassed if you were too good to him—or too sympathetic."

She looked at me shrewdly. "You're probably right, son. But there's no law about feeding him up a little, is there? I can imagine the kind of meals he's been getting out there on that farm all by himself."

I grinned at her. "I never heard any law about that," I said. "And besides, I doubt if you'd pay much attention to it if there were! I'll go write to Joe now and tell him to come whenever he's ready." I reached over and hugged her. "You're a great mom, Mom."

She smiled and patted my cheek. "And you're not a bad son, Son!"

I got the letter off to Joe that afternoon. And Joe himself arrived about ten days later. I went down to the station to meet him, and had a hard time keeping my thoughts to myself when I saw him. Joe didn't look too good. He was thin and needed a haircut. His clothes looked as though they'd been slept in, and there were some buttons missing from his coat. His shoes weren't shined and his shirt collar was frayed. He was a pretty pathetic sight.

But you don't mention things like that when you meet an old friend for the first time in over a year. You say, "Hi, Joe." And he says, "Hi, Pepper." And you both reach for his beat-up old Army kit-bag, and whoever grabs it first carries it, because it's not worth arguing about. And you walk out of the station together, feeling a little strange and wondering if you'll ever have anything to talk about again.

That's the way it was with Joe and me at first. But the strangeness wore off as we walked up Main Street, stopped in at the drugstore for a soda, and finally arrived at the house. Joe took a deep breath as we climbed the steps to the front porch. "Gosh," he said, "it's sure good to be back in a civilized country again."

At dinner that night, though, I noticed that Mom had really outdone herself. She and Hattie must have put their heads together to figure out a real body-building meal. There was thick, rich soup. And liver and bacon. And creamed carrots, and mashed potatoes and gravy, and boiled onions—so tender they fell apart when you tried to pick them up. I could just hear Mom saying to herself, "There—that'll put meat on his bones!"

Maybe I just imagined it, but it seemed almost too much for Joe. His eyes glistened when he saw that loaded table, but after the first few mouthfuls I got the impression he was having trouble getting his food down.

"What's the matter, Joe?" Mom asked. "Not hungry?"

His face flushed and he looked like a kid caught stealing cookies. "I could have sworn I was half starved," he told her guiltily, "but now I guess there's just too much of everything."

"What do you usually eat?" she asked him casually, pretending not to notice his embarrassment.

"Well, I'm not much of a cook," he said. "I can make pancakes and fry eggs. So I have a lot of pancakes and eggs. And, aside from that, I mostly live on canned stuff—you know, baked beans and spaghetti dinner and corned beef and things like that. Once in a while I get some pie from the baker's wagon, when he gets out that far."

Mom shuddered delicately. "It's not a very balanced diet, is it?"

"NO, I guess not," he admitted. "But I always seem to be too busy to bother much about meals. And besides, it never comes to be worth it—cooking just for one person. Even if I could really cook!"

"Well," said Mom comfortingly, "we'll see if we can't fatten you up a little while you're here with us. And in the meantime, don't worry about not being able to eat much just at first—you've probably got chronic indigestion from the diet you've been on."

Joe hit the hay early that first night—bedding down on the couch in the living room—and the next day caught the bus to Centerville. That afternoon, I dropped in to say hello to Mom and found her in the living room with her sewing box beside her and a bunch of Joe's shirts in her lap. She was sewing on buttons and turning collars and mending cuffs as fast as she could.

"Hey, what's going on?" I asked her.

"Now, Pepper, we'll have no remarks from you. His clothes are in a frightful state, and I'm just trying to get them into some kind of order."

"Does Joe know you're doing it?" I asked cautiously.

"Why, no," she said in some surprise. "I just found them in his Army bag. I knew from the looks of the clothes he was wearing that probably the rest of them would be in this condition."

I shook my head in mock alarm. "I don't think Joe's going to like it, Mom. He's pretty independent. And you know you shouldn't be rummaging through a guest's luggage."

Her eyes flashed. "Don't you try to lecture me, Pepper Young! Any mother would do the same thing. And if that young man can't take care of himself, it's high time he found somebody to do it for him! If he so much as raises an eyebrow at me for sewing on a few buttons, I'll box his ears for him!"

I threw up my arms in surrender. "Okay, Mom, okay. I'll whisper a few words of warning in his ear when he comes home tonight."

She laughed at that, and I went on up to the apartment that the folks had made over for Linda and me when we were married. Linda was still at the hospital—she wouldn't be off duty for another hour—so I made like a housewife for a while, emptying ashtrays and running the vacuum cleaner and doing some dusting. Not that I'm crazy about housework, but after all, a man has to take some pride in his own apartment!

JOE got back from his convention about that time and after he'd had a shower, I lounged around keeping him company while he got dressed. He noticed the mended shirts right away, and I made a big point of telling him about Mom's threat if he made any cracks. His face took on a queer twisted look, but all he said was, "Gee, she's swell, Pepper." I agreed with him and let it go at that.

At dinner, though, after Joe had made fairly normal inroads on the roast beef and baked Idaho potatoes, he looked across the table at Mom and thanked her for mending his shirts and sewing on all those buttons. She bridled a little, the way women will when they're pleased, and told him that all he needed was somebody to look after him. Joe fiddled with his knife and fork for a minute and then blurted out, "You know, that's what some lecturer was saying at the convention today—that every poultry farmer needs a wife. And I guess he's right, at that. A farmer not only needs a wife to look after him, but he needs somebody that *he* can look after and work for. It seems sort of pointless to work all day and then come home and sit at the table all by yourself over a can of pork and beans. You begin to sort of wonder what it's all for—working so hard."

"Well, then," I cut in, "why don't you get yourself a wife, Joe? I understand there's a great surplus of women in this country. It shouldn't be too hard."

"I like that," Linda laughed at me. "Did you figure I was a surplus woman when you married me?"

"That's not the same thing at all . . ." I began to explain, but the general laughter drowned me out. "No kidding, Joe," I went on, "how about it? Why don't you find some nice girl and settle down and make her happy. Look how Linda's blooming these days!"

My favorite wife kicked me smartly on the shins under the table and blushed a little when everyone chuckled and beamed at her. Everyone but Joe. His forehead was furrowed and he was drawing aimless circles on the tablecloth with his finger. "That's all very well," he said slowly, "but you can't just make up your mind to get married and go out and pick up a girl—any girl—and drag her to the preacher."

But I'd remembered something. Mary

Simmons! What had happened to her? She worked out at the Airport—or used to a couple of years ago. I'd been so busy with my own life that I couldn't even remember when I'd seen her last, but she and Joe were having quite a tidy little romance before he'd joined the Army.

"Hey," I exclaimed, "what about Mary Simmons, Joe? What do you mean—you don't know any girls any more? You used to say she was the nicest girl you'd ever met. Why don't you marry *her*? She'd not only sew your buttons on for you but she'd tell you what books to read when you get through a hard day's work."

Joe looked startled for a moment, then he shrugged his shoulders. "You've got your answer right there," he told me. "She's too bright a girl to want to bury herself on a chicken farm. Mary has to be where there are lots of people and plenty of things to do."

"DID you ever ask her?" I wanted to know.

"Sure, we used to talk about it once in a while before the war. But I knew right where I stood, even then. Mary's not cut out for that kind of thing, that's all. She's got a good job, lots of friends. She runs her own life and she likes it that way. Period. No, that's out."

I raised my eyebrows at him, but there was no reaction. Well, I thought, he ought to know what he's talking about. It did seem too bad, though. The more I thought about it, the more I remembered how very close Joe and Mary used to be. The thought stirred a number of ideas in my head, but I thrust them back again as Mom spoke.

"I'll tell you what. . . ." she began in that conspiratorial tone she always uses when she's up to something. "We'll have a party for Joe, that's what we'll do. We'll have a party and we'll invite a lot of girls. He may find one he likes and who'll like him." She smiled at Joe benevolently.

"Gee, Mrs. Young," he said, "that's nice of you, but it'd just be a lot of bother for nothing. I'm only going to be here a couple of days longer, and that doesn't seem like a long enough time to find a wife—"

But Mom was undaunted. "Of course it's a good idea. And even if Joe doesn't find a girl that suits him, at least we'll have had a party. We haven't had a party for a long time. It'll be nice to have a group of young people cluttering up the living room again. Yes, by all means, we're going to have a party—tomorrow night. And, Joe . . ." she looked him over sternly, "I want you to get a haircut and have that suit pressed. Get your shoes shined, too. I want you to put your best foot forward—and that's no pun!"

I don't know how much good Joe got out of the Poultry Convention the next day, but that night he ate dinner with Linda and me upstairs in our apartment, and I saw that he'd taken Mom's advice. His new haircut looked a little startling, but his shoes were brightly polished and his suit was neatly pressed and I noticed that all the buttons had been sewed on properly. He was evidently going to try to do his part.

I knew Mom had been over at Peggy's most of the afternoon, and I could just see them fussing over lists and making phone calls and having long earnest discussions about this girl and that girl, with Peggy probably thinking the whole thing was a bunch of nonsense but willing to go along if that would make Mom happy.

Well, they must have put in a profitable afternoon at that, because it was quite a party. Most of the old gang was there, and quite a few new ones. Peggy had evidently raided the school for the new group of school-teachers. Some of them weren't at all hard to look at. And Linda had invited two or three nurses from the hospital.

When Joe first came into the living room that night, I saw him look around quickly, take a deep breath, square his shoulders, and march right into the middle of the fray. I introduced him to the people I knew and then Mom and Linda took over. I must say that Joe did himself—and us—proud that evening. He was gallant to all the girls, he chatted unreservedly about his experiences in the Army overseas, he kidded about his chicken farm and told funny little stories about the Poultry Convention. He even turned out to be able to play the piano—which I'd never known he could do—and entertained the whole group with a series of RAF songs he'd learned during the war.

At least he's trying hard, I said to myself, and I could see that Mom was pleased as Punch, and as proud of him as though he'd been her own son. And the whole party accepted him as a great guy. I could see the girls watching him and talking about him among themselves. They liked him, I knew, and I kept thinking that maybe Mom's incredible scheme was going to work. All Joe had to do was decide which girl he liked and do some concentrating.

And then I began to realize that, far from concentrating on any individual girl, Joe was spreading himself around. He was being as charming as possible to all of them. When we moved the furniture out of the way and rolled up the rugs to dance for a while to the victrola, Joe made a point of dancing with every girl there. I don't think he went back a second time to any one of them. Except Mom. He danced with Mom three times.

SO, when the party was over, and the family had gathered in the kitchen for a last sandwich and a cup of cocoa, it was no surprise to me that Mom wasn't able to pin Joe down about any one of our recent guests.

"That little Sally Evers is an attractive girl, isn't she?" Mom began.

"Which one was she?" asked Joe.

"The Biology teacher from the high school. She had on a red dress with big patch pockets on the skirt."

"Oh, yes," remembered Joe. "Yes, she's very pretty."

"And how about Martha Kirk, from the Hospital? Did you like her?"

"Let's see—she was the one with the freckles and the low voice, wasn't she? Yes, I liked her a lot."

"And do you remember Louella Manners? I hadn't met her before, but I liked her immediately."

"Yes, I had a long talk with her."

"Well," Mom prompted him impatiently, "which one did you like best?"

"I liked all of them," said Joe imperturbably. "I don't know when I've seen a nicer group of girls all in one room—pretty ones, too."

"They all liked you, too, Joe," Mom told him. "Wasn't there any one you liked better than the others?"

Joe pondered her question. Then, with an air of great concentration, he shook his head. "No," he said slowly, as though he were mentally cataloging each girlish charm, "I can't say there was any particular one that appealed to me." Then his face brightened and he looked up at Mom impishly. "Except maybe you, Mrs. Young. You appealed to me as being the prettiest and nicest girl at the whole party!"

"Bravo," said Dad. "Good for you, Joe! You've got good taste."

Mom dimpled and cuffed at him affectionately. "All right," she said with a martyred air, "have your fun. And see that you don't spill any of that cocoa on my nice clean kitchen floor!"

She dropped the subject of girls then, as Joe must have known she would, after his remark. But I couldn't resist one crack.

"Maybe we should have invited Mary Simmons," I pointed out crudely.

Joe's face darkened and his jaw set. I'd hit a sore spot, all right. "I guess it's about time to turn in," he said shortly. "Tomorrow's another day. It was a wonderful party, Mrs. Young. Good night." And he turned on his heel and headed for the living room.

MOM looked me up and down quizzically after Joe had left. "Well, Pepper!" was all she said, but it summed up the whole situation—Mary Simmons. I nodded my head and said, "Okay Mom. I'll work on it."

I didn't actually get a chance to "work on it" until the last day of Joe's stay. But I did finally manage to locate Mary that afternoon, and we had quite a talk. So that night at dinner—Joe's last night in Elmwood—after several false starts in an effort to be casual, I dropped my information like a bombshell.

"By the way," I said, with about as much finesse as a brick going through a plate glass window, "I happened to run into Mary Simmons on the street."

Dad and Linda pretended to be very interested in their food. Mom darted a quick glance at me and then looked down at her plate. Joe's jaw dropped and he put down his cup of coffee.

"You did?" he gulped. And then, with an effort, "How'd she look?"

"Fine," I told him. "Pretty as ever. Wearing her hair a new way—sort of wind-blown."

There was a strained silence for a moment or two, then Joe cleared his throat and asked, "What's she doing now?"

"Same old thing," I said. "Working out at the Airport. She says its kind of dull out there these days."

"Yeah, I guess it would be," agreed Joe. Then he seemed to gather himself together and asked, "Did she—that is, did you happen to—uh—does she know I'm here?"

"I suppose so," I said carelessly. "I think I mentioned it."

"Oh," said Joe numbly. Then, "She didn't say anything, did she? That is—uh—is she going around with anyone particular, did she say?"

"No, she didn't say," I replied, and went to work on the apple pie.

By this time Dad was grinning to himself, and Mom was drumming on the table with her fingertips. Linda murmured, "Pepper, don't be so mean," and, as I looked across the table at Joe and saw the clenched muscles in his jaw and the pleading expression in his eyes, I decided that maybe I *had* gone far enough.

I pushed the apple pie away and leaned back in my chair. "Listen, Joe," I began in that man-to-man voice that you always feel you have to use when you're discussing another guy's private affairs, "you never did actually ask Mary how she'd like living on a chicken farm with you, did you?"

That familiar embattled look crossed Joe's face. "Some girls," he said, "you

don't have to ask. You know ahead of time what they'd like. I didn't have to ask Mary. I knew what her answer would be."

"I know it's sort of uncomfortable and maybe not very good taste to discuss this kind of thing in front of other people, Joe," I said as gently as I could, "but I know, too, that everybody at this table wants only the best for you. And as far as I can see, the best for you is spelled 'Mary Simmons' ".

Joe swallowed and stared into space.

So I plunged right on in. "Actually, I had a long talk with Mary this afternoon. And that talk was almost entirely about you. Joe, did you realize that Mary's always been in love with you—and that she still is?"

Joe made a despairing gesture that might have meant almost anything.

"And furthermore, did you know that before Mary came to work at the Airport, she'd spent most of her life on a farm? And liked it? Or were you so busy interpreting her thoughts that you never got around to *asking* her?"

He winced at that, and bit his lip.

"AND, furthermore again—did you know that she's pretty bored with the life she's living now? That her job doesn't occupy all her thoughts, that she doesn't get around very much socially, that as a matter of fact she's going to the movies tonight all by herself?"

Joe looked up at that. "Gee," he breathed.

"She told me once," I went on ruthlessly, "that you were too willing to take 'no' for an answer, and that sometimes you didn't even wait to be told 'no'. And this afternoon she told me that if she'd had a little more courage, she'd have thrown herself right at you. But that in the part of the country where she'd been raised, nice girls waited until they were asked— Well, what about it, Big Shot?"

Joe banged his fist down on the table. Mom jumped almost out of her chair, and every dish on the table rattled. "Pepper!" he roared at me, "is this the truth, or are you making it up?"

"It's the complete and simple truth," I told him solemnly.

"She said she was in love with me?"

"She did."

"She said she liked living on a farm?"

"She did."

"She said she was just waiting to be asked?"

"She did."

He shoved his chair away from the table and stood up. "That's all I wanted to know."

"Where you going, boy?" I asked unnecessarily.

He bowed slightly in Mom's direction. "If you'll all excuse me," he said, with a trace of a grin on his lips, "I think I'll wander down to the movies."

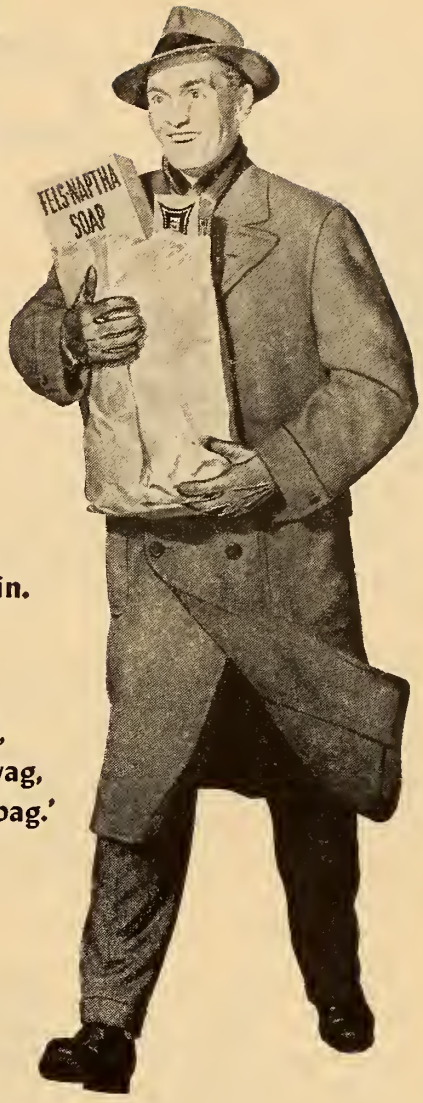
Mom nodded at him composedly, and we sat in silence while he put on his coat and went out the front door, closing it quietly behind him. Then, by common consent, we all left the table and went to the front window and watched him walk down the street. His hat was on the back of his head and there was a slight swagger in his walk. He was whistling soundlessly and his arms were swinging briskly.

Dad chuckled and said, "I certainly pity those chickens from now on."

Linda murmured softly, "I guess he won't have any trouble finding her."

But Mom was already back at the table, getting ready to clear things away. "I just hope that girl can cook," was all she said

The Good Provider



Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

★ ★ ★

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's *back* from hunting,
He landed 'baby' modern swag,
He has Fels-Naptha 'in the bag.'

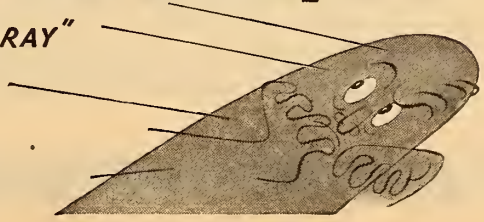
Even if a man can't manage mink these days, he might do a fair job just keeping 'the little woman' in Fels-Naptha. To a housekeeper faced with a big wash this grand laundry soap is almost priceless.

There's magic in the simple word *naptha*—when it's blended with good mild soap, the Fels way. Magic that makes dirt do a disappearing act—that makes your washing machine a 'quick change' performer.

When buying laundry soap means hunting instead of shopping—Fels-Naptha is the prize 'catch.'

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



Information

Step right up and ask your questions—if we don't know

FOR some time the Editors of Radio Mirror have been answering your questions about radio and radio personalities by individual letter. But so many of your inquiries are of general interest that we decided they should be incorporated in a new feature, written in part by our readers. So here it is—your new feature—INFORMATION BOOTH.

Each month we'll select the questions we think you would be most interested in knowing about and publish the letters and answers. If you have a question about your favorite program or radio star, just write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



Robert Merrill

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Dear Editor:

I have bought your magazine for quite some time and enjoy it very much. I would like to see an article in the near future about Robert Merrill. I think many of the teen-agers would like a story about Mr. Merrill. Also I would like to see a story about Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra.

Miss M. D.

Topeka, Kansas

Evelyn



We think a story about Robert Merrill would make interesting reading too, and not only for teen-agers. Just as soon as we can fit it in you'll have your Robert Merrill story. Meanwhile, here's a bit of information about him. Though he's only 27 years old he has been featured on one of radio's top programs, the RCA Victor Show, is one of Victor's most valued recording artists, and has made fourteen appearances at the Met since he made his debut in 1945.

Also coming soon will be a story about the All Girl Orchestra written by Evelyn, who is the orchestra's concert mistress and the wife of Phil Spitalny.

BACK ISSUES

Dear Editor:

I am much interested in the life story of Art Linkletter. He announced over the air that it would be published soon but I am not sure that he said it would be in Radio Mirror. I never miss his program or the magazine, but though I looked in all the recent issues I can't find the story. If it is to be published soon kindly let me know.

Mrs. H. M. G.

Buffalo, N. Y.

The Art Linkletter story was in the November issue of Radio Mirror. It was titled "Love Needs No Reasons" and illustrated with a color picture of Art Linkletter and his wife, seated at their breakfast table, as well as with several black and white pictures. Sorry you missed it for we think it was very good indeed. Back issues of Radio Mirror can be obtained by writing to the Back Issue Dept., Macfadden Publications, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



Margaret Speaks

SING HIGH, SING LOW

Dear Editor:

Today I bought the latest issue of Radio Mirror and the thought came to me that I should ask you about some of my favorite singers of the past few years, voices I would like to hear again. Please tell me of these: Frank Munn, Vivian, Margaret Speaks and Rachel Carlez.

Mr. T. H. T.

Troy, N. Y.

Vivian



After thirteen years on the American Album of Familiar Music, Frank Munn is enjoying a well deserved rest. He's on an extended vacation just now but you'll be hearing from him again. Vivian, once with the All Girl Orchestra, can now be heard on the Saturday Night Serenade, CBS, 9:45 to 10:15 P.M., *singing under her own name, Holloce Shaw. Margaret Speaks is busy these days with her home and her husband, and doing concert tours.*

DAVIS FAMILY PORTRAIT

Dear Editor:

I read your magazine every month and like it very much. Would you please put the Davis family in soon? I would like very much to see them.

Miss M. D.

New York

We'll do an illustrated story of the Davis Family just as soon as we possibly can. Meanwhile here's the cast of the show of When A Girl Marries.

Character	*Played By*
Joan Davis	*Mary Jane Higby*
Harry Davis	*John Raby*
Mrs. Davis	*Marion Barney*
Lilly (the maid)	*Georgia Burke*
Police Officer Connolly	*Peter Capell*

HOW DO YOU DO, EVERYBODY!

Dear Editor:

Many years ago one of the most popular radio announcers was Norman Brokenshire. He was my favorite announcer and I used to listen to all the programs he was on. I read your magazine every month and as I haven't heard Norman Brokenshire for a long time I thought you might be able to tell me what happened to him.

Mrs. L. S.

Mountain View, N. J.

You can still hear your favorite announcer doing the honors on The Theatre Guild on the Air, 10 to 11 P.M., *EST, over station WJZ.*

Booth

the answers we do know where to find them for you



The Cast of Bachelor's Children

HAIL AND FAREWELL

Dear Editor:
I listened to Bachelor's Children for many years and miss it very much. I wonder if you can tell me why it was taken off the air and if it is on any other network.

Mrs. E. R.

Inkster, Mich.

There are many reasons why a program may be taken off the air and it is difficult to give a specific cause in any one case. Bachelor's Children was built around the story of a family, and for eleven years there were no changes in the cast. When a group of actors play the same parts for so long a period of time they inevitably are closely associated in our minds with the characters they portray and the actors themselves become somewhat of a family group. About a year ago one of the original cast died. This year Hugh Studebaker, who played Dr. Bob, got a Hollywood contract and left the group. Next to leave was Marjorie Hannan, who played Ruth Ann, because she wanted to devote her time to her home and baby. Replacements were made but the author and directors felt it just wasn't the same Bachelor's Children, and so it was decided to take the show off the air.



Bartlett Robinson

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Dear Editor:
I have just become acquainted with Radio Mirror and will not miss a copy from now on. Will you please tell me who take the parts of Walter Manning and Dr. Byron in Portia Faces Life. Dr. Byron is no longer in the story but I hear him in other radio shows and would like to know his name. Thank you for this courtesy.

Miss E. A. D.

Boston, Mass.

The part of Walter Manning is played by Bartlett Robinson and Dr. Byron was played by Peter Capell. Incidentally, Police Officer Connolly in When A Girl Marries is also played by one of your favorites, none other than Peter Capell.

HERE'S YOUR VOYAGER

Dear Editor:
Sometime ago a play entitled "One Voyager" was broadcast over the radio. I understood it was to be made into a movie but up to date I haven't been able to find it listed. I was wondering if it had been made into a movie under a different name. I would also like to know if this play "One Voyager" has been published in story form.

Mrs. E. W.

Cambridge, Idaho

The radio play which you heard was "Now, Voyager" and was based on the novel of the same name by Olive Higgins Prouty. Bette Davis starred in a movie based on the same book and using the same title. The picture was released several seasons ago. We hope you catch up with it somewhere for it is very good indeed.



Arlene Francis

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dear Editor:
I'd like to know what has happened to the following radio stars: Arlene Francis, Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh and Harold Isabel. I have been a regular reader of Radio Mirror for years and thought perhaps you could give me the information.

Mrs. G. M.

Peru, Ill.

Arlene Francis is now playing the lead in a series of exciting mystery stories called The Affairs of Ann Scotland, aired over WJZ, Wednesdays at 9 P.M. It's the story of the adventures of a young girl who, although not a professional detective, likes to solve mysteries. We weren't able to find any information on the others you asked for but perhaps some of our readers will know the answers and help us out.



Shuffle Shober

JUST ASK US

Dear Editor:
I buy your Radio Mirror every month and always look forward to seeing my favorite radio stars in each issue. I listen daily to all the radio serials so how about printing more pictures of them such as Stella Dallas and her companions, Pepper Young's Family, Backstage Wife, Portia Faces Life, Lorenzo Jones, Vic and Sade and Ma Perkins. I'll certainly appreciate it and I'm sure other readers and listeners will too.

Mrs. G. D.

Weatherford, Texas

That's quite an order but you'll be happy to know that we have the situation well in hand. Unfortunately Vic and Sade are no longer on the air but you'll find Lorenzo Jones in the December issue. Look for Stella Dallas and Backstage Wife in the March 1947 Radio Mirror, and as you've probably already discovered, Pepper Young's Family and Portia Faces Life are in this issue. How's that for anticipating! Ma Perkins will be coming very soon.

HEAR YE, HEAR YE

Dear Editor:
I have been listening to The Right To Happiness for years and would like to know who the announcer on the show is.

Mrs. M. S.

Washington, D. C.

The handsome young man who announces The Right To Happiness program is Ron Rawson.

Enrich your beauty with really natural rouge



JUNE LANG charming screen actress smiles approval of *Princess Pat Rouge*

you can have color which seems your own—*but do you?*

Rouge that looks artificial defeats the very purpose for which you use it. But the new Princess Pat Rouge imparts soft, lovely, youthful color . . . so natural that it seems to come from within . . .

HERE IS THE MAGICAL SECRET!

Princess Pat Rouge is duo-tone. Duo-tone means that two distinct tones are perfectly blended into one by an exclusive secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat Rouge possesses a mystical undertone which comes to life instantly as it is warmed by the skin. And the transparent overtone gives youthful radiance so real that the color seems to be your very own. No other rouge can possibly give this marvelous duo-tone effect.

Today be more beautiful than ever before!

Get Princess Pat Rouge today. Discover what it means to enrich your beauty with really natural rouge. At better drug and department stores everywhere.

PRINCESS PAT *beauty aids*

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 7142
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

I am ☐ blonde ☐ medium ☐ brunette

Enclosed find 25c (coin) for which send me a compact of the new Princess Pat *duo-tone* Rouge and Lipstick to match—regular size (not samples) and trial size harmonizing shades Face Powder.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

I Asked for A Home

(*Continued from page 23*)

it as quite a different individual. And that gift meant more to me, even, than if they had handed me the key to a new apartment.

We are still living—Hugh and Bobby and I—in the cramped half-of-a-duplex with Mother and Father Jones. There are still the inescapable tensions and the compromises to be made when four adults and one child try to live in five small rooms.

But something walked back with me from that theater; from the astounding, unbelievable, deliriously-exciting day of being a real, honest-to-goodness Queen; something that entered the house with me and filled my whole heart.

That something was courage.

I WASN'T just Eileen Jones. I wasn't just another soldier's wife trying to pick up the pieces of a torn-up life, trying to make the adjustments to my veteran husband, trying to start a new life and running headlong into difficulties too big—it seemed—for me to handle. For a whole day I had been a Queen. I had been treated with respect. I had stood up before a large audience and been listened to as I told my story. I had worn the regal ermine-trimmed robes and carried the scepter of royalty. A chauffeur-driven limousine had carried me afterwards to a world-famous restaurant for lunch, to a motion picture studio in the afternoon, to a glamorous, luxuriant beauty salon for the primping and the pampering all women long for, and to a fashionable hotel in the evening for dinner and dancing. I had been bowed to by people on the street as our sleek black car sped past.

Of course the bowing had been in friendly kidding, because this is a democracy and Americans bend their knee and tip their hats to no one. But it was friendly—all these people were happy for me when they saw the Queen For A Day lettering on the limousine. I could almost feel them saying to me as we drove past:

"Go to it, Eileen—have a wonderful time! Hold your head up; this is your day and you're wearing a crown, remember!"

I hadn't particularly wanted to go out that day of the broadcast, but my own mother was visiting here from Michigan and she had urged me.

"You've never seen a radio show, Eileen," she had reminded me. "Besides, you aren't doing yourself any good moping like this, staying inside day after day listening for the telephone to ring and then feeling so badly because it doesn't."

"But we're on the waiting lists for apartments, Mom, and I'm afraid some hotel manager or real estate man might call up and I'd be out. Then we'd lose our chance!"

My mother-in-law sided with Mom. "That's foolish, child. I'll be here all day and I'll take any call that comes. You're wearing yourself out, chasing after leads that dissolve into thin air. Now you run along—I'll look after Bobby for you. You two have a good time today."

No one ever had a nicer mother-in-law than I have. I knew I was lucky that Hugh's parents had welcomed us in so willingly that day—that day that was the blackest in my life—early in December of 1945, when Bobby and I had returned from Michigan to await Hugh's discharge from the Army. That sad, bitter day, when Mother and Father Jones had opened their arms to a broken-hearted girl.

My third baby had been born on V-J Day—and died only four months later. I had brought the little coffin back with me to Los Angeles and it had seemed to me as if some real, vital part of me had been buried, too. My own morale was almost shattered. This was the second child I had lost—and there had been a time, while my husband was overseas, that I was sure I was going to lose little Bobby, too, from pneumonia.

Even rebellion had been sapped from me. The great happiness that had been Hugh's and mine on our wedding day; the joy that had come with Bobby's birth and growth; the fun and the peace we had known together, the three of us, in our little apartment we had furnished so carefully together, piece by piece—all this seemed to have been lost or spoiled. I could hardly believe, looking back, that there had been a time when all that was ours.

The war had taken Hugh away from me. Death had taken my two babies. I had given up all our hard-won, hard-worked-for cherished possessions and sold them when I had followed Hugh to Olympia, Washington, to be with him for the little while before he was shipped to the Pacific.

So much had been taken away from me that I had lost my perspective. I was letting despair destroy the value of everything that was left.

I STILL had Hugh's love and I knew our feeling for each other had not lessened through the years . . . but I could only dimly realize—and only now and then—how that feeling had actually deepened and strengthened through the tragedy and separation we had faced. I was too lost to know how to build from that new strength.

And there was Bobby. But how could I look at him—and not think of those other two who had gone?

Last, but certainly not least, there was our family. My Mom and Hughie's mother and father. No one could have been grander to me—yet I found myself becoming irritable with Mom when she visited me, angry at her unbounding optimism and her cheerfulness. What did she have to be so cheerful about?—hadn't she worked hard all her life to bring up ten children, single-handed? What was this secret of living she possessed and I did not?

And was I never to have any privacy? As Mom and I walked out of the house that day I gave a last look around and shuddered. The living room had all the appearance of camping out, with our bed and Bobby's crib jammed into it besides the miscellaneous easy chairs and lamps and such that simply couldn't be edged into any other room.

It had been bad enough, living in such close quarters—the three of us and Bobby—but when Hugh had been discharged and come home, living doubled-up that way became intolerable for me. It didn't help to know that most of Los Angeles was in the same fix. The strain was just as hard on Mother and Father Jones as it was on us—worse, because it had been they who had had to change the settled,

comfortable pattern of their lives to make room for us. Worse, because Mother Jones had not been well for nearly seven years and it's hard enough for a strong person to cope with the antics of a three-year-old youngster.

I would remind myself of these things—yet the next time something happened—a little friction over what vegetables were to be cooked for dinner—the waiting in turn for the one bathroom—the next time I had to try to keep Bobby quiet so that Mother Jones could nap—the nightly business of putting him to bed in the living room (our bedroom, too!) and having to use our parents' bedroom for our only chance to sit and talk out the day's happenings—when these things happened I would feel myself tighten up. I would feel myself turning my frustration outwards, against these kindly people.

WHILE Mom and I boarded the streetcar that day that would take us into Hollywood and to the broadcast, I remember thinking of the plans Hugh and I had had for After The War. Every soldier and his wife dream those same plans—a home of their own, peace and security, room to turn around in, their children happy with just the right amount of authority, friendly, easy visits with relatives.

Bulletin: As Radio Mirror went to press, the Joneses were joyfully settling themselves into the two-bedroom apartment that Queen For A Day's magic turned up for them.

I blinked fast to keep the tears from falling, but Mom must have seen.

"Eileen," she kept her voice low so that others on the streetcar couldn't overhear. "You mustn't let this get you down. You've got your husband safe at home, and that's more than many soldiers' wives can say. He came back to you and he wasn't hurt. And you have Bobby."

"I know, Mom. Only—how can we even think of a new life when we can't make any plans; when all we can do is hope we get through this day and the day after with the least possible fuss and quarreling?"

"But it's not easy for you to always show him how you feel." Mom never pried into our married life and this was more comment than she had ever made before. "You know, Eileen, there were ten of you children at home when you were growing up. We never had a large house—I couldn't afford it. But do you ever remember feeling cramped and crowded and pushed around, even with all eleven of us?"

"No-o." Looking back, I could see that she was right. "Even then, I always felt sure of myself—of being myself and having my own rights. How did you manage, Mom?"

We had arrived in Hollywood now and we followed the others off the car, pushing our way through the struggling mass of humanity that swarmed its way through the open streetcar doors and the safety aisle.

Then on to the Earl Carroll Theater patio—and more people. As usual, Mom struck up a friendly, lively conversation with those around her and two elderly ladies from Ohio had fastened themselves on her, content to follow her lead as the line began to

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

steals your energy and spoils your fun!



How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets.

THERE are people in every "crowd" who seem always weary and dispirited. Yes, and so many of these pale, drab people may trace their lack of personality and fun to a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

Results of medical studies show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men—have this common Borderline Anemia. And if you have noticed a loss of color and energy in yourself, you too may be a victim. Perhaps you need to build up your red blood cells—supply line of energy.

Build up Blood and Energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

If your face is too pale and you tire too easily it may be the result of a Borderline Anemia and you should take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help combat Borderline Anemia by restoring puny red blood cells to normal size and color. Vigor and healthy looks depend on energy released by healthy red blood cells.

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have the signs of this depressing Borderline Anemia take Ironized Yeast. It can help you build up your blood—and your natural vitality and appeal.

***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**
resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency can cause
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

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Two smart hair-dos from a *single* Tip-Top setting—Tip-Top shows you how to do it at home!



Charming by day. You need no special skill to set exciting new hair styles with Tip-Top Curlers.



Glamorous by night. Just recomb and in *minutes* you'll be beauty-perfect for that evening date.



How much lovelier you look, under the sun or stars, when Tip-Top Curlers provide the setting. Using Tip-Top is as simple as *grip...turn ...close.* In less time than you dreamed possible, Tip-Top gives you soft, natural-looking hair beauty. You'll wonder that you ever found your hair unmanageable!

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"Professional Hair Styling at Home". Tip-Top booklet tells how you can arrange these 2 becoming hair styles—*and 10 others.* Packed with helpful hints, pictures, and easy-to-follow instructions.

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RM-2

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

move and the ushers collected our tickets.

For the first time, something like real excitement began to stir in me as we hurried through the beautiful Earl Carroll Theater foyer and down the broad center aisle to a small table for two. I caught my breath at the magnificence of it—the large, spacious theater with its six terraces of tables—the huge, curved stage, half-hidden behind the shimmering sequin-spangled ceiling-high green curtain.

I LIKED Jack Bailey, the Master of Ceremonies, immediately. I liked the way he talked *to* us—not down to us. He explained the program, although I doubt if it was necessary, since the comments around us showed that most of the audience were daily listeners—and they knew just what was going to happen in a few moments, when the green signal would flash from the control booth that we were "on the air." And everyone seemed to be biding the little hope that this might be her day—when she would be chosen Queen.

Why not? I thought to myself in astonishment. The Queens would have to be picked out of the audience. Why couldn't Mom be chosen?

And suddenly I found myself waving my hand frantically in the air as Jack Bailey walked down the aisle to begin the selections. Five contestants would be chosen—I wanted so badly for Mom to be one of them!

Finally he came our way. We were the third tier of tables back from the stage and he paused beside us. My throat had tightened up so that I could hardly breathe. I wanted to shout to him—tug at his coat—anything to make him look down at me. But I didn't—and then he was walking past.

But he came back. *He came back!* He stopped and leaned over our table.

"Hello," and he held the microphone between us, so that we could both be heard. "And what would you like to do, if you were made Queen for a Day?"

Frantically I gestured towards Mom. "She—" I managed to get out, but he stopped me.

"No—what would *you* like to do?"

I had just one quick look at Mom and her eyes were shining—and then I knew that she wanted this for me, just as she has always wanted the good things for other people. Strong, independent, sure—Mom has expected the miracles for other people. For herself, she wants to make her own way.

"I—I'd like a place to live," I blurted out. I hadn't stopped to consider; that wish filled my heart day and night. "I'd like an apartment or a house—or anything—just so I can make a home for my husband and my son and myself."

He nodded and I caught a glimpse of real, genuine sympathy in his eyes.

"That's a good wish," was all I could remember him saying.

I can't remember anything else until I was up on that stage and looking around me, dazed. I was one of the five contestants chosen.

It was lucky I was so dazed. Otherwise I would have been terrified of being in front of that big audience and speaking my piece over the microphone, over air waves that carried this program to people in every state of the Union.

Jack Bailey and the others on the program helped. They were so kind, yet so quick with their questions that I didn't have a moment to be more than aware of how my knees were shaking.

I told my story—though not all of it. I didn't want to broadcast the tragedy of my babies. But I told about giving up my apartment and my furniture to be with Hugh in Olympia when he first went into the Army; about going back to Mom in Michigan to wait out the duration; about the coming back to Los Angeles and the desperate, hopeless search for a place of our own. Big as that stage was and far away as I was from the sea of faces below us, I could feel the warm wave of sympathy that came from the audience. Probably many of them—in overcrowded, underhoused Los Angeles—were facing the same ordeal I was!

Then it came.

"I crown you, Eileen—Queen for a Day!" I had won!

Like one in a dream, I felt the robe being placed around my shoulders, the soft stroking of the ermine collar at my throat. Hands were lifted over my head—and, unconsciously, as I felt the slim weight of the crown on my hair, my chin went up. When you are a Queen you must act like a Queen!

I could hear the handclapping below, but I couldn't see anything for the little mist of happy tears in my eyes. An emotion was struggling up into my throat—but it was a proud, joyous, triumphant one—not that bitter, unhappy choke I had lived with so long.

It began then—right then—that change in me. And it grew and grew all during the rest of that exciting program and through the wonderful events that followed. It was as if I had to change. I had to be courageous.

I had to take the magnificent presents they gave me—and clamp down, fiercely, on the cynical whisper that mocked in my ears: *"And where do you think you'll put them, Eileen, in rooms that are already crowded with furniture?—that big, white streamlined washing machine, that console radio, the twin coffee-making sets, the motion picture camera?"* I found I could accept the lovely wardrobe—the gray gabardine wool suit, the striped jersey dress, the nylons, the shoes, the purses and hats and gloves—without sarcastically wondering: *"and where will you have a chance to wear them? Walking up and down streets, looking for 'For Rent' signs? Or talking to apartment-house janitors, perhaps?"*

No, this new, clean feeling of pride refused to let me twist the giving into a mockery. I could look at the gifts and just be simply grateful.

"Is there anything special you'd like to do before we start on the Grand Tour, Your Majesty?" Mr. Bailey asked.

The show (*Continued on page* 84)

Be Sure to Listen to

Louella Parsons

Sunday, January 12th, at 9:15 P. M. EST on ABC for an exciting interview with one of America's most popular stars—as chosen by the American movie-going public in the annual poll conducted for PHOTOPLAY by Dr. George Gallup's Audience Research Inc.

ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*



Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the double treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 9, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for *you,* or it doesn't cost you a cent. *(Advertisement)*

R
M

In 36 Minutes—wing your way to



Romayne Cahoon, charming Pan American World Airways stewardess, uses Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment for lovely highlights!

New Hair Loveliness

Yes, in 36 minutes your hair can look lovelier! Appear always at your best *on time*, for business or social engagements—and Glover's Mange Medicine helps you do just that! Fresh lustre and radiance, natural color tone, hair softness and glamour—these are yours with Glover's famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment—quickly, conveniently, in your own home! Ask for Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress at your Drug Store—or mail Coupon today for *free* trial application of all three!

The Complete Medicinal Treatment

Glover's



Free Trial Application

One complete application of each product in hermetically-sealed bottles—all 3 in special Sampler Package *not sold in stores!* Mail Coupon for free Sampler Package today.

Satisfaction or a Refund of Money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If Effective or Not As Advertised Therein

Glover's, Dept. 552
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Send *free* Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail—Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Imperial Hair Dress in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles—with *free* booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name.....
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Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

R
M

(*Continued from page* 82) was over. The audience was slowly, noisily, making its way out the frosted glass doors of the theater. Mom was up there on the stage with me and now there were only us and the official members of the show left.

"It's all over?" I asked, regretfully. I was beginning, slowly, to emerge from the dream.

"I can see your daughter's been too excited to listen," Jack Bailey laughed with Mom. "Why—it's just started! You have a whole day to reign, Queen Eileen. First, you'll have lunch, with your court, at Tom Breneman's—then on to the Hal Roach Studios—then to the House of Westmore—then—"

"OH!" There was only one thing left to make this day perfect. "Could I possibly call my husband? I know my mother-in-law has heard, because she said she would be listening in to the program. But Hughie's working—"

"Well, why not ask him to join us for dinner? At the Biltmore Hotel?"

Hugh told me afterward that my voice had a song in it when I finally reached him over the phone. He said I didn't sound at all nervous or jumbled-up, when I finally told him what had happened. He claims he was perfectly calm, too—but I know better! When his words go all gruff and masculine and he tries to be casual and *what-of-it?*—then I know he's tickled pink.

But right now the Queen's limousine was waiting outside, under the blue-pillared marquee.

I was so glad Mother Jones had insisted on my wearing my nicest dress and hat when I left the house. She had done it for my morale—but now I knew I needn't feel ashamed to walk into Tom Breneman's Restaurant and know that people were pointing me out.

The orchid Mr. Breneman pinned on my shoulder at lunch put my spirits up an even higher notch.

"That's part of it," Mom whispered to me as she saw the delight in my face as I looked down at its delicate lavender-tinted beauty. "You were asking me before how I managed, Eileen. Well, I never could afford an orchid but I always tried to have some little beautiful thing tucked away—a flower or a favorite pin or a special little trinket someone had given me—to take out and look at and spruce up a plain dress, when things were particularly down-heartening. It does something for you, wearing something special and beautiful. Life can't always be just bread-and-butter, you know."

I did know. I remembered how proud we children always were of the way Mom looked, no matter how poor we were. The way she would always have her hair just-so and the way she would never think of going out onto the street in a housedress, even to the grocery store. She could always find time to change into a street-dress and put on her hat, even with ten children clamoring for her time and attention. What was the word for that kind of pride—was it courage?

But now I was too busy to ponder secrets. The chauffeur piloted us in the big car out to Culver City and the Hal Roach Studios—and it was then I noticed the people bowing on the streets and felt their friendly godspeeds. I was a grown woman, married, with a three-year-old son—yet it was all I could do to keep from bouncing up and down on the car seats, just as Bobby would have done.

Even the make-believe of the movie sets didn't seem any more unreal than the rest of what had happened so far that day, as we visited the Hal Roach Studio. These glamorous great people of the motion pictures—why, they treated me as if I were the celebrity!

I think Mom enjoyed the House of Westmore as much as I did.

"I HOPE you don't mind my watching everything you do?" she asked the attendant who had taken me in charge. "I have a few other daughters and some friends who will be asking me all kinds of questions and I'd like to pass on to them any new ideas."

"Of course we don't mind," the other said graciously. "Looking pretty is mostly just good common sense and sticking to it, anyway. Plus a little professional know-how."

"Is there anything that gives a woman such a lift as this?" I marveled, when they were through. "I feel like a new person." And indeed it was a new Eileen who stared rapturously back at me, turning and posturing in the House of Westmore salon. The old one—defeated and beaten—had been sloughed off like a worn-out coat when I had first walked up those velvet carpets to the stage at Earl Carroll's. Now the finishing touches were on—and I was welcoming back the girl who



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looked like this with shining eyes the day Hugh and I had been married, who had been so happy before the war.

But there was still something lacking to make for perfect happiness and I knew what it was when I saw Hugh, himself, make his way toward us at our dinner table at the Biltmore Hotel. Now everything was complete—because he was here to enjoy the rest with me.

"Hi, Queen!" his words were joking, but his whole face showed his pleasure and his pride. It seemed so good, again for the two of us to be dressed up and dining out—just as if we were two kids again, courting and on a spree—instead of a settled married couple, having to hoard pennies against rainy days. "Do I bow—or kneel—or does a husband have some rights with royalty?"

"How about your being King—for the evening?" The sponsors of the show even had an official escort, Mr. Harry Mynat, along with Mom and me, and he had proved to be a gay and interesting guide on our tour.

"OKAY, Mr. Mynat. That should give me some standing here." Hughie settled himself at the table and then smiled at Mom. "You two girls have been having yourselves a time, haven't you? Not that I was surprised—I've always said I knew how to pick 'em."

With a start of surprise, I saw that I had almost forgotten how good-looking Hugh is—how grand that smile that lights up his whole face. It had been so long since I had really given him a good look, or made an effort to see him smile—so long since I wasn't too busy when he came home nights to share with him this private kind of teasing that is a part of love.

I saw, too, the new little lines at the corners of his eyes. These past years hadn't been any easier for him than for me . . . perhaps harder.

But that was in the past. *Things are going to be different from now on,* I promised him, silently. *This day is meant to be more than just an adventure—it must mean the start of that new life we dreamed of.*

"I feel so wonderful," I whispered to him, as the lights slowly darkened in the big ballroom-dining room and the floor show began. "I feel like Somebody."

He squeezed my arm. "You've always been somebody, silly—aren't you Mrs. Hugh Jones? You're somebody to me, and to Bobby, and don't you forget it."

And then we stopped talking because the dinner was so delicious and the floor show was sparkling and funny and there was so much to see and do. I was in fairyland again, and this time Hugh was with me.

Of course there's always an awakening. Mine came next morning when I opened my eyes and knew that my Queen's reign was over—I was back in our combination bedroom-living room and Bobby was clamoring for his breakfast.

"Shush!" I told him automatically. The usual warnings rose to my lips as I tiptoed into robe and bedroom slippers: *Be quiet—don't make so much noise—you'll wake your Grandmother—don't ask so many questions—eat your breakfast—*

And then I remembered. I had a story to tell Bobby.

"Once upon a time, Bobby, there was a Queen. For a whole day. And that Queen was your very own mother—" and so on, telling him everything that

Modern Love in Old New Orleans

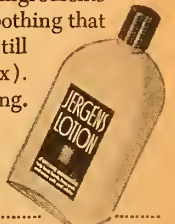


Mardi Gras dance—and she wouldn't tell him her name. But—*"I'll find you,"* he said. *"I'll never forget these soft hands."*. . . Very likely she uses Jergens hand care. Like the Stars. Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion.



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had happened. He sat there rapturously quiet, his big brown eyes wide under his thatch of blond hair. He could hardly wiggle, much less talk—but he ate his breakfast.

So the magic hadn't yet disappeared! And now a little of it touched my son.

The phone began ringing shortly after Hugh and Father Jones had left for work—which is early, indeed. And it hardly stopped ringing all day. Friends dropped in to marvel and exclaim with me and to hear firsthand how one of their own neighbors had become Queen for a Day. Telegrams came from Michigan where relatives and more friends had heard the program. I had to keep dressed up; I couldn't run around in slacks and any old blouse when there was no telling who might be ringing the doorbell.

People told me that the afternoon Alhambra newspapers carried ads placed there by the sponsors of the show—asking for a place to rent for us.

But—funny thing—I never really expected them to get results. I never expected to get my wish. I had almost forgotten I had made it and I knew that apartments and real estate offices had long waiting lists.

BUT the other miracle—? Late that afternoon, when the house was finally quiet and Bobby was outside playing and Mother Jones had left me, smiling, to take her nap—then I sat down and took stock of myself. Why did I still feel so different?

Why wasn't I afraid—at least not so much? Why was it that all the interruptions, the make-shift entertaining, the apologies for meeting these friends today in a living room where the baby's bed was crowded against the fireplace and our bed was only barely comouflaged as a divan against the other wall—why didn't those things bother and irritate me?

I searched and found the answer. Because I had found myself again. I had my bearings now and none of these temporary discomforts was going to throw me for a loss again. I was a real person.

All during the time Hugh was in the Army I had felt like nothing more than a war statistic. I was a soldier's wife—one of ten million—torn up by the roots and scattered over the country. That was a sacrifice I had been willing to meet, even if I'd had a choice. The woman's part is the easiest.

But those things wouldn't have mattered if you knew you had a safe anchorage somewhere, a place to come back to, of your own. But when you drift for a couple of years—when your husband is overseas—when you bear and lose a child that he has never even seen—in a home that is not your own—when you move again and must find your corner in someone else's house—

Well, somewhere along that road I had lost myself. I had become not wholly a mother, not wholly a wife, not quite a guest in my parents-in-law's house—not entirely anything.

Now I knew that to be anything to anyone, I must first know myself. I must be strong and courageous and proud—not beaten and unhappy. I must look forward—but not desperately. There were common-sense things I could do.

Stubbornly I meant to cling to some of that magic. It wasn't so impossible. Wasn't my own mother one of those rare persons who carried that magic wisdom with her wherever she went? She had raised ten children, but she had never let herself become submerged in them; never let her own dreams and her own pride die.

I don't mean to imply that being Queen has changed me or my life completely. In fact, I doubt if Hugh or Bobby would appreciate such a change. But what it has done for me is to make me realize that good fortune *can* come my way; that keeping a pair of rose-tinted glasses handy isn't just kidding myself; that if miracles can happen, other good things can come my way if I work for them.

Time has gone by. I'm still searching the want-ad sections of the newspapers and I still eagerly follow up any rumors I hear about rental vacancies. But the hunt doesn't occupy all of my time—not by any means.

I have a job now. In the mornings I get up and fix our breakfast, clean up our room, and then take Bobby to nursery school on my way to work.

It's nice, pleasant work, selling breads and cakes and pies and cookies in the Mission Bakery. The counters sparkle in their clean glass and the air smells sweet from the cinnamon and the spices in the baking. I wear a trim white uniform and a little white cap that perches smartly on my dark hair (I'm still dressing my curls the way Westmore's showed me to!) and I am begining to know and call the customers by name. And they know me, too. "Mrs. Jones," they say—and once in a while someone's eyes will open wide and they will gasp: "Mrs. Jones? Are you the Eileen Jones who was Queen for a Day? Oh, tell me about it!" And then I find myself going over my great adventure again.

AT FOUR-THIRTY I pick up Bobby and we go home. Mother Jones has had a quiet, peaceful day. She loves Bobby and he loves her, dearly; but no older woman—and certainly not one who is unwell—should have the nerve-racking noise and tumult of a small boy's entire waking hours loaded onto her shoulders. This way they see each other for a few hours and it is a pleasant time for them both.

When Hugh comes home I have rested and showered and changed into one of the pretty dresses he loves. And I have found that sharing another person's life and jokes and tenderness doesn't depend on being physically alone. We are together—we are building together—planning together.

"I heard about a new housing development today. And they're giving preference to veterans." When he would tell me about these possibilities before, it would come slowly, almost as if he were afraid of raising my hopes and knowing the despair that would follow if the "lead" came to nothing.

But now—? I can say calmly, "Let's call them up and ask for an appointment, dear. Maybe we can run over to their offices after Bobby is in bed." But there's no frenzy in my voice now. It will come—that home for us. "And if it doesn't work out—there'll be another day." And I know, from Hugh's grateful smile, that he has learned, too, how substantial our happiness together is.

I'm going to have more babies, too. That was something I couldn't face for a long time. But now I want children—brothers and sisters for Bobby—when that Someday comes.

It's nice, having a wonderful Someday to look forward to. But I don't think I could still dream of it and plan for it—if I hadn't had that Other Day to look back on. That never-to-be-forgotten, miracle in time when I was truly Queen for a Day.

It's A Honeymoon

(*Continued from page* 43)

and how we fell in love and married and have lived happily ever after . . . . . it all began, as the tale-tellers say, seven or eight years ago—maybe more, time plays pranks with me—when I was working as a relief announcer for Station KGB in San Diego, California, and first heard Ruth Carhart sing over the Columbia network. I thought, I remember, how much, how very much I liked the verve and velvet of her contralto voice. I wondered vaguely, I also remember, whether she "looked like" her voice. But I did not think I would ever meet her nor did I feel, to be quite honest, any wild romantic urge to do so.

Then, shortly after I heard Ruth sing, I resigned from KGB (by that time I had been promoted to Chief Staff Announcer) and headed East. Luck rode with me, for I was accepted in no time at all as a staff member of CBS in New York. Among my first assignments was to announce the program of songstress Ruth Carhart.

NOW you might suppose—since I had heard her sing when I was on the Coast and her voice had, so to speak, said things to me—that it would have been pretty exciting to me to meet her, to announce for her. Quite honestly, it wasn't. I had been at CBS for only two to three weeks at the time and was too excited over the break it was for me to be there to have any reactions left over. Furthermore, I was not well—down to that "spare 134 pounds"—it was a hot summer, I wasn't used to heat and the whole set-up ganged up on the Romeo in me, if any.

I do recall that Ruth sang "When We Were Young," as one of her numbers, but whether I noticed what she wore, or thought her beautiful, or hoped to have a date with her, I doubt . . .

After the broadcast, however, Cupid got in a lick . . . when, in the announcers' room, I found a great big box of peonies which my grandparents had sent me from my hometown of Deposit, New York. An *enormous* box . . . Since the room I was then sharing with Ralph Edwards (later to be *the* Ralph Edwards of Truth and Consequences fame and fortune) boasted only one vase, a *bud* vase, it was obvious that if the peonies moved in, Ralph and I would, perforce, move out. Sort of embarrassing to me, too, all those flowers in the announcers' room. What to do with them? Having just finished the program with Ruth, something—in my subconscious, nothing more—prompted me to rush to the elevators where, just as she was signaling for a down car—I caught up with Ruth. Standing there, first on one foot, then the other, I asked her, with a sickly grin, if she "liked flowers." Ruth's answer was (she says it was the first and last time she ever used the now-current phrase) "Oh, are *you* kidding?"

I remember very well our first date. Ruth had an organ program somewhere on Seventh Avenue. I announced the program. As we were leaving the building in—recurrent theme!—a down elevator we said, simultaneously and very unromantically, that we were hungry. After which, with no "How about dinner tonight, Miss Carhart?" we found ourselves, as by common consent, in a place called Louise's, somewhere on the East Side, and there



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discovered that we both like hearty food—steak, potatoes, pie—that we both love children, animals, flowers, fishing and sturdy furniture; that we both come from the smallest of small towns (Population of Ellsworth, some 2,000—and Ruth said I had "made up" the town of Deposit, that there *was* no such place) which means that our way of life had been much the same and that we had both worked like stevedores to make good.

"My parents," Ruth confided, "wanted badly, but could not afford to give me, a musical education. So when I learned that Ellsworth's one and only (and very fine) vocal coach needed a housekeeper, I applied for the job—and got it. Lessons," she added, laughing, "in part payment of salary."

"I worked my way through San Diego College, where I was studying to be a history teacher," I said, "by taking employment in a grocery store, at a public beach as caretaker of the parking lot and picnic grounds, as a flagman with a road gang . . ."

"SOON after I started in domestic service," Ruth said, "my employer and coach joined the staff of Stephens College, in Missouri, and I went with him. I worked my way through Stephens by singing in church choirs in addition to continuing my household chores."

"I quit college in my junior year," I said, "to join a Shakespearean stock company, run by Mrs. Patia Power who was better known, at the time, than her son, Tyrone. I made my stage debut," I added, with modest pride, "in 'Romeo and Juliet' at the Vine Street Theater, in Hollywood."

"After I graduated from Stephens," Ruth continued the exchange of confidences, "I entered the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. After I had been there a year, I won a contest sponsored by Mme. Schumann-Heink. The prize was a summer of study with the late great diva."

"After our Shakespearean troupe broke up," I said, "my next venture was gold-mining. I spent several months prospecting, and—to understate it—roughing it in the California hills. I returned to San Diego with nothing that bore even a family resemblance to gold in my pockets."

This time, too, unlike the first time, I noticed what she wore—something green, like the spring. This time I noticed, and knew, that she was beautiful. She was my type, whatever that means. *I* mean that her red-brown hair, smooth and shining, her wide-set, black-lashed gray eyes, her skin like the skin of the camellias I then and there determined to send her daily, her wide-set cheek bones and full, generous mouth added up to my concept of beauty in a woman. There was the look of the Viking about her, the look of strength. I am, besides, always attracted to a very regular, genuine wholesome quality in a woman and I recognized these qualities in Ruth. It sounds selfish to say, but I also knew—for a fact—that she would board up the holes in me and would make—and this mattered to me, too—a good mother. Which, in more than bare fact, she has done and is. In addition, because although I am not musical myself, I have a great love of music, the idea of her being musical really—what is it Sinatra does to his fans?—sent me.

After that first date, we never again—not for long, at any rate—said goodbye.

At this time, or shortly thereafter, Ralph Edwards (with whom I was still sharing—not a room, now, but an apartment on West 55th Street) started going with the girl he was to marry and, in a foursome or, more often, two by two, we dated and danced and had ourselves never-to-be-forgotten times all through that enchanted summer . . .

One of our favorite haunts was the old Brevoort, on lower Fifth Avenue, where we liked to have mint juleps. It was at the Brevoort, I remember, that we wrote "our" song—*Rain On My Heart.* Ruth insists that *I* wrote it, she just wrote it down; I insist that *she* wrote it, I just wrote it down—either way, we collaborated and although the song remains unpublished and, except by Ruth, unsung, Ruth still believes in it and submitted it, recently and, I fear, optimistically, to a song contest being held in Bronxville. (Editor's Note—late bulletin. It won first prize!)

The Russian Yar over on 52nd Street was another rendezvous made for two. There, the muscians used to come to our table and play and sing for us; used to teach Ruth to sing songs in Russian. *How Strange* was, I well remember, one of them she sang, there in the candlelight, in Russian. On her birthday that year, our musician friends, trouping in behind the one-candled cake the proprietor had made for Ruth, sang her the Russian version of *Happy Birthday To You . . .*

I, an announcer, am not paid to be, and am not, an adept at translating emotion into words; but if there is a word for that time in our lives, the word is "magical."

It always flatters me enormously—perhaps, being a very wise woman, she knows it does—to hear Ruth telling her girl-friends, "George used to send me the *most* beautiful flowers. When I was on a show, there was a corsage every night—creations, they were, each one different." (I had an arrangement with a very ingenious florist!) "And oh, the most beautiful camellias . . . !"

ON June 22, 1940, in the parlor of a Presbyterian minister's house in Fredericksburg, Virginia, we were married.

Again I remember the way she looked (she looked like a bride—can a woman look more beautiful?) and the dress she wore, a lovely silk thing, green, with flowers in the print.

I remember, too, that as we were promising to love, honor and obey, we faced a screen door leading out into a garden and the garden, like Ruth, was bright with summer.

We didn't have a honeymoon trip because the news waits for no man, not even a bridegroom, and I had a news broadcast the next day. But we went to Maine later that summer and we went to Florida this winter just past and although we call that our "real" honeymoon, when two people are in love wherever they are, and whenever, it is a honeymoon, isn't it?

We have our differences, of course, and Ruth has her difficulties with me. Put down that I am the laziest man in the world (if I ever get a breakfast show, I'll be out of radio!) and you'll face one of them. She gets me up in the (mid) morning by sheer chicanery. The latest gimmick is to tell the kids, "You go in, boys, and give Daddy a big kiss." Rousing a man by his heart-strings, I call it!

Having laid myself open to criticism, it is only fair to say that my wife has a tremendous temper. When she is about to explode, I can always tell it because her lips get very straight and narrow and she looks like Brunhilde

hearing the call to battle. A very minor difference between us is that I love to play bridge and Ruth has no card sense at all.

Basically, however, we are a literal example of two hearts that beat, and two lives that are lived, as one.

When Ruth took the children to California last year to show them to my mother, and to hers and to do, while on the coast, some transcribed stuff. ("I was," she says, "the voice of Elsie, the Cow.") She was gone ten weeks. Though we like to think we are modern enough to believe that married people benefit by occasional separations, we found that a ten-week separation was plain torture.

Since we have been married, Ruth has done some singing but on a much smaller scale than before she became Mrs. Putnam. Working as hard as she did to achieve what she did, she was, she says, pretty tired of the grind and enjoys "just being married." I, in the matter of her career, say nothing. I feel I haven't any right to have any feeling about it, one way or the other; that what she does must be motivated from within herself. I can't help but feel, however, that with the big investment in time and energy she made in her career, there may come a day when she will be happier with a slight change of pace. . . .

MEANTIME, she takes care, the best, of her "three boys" . . . sees to it, among other things, that I make the train in time for my Portia Faces Life, Lorenzo Jones, Big Town, Mystery Theatre and Paramount Newsreel shows—and that, with my capacity for sleep and incapacity for waking up, is no slacker's job. With that slight straightening and narrowing of her lips, Ruth is wont to remind me that the only speed ticket she ever got in her life was when she drove me (on an ambulance the speed she made would have looked good) to the station at Fleetwood.

Since I seldom have to be in New York until afternoon, and only two nights a week, we manage to have a lot of time together, and a lot of fun, at home. Having lived in Bronxville for four years, we know a lot of people and have a wonderful crowd—a dentist (Dr. Knight) and his wife, an artist and his wife, a lawyer and his wife, two vice-consuls from the Union of South Africa and their wives—and almost every night we're at home, they drop in on us, or we visit one of them, and have a big powwow, or Ruth sings, or we play The Game.

Often, too, we spend an evening alone, Ruth and I . . . and she tells me something amusing the boys have said or done . . . for instance, how she and the children were walking past a neighborhood church that day and all Jeff knows about a church is that people get married in church and how, as Kit started up the path, exploring, Jeff said, "You better not go in there, Kit, *you might get married!*" . . . Or I do a little bragging about my recent membership in the Lambs Club and how proud I am of it. . . . Or we conjure up ideas for shows I might do, someday, in radio and Ruth says she wishes I would *act* in radio and I tell her that, if I did, I would be faced with something as simple as embarrassment. Or maybe, but not often, we go to the movies. Or Ruth sings to me. Or something. Or anything . . . for whatever it is, it adds up to contentment and happiness simply because we are together.

Are you in the know?



How can you leave at your dating deadline?

- ☐ *Tell the crowd Dod insists*
- ☐ *Say you need your beauty sleep*
- ☐ *Mention on early A. M. appointment*

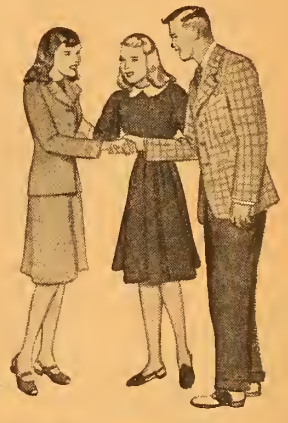
Party-ing is such sweet sorrow when you're the gal who must break it up. You're also the gal who must face the family . . . so don't hesitate. Mention an early morning appointment. It's the smooth way to exit at your curfew time. At "difficult" times, curfew for outline fears calls for Kotex. That's because Kotex has *flat, pressed ends* that don't show . . . that prevent revealing outlines. Yes, with Kotex you're poised at any party . . . a smoothie from the word go!



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- ☐ *Brief but "personalized"*
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- ☐ *Follow through*
- ☐ *Let them take it from there*
- ☐ *Start tolking for tolk's sake*

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The Little Girl Next Door

(*Continued from page* 47)

she looks up worshipfully. "Isn't he *big?*" she says to you in an off-stage whisper. Then motioning significantly to his arms, "Muscles!"

They live near the college in a small yellow frame house with a palm tree in the front yard and a hopscotch game painted on the front sidewalk. There's a cash-and-carry grocery store on one corner, a press-while-u-wait on the other. Like many other American families the Nilssons are victims of eviction. They had to give up their comfortable Hollywood home, and took this one until they can get a small ranch in the San Fernando Valley. Meanwhile, Norma Jean plays happily away on the hopscotch walk, her only regret that there's no room for a horse in the backyard. "I want a baby colt," she says, "but I can't have it here. I just *love* horses!"

SHE stages her exciting horse operas in the backyard with her best friend, Evelyn August, a cute little girl with pigtails and freckles, who lives across the street from them. Evelyn is "going on twelve," and her father works for the Pacific Electric company "as a conductor or something," Norma informs you. She phones Evelyn every afternoon when she gets in from school and carries on fantastic conversations in pig latin "so I won't know what they're talking about," laughs her mother. It goes something like "Eskay-oogay-ootsay—okay-oplay," but when boiled down means simply, "Will you come over and play?"

Then Norma Jean whips on her khaki pants, red plaid shirt, red straw sombrero, buckles on her gun, and carefully pulls on a pair of white gloves "for strangling the villians and for riding," she explains. Evelyn comes through the front door, pigtails flying, a gun strapped around the waist of her print dress, and they're ready to ride. They mount imaginary horses and run back and forth across the backyard in thrilling chase stuff. "Through the cave!" one shouts, and they streak through the garage. "*Quick* . . . they saw us!" yells Norma, and they slink across to a big empty wooden packing box, take cover behind it and carefully aim. "Hit him right between the eyes!" she says. The imaginary culprit falls.

When they "play costume," the box is a beautiful stage with make-believe gold curtains. In front of it in a long pink net dress, a gold sequin band around her hair, an old window curtain draped soulfully over her shoulders, Norma Jean emotes. The show goes on. And on.

She has some forty dolls that live on a double-decker bunk and overflow chairs all around her bedroom. "I've had this one . . . oh so long . . . ever since I was a little girl," she tells you, picking up a baby doll and cradling it. A fat bloated-looking doll reminds her of her Aunt Bluma. "Of course she doesn't *look* like her," she adds, "just the eyes. My Aunt Bluma has such nice big eyes!" she says admiringly. Usually she plays with the "tall" dolls "because they look more grown-up and you can comb their hair and everything." Some of them are wearing Norma Jean's dresses now. "Of course they're just borrowing them," she explains seriously.

"Norma Jean" is a beautiful doll given her by the woman who designs her own clothes. She gave the doll an identical hair-do, using some of Norma's hair which was cut off when she got a permanent, and made it nineteen outfits just like those she made Norma. Including checked taffeta dresses, a blue velvet, a tiny brown fur coat, a robe, "and she has a nightgown just like mine too . . . a striped long flannel," says her mistress. She keeps the tiny wardrobe in an old tan suitcase and proudly has the doll model all of them for you.

Norma collects everything from dolls, stamps and pick-up sticks to the backs of playing cards "particularly those with dogs on the backs of them and Jokers. I don't know why I collect the Jokers. It just seems I like to." In her prized "knicknack" collection are souvenirs like the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, two imported figures given her by Diana Barrymore, and a rock Norma picked up in the Bronx Zoo.

HER most prized item is a gold bracelet with a gold heart that Jack Carson gave her, with "Norma Jean" inscribed on one side of the heart and "Love, Jack Carson" on the other. "I'm crazy about it. It's very lucky," she says. "I just adore him anyway. He's my very favorite star. He's so nice and big and everything. We talk a lot," she goes on conversationally. "Oh we never talk about anything *personal,*" she amends hastily, "just about the show." But even that is enough to make her heart flutter.

She loves jewelry and proudly shows you her gold ring with a garnet stone that her parents gave her. "It's my birthstone . . . January . . . you know." She has a silver bracelet with a charm for every appearance on the Monday night CBS Radio Theatre, "but I don't wear it much, because I wear my gold ring and it clashes," she says.

Norma Jean refers at intervals to something she had "when I was a young kid . . . about three years old." Her bed is "my youth bed . . . I've had it ever since I was a little girl."

Her idea of luxury is reading in bed. She usually climbs into her "youth bed" around seven o'clock at night, switches on her little blue bed lamp, snuggles down with her pet lamb, "Ballet," under one arm and gets lost in something like "The Five Little Peppers" for a half hour or so. "Ballet" is a nocturnal must. She's been sleeping with the toy lamb since she was three years old, and never goes to bed without it now. "I celebrate his birthday every May 15," she says. "Don't think he always looked like this," she says sadly, "he was all white and woolly with a blue satin ribbon around his neck when I got him. I guess he's just gotten worn out as the years go by," she says, hugging the little slick lamb close to her face.

Norma has a large library, numbering books like "Old English Songs and Ballads," "Book of Music Knowledge," "Seventeen," all the "Bobbsey Twins" books, and her very favorite "Black Beauty." "I just love that story," she says. "I've read it twice. I saw the picture too and I cried practically all the way through it."

She's wholeheartedly enthusiastic about her likes. She just *loves* her favorite blue organdy dress, movies of almost any kind listening to Jack

Smith sing, "he sounds so cheerful all the time," and especially loves watermelons. "They're my favorite food in summer," she says. "I like apples in winter. And I also like my sponsor's Chicken Noodle soup," she goes on putting in an unsolicited but in her case a very honest plug. She doesn't like any other brand of chicken noodle and can tell the difference immediately. She also doesn't like summer squash. "I strictly don't," she says, wrinkling up her nose in inflexible distaste.

Like any other nine-year-old she strictly does like chewing gum and candy, and keeps a candy bar and a package or two of gum saved away in a black tin box, along with her precious gold sequin head band, a leather wallet, and a tiny little pink straw doll's hat. A very obedient child, she never invades the black tin box for candy without her mother's permission.

Like other nine-year-olds also she strictly likes Roy Rogers, Wild Bill Elliott, to go ice skating and roller skating, and loves to swim. Unlike them, possibly, Norma Jean *has* to be perfect at everything. She's a little perfectionist, and works just as hard at hopscotch as she does at long division. A skating spin must be perfect, and she'll practice it until she drops. She notes not only the principals, but the producer, director, all minor cast members, and every story detail of any movies she sees.

Unlike most of them, her life as a young professional is regimented into regular hourly periods. School from eight-thirty to noon; lessons in ballet, tap, diction, piano, singing, ice skating, and swimming; and the regular afternoon play periods.

Unlike some too . . . she just *loves* school. And here too she has to make one hundred to be happy. An example missed in arithmetic almost breaks her heart. "Mommy . . . I missed one today," she'll say sadly, on that very rare occasion, and even "Pinky" can't cheer her up. Her grades range from "A" to "A-Plus" in English, spelling, writing, and geography. Sometimes she sorrowfully makes ninety-five in arithmetic.

UNTIL this past year Mrs. Nilsson tutored her at home. Now Norma is finishing the fifth grade at the Victory Garden School, a private school in Hollywood. The only other professional there is her secretly avowed "boy friend," thirteen-year-old Henry Blair, who plays "Ricky" on the Ozzie and Harriet show.

Despite her I.Q. of 162 there's nothing quiz-kiddy about her. She doesn't chagrin you by rattling off the Constitution or by giving you the square root of some infinite sum. She's just superintelligent. Her parents have guarded against loading her mind with facts and figures or scientific data. "We just want her to be a normal child," they say.

Her I.Q. is evenly as well as generously distributed. She's an accomplished pianist, playing her favorite compositions like Beethoven's "Für Elise" and Chopin's "Minute Waltz" beautifully and with great feeling. Her mother started giving her lessons at the age of three and soon discovered she was a musical prodigy. One day while dusting the piano she accidentally hit a note and was surprised to hear three-year-old Norma, busily playing with her dolls, say, "Mommy . . . that was 'C'". Soon she could identify whole chords. She has what is known as absolute musical pitch and today—with her back turned—identifies major and minor chords and scales, and spells out words as her mother plays the notes. C-A-B-B-A-G-E . . . "Cabbage!" sings out Norma. She never misses.

She speaks Swedish fluently . . . her father always speaks it around home . . . and she has command of seven dialects on the radio. She excels in both tap and ballet, has a cute singing style and has sung duets with Jack Carson, Frank Sinatra and Jack Smith, no less. She's also a very talented little sketch artist. Before the broadcast at CBS you'll find her in her dressing room sketching away like mad on lovely ladies in smart evening gowns. "I just dream them up," she says, when you ask where she gets the ideas for the designs. "The dots are sequins," she explains, dotting busily, spreading glitter on a "dreamy," floating skirt.

She's always been precocious. She spoke fluently at the age of two, memorized nursery rhymes after hearing them one time, and could read and write at the age of five. She was taking dancing lessons at three, and singing lessons the following year. When she was four years old she sang and danced on USO shows, at War Bond rallies, and on

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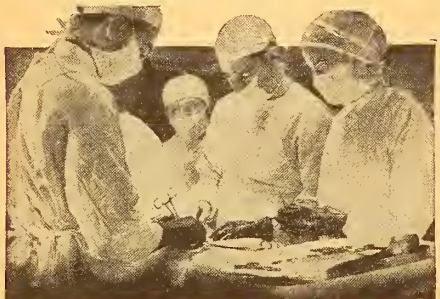
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amateur radio programs. She won first place that year in a talent contest on the Tune-Out Time program on radio station KECA.

Her first big-time radio appearance was with Dinah Shore and Fred MacMurray on Arch Oboler's Free World Theatre program over NBC. When Mrs. Nilsson got the call to bring Norma Jean down for the audition, she brought all her music, her tap shoes, and an accompanist, thinking they wanted Norma to sing. She was disappointed when she found it was a line reading. More so when she saw the twelve older girls who were there for it. To this date she doesn't know why her five-year-old was called.

Neither did Arch Oboler. "What are *you* doing here?" he laughed, shaking his head. "Can you read?"

"No," said Norma gravely, "but I can say anything you want me to say, sir."

Humoring her, the producer explained that he was looking for a girl to play a little dying Filipino girl in the script. She would have one line, and repeat it six times. "Say 'Mommy, I want a drink of water'," he said, smiling.

Norma obediently obliged, saying it weakly, fretfully, as an ill child might. "Mommy . . . I . . . want . . . a drink of wa—ter."

"Just the voice I want and the child can't read!" exclaimed the producer.

He decided to use her anyway, and to have his assistant, Lew Merrill, squeeze Norma Jean's arm to cue her every time she said her line. It worked. She was perfect on the show.

"If you'll teach her to read . . . I'll use her a lot," the producer told her mother.

Mrs. Nilsson taught her, and within four months she could read simple script on network shows. She did a commercial on the Edgar Bergen show one Sunday and so impressed Cecil B. DeMille, who was guesting on it, that he arranged for her to have a featured part on the Radio Theatre in "Penny Serenade" with Joseph Cotten and Irene Dunne. The word got around the studios about the amazing five-year-old who could read cold script. Calls poured in. During the next two years, she was on Screen Guild, the Burns and Allen show, Truth and Consequences, and many others. On Stars Over Hollywood she enacted a macabre double role . . . that of a five-year-old girl and a 23-year-old woman in a five-year-old's body.

She was doing a small part on This Is My Best with Jack Benny one day, when Jack Carson and Larry Burns, producer of the Carson show, accidentally dropped into the control booth to catch the rehearsal. They knew immediately that they'd found the girl they wanted for the new character they were writing into their show. She was signed the next week.

The producer tells you readily that Norma Jean is the cleverest child radio actress he's ever seen. That she has a feeling for comedy and a timing that's amazing to find in any child. An understanding of lines and an intonation that usually takes years to develop. That she reads lines brilliantly, and reads them just as well at first rehearal as she does on the final show.

Depite which Norma Jean always worries about her performance on a broadcast, and as soon as the show is off the air, rushes backstage to her mother with the anxious query, "Did I do good, Mommy? Did I do good?"

She never gets mike fright. Ask her about that and you'll get a surprised "Oh *no* . . . the microphone is my friend." She never fluffs a line or throws the timing on a show. And she's equally watchful to see that nobody else fouls anything up either. During the broadcast of "The Pied Piper of Hamlin" on the Radio Theatre a boy actor suddenly became ill and left the stage without the producer knowing it. When the boy's cue came, Norma Jean was on her feet and half-way to the mike to read his lines, when a fifteen-year-old boy who'd also noticed it, beat her there.

She's only had one or two bad moments of her own since she's been in radio. Once when she was supposed to scream on a show and her voice almost failed her. And on a Carson program when she didn't have the final page of her script and had the tag line. They were broadcasting from Philadelphia, where Jack was making personal appearances at a theater. There'd been only time for one rehearsal. Right at the end of the broadcast Norma discovered she didn't have her last page. She knew she had the tag line. The last laugh. She was panicky. She watched Carson and Dave Willock carefully, knowing she could tell by Jack's expression when it was time for her cue. When he said his last line and looked at her . . . her own line came to her. She remembered it. When the curtain went down, Norma ran off-stage crying. Carson picked her up and soothed her. "Oh, I was so frightened, Mister Carson," she wailed.

Today at nine, Norma Jean has some 225 shows behind her. She has an exclusive contract with her sponsor that makes her the highest paid child actress in radio. She has a dressing room with "Miss Nilsson" lettered handsomely on the outside door. She gets many fan letters. And back in Rockport, Illinois, there's a Norma Jean Nilsson Fan Club, whose members meet "over at a neighbor lady's" and listen to the show, then adjourn to the nearest drugstore for ice cream cones.

During the broadcasts, Norma sits with great dignity on a chair onstage, her feet dangling, her full skirt spread carefully around her, a perky white bow atop her long brown hair. She follows the script carefully, turning pages and clipping them. Then jumps down and takes a serious stance behind her short mike for her lines. When the show's over and her mother assures her she "did good," Norma hurries on to the next exciting business on hand.

ON WEDNESDAYS she's verily a little queen for a day. During the three hours between the East and West Coast shows, Norma Jean and her mother go on their regular Wednesday binge. First to the Brown Derby for some chicken noodle soup and a chocolate eclair. Then out shopping for her weekly "reward," maybe a recording, a new book, boots, or a cowgirl suit. Then to the Hitching Post theater to see a Western movie.

When the curtain falls on the last show, the little queen goes happily but sleepily back to the yellow frame house with the hopscotch sidewalk. Forgotten is the dressing room with the "Miss Nilsson" on it. Forgotten the fans, the applause. She's just the little girl next door again.

Come Thursdays and she's propped on one elbow by the phone in the kitchen, giving with the pig latin to her girl friend across the street. Out come the pants, the red plaid shirt, the pistol, the desperado vocabulary. Away go timing, diction, cues. And Calamity Jean rides again.

Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page* 41)

you." Then he would add, "They would be a very ungrateful lot if they did not look after their mother."

He lived long enough to see the three of them married. "Now," he said, to me, "you are going to have a car and some of the things we have done without." A car was selected and ordered delivered but before it came my husband died of a heart attack.

The children announced that as they could not keep up a separate home for me, which I never expected them to do, the three of them had arranged for me to spend four months of each year in one of their homes, in rotation. I agreed, really feeling happy about it. All of my things were sold. Each child lived in a different state and none of them lived in the state in which my married life had been spent and in which they had grown up. I had visions of going on being of service to my families, even though along in years. I could mend, wipe dishes and help with the children. I felt deeply proud and grateful that they seemed to want to take care of me. But, having my offers of help met with "No thank you, Nana," over and over, in each home, I finally gave up offering. They were kind and considerate of my comfort but they wanted nothing I had to offer, evidently.

I HAD no choice of selection of anything in the three different rooms in which I live. I made no suggestions as to the marketing. I ignored any act on the part of the children. I simply was and am not needed any more. The bottom had dropped out of my world. Night after night I cried myself into an exhausted sleep. One wakeful night I started thinking and planning about the years left me. I selected churches in the different places to attend—not the ones my families went to. I had no intention of being an incumbrance, even spiritually.

Then I put those plans into effect. I met people and in one church was giving a Sunday school class to teach. I visited the three different libraries, took out membership cards and caught up with my long neglected reading. I met other older people who spent time in the library. I shopped in the stores and fixed my wardrobe over, to the extent of my small allowance. I knew what was being worn. I crocheted many gifts during the evenings. I helped at Red Cross, met charming people, which led to social contacts. The sum of it all is, now I let my families live their own lives as they seem to desire, in their homes, just as if I were not there. I live my life, centered in my three rooms and my inner self. The fear of my interference, which I did not dream could exist, had been broken down. My families seem interested in my activities and ask me about them. The children seek "Nana" in her rooms. I haven't time for self-pity. I repeatedly count my blessings. I am a fortunate person. I have three homes instead of one. I am warm, comfortable and well fed. I have new friends and letters from old ones.

Now that the younger generation realize that "Nana" is not going to upset their home routines or spoil their children, living is assuming a natural basis and a more personal base.

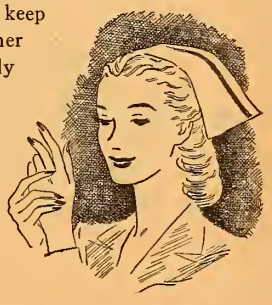
I have discovered and demonstrated that "Life Can Be Beautiful" even





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when lived in other people's houses and homes.

Mrs. N. E. C.

TOO YOUNG TO DIE

Dear Papa David:

My husband and I had been married two years and were expecting our first child when I developed a malignant growth on my left arm. I had already had two operations on my arm, when I was still in high school, but it never occurred to me that it could be anything serious.

Just a growth caused by a bruise, the doctor said. I had always been more or less a "tomboy"—enjoying all kinds of sports, especially swimming. So it was logical for this growth to be caused by a bruise. The doctor calmed my fears and I soon forgot about my arm.

Just two months before my daughter was born, the growth reappeared. My husband rushed me to our local doctor, who sent me at once to one of the best-known hospitals in the South. It didn't take long to find out how things stood. It was either amputate my arm or lose my life. At that time it was really a big decision to make. With an arm off, I'd be a cripple! The very thought of it made me shudder. Why, people would pity me. I wouldn't be able to do any of the things my husband and I had planned. I couldn't take part in the sports that I'd always enjoyed so much.

Then, there was my unborn baby. I'd never be a real mother to it with just one arm. I used every argument in the world, while my husband pleaded with me to have the operation, that it wouldn't make any difference in his love for me.

I spent one whole night just walking and thinking. But when morning came I'd reached a decision. I'd have the operation. I was too young to die, only nineteen. I still wanted to live, even if I would be handicapped. I thought of my child and began to wonder why I ever doubted that I wanted to live.

Once my mind was made up I felt much better. It was almost a relief when I went to the hospital for the operation.

My operation was soon over, and I was home again in a very short time. I hadn't much more than recovered from it, before my daughter was born.

With a child to rear and a home to make, I knew the time had come when I could no longer escape reality. I had a long, hard road ahead of me, but I was determined to make the best of it. I knew my husband and parents had suffered through this ordeal, as much as I had. I didn't want them to carry my burden, so my first step was to be cheerful. It wasn't always easy, but soon it came more naturally and I discovered I had a sense of humor, which saved many situations. If I could get the family and friends to laugh, for awhile we'd all forget about my handicap.

I made a game of learning to cook. Each time I mastered a new task, it was a personal victory to me. It helped my morale to realize I could cook, wash dishes and do just about anything with one hand that I had done when I had two. I was anxious to see if I could still swim—and I could! I relearned to drive a car. My pride in these small accomplishments was tremendous. I had never dreamed I could lead a normal life with just one arm.

The most difficult thing I had to fight was self-consciousness. People are naturally curious, but when someone stared at me and whispered something to his companion, I felt like running to hide. With the aid of an artificial arm, I'm gradually adjusting myself and gaining self-confidence.

It has been seven years now since I lost my arm. They have not been unhappy years. I have learned to appreciate the little things that other people sometimes overlook. I have a fine daughter, who is starting her second year in school. I have a devoted husband, who never pampered or pitied me, but helped me to stand on my own feet.

I have so much to be thankful for and I truly believe that life can be beautiful if we work to make it so.

I like to think that what happens to you isn't so important as how you take it.

Mrs. E. I.

"OUR BOYS"

Dear Papa David:

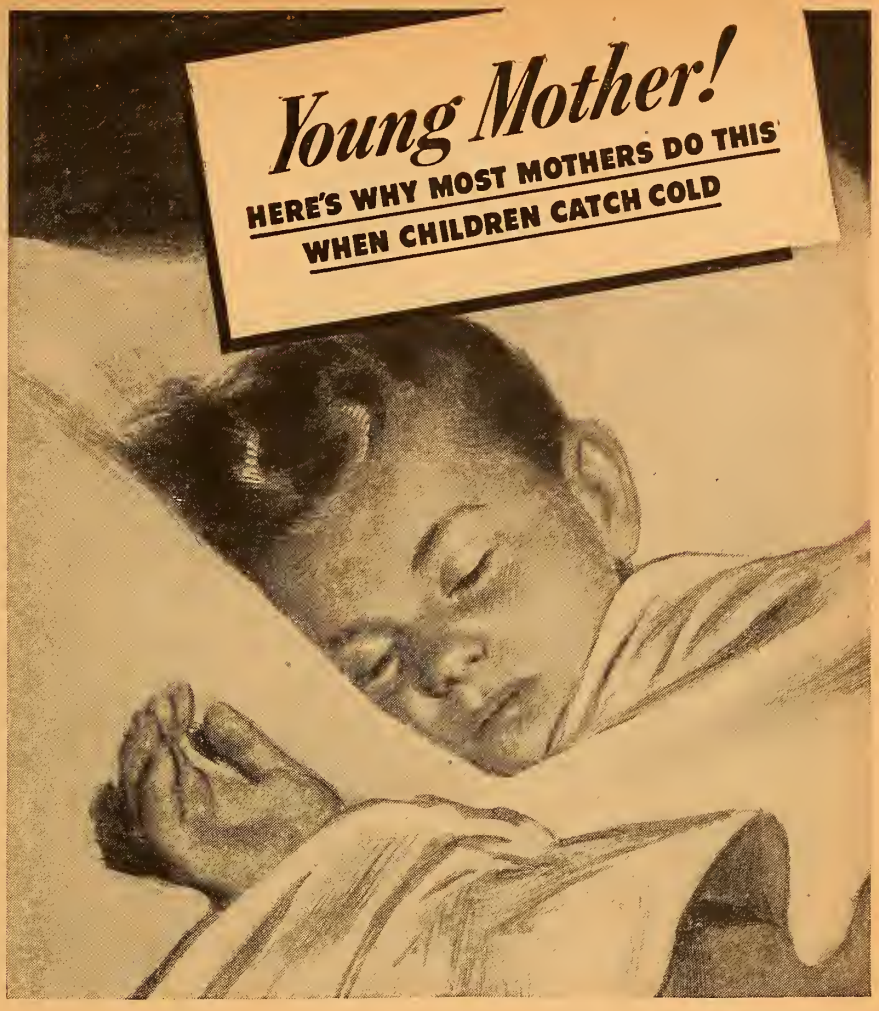
Yes—life can be beautiful when we realize that happiness comes only through doing things for others; when we learn to think of the other fellow as our very self. Let me elaborate. For many years I tried to find happiness by chasing every dream; trying any and everything new; going here—going there always at a whirlwind pace. I didn't know what I wanted. I wanted happiness—yes—but it had a way of always eluding me. When our only son was drafted and sent across the Pacific, life seemed meaningless to me.

One night sleep just wouldn't come. Hour after hour passed. Suddenly I had an idea! This was to be an unselfish idea though, one where I was to do the giving and sacrificing instead of the taking. I could scarcely wait till morning came to set my plan in motion! This was my plan: we lived in the suburbs and I decided to open our home over weekends to the wounded veterans from the two nearby government hospitals. Our home wasn't pretentious but it was comfortable and we loved to share it. It was lovely in the summer especially. Big old shade trees provided places for hammocks and swings, as well as giving blessed shade on hot summer days. There was an outdoor oven where we roasted "doggies." There were picnic tables and chairs for outdoor parties. It was cozy in the winter time, too, because we were fortunate in having a huge fireplace in the living room where each winter night found a cheery roaring wood fire blazing in the hearth.

Within the month, we entertained our first boys. This was last September, and since then there has been a steady procession of wounded boys in our home. Some had lost both legs, some an arm and a leg, others had shrapnel wounds; still others had been horribly burned and disfigured—many were blind. There were boys of every faith, boys from humble homes and boys from wealthy homes. We treated them all alike, but one little twenty-year-old Marine who had lost his left leg on Okinawa soon became so dear to us that he seemed almost like our own boy. Every weekend he could get a leave he would drop in to see us.

Just after he was discharged, he and his little wife spent a delayed honeymoon with us. Their stay at our home will always be a cherished memory.

Then "Johnny" came into our life.



Distress of his cold is relieved as he sleeps

Let this picture remind you that tonight you can relieve distress of your little one's cold *even while he sleeps!*... with nothing to swallow ...and nothing to upset his delicate stomach.



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In a special door-to-door survey in Rochester, N.Y.—a typical American city—88 out of every 100 mothers called on said they use Vicks VapoRub whenever their children catch cold. So benefit from their experience . . . and when anyone in *your* family catches cold, rub on Vicks VapoRub. When you see what grand relief it brings you'll understand why *most mothers always use Vicks VapoRub!*



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BESTFORM *no finer fit at any price*

New Easy Plan for Married Women

A DRESS for YOU

FOR ORDERING ONLY
3 DRESSES FOR FRIENDS

Mail Coupon Today for FREE SAMPLES





Read this thrilling news! You don't pay one penny ever, for your choice of gorgeous new dress in your own favorite style, size and color. Select your dress from more than 100 newest Harford Frocks styles —and it's yours just for sending orders for only 3 dresses for your friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all! Not one cent to pay now or at any other time—everything supplied without cost!

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Imagine showing your friends and neighbors a vast complete selection of gorgeous, exquisitely-designed Harford Frocks—more than 100 styles, all sizes, and scores of beautiful fabrics in the season's latest colors and patterns—as well as hosiery, lingerie, sportswear, suits, coats, children's wear, etc. Your friends and neighbors will be eager to give you their orders when they see the beauty of the styles, the huge selection, and learn the LOW MONEY-SAVING PRICES. And for sending orders for only 3 dresses at the low regular prices, YOU CAN SELECT YOUR OWN DRESS TO BE SENT TO YOU *without paying one cent for it!* And this thrilling plan does not stop with only one dress! You can go right on getting dress after dress, until you have a complete wardrobe!

Gorgeous Style Presentation Sent FREE!

Yes—we send you gorgeous style presentation showing scores of latest fashions with actual sample fabrics in dresses, lingerie, children's wear, sportswear, suits, coats, etc.—ABSOLUTELY FREE. No money needed. Don't miss this opportunity to get complete wardrobe for yourself—with chance to earn up to $22.00 in a week cash besides. MAIL COUPON NOW!

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Dept. P-9001, CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

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HARFORD FROCKS, INC.,
Dept. P-9001, CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

I want to get a dress for myself for ordering 3 dresses for friends, or members of my family. Please rush me the new HARFORD FROCKS Style Presentation FREE.

NAME_____AGE_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____

Johnny lost his eyesight when a land mine exploded in his face in France. His courage and determination were a constant source of inspiration to me. Since meeting Johnny, I have found that happiness for which I was seeking —a peace and contentment I have never before known. I can't tell in words what Johnny's friendship has meant to me; I only know he has strengthened in me a desire to help others less fortunate than myself.

Like many another "white collar worker" family, we have seen our wages decrease and the cost of living increase. To entertain these boys each week has meant a sacrifice on our part, and that fact alone—I know—is responsible for the joy and pleasure we have received from doing it. What money we would have spent for movies, trips to the shore, or into New York and many other little luxuries, we have put into a fund for entertaining these boys. What dividends it has paid! Bread cast upon the water has truly come back to us a hundred fold. My scrap book is filled with letters and notes from these new friends.

Yes, Papa David, life can be beautiful when we forget ourselves and help others.

M. B.

A MUTUAL GOAL

Dear Papa David:

We were full grown when we met and were carried away by one of those sudden romances. Before we had recovered from the blindness caused by the blaze of light we were married. Everything was fine for a year, but by that time a baby was on the way and we were feeling miserably "stuck."

The baby came, and we didn't quite know what to do. So we spent about six months wallowing in discontent and self-pity before we decided on what seemed to us a sensible course.

Neither of us believed in divorce, and both finally came to the conclusion that two sensible adults could work out a civilized plan of action. Both of us were fully aware that it would take lots of "bear and forbear", but we decided not to try it, but to do it.

We discussed frankly the faults to which we both objected in the other, and the virtues we especially admired. We also decided on what would be our mutual goal—a successful marriage, and a happy home for our child.

Finally, we worked out a plan whereby each of us was to spend one evening a week with friends of our own sex while the other stayed home, spend one evening out together, and make one evening "romp night" for the baby.

My husband enjoys poker parties, and he spends his evening usually with a group of men playing poker. I spend mine with a group of women at the movies, or sewing together, or just

LEARN ABOUT

Life in a Trailer

FROM

Fibber McGee and Molly

IN THE

MARCH RADIO MIRROR

on Sale February 12

calling on friends who live nearby.

Romp night comes on Saturday night and is field day for the very young generation.

At first we were both very careful to never make inquiries as to the other's "night out", and for several months we went along being very polite and reserved. Then one night my husband mentioned casually that he was going to play poker at Joe's, and since then we both got into the habit of telling the other where we are going.

The oldest child was nearing four when we finally took stock of our lives, and found that of all our friends we had the most peaceful home. Never any petty bickering, no subtle insults to embarrass others who might be present, and never any argument over where we were going. We found that when one wanted to go to some particular place it was usually just the spot the other would have suggested. Our taste in friends had become more in accord, and when we gave one of our frequent parties there was no more arguing over who was to be invited and who excluded. We had even developed a liking for the same books and music. In fact, we were in accord.

We romp and play together, worry out the budget, sit up together in sickness, share the joys and sorrows, and both of us would be desolate and stricken without our partner.

As to our home life—we found in balancing it all out that our home was so much pleasanter than most that it was a pity not to have more children. So we added two more as time went on. And there they are, three little tots who live in an atmosphere of serenity and contentment, never witnessing hard words between Mother and Daddy, but brought in for a lot of fun and pleasure.

I wish that I were gifted with the words to tell you just what our marriage is. But maybe you can read between the lines. What I wish people knew before they run for the divorce court is that a little common sense and some stick-to-itness would soon put most divorce lawyers on the relief rolls! A little backbone to weather the first hard months when your heart aches with the realization that your romance is over; a little will to stand apart from the herd who are taking the easy way out—that's all it takes to make a marriage between two people who want to succeed.

Maybe some young women reading this might say they tried, but it didn't work. What I want to know is—did they try hard enough? There's very few people need suffer the heartbreak and disillusionment of divorce if they put their minds to it. A marriage must be made with the mind as well as the heart.

G. F. H.

THROUGH ADVERSITY

Dear Papa David:

The Bible tells us that "Adversity is God's opportunity" and this is certainly true. Through adversity I have learned that life can be beautiful.

I was twenty-two and having what I thought was a gay time when I began to get paralyzed. It was a progressive spinal trouble and from the beginning it was evident that I should be confined to a wheel chair within a few years. The world looked black to me and I swore to my mother that I could commit suicide when the day came that I had to be confined to a chair. (It was her courageous and cheerful guidance that helped me to adjust myself and

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Ask the Man in Your Life about "leg-feathers." Or, better...don't!
Better erase all that unsightly leg-hair the E-Z way.
E-Z does it!...quickly...safely... gives your nylons a chance to really flatter your legs. Use this dainty hair-eraser millions buy yearly ...at all chain store cosmetic counters. In 10¢ and 39¢ packets.

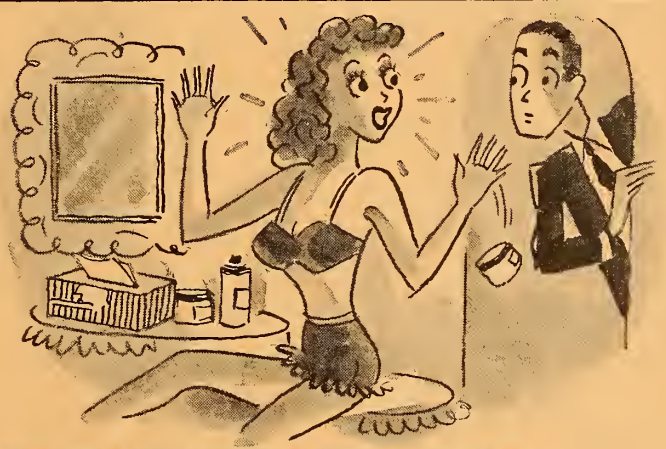


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THEN SURELY TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends Breaking Off!

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Just try this ***System*** on your HAIR seven days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that can capture Love and Romance for you.

Hair May Get Longer

when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded by supplementing the natural hair oils, it has a chance to get **longer and much more beautiful.** Just try the easy JUELENE System 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Your money back if not delighted. See if JUELENE'S tendency to help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—**in just one short week** helps your hair gain its normal beauty. Mail the coupon now.

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Mail This INTRODUCTORY COUPON!

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Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I am enclosing $1.00.
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turn defeat into triumph.)

The two years before I went into a chair were the worst ones. Fear of the future kept me shriveled up, psychologically speaking, and I wouldn't mix with people or take any interest in anything. All I did was sit around and wallow in a quagmire of self-pity while my emotions sank lower and lower. I wouldn't go anywhere or see anyone who came to the house. I'm very certain that I was nearly ready for an insane asylum.

All of a sudden a letter came which changed my life. It was from a superintendent of a home for crippled children. She had heard about me and knew the state of mind that I was in and she invited me to spend a week at the home. I was reluctant to go but my mother kept urging me and I finally accepted the invitation.

I was still walking but with a good deal of difficulty and the long corridors at the home were too much for me to manage so my hostess put a wheel chair at my disposal when I arrived at the home. I didn't feel spectacular using a chair because almost everyone there was using a chair or crutches. Without my realizing it at the time I was being psychologically conditioned for the future.

The thing that first impressed me about the home was not its physical aspect—the attractive brick buildings with open casement windows, the big solarium on top of the main building, the beautifully landscaped grounds and the well equipped interiors of the buildings—but the spiritual atmosphere of the place. Everybody there seemed to be so gay and so anxious to help each other. Physical impairments were ignored as one patient on crutches would hang her crutches onto the corner posts of a wheel chair and push the chair along toward the dining room. It seemed as though everybody forgot themselves and tried to serve others.

I arrived at the home on Saturday and the next day was Easter. They had an impressive service in the auditorium including a cantata. Every one of the singers was on crutches but each was beautifully groomed. I settled myself early in the auditorium and watched the people enter. The patients, ranging in age from five to eighteen, had all degrees of lameness. The largest number were on crutches with heavy iron braces on at least one leg and many had braces on both legs from the ankle to above the knee. There were a number in wheelchairs and several in walkers. Many bedfast patients were rolled in to witness the program. Most of the patients had visitors. Right in front of me there was a little girl of about six with her young mother and daddy. She had blonde ringlets and a tip-tilted nose. Her blue eyes twinkled like stars and she had the cutest little face that you could imagine. She was so tickled to have her parents there, kissing first one and then the other. Her daddy held her and she had braces on both legs. After I watched her for awhile my eyes filled with tears. I tried to hold them back but the harder I tried the more they came. When the program ended and people started to rise I felt very conspicuous with tears streaming down my cheeks and left the auditorium as soon as possible. Right there that afternoon something wonderful happened within my soul and as the years have passed I have realized it more and more.

I stayed at the home a week and during that week I saw a lot. I saw how the spiritual transcends the physical, how mental attitudes are the most important thing in life whether one is sick or well. When I came home I felt as though my soul had been steeled for the future and I knew right then that nothing could ever throw me again. A shiny new wheel chair waited in our hall and with a song in my heart I got into it.

All this happened nine years ago—nine good years that have taught me the real values of life. Three years ago I met a young man who is today a devoted fiance and we plan to be married in October. I often wonder if there is anybody else on earth as happy as I am!

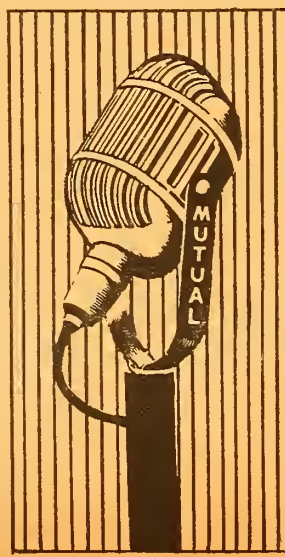
C. E.

THE BEST HEIRLOOM

Dear Papa David:

The best heirloom to leave children is not a quilt of many colors, but a colorful childhood. There was a large family of us, eight boys, and four girls. My Dad always said, one advantage in having a big family is that there's always a scout at home to send out in search of any who are missing.

Dad was a farmer, so we had lots of range; though my Mother used to say we used the house for a race track, she never scolded. Mother's childhood was not a happy one. She had to work hard. There was never time for play.



FOR ACTION-PACKED RADIO DRAMA
TUNE IN

"True Detective Mysteries"

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Pull up a chair and enjoy radio's most exciting half hour . . . "True Detective Mysteries." Actual crime cases taken from the files of True Detective magazine provide action-packed drama. Don't miss it this Sunday afternoon . . .

ON YOUR MUTUAL NETWORK STATION

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She always said her children would never be fenced-in as she had been.

We had our work to do, lots of it, but what I'm trying to say is, Mother and Dad made play and fun out of our work. The one that did his or her work the neatest and fastest without complaining, always got an extra special treat. (Any kind of treat those days was extra special.)

My folks were homesteaders, and very poor people. Those were hard times. There were fourteen of us at the table every meal. I don't see how Mother and Dad ever made it but there was always plenty to eat. God was always with us.

We had a baseball team. Eight brothers and Dad made nine. The Cranford ball team they were called and they would go many a mile to play ball, with team and wagon as there were no cars those days.

My brother Wren played the fiddle. He played for old time dances for miles around. In summer we went by team and wagon and winter, in a bobsled. You could hear the sleighbells for miles on a still clear night. Dad and Mother were always along; we really had fun.

One by one, we all got married and scattered hither and yon.

In World War II Mother had nineteen grandsons in service. I say Mother, because we lost our Dad at the age of ninety-three. Mother is now past ninety. She has sixty-three grandchildren, fifty-nine great grandchildren and nineteen great, great, grandchildren. The oldest and the youngest of us are still living. Brother Frank is seventy and Baby Grace is forty-two.

We have a family get-together every two years. At our last gathering there were one hundred eighty-three for picnic lunch. There are nine of us children still living. We still love one another very dearly and often speak of our happy childhood.

R. M. W.

"I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN"

Dear Papa David:

I had gone to a community dance one night not caring whether I went or not. I was dancing with an old friend and they were playing my favorite song "I'll see you again" when someone cut in, and I looked into the most handsome face I ever saw. All he said was, "Hi beautiful." I felt I was dancing on feathers. Three weeks from then we were married, and the same day the attack on Pearl Harbor. I was Mrs. for just one week when my husband joined the armed forces and was gone. He asked me to sing our song every night because he was certain he would see me again. After two years I never heard from him again. I received word from the war department that he was missing in action.

I joined a troupe of entertainers that visited hospitals across the nation. One day we were at a certain hospital and I had such a feeling something was going to happen. I kept hearing Henry say, "I will see you again, my darling." I got up and started singing. Someone out in the crowd stood up, and started calling my name, and there he was. I learned later he had been a Jap prisoner of war and had lost his memory. The Japs had taken all his identification. He said that the melody of that song stayed with him.

You can't tell us now that God doesn't work in mysterious ways.

H. McK.

Is your daughter's marriage being ruined by *half the truth?*



A Mother's Ignorance of These *Intimate Physical Facts* Often To Blame!

Before your daughter marries—it's your solemn duty to instruct her on how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*—how important it is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems.

But FIRST—make sure *your own* knowledge is just as up-to-date and scientific as it can be! And it *will be* if you tell her how important ZONITE is for the douche—

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

Thanks to a world-famous Surgeon and a skilled Chemist who have given the world the remarkable ZONITE principle—wise women no longer use old-fashioned, weak or dangerous products for the douche.

The ZONITE principle is truly a miracle! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet absolutely *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.* ZONITE positively contains no bichloride of mercury, phenol or creosote. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as needed* without risk of injury.

What Zonite Does—

ZONITE'S *powerful strength* and *safety to tissues* make it of great worth for feminine hygiene. Ask your doctor.

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE kills *every reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

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FREE! *NEW!*

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published — mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-27, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

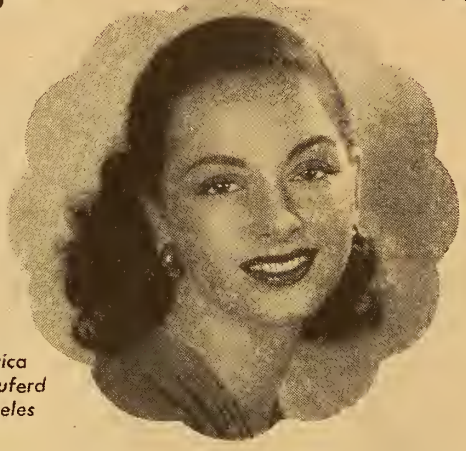
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Miss America is Marilyn Buferd of Los Angeles

Miss America uses Fitch Shampoo. Your hair can be like Miss America's . . . velvety soft . . . sparkling with radiant highlights! Do as Miss America does . . . use Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. Made from mild cocoanut and pure vegetable oils, this efficient shampoo does not "dry" the hair. Delightfully fragrant, it "suds-up" into a rich, billowy lather that completely removes all scalp odor. Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo contains its own *patented rinsing agent*, so only an ordinary water rinse is needed. No dull film remains. At drug or toilet goods counters . . . or have professional applications at beauty shops.



Fitch's
SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



A VEST POCKET SIZE RADIO!

So small it will slip in your pocket or purse! Actually smaller than a pack of king size cigarettes! Weighs but ¼th lb. complete ready to play—as shown with self contained earphone for personal use. No extra wires or special attachments required. Streamlined, attractive and durable black and silver plastic cases. Uses new preset "crystal diode" rectifier same as used in Army-Navy ultra hi-frequency radar sets during the war. Has slide tuning dial for station selection. Since no tubes, batteries or electrical socket power "plug-ins" are ever required, the radio should operate for years with little or no upkeep expense. Usually receives local radio broadcasts simply by clipping self contained connection "snap" to metal of telephones.

GUARANTEED TO WORK for you in your locality if attached and used according to complete operating instructions sent with each radio. Can be used at home, in offices, hotels, cabin camps, in bed, after hours on farms or most anywhere in the United States or Canada.

SEND ONLY $1.00 (currency, express or postal money order, bank draft, or personal check) and pay postman $2.99 plus delivery and postage fees on arrival or send $3.99 for postpaid delivery (O.P.A. ceiling). Ideal gift for children or adults alike! A truly practical novelty radio capable of real radio reception! Order your "Pakette" radio today for real enjoyment. Critical material shortages may limit future production so order today—NOW—to assure the earliest possible delivery. (Canada, Mexico and Foreign orders $5.00 U. S. cash with order.)

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NON-SLIP

CAT'S PAW

Finest Rubber Heels & Soles!

THE PIN WITH THE LASTING GRIP

SMOOTH FINISH INSIDE AND OUT



Scoldy Lox BOB and HAIR PINS

NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

The Best of Everything

(*Continued from page 35*)

debut didn't amaze David. He'd already been the recipient of remarkable gifts that welcomed his arrival in the world: cablegrams and letters from Morocco, Turkey, Spain, Argentina, Portugal, Brazil and Finland; and a recording of "Brahms' Lullaby" made by Allan Jones especially for him; and an application blank for Atwater Kent Auditions for young singers—sent by Atwater himself and dated 1964! And that's not all. Among the garden of flowers sent in his behalf, there were two dozen yellow daisies from Elsie the Cow!

The home built by his parents during the time he was expected is a revolutionary one, even for Hollywood. Its tremendous bulk stands on a mountain top overlooking Beverly Hills and the Pacific Ocean, and it half-surrounds a swimming pool shaped like a cloverleaf . . . yet in spite of its size, it only has four rooms downstairs and three upstairs. However, each room on the lower floor becomes many in use.

FOR instance, the entrance hall (the largest room in the house) is a combination living room, music room and dining room. The dining part of it doesn't exist at all except at mealtimes. Then, before your astounded eyes, an eight-by-ten-foot coffee table rises electrically from the floor to dining table height. Maids set it rapidly, and in a flash guests are seated around a candle-lit, crystal-sparkling dining table—which will vanish again like a magician's trick when the meal is over. Hyatt designed this marvel, as he designed the whole house—the free-hanging stairway leading to the second floor, the library on one side of the entry hall and the cabana room on the other. The cabana room also becomes many rooms. Mainly it's a playroom for the swimmers to lounge in between dives; but it also contains two dressing rooms for them to change in—and a fourteen-foot couch converts into twin beds in case of weekend guests!

Upstairs, there is a small nursery for David, a small kitchen for his meal preparation; and an enormous glass-enclosed bedroom for Ginny and Hyatt.

But Ginny has little time to spend at her new home in the day-time. She's too busy with her five careers: radio star, on the Ginny Simms Program every Friday night over CBS. And movie star—she's been in That's Right, You're Wrong; You'll Find Out; Playmates; Here We Go Again; Seven Days Leave; Hit the Ice; Broadway Rhythm; Shady Lady and Night and Day. And farmer—she owns a 65-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley where her parents now live, raising oranges, 1,000 chickens, and 20 cows. And recording artist—her records are best-sellers.

And business woman. In this last role, she has offices at the Beverly Hills Hotel, so as to keep her public life completely removed from her home life. From these offices, she runs the Montana Corporation, a real estate development company of which she is president, and another project: her "Lest We Forget Foundation," which she organized to stimulate home talent for hospitalized veterans. By no means did she forget her soldier pals. Every week last winter she held auditions for veterans who wanted to act or sing; and the weekly winner was presented

on her radio show and then given a three-week contract with a night club, band, or radio station.

Only a few weeks ago came Ginny's greatest triumph: a cablegram inviting her to a command performance in London for their Majesties, the King and Queen of England.

"But I can't go," Ginny moans. "I have other commitments here!"

However, if their Majesties don't mind waiting a few months, Ginny may be within waving distance. She's planning to accept a Noel Coward offer, if *he'll* wait until next Summer—when she'll be off the American air for a spell. It will be a picture production of his play "Design for Living," done with music.

Meanwhile, she's carrying out her half-dozen careers in smiling efficiency—and managing to indulge in her favorite recreation on the side: window-shopping. This inevitably leads to her shopping behind the windows, and invariably she comes back on the sidewalk carrying a brand-new suit. She wears suits continually, and all kinds, from sports to fancy satin cocktail jobs. Her only dresses are bought to wear on her radio broadcasts—again to please the GI's, who told her during the war how they liked best to see her dressed. "Feminine but simple," they ordered, and she followed their wishes. She has one mania well known to all her fans: she's never seen without a tiny black linen handkerchief in her hand.

WITH Hyatt, you'll often find her in their pool, or bicycling around Beverly Hills, or golfing. She also plays a mean game of tennis. And to offset her exercise, she blithely eats whatever she chooses—and she usually chooses the same two things: Southern Fried Chicken and her mother's special Texan pecan pie. What happens to her figure after storing away these rich items? Nothing! Her weight stays at 120 in spite of everything, and (as any man will tell you) that's just right for her five-feet-six-inch figure!

But everyone will tell you that everything about Ginny is right. They ought to know—their opinions put her where she is today. And their opinions will keep her there!

To Help COURAGEOUS WOMEN

A Statement about the YWCA

By MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

I saw in Europe a good many of the brave women who were in the Resistance and heard stories of their fantastic bravery. Some of them—perhaps all—now have an even bigger job of postwar rebuilding of human morale and welfare. They have appealed to the women of America to share with them the methods of child care and health training and vocational education and intelligent citizenship which we take for granted, training which women abroad have never had. I think we should all answer their appeal by our support of the Round-the-World YWCA Reconstruction Fund Campaign.



"Held in a web of indifference . . ."

Day after heartbreaking day I was held in an unyielding web . . . a web spun by my husband's indifference. I couldn't reach him any more! Was the fault *mine?* Well . . . thinking you know about feminine hygiene, yet trusting to *now-and-then* care, can make all the difference in married happiness, as my doctor pointed out. He said never to run such careless risks . . . prescribed "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"But I broke through it!"

Oh, the joy of finding Tom's love and close companionship once more! Believe me, I follow *to the letter* my doctor's advice on feminine hygiene . . . always use "Lysol" for douching. I wouldn't be satisfied now with salt, soda or other homemade solutions! Not with "Lysol," a proved *germ-killer* that cleanses so gently yet so thoroughly. It's *easy* to use, too, and *economical.* The very best part is—"Lysol" *really works!*

Many doctors recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 5: DEPENDABLE UNIFORMITY . . . Uniform in strength, "Lysol" is made under continued laboratory control—is far more effective than homemade douching solutions.

Note: Douche *thoroughly* with *correct* "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

REG U.S. PAT. OFF. Brand Disinfectant

R M



KEEP ADORABLE!

Yodora checks perspiration odor

the SOOTHINGEST Way

It's New! Made with a face cream base.

It's Gentler! Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.

It's Effective! Gives lasting protection.

Won't Rot or Fade Fabrics. Better Fabrics Testing Bureau says so.

No Irritating Salts. Can use right after under-arm shaving.

Stays Soft and Creamy. Never gets grainy in jar.

Economical. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢

You'll adore Yodora! Try it today!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

The GENTLER cream deodorant

yodora

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

PLENTY OF EXTRA CASH



AMAZING OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN

How would you like to turn your spare mornings or evenings into cash? Later on, devote FULL TIME to this fascinating, big-pay work. If you're married—earn good money showing friends, neighbors glorious new Sheba Ann Frocks direct from Hollywood & New York. Be a proud, prosperous Sheba Ann Fashion Counsellor.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

START EARNING MONEY RIGHT AWAY

Getting orders for lovely Sheba Ann Originals is just like chatting with friends. It's easy—dignified . . . and you come away with ready cash.

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Anyone Can Make Mistakes

(*Continued from page 27*)

he must have been all of fifty. But I don't remember being so rude to the children my own age."

"Well, I'm relieved that you've noticed it!" Fanny Barbour put away her unfinished afghan firmly. "I didn't want to say anything, Claudia, but the way she's been treating Hank and Pinky and Margaret lately—"

Cliff stretched his long legs out to the fire and exhaled a comfortable sigh. "My, I'm glad I'm over the getting-experience age. It's the only pleasant thing about being older—you no longer have to learn things the hard, adolescent way. I've had my experiences and I can profit by them . . . and don't raise your eyebrows that way, Dad."

"I was just going to say that I wasn't aware that age was any proof against—"

WHATEVER Father Barbour might have been going to say was lost in the banging open of the door. A draft of cold air blew in and in its wake came Teddy and Paul.

"Hi, everybody!" Paul's cheeks were ruddy from the cold and tiny beads of moisture sparkled in Teddy's hair. The group around the fire made room for two more chairs and Cliff unceremoniously yanked Teddy down into one of them.

"Oof! Pay some consideration to my poor, tired muscles, running up and down that hospital corridor all day," she groaned. Then she leaned back and relaxed. "Oh, this is good! —the fire and all. I've been feeling restless all day, sort of let-down after the holidays, I guess. Or maybe it's because I've been wondering all day about your surprise, Cliff. I think it's mean of you to hint like that and then leave me to guess."

"A surprise?" Voices chimed in from all over the circle.

Cliff grinned. "Hah! . . . I've got you all excited now. I've been waiting for Paul and Teddy to come home before I sprang—sprung—it on you." He paused for a minute and spun out the wait with dramatic effect. "How would you all like to get away for a weekend, up in the mountains? Hawk's Nest Lodge, up in the High Sierras, and all ours for three whole days, Friday, Saturday and Sunday—"

"A mountain lodge—Cliff, tell us—"

"Hey, wait, all of you. Let me explain." But Cliff didn't mind the excitement—he was excited, too. "A man I know in business—a Mr. Allenby—offered me the use of his lodge. Asked me if I wouldn't like to use it—at no cost to us—just like that. I was bowled over. He must have heard me grousing about being in the January doldrums and out of the goodness of his heart he said he thought our whole family might enjoy such a weekend, especially since his lodge wasn't being used at all these past two months."

"What a nice person he must be!" Teddy spoke for all of them.

Cliff puckered his forehead. "I never knew him well, but I must say he certainly has behaved like a friend. Well—what do you all think?"

"Oh—could we, do you think, Father Barbour?"

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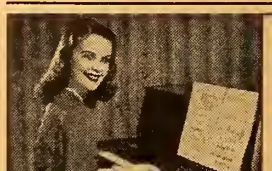
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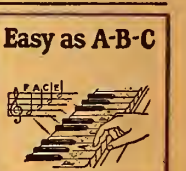


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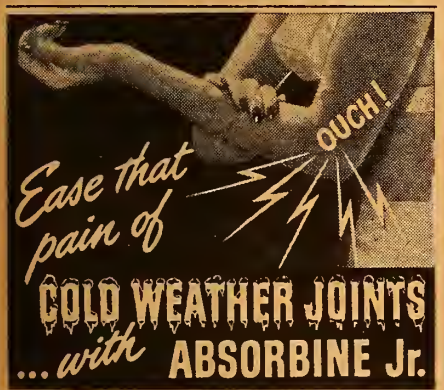
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use of his probably luxurious cabin."

"—and he means it, too," Cliff added, with emphasis. "I thought at first it was one of those vague 'you-must-come-over-sometime' gestures, but he insisted on giving me the keys and he drew a map for me—it's only a two hour drive—and he says to go ahead and use any of the canned food there we need. We will have to take blankets, though, and some food. I thought we could start right after the youngsters get through school Friday. What do you think, Mom?"

"It sounds very pleasant." They could all see Mother Barbour turning over problems and advantages in her mind and fitting last-minute details in order. "I think we could all manage."

"Then it's all decided?" Cliff looked around at their excited, enthusiastic faces.

In the corner by the fireplace Hazel turned quietly to Fanny Barbour. "Well, Mother, I guess this means a little work—what food to bring—menus—and enough blankets—and a first-aid kit—"

". . . and skis—and we'll have to round up hiking boots—"

THERE *was* a lot of work to be done in the next two days, but there was no lack of willing hands in the Barbour family and the old, fine habit of co-operation made things move. Hardest of all to cope with were the children.

All but Joan, of whom Claudia said drily, "I think this week she's being Elaine the Lily Maid of Astolat."

Which was not quite correct. *Yesterday* she had been Elaine. But today, and while she dreamily got out of the car to help Claudia and Nicholas stow away the last bundles—even when the cars were all finally under way and rolling along the countryside—Joan was in her own world where she was not a fourteen-year-old going on a holiday, but a sad Juliet, forced by her parents to leave behind her Romeo. At fourteen, the fact that Mr. Stanley Edwards was a slightly motheaten teacher of high school English, stooped and thin and balding, didn't bother Joan in the least.

Accurately diagnosed—as her mother had done—Joan was a fourteen-year-old with a "crush" on her English teacher.

"Oh, look—Nicky—no, don't look! Keep your eyes on this road . . . but did you ever see such beauty? Those snowy peaks—" Claudia leaned out of the car window, drinking in the pure, cold mountain air. "Can you see —ouch!—what in the world—?"

"They are just my books, Claudia. You moved and the sharp edges caught you."

"Joan." There was quiet despair in Claudia's voice. "Do you mean you brought *all* those books with you to read? What are they—school books?"

The pretty, dark-haired girl squirmed on the car seat. "Not exactly. Mr. Edwards—" and her parents heard the tiny sigh of adoration that went with her beloved's name—"Mr. Edwards gave me some supplementary reading in English literature because I am so interested."

Whatever Claudia might have said about the advisability of doing extra reading on a holiday like this was lost as the car took a final, precipitous curve and rolled to a stop on a small, flat, jutting plateau.

"We're here!"

"Dan and Hazel and the boys beat us!"—Teddy identified the other car pulled up in front of the rambling log



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house. She tumbled out of the car with Nicky and Skipper following.

But Claudia put a restraining hand on Joan's arm as the girl prepared to follow. "Joan, dear. Hank and Pinky are building a snowman over there. If they ask you to join them, remember they are your cousins and don't be rude."

"I'm sorry, Claudia." A penitent flush stained Joan's soft cheeks. "It's just that they don't realize—"

"I know you don't mean to hurt them—all right, Nicky!—we're coming—" and the two of them hurriedly climbed out of the car . . . only to be almost bowled over by a rush from an excited Margaret.

"We're building a snowman, Joan! Skippy—if you throw that snowball, you know what will happen to you!"

Skippy threw and the battle was on.

IT was pell-mell, helter-skelter, and no quarter given or asked. Even Claudia found herself grabbing handfuls of the crusty snow, crushing them into lop-sided balls and pelting Nicky and Dan . . . dodging their aim in return as best she could for laughing so hard. Only the sedate arrival of the third car finally stopped the battle.

"Oh!" Hazel clung helplessly to her husband, "Dan, you look like a snowman, yourself! What must Mother and Father Barbour think of us, behaving like children? We should have had the fire going and the beds made up, instead of playing like this."

"Nonsense!" Mother Barbour had overheard. "Paul—hand me that basket from the back seat—Hazel, what makes you think you are too grown-up and dignified to be caught snow-fighting? As a matter of fact, I feel rather like tossing one myself." And, fitting the action to her words, Fanny picked up a little pellet and wickedly flipped it at Henry.

Over on their left as they reached the porch, the sun sent lingering shafts of filtered light down icy peaks and slopes of winter pine, but darkening shadows in the hollows were proof that the afternoon was nearly gone. Here on the plateau it was still light. The lodge, half in sunshine and half in shadow, looked inviting—like a Hansel-and-Gretel painting—from its weathervane on the peaked ridge-pole to the heavy log sides and stone-buttressed walls and wide, redwood porch.

There was a tiny wisp of smoke coming from the chimney.

"Look . . . someone must be in there." With a slight gesture Mother Barbour stopped them all on the porch. "Let me count noses. Hazel, Dan—Claudia—Nicky—the boys over there—"

"Joan!" With a desperate sigh, Claudia pushed open the door. "Look, Mother Barbour—there's your fire-builder. On a day like this!—when everyone else is out having fun—she sits and reads books!"

A short time later big logs blazed in the fireplace; the hearth had been brushed; the lodge's main room was swept and couch pillows shaken and brushed; the boys' skis had been stacked neatly in the corner. Mantel and windows were garnished with the berry-laden boughs Hazel had gathered. Oil lamps were cleaned and trimmed and lit; gaily-colored picnic dishes were on the long trestle-table and the call came for supper.

"Come and get it, as we Westerners say when we're out roughing it!" Dan led the way.

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"I would hardly call this bountiful repast 'roughing it'," Nicky commented, holding out Mother Barbour's chair. "I remember reading my Mark Twain in England and wondering what in the world hardtack-and-beans tasted like. I thought I might be finding out today, but not from the looks of this loaded table."

"If you really insist," Jack threatened, "I think we could possibly find some hardtack for you." But Nicky declined in favor of the supper in front of him and he and the rest did full justice to hot casserole, sausages, salad, biscuits and cocoa, pudding and cake.

Barely had they finished, when Hank and Pinky were begging permission to return to their construction job outside on their snowman.

"Run out and help them, Joan," Nicky urged her, in his quiet voice. But his hand on her arm was firm. "I don't think it would be wise for you to sit indoors all weekend and you've done enough reading for the evening."

Reluctantly Joan drew on mittens and jacket and went outdoors. It was seldom that Nicky exerted his authority with her but when he did there was no question of disobedience.

"Hi, Joannie—" the four hooded and jacketed figures turned eagerly toward her as she came out on the porch. They were shapeless, silhouetted against the strong light of the lamps—almost as shapeless as the button-eyed, derby-hatted snow man they were pounding and patting, and their breaths were steamy in the cold air. "Your hands aren't wet like mine—help me to make his nose. I can't get the shape right." Margaret seized on her help.

JOAN's indifference as she patted the fat, moon-like face was evident to the boys. Now they vaguely felt that something was wrong, but they couldn't quite put their mental fingers on it. In their language, Joan was acting "dopey."

"Not like that! Whattya want him to look like—like—" and then an unconscious imp in Pinky, with the most innocent intentions in the world, prompted him to say—"like that sourpuss Mr. Edwards in school?"

He was completely unprepared for the tornado he had unloosed. Joan whirled on him. "Don't you dare call Mr. Edwards a sourpuss! You're just a—a fourteen-year-old kid! You don't appreciate a fine, sensitive nature like his, having to teach school when he knows more about Shakespeare and sonnets and stuff like that than anyone else in the world. Don't you dare—!"

"Hey!—what did I say? I didn't mean—why, everyone calls teachers sourpusses; nobody means anything. Besides, the way he keeps his nose in the air like he had just smelled something bad—"

Hank butted in. He and Pinky were twins and Joan's remark about their being only fourteen had stung. "And look who's calling who a kid! You aren't so old yourself, Joan. And—watch out—! . . . you're knocking his head off!"

It was too late. Joan's angry, theatrical gesture had decapitated the snowman and the round head and derby thumped to the ground.

"Now see what you've done!" wailed Margaret.

"Well, don't cry. I'll put it together again." Joan hastily scooped up the armful of hard-packed snow and set it firmly again on the rest of the body. "There—it's hardly dented!"

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The others didn't answer. With a quick gallantry that would have amazed their elders, Hank and Pinky saw that Margaret was close to tears. Making a solid phalanx they turned their backs on Joan. Even Skippy, who had been unconcernedly making buttons down the front of the snowman's shirt all this while and seeming to pay little or no attention to the rumpus, turned his back on her. Over his shoulder he scowled. "Go 'way!" he ordered.

Joan wanted to cry and she was angry at herself and at the boys and Margaret for making her want to cry. What would Mr. Edwards think if he saw her becoming so upset over such a childish mishap? And thinking of her idol once more, Joan sniffed and threw her shoulders back. She *wouldn't* cry. She *wouldn't* apologize. She couldn't be expected to play with children—not any more.

No questions were asked as she slid into a corner near Mother Barbour's chair near the fire. And even when the boys and Margaret and Skippy came in and studiously, politely, frigidly ignored her, the adults refrained from any remarks. It was obvious that something had happened, but the Barbours had learned long ago that there was a time and a place for questioning—and there was a time and a place for pretending not to see.

"It should be ghost stories tonight, with that wind beginning to howl outside," Hazel suggested.

"IT should be bedtime—early—for some young people I know—" Mother Barbour put in.

"Oh, please, Grandmother Barbour—" Margaret begged—"let us stay up for a while. Let's all sing something. Uncle Jack, please sing for us."

So Jack warmed them up with a spirited rendition of "When It's Springtime in the Rockies" and one by one they came in on the chorus. With this start they went into "Jingle Bells." Skippy had brought his favorite mouth-organ and gave them all the pitch and away they went—so many evenings had they spent together in this way that their voices blended into the whole without effort or fault.

". . . floats through the air—"

". . . . . with the greatest of ease—"

". . . . . the *daring* young man on the flying trapeze!" Paul and Dan came through in fine, ringing style, and were roundly applauded while the song still went on ". . . . . and my *love* he has carried away! Trala!"

With a flourish in the grand style, Father Barbour brought the concert to a close. "Bedtime!" he announced. "Scamper, Hank and Pinky—or you'll be missing a good many hours of beautiful daylight in the morning."

Joan's dreams were troubled. Through them walked the tall, slender, stooping figure of Mr. Edwards, peering at her in his near-sighted way and smiling his frosty smile. She was Elaine, the Lily Maid—no, she was Guinevere—no, she was Helen of Troy and her Grecian gown clung to her feet as she approached him . . . She woke with a start. It took a second to realize where she was and that the snow in her dreams was actually the cold wind blowing in on her neck through the open window.

It was not a good start for the morning, and the cheerful bustle around the kitchen stove and the preparations for breakfast did nothing to lighten her spirits. There was a funny lump in her throat when she



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saw the way the others—Hank and Pinky and Margaret—continued to ignore her, but she clung stubbornly to her lofty position. *They were just children, and they would have to realize she was grown-up.*

With the practiced efficiency of many years, the women of the Barbour family had breakfast on the table and everyone fed in no time at all. The clamor died down and as soon as the last dish was dried, everyone was bundled up in warm clothes again and shooed outdoors.

Even Joan yielded at last to the pull of crystal whiteness, sun-sparkled, outdoors. Perhaps she could find some mental stimulation if she followed one of the pathless openings in the forest of the lodge.

Unnoticed by the others, Joan set off.

Indeed, the others were much too busy to notice what any one person was doing. The short battle of the day before had given rise to plans on a real, full military scale and Hank and Pinky, aided by Jack, Cliff, Betty and Teddy were busy scooping up snow for their team's fortifications, while Nicky and Paul and Dan assisted Claudia and Betty and Hazel in erecting breastworks from their vantage point up a slight rise by the porch. This would be an epic struggle.

LUNCHTIME only postponed the preparations. It was buffet style and as fast as one had eaten, he—or she—rushed back to the battle arena.

So it was small wonder that Joan's absence went unnoticed.

In the afternoon—the captains having declared themselves ready, the first shot was fired. "Good shot, Dan!—come and take us!" and from then on it was every man for himself. Father Barbour appointed himself referee, ruling on such fine points as the size and shape of regulation snowballs and the distance from which such must be thrown. But even he, finally, gave up as the battle became a wild melee.

"Oh!—I don't know when I've had such fun!" Hazel gasped from the snowbank where she had been pushed. "No—Cliff! No!—I've had my face washed five times already. I give up. I yield."

"Then I win!" panted Cliff.

"Who wins? You?" and Teddy threw herself upon her own erstwhile captain and tumbled him into the same snowbank.

"Heey—it's a draw! No—it isn't—they've got our flag!" Margaret tore herself away from her uncle Nicholas' grasp and raced after the victorious Hazel. "Get it, Hank!"

"Okay!" But then Hank stopped short and a ludicrous expression of dismay spread across his face. "I can't. It's not fair. I'd have to tackle her—and you can't tackle a lady!"

Under cover of the general laughter and the lighthearted postmortems over who was the best shot and who had won and which side had conducted itself the best, Pinky drew Hank aside. His face wore an unusual soberness.

"Say, Hank—have you seen Joan around anywhere? She isn't in the house. She's been gone all morning and all afternoon. I don't like it—not that it's any of my concern."

"Yeah—what do we care where Miss Smarty-Aleck is?" But Hank stayed beside Pinky and his face reflected the soberness, even the embarrassment of his twin. A struggle was going on inside both of them. To himself, Hank admitted a growing uneasiness but he didn't like to admit it. Joan was

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probably okay somewhere and she would just laugh at them for being kids, if she knew they were worried. Still—

"Did anyone see her leave, Pinky?"

"No. But when I was over by those pines that go around the mountain, I saw tracks and her handkerchief's in one of them."

Hank became truculent. "There's nothing stopping us going the same way, is there? It's a free country. We could just sort of stroll along there and if we meet Joan, we could just pretend we were going for a walk, too."

They waited for no further planning. They knew the rest of the family would be busy for a long time talking over the fine points of their snow game and beginning the slow, easy preparations for supper. They wouldn't be missed for a while. Joan's tracks were easy to follow. The two went swiftly through the trees—but continuing their pretense, even to each other, that it was the walk through the forest and not anxiety for her safety that prompted their speed.

It was hard to say when panic first touched them.

PERHAPS it was the absolute stillness. No sound of snow crunching underfoot—except for their own—reached them. Perhaps it was the sun beginning to sink low in the West. Or perhaps it was a premonition of danger that touched them when they came to the huge pile of boulders and they saw that Joan's footprints had stopped.

Or when they saw the deep, yawning crevice cutting like a gash beside the boulders.

"Hank—she must have come this way." Pinky's voice was shaken. "Can you see . . . down there?"

His twin was peering down the sheer side of the hole. He shivered and stepped back. "No. Pinky, she must have crossed these boulders. She *must* have. We could do it and she can climb anything we can."

They looked at each other. *Should they go back?* Should *they get help?* But suppose it was just a false alarm and Joan had crossed the boulders and then found her way back by a different route. Wouldn't she laugh at them or, maybe, act superior and say she was quite able to take care of herself? Besides, it was getting late and if they went back it would be dark by the time they brought help here again. Better to go on and take a look.

They tried hard not to be aware of the steep precipice on their right as they clambered over the rocks. Once on, they found the going not too bad and the uneven surface gave them footholds.

"It's a good thing we've spent a lot of time on the ranch," Hank panted as they pulled themselves over the rocks. "Look—Pinky—isn't that little bush trampled over there?"

Pinky examined it. "Sure. And there's a footprint in that snow over there and—Hank! she did come this way! There's another and—look!—she bent that branch from that little tree getting down from that rock. The snow's all brushed off it. Come on, Hank." Gingerly the two made their way across, sometimes losing the trail and having to go back and start all over again, but mostly their sharp eyes were learning to read the story that scuffed rock and pebbles kicked and branches rubbed or broken had to tell.

Then—suddenly—they were all the way over. In front of them the forest

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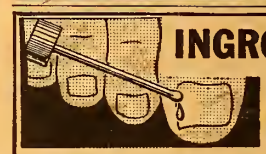
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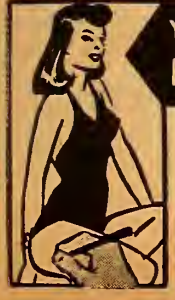


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stretched on again, white and untrammeled.

The letdown was almost too much for them. Whatever they had expected to see—Joan wandering through the woods—her green cap bobbing in front of them—it was not this. This *nothingness.*

"We'd better go back, Pinky." Hank's voice was embarrassed. "She probably never crossed those boulders at all. We probably just imagined we saw those signs. Maybe she stopped at the foot of the rocks and re-traced her steps and then branched off somewhere else and went home."

"Yeah—I'll bet she's sitting in front of the fire reading, right now." Pinky didn't look at his twin. It was he who had started them on this wild-goose chase. Slowly the two turned their backs and hesitatingly, awkwardly, they began their return journey.

It was then they heard it. It was so faint that it seemed to them afterwards pure accident they heard it at all. A cry—a tiny sound—

The call came again—stronger this time.

Both boys let out the air in their lungs in one huge yell and then they plunged helter-skelter down the last rock and into the snow. "We're coming, Joan! It's us! It's Hank—Pinky—hold on!"

THEY found her huddled beside a log where she had fallen—the same log she had walked along from the pile of rocks. That was why there were no footprints in the snow.

"Hank—Pinky!" she was almost crying. Her face was white and drawn with pain, but she tried to smile at them and there was no trace of condescending left in her face—she was a badly-frightened little girl.

"Oh—I'm so glad to see you! Are the others coming? I thought no one would know where I had gone and I would have to stay here and freeze—is Mother worried?"

"Naw—" Hank answered her gruffly, to hide his emotion. "They're still playing games. Pinky and me just happened to be passing by this way and we heard you calling—" his voice trailed off.

"Where does it hurt, Joan?" Pinky rushed in to forestall any sentimental gratitude.

"My ankle. I can't walk. I think I twisted it or something."

Not another word was spoken about the rescue. At their age, actions speak louder than words and gratitude was something not to be said aloud. The delicate balance between the outward front and the inner feelings was too highly prized to be broken.

While they figured out ways and means of re-crossing the boulders; while they arranged their hands and wrists in a "preacher's seat" to carry her, she told them what had happened. She had been dreaming along, hardly conscious of where she was going, when she had slipped on the log, and fallen with her foot crumpled up underneath her.

"You probably sprained it, dopey," Pinky told her as they started off over the rocks.

This part was slow and long and tortuous. There was little sunlight left and all three of them felt a deep, frantic anxiety to get over the difficult rocks before they lost the daylight entirely. Nothing was said—only their fears communicated themselves to each other—and Joan kept herself tensely still so as not to disturb them,

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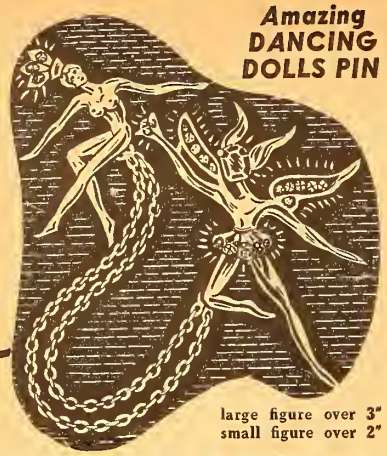
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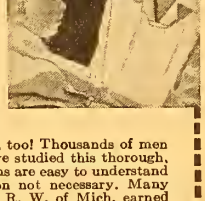
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even with the pain from her dangling foot becoming sharper every moment.

It was bad but they made it.

"Wheee!" Joan let out her breath in a long, whistling exhale when they were finally across and the boys sat down to rest a moment. The throbbing in her foot subsided for the moment. "I must have been fast asleep when I crossed those rocks before. If I had known how scary they were—"

"You were probably thinking you were walking up the aisle in English class—" and then Hank could have kicked himself for that impulse.

Joan had stiffened. Then, slowly, she relaxed. Her lips softened and quivered, and she looked down. "I guess you're right," she said, meekly. "I guess you're right about—about a lot of things, Hank. I've been kinda silly, lately. I don't think just a few months makes any difference at all in people's ages—but I guess *twenty* years is a *lot* of difference. A man, say about forty-four—why, he's practically *elderly,* isn't he?"

"Yeah—especially Mr. Stanley Edwards." Hank was relentless.

It was too dark now for them to see the color come up in Joan's cheeks but they felt her embarrassed squirming. "I know—aren't some people dopey, though?"

IT was clear admission of fault. It was conscience-stricken apology—at least in their language—and the boys could ask no more.

"Come on—we'd better be getting out of here. It's dark and we've got a long—hey!—*look!* do you see what I see—those torches?—they're coming this way—" Pinky yelled through the night—"Over here!—we're over here!—"

Answering shouts echoed through the woods and the plunging torches came in their direction. It was only a matter of minutes before they were surrounded by the male members of the Barbour family—before Joan was tenderly picked up and safe in Nicky's arms.

For a while no one could make himself be heard. Questions, answers, explanations flew back and forth in disjointed spurts . . .

"There—there—it's all over. You're safe." Nicky cradled the girl in his arms and patted her shoulder. "Come on—let's let the story wait until we're back in the house—"

The rest of the way seemed short. In no time at all they were within sight of the lodge and a few more steps brought them inside and to the fire . . . . the boys shivering as Dan and Hazel whisked off their heavy jackets and wet mittens and rubbed their sore, numbed wrists.

"Bring her into the bedroom, Nicky." Claudia's voice was controlled, but her hands shook a little as she helped her daughter off with her clothes. It had been an anxious, terrifying half-hour of waiting—but the children were safe.

"And you youngsters just decided to go look for her without saying a word. Hmmm." Father Barbour looked at the two boys in front of the fire. "I don't know whether to say you were very brave or very foolish."

"They found her, Henry. That's all that's important," Fanny reminded him.

"Oh, we were just going for a walk—" but there was no need for that pretense any longer, and the two boys looked sheepishly at each other. It was rather pleasant, this being treated like heroes. Especially since everything was

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all right again between them and Joan.

And Hazel brought them their supper on a tray and everyone had to hear the story over and over again. There were all the proper "oh's" and "ah's" at the right places and Margaret made a face at them because they hadn't thought to include her in their searching party. Altogether, it was a most satisfying ending.

"Well—this has been quite a day!" Hazel began, after the children were safe in bed and the older members of the family had again drawn their chairs up in a circle around the fire. "I suppose we should be grateful to Hank and Pinky for not saying anything—the rest of us barely had time to be really frightened before they were found. I didn't even *miss* Joan until we were eating!"

"It's because we were taking it for granted that she was somewhere around the lodge, curled up with a book," Mother Barbour defended them all.

"OF course, Mother. I didn't think it strange that she wasn't in the snowball battle with the rest of us. But, really, Hank and Pinky were quite brave to set off like that and find her. Especially when she's been so rude to them," Claudia said, ruefully.

Father Barbour nodded his head sagely. "Adults might learn a good lesson from the simplicity of relationship that exists between young people. The boys knew—or sensed—that Joan was just going through a natural stage of behavior. They didn't like it, but I don't believe there was any rancor in them. They may become exasperated with her, but in time of trouble they all cling together—remembering the real Joan who has been their playmate and forgetting her recent actions."

"May I come in?" a small voice interrupted them, and a hippity-hop from the doorway turned all their heads.

"Joan—you shouldn't be trying to walk." Nicky reached the girl in two strides, swooping her up from where she stood, forlornly, like a stork on one leg. "Of course you may come in. Here's some supper for you on a tray." And he gently placed her in his own comfortable chair next to Claudia. "Here you are—here's a little box that will make a nice table for you. It has some books on it—I guess they're yours, Joan. What shall I do with them?"

There was a glimmer of laughter in back of Joan's eyes. "I don't care. They're just cluttering up the place. School books don't belong on a vacation, anyway."

It was almost an audible sigh of relief that went round the circle. Then everyone began talking at once—tactfully accepting Joan's new understanding and curbing their impulse to speak to her directly about it. Only Claudia had that right.

"So you don't plan to sacrifice your youth on an altar of books, Joannie?"

"I guess I was just showing off when I told Mr. Edwards I was so very interested in English literature, Mother. And then he gave me all those books and I think he was showing off, too. He knew I couldn't understand all of them." Scorn touched her voice.

"Don't blame him," Claudia cautioned. "Mr. Edwards is really a very fine teacher. I'm sure he thought your interest was genuine—how was he to know it was in the teacher and not in the subject?"



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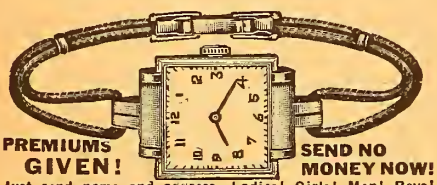
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Joan gurgled a little, chuckling. "I know—but all the time I was lying there in the snow, I kept thinking: *if it hadn't been for my being so wrapped up in the Lady of the Lake I couldn't see where I was going, I wouldn't have been the lady in the snow.* And I missed the snow fight this afternoon! Just think—two whole days of the holiday gone and now I have a sprained ankle and I can't have any fun tomorrow, either!"

No need now for anyone to labor the point. No need for glances exchanged in silence. Joan was herself again; or at least she was over a hurdle—"ready for the next," Claudia thought half ruefully, half relievedly.

Father Barbour had overheard. He turned to Cliff. "The penalty almost seems too harsh for the crime, doesn't it?"

Cliff sighed, but, judging from the moody look on his face, the sigh was for himself as well. "As the boys say, Dad—you don't know the half of it. Remember when the phone rang this evening—" indicating the old-fashioned wall set above their heads, with its handle for cranking— "Remember that I thought it was our ring here—two long and three short? Well, it was. And it was for me. The rest of you were too busy getting ready to find Joan to pay any attention."

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"Now Allenby wants me to talk the unsuspecting Hunter into selling to him, cheap. They're friends of mine and they would trust me, so old Ezra wants me to do his dirty work."

There was distaste on Father Barbour's face. "Do you mean our host is expecting you to connive in cheating a friend of yours?"

"Oh, don't worry, Dad, I shan't do it. But my accepting Allenby's hospitality without any caution on my part, puts me in an awkward position. I shall just have to work my way out of this, somehow. Don't tell the others—let them enjoy themselves."

There was much that Father Barbour could have said, but the sight of his son's dejection stopped him. He glanced from that face to another one, a pretty one—but sadder and wiser—on the other side of the hearth.

Then he chuckled. "It would seem to me, Clifford, that I remember your making a remark to the effect that age brings experience and that you had passed the time of having to learn the hard way. I frankly see little difference between your mistakes and punishments and those of the younger generation. As I started to say the other night, age is no proof against mistakes."

Then he added, hastily. "Except, of course, in a man of *my* years!"

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Radio Mirror Homemaker

(*Continued from page 57*)

dish add ½ cup diced cooked potatoes. Top with an egg, and cook beneath broiler flame until eggs are set, when tomatoes will be done and potatoes heated through. Serve with a salad of alligator pear halves, their centers heaped with pomegranate seeds, a few drops of lemon or lime juice squeezed over.

A native of Athens gave me the recipe below for eggplant.

Eggplant with Basic Sauce

Basic Sauce
2 cups eggplant, pared and cut into half-inch cubes

Prepare basic sauce as directed, add eggplant when adding green peppers and cook until eggplant is tender. Add tomatoes last and simmer until tomatoes are done. If desired, add eggs, one per serving, and scramble lightly. Follow the same directions for the two variations I recommend, substituting for the eggplant, zucchini, the green Italian squash, or the small yellow garden squash.

Indian Curry with Rice

Basic Sauce
1 medium apple, diced small
2 tbls. minced raisins or currants
1 to 2 tbls. curry powder
1 tsp. cornstarch
1 can chicken or beef consomme
2 cups cooked lean meat, chopped or diced

Prepare basic sauce as usual, adding apple and raisins when adding tomatoes. Cook until apples are tender. Combine curry powder and cornstarch and rub into sauce, blending well. This makes a very dry mixture, so use a very low flame and blend rapidly to avoid scorching. Add consomme slowly, stirring till smooth, and simmer over low flame until sauce begins to thicken. Add meat and cook until meat is heated thoroughly. Serve in a ring of cooked rice, or if rice is unavailable, cooked potatoes which have been run through a ricer. Shrimps or hard cooked eggs may be used in place of meat.

Chinese Pepper Meat

1 lb. beefsteak (chuck, round or flank) or 1 beef heart
1 cup flour
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 green peppers
2 large onions
4 tbls. margarine
Sauce:
½ tsp. celery seed
⅛ tsp. ground cloves
1 tsp. turmeric
¼ tsp. ginger
¼ tsp. mustard
½ tsp. salt
Juice half a lemon
½ cup boiling water
2 tomatoes

Cut beef (or veal or lamb) into strips. Salt, pepper and flour each piece. Cut peppers and onions into strips. Saute meat in margarine, using heavy skillet over a low flame. When meat has browned, add peppers and onions. Measure sauce ingredients into saucepan. Simmer together 5 minutes. Pour over meat in frying pan, add tomatoes which have been cut into strips and cook over low flame until tender, about 30 minutes. Serve with rice or riced potatoes.

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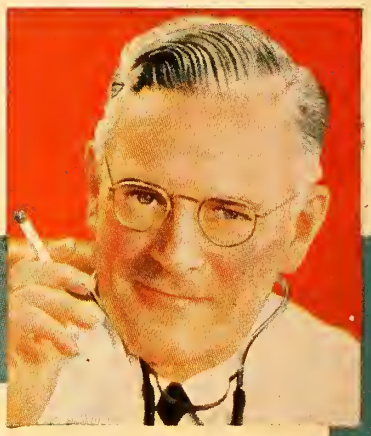
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RADIO MIRROR

March
25¢



Full Color Pictures of—
Stella Dallas

—*—

MY BOSS, TOM BRENEMAN



Everywhere you go

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

It's mid-winter magic wherever you go . . . your lovely, lustrous, Drene-clean hair shimmering bright and alive with *all* its natural sparkle! Here famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Mickey McGovern, models two easy-to-do hair styles for your winter vacation. "The first rule of hair beauty," advises Mickey, "is to make sure your hair is shining clean." Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



NORTHERN SUN . . . and the gleaming smoothness of Drene-lovely hair to ski-dazzle masculine company. *Drene is not a soap shampoo* . . . leaves no dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it!

SILKEN-SOFT CURLS always win admiring glances . . . in the South and everywhere. Besides revealing up to 33 per cent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo, today's Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair smoother, silkier, easier to manage right after your shampoo.



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Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action



"The man said Smile, Sis!"



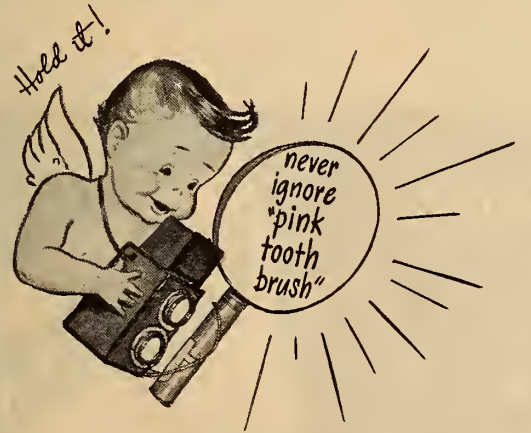
GIRL: Sorry, but I've sworn off smiling. Why, if I smiled—

CUPID: . . . you might get a *man* into the picture with you some time. Just fancy! Or don't you care for that kind of mush?

GIRL: Look, snip, what I do is my business. Why don't you go attend to your *own?*

CUPID: It so happens, scrap-happy, that smiles *are* my business. Men *go* for smiles. If you think that sour puss of yours will ever make a man look twice . . .

GIRL: Well, my smile is worse than my sulk. It would frighten away even the photographer. No high-lights . . . no glitter. I brush my teeth regularly but—



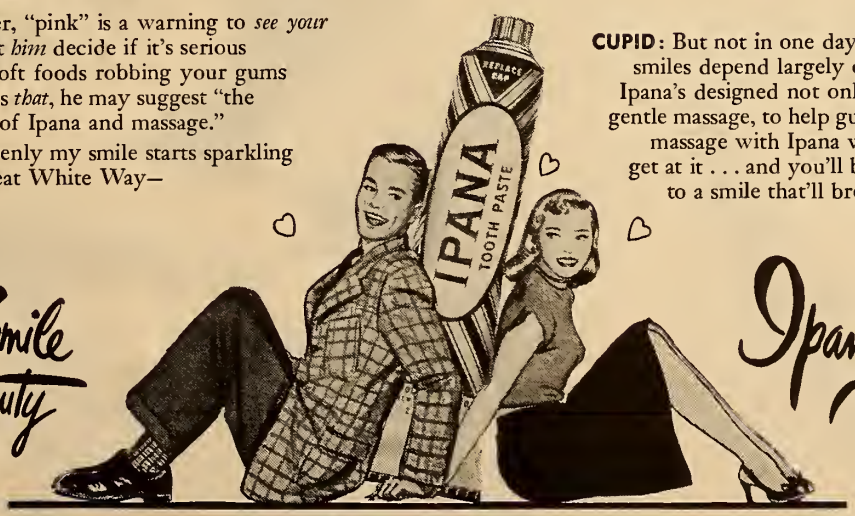
CUPID: But your tooth brush often shows a tinge of "pink"?

GIRL: Pink, green, blue . . . we were discussing the rainbow, perchance?

CUPID: Listen, sister, "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist AT ONCE.* Let *him* decide if it's serious . . . or just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. And if it's *that*, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And then suddenly my smile starts sparkling out loud like the Great White Way—

CUPID: But not in one day, dopey. For sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, get at it . . . and you'll be on the Great Right Way to a smile that'll break men's hearts!



For the Smile of Beauty

Ipana and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

MARCH, 1947

RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 27, NO. 4

Coming Next Month



The pretty woman above is Young Widder Brown, whom you'll find in brilliant color in next month's Living Portraits, surrounded by the friends that years of hearing on the air have made your friends, too.

* * *

Special decoration for April's Come and Visit story are the delightful blonde bangs on Alice Faye's pair of very blonde daughters. For that matter, lovely Alice (Mrs. Phil Harris) herself is no less bonde and no less decorative, as you'll see from the beautiful color portrait of her and her husband.

* * *

Also a significant event in the life of The Second Mrs. Burton; a Blondie story-in-pictures; Red Skelton, also in pictures; all the best ideas we could find for Better Living. We never do have space enough to tell you all about the issue coming up!

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ON THE COVER: Anne Francis, radio actress. Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Valcour Studios.

Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director
Doris McFerran, Editor
Jack Zasorin, Art Director
Evelyn L. Flore, Associate Editor
Marjorie Wallace, Assistant Editor
Frances Maly, Associate Art Director





Introducing

ALFRED PASCHALL

JUST as Ralph Edwards' Truth and Consequences (NBC, Saturdays, 8:30 PM EST) started the trend in audience participation shows, so his production manager, Al Paschall, pioneered the hitherto non-existent job of stage managing a radio program.

Becoming a radio program's production manager never entered Al's head—until it actually happened. Born in 1917 in Dallas, Texas, he got the acting bug when he was eight years old and played the lead in the "Pied Piper." All through high school, the dramatic club was almost more important than any other activity for Al and this devotion ended not only with his school's winning a state drama contest, but with Al, himself, being awarded a scholarship at the Southwestern School of the Theater.

Finally, in January of 1937, he made his New York debut! He carried a spear in the Maurice Evans production of "Richard II". Having gained that foothold, it began to be a little easier. He got small roles with Evans in "Henry IV" and in "Hamlet," and stayed with the company for some time in New York and on the road. He became more and more interested in the production end of the theater. He knew little about production in radio, but he had vision enough to see that there was a future in it, so he embarked on a brand new field—stage managing a radio show.

As production manager for the show, Al's duties are many and varied. All the physical aspects of the program comes under his direct supervision.

And prize-procuring, tour details, prop-designs, reunions—Al does those, too.

RADIO MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., New York, N. Y. General Business, Editorial and Advertising Offices: 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Harold Wise, Senior Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Herbert Drake, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Edward F. Lethen, Advertising Director. Chicago Office: 221 North La Salle St., Leslie R. Gage, Mgr. Pacific Coast Offices: San Francisco, 420 Market Street, Hollywood, 321 So. Beverly Dr., Lee Andrews, Manager. Reentered as Second Class matter March 15, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, $2.50 per year. All other countries $5.00 per year. Price per copy: 25c in the United States and Canada. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first class postage and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part, without permission.
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Don't turn it out, Honey—you'll be back by ten!

SURELY A BUNDLE of charm like you couldn't miss out tonight. Yet just when the fun's getting started, the dance will be over for *you*.

It's so easy for even the prettiest girl to miss, when she fails to *keep* her charm safe from underarm odor.

She should remember—a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but to guard against risk of future underarm odor—Mum's the popular word.

Mum — better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

• • •

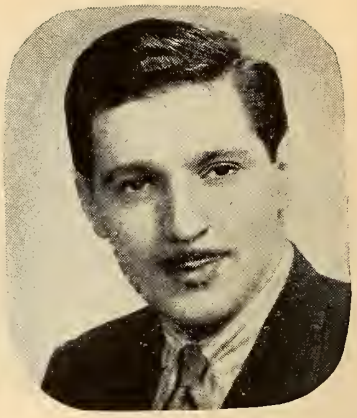
For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.



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R M

Introducing KEN ROBERTS



Wall Street or radio? Ken made the lucky choice

KEN ROBERTS enjoys his job as quizmaster on Quick as a Flash, heard Sundays at 5:30 PM, EST over the Mutual network. But the part of the program that really delights him more than anything else is the spot where he stops mc-ing long enough to say, "And now, announcer Cy Harris has a few words to say . . ." For to Ken, that moment is a complete switch on what has almost always been the Roberts routine. As the announcer on Take It or Leave It, Correction Please, Battle of the Sexes and some other shows, someone else was always saying, "And now Ken Roberts with a few words—"

Ken Roberts was born on Washington's Birthday, 1910, in New York City. He attended DeWitt Clinton High School where, incidentally, one of his closest schoolmates was Ned Calmer, now one of CBS's top newscasters.

Early 1929 saw Ken in dire straits and badly in need of a job. He had heard there were many opportunities for enterprising young men on Wall Street, so he got himself a job as runner—but he left in June!

Ken got the acting itch again and put on plays for the underprivileged kids at Eddie Cantor's camp at Surprise Lake, N. Y. That summer over, Ken hooked up with the Christopher Morley stock company in Hoboken, which was making a big thing out of reviving old time melodramas. Ken wound up playing leads there after nine months.

1930 saw Roberts—and a lot of depression hit actors stalking Broadway in search of a job. Discussing the sorry state of affairs and discussing that was practically all most of them could do to fill in their days—one "at liberty" thespian happened to mention radio as a possibility. Ken decided to take a crack at radio announcing and began making the rounds of small stations, realizing that he'd need some experience. He auditioned and landed a job with WLTH in Brooklyn, stayed there six months, until the work and the long subway ride got too tiring. He auditioned for CBS, competing with 35 other would-be announcers, and got a job. He played straight dramatic roles for five years.



Introducing JOAN ALEXANDER

Equal to any role—versatile is the word for Joan

JOAN ALEXANDER, lovely, brown-haired with deep, brown eyes, is all things to all plays. She's the versatile actress who plays Lynn Alexander, the proprietor of a music school in Lewiston on the Lone Journey, and has portrayed Lois Lane, the girl friend of Superman, for years.

To meet her, Joan is poised, alert, interested in the world and what goes on in it.

That she has this cosmopolitan air is not surprising. In her young life she has been to a lot of far flung places in the world. When Joan was eight years old, her father, who owned a linen factory in Madeira, took her on her first trip to Europe.

By the time Joan was through with a part of her schooling, she had made up her mind to become an actress. She studied with the fabulous European actor, director and coach, Benno Schneider. And, as part of her training, she toured the leading cities of Europe, North Africa and Latin America.

In 1938, Joan was in Vienna when Hitler's troops marched into that city. That was when she decided to return to America. She had already had a good view of Yugoslavia, England, France and, as she puts it, "I even got to Casablanca before President Roosevelt and Humphrey Bogart put it on the map."

It wasn't long before she began to get some attention—and what's better—jobs here at home. She played in several stock companies and appeared on Broadway in "Jeremiah" for the Theatre Guild and in "Merrily We Roll Along" and "Mr. Hamlet."

She spent a brief time in Hollywood, and then returned to New York and began her radio career. Since then, she's been busy all the time, working on shows like Right to Happiness, Bright Horizon.

Besides being an accomplished actress and an accomplished citizen, Joan is an expert horsewoman. Her other favorite sports are tennis and swimming. Of course, she's had to forego all of these diversions for awhile, because, by the time this appears in print she will have become a mother. She was married around the time we met her and she keeps her private and her professional life strictly separate.

Every *Charm* but One . . .



HERE IS MARY LOU dressed for another gay party. The nicest and best looking man in town is to be her escort. She expects to be the "femme fatale" as usual, with all sorts of men cutting in. Most of them find her irresistible.

But tonight they won't find her irresistible. Tonight they won't be cutting in so frequently. For Mary Lou has overlooked something.

Men will be quick to spot it, and jealous women will see to it that the bad news gets quickly whispered around. By next week there will be quite a bit of tarnish on Mary Lou's reputation as a charmer. But Mary Lou won't know about it.

How About You?

You, yourself, may not realize when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). You may be free of it one night and guilty of it the next. And, when you are, your name is likely to go down on the social black-list.

Isn't it foolish to take such a risk when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, wholly delightful precaution?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and almost at once your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. It's a "must" before any date where you want to be at your best. Never, never omit it.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

Before any date . . .

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for Oral Hygiene

Facing the



Whether they're French or English or American, that French "something" can be heard in the songs Jean Sablon sings, Sundays at 5:30 EST, on CBS.



Enoch Light plays for fellow-leaders George Olson

Donald O'Connor (left), wife (right) and the Fred Finkelhoffes (Ella Logan) celebrate—Donald is the new comedian on the Ginny Simms Program on CBS.



THE FRENCH TOUCH

IF the United Nations, in their global effort to foster one peaceful world, should ever decide on a singing ambassador, Jean Sablon should be their man. Without diplomatic portfolio, the romantic French baritone has been doing the job quite effectively. Last year found him singing to the movie mob in Hollywood's Ciro's, the international set in Brussels, Amsterdam and his own Paris, Canadians in Montreal, and south-of-the-border night clubbers in Rio de Janeiro and Mexico City. Doing most of his traveling by air, Jean finally made a three-point landing in New York, where he has comfortably settled down for a while.

"It is fun singing to so many different people," he says in halting English, "and comforting to know all of them understand what I am trying to do."

But to see and hear Sablon in the plushy, swank cafes from Chicago to Cairo requires an ample wallet and the chic clothes to go with it.

Sablon was anxious to reach many more people.

"Marty, get me a radio program," requested Jean to his zealous manager, ex-lawyer, Marty Goodman, "so all the people who don't go to cafes can hear me."

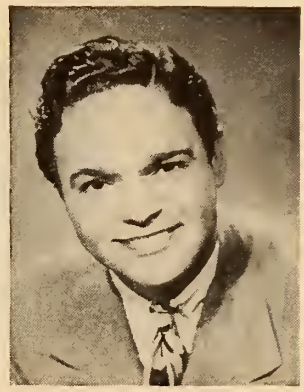
And Goodman did, first a sustainer and now a sponsored series on CBS Saturday evenings, bankrolled by a cosmetics manufacturer.

I chatted with Jean in his comfortable Waldorf Astoria suite as he tried to fight a cold by drinking tea.

"This is a good life," he said. "You know, singing in all these very nice places I notice at the ringside tables society people, ambassadors, yes, even royalty. But now

Music

By KEN ALDEN



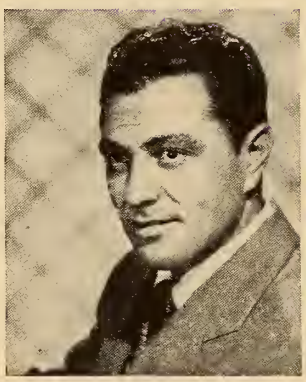
James Melton is singing M.C. of NBC's Harvest of Stars, Sundays at 2:30.



and Shep Fields, learning the latest from Arthur Murray girls.



Margaret Whiting sings with Eddie Cantor, Thursdays at 10:30 on NBC.



Record sales for Tony Martin's non-crooning records. He's on tour.

that I am on the radio I get nice letters from young people, what you call bobby sockers, old ladies, and poor people who are sick. And you know, I like that so much better."

Sablon came to the U. S. first in 1937, was signed for a lavish Broadway revue. He was snowed under. The other members of the cast dominated him—Abbott and Costello, Bobby Clark, and Carmen Miranda—with their explosive talents.

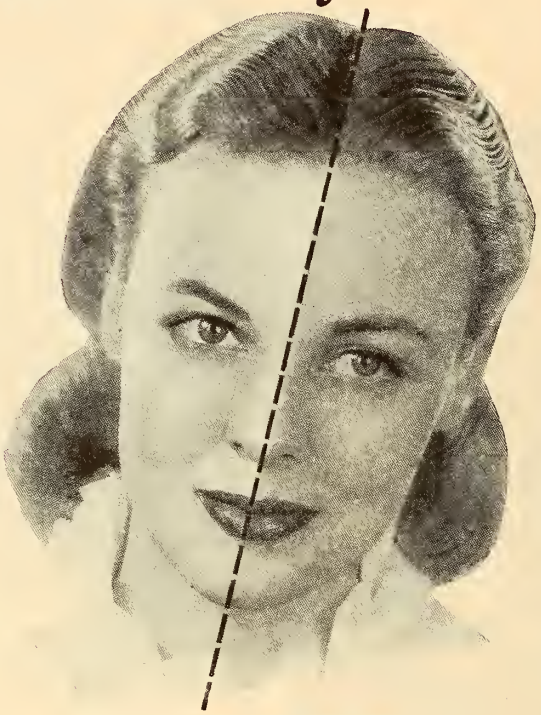
He returned to Paris, disappointed but philosophical. "I was not ready for all of America," he recounted, "and my English was poor."

Sablon was born in Paris of a theatrical family. His father wrote musical comedies, his sister Germaine was, before the war, a top-flight night club entertainer. During the war she served as a leader in the underground movement, was wounded twice, received the Croix de Guerre.

"My sister is a fine woman. When she recently returned to the stage in Paris, her fans were startled at how much more serious and mature she was as a performer. You know what she told them? She said, 'Of course I have changed. No one but a doll could remain unchanged through the past six years. France too has changed. She is a woman now, not a girl'."

Jean got his first show-business break when an influential Parisienne chatted with him on a train, helped get him a job as a chorus boy. Then Mistinguette, who at the age of 70 is still a ranking French star, made him her leading man. He also sang with Charles Boyer and Jean Gabin.

STUBBORN FILM ROBS YOUR SKIN OF *half its Beauty!*



You can't see or feel this stubborn film . . . and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it.

BUT

Once you try this treatment you will instantly see and feel the *difference!*

JUST ONE TREATMENT with unique Lady Esther Cream shows how much clearer, fresher, *younger* your skin can look!

Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, which is a combination of your natural skin oils and cosmetics and dirt. Ordinary cleansing methods don't remove this stubborn film. Massage or rubbing only forces it deeper into the mouths of the pores.

This stubborn film dulls the natural freshness and beauty of your skin . . . makes even young skin look older.

Here's the safe and sure way to get rid of this insidious film that dulls the true freshness of your skin.

See for yourself—tonight

Tonight, smooth on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream . . . then wipe it off. Look at your cleansing tissue. See how surface dirt and cosmetics have been removed. But your skin itself is not yet free of that dulling film.

Now comes the important part! Apply my unique Lady Esther cream again . . . and wipe it off. This second cleansing really rids your skin of that stubborn film which improper methods fail to remove!

My cream does not need to be rubbed in, massaged in . . . because its unique texture is so soft, so effective. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *itself* does the work —*not* your fingers! And it needs no help from any other cream or lotion!

A Complete Beauty Treatment

Each time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most for beauty. 1) thoroughly cleans your skin; 2) softens your skin; 3) helps Nature refine your pores; 4) leaves a perfect base for face powder.

Difference is amazing!

Immediately after your first Lady Esther treatment, you *see* the big difference in your skin. Your skin looks so much fresher, clearer . . . actually looks *younger!* And instantly, you *feel* the new softness and smoothness!

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today! Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on *your* skin!



Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Needs No Help From Any Other Cream



Cocktailing with her husband Walter Surovy is glamorous Rise Stevens, new star of the CBS Family Hour.

Like Mistinguette, Jean looks ageless. Admitting to 38, his jet black curly hair, warm smile and gleaming teeth belie his age. He is broad shouldered, has a good sized mustache and gives the appearance of being taller than he really is.

Sablon's singing style is definitely in the Parisian manner. He caresses the microphone like an American swooner, which led his press agent to tag him "the French Sinatra . . . he appeals to the nylon-soxers."

Although he sings in French, audiences everywhere understand Sablon. The meaning is in his voice and saucy eyes.

But his English is improving. He can also sing and converse in Spanish and Portuguese.

When CBS script writer George Frazier suggested some appropriate closing for the CBS shows, Sablon had an idea. "I will hum."

"But don't you think we should do something with a French flavor," Frazier countered.

"Bon," said Jean, "First I hum in French. Then I hum in English so everybody understand."

Sablon's hotel suite is filled with pictures of his family, particularly those of his 70-year old mother. During the occupation she was almost imprisoned for aiding Allied troops. She got out and her singing son bought her a huge ranch in Brazil.

"I have not spent much time with momma. Ever since I was a child I have been wandering. Someday soon I stop singing and go home to her," he says.

* * *

The girl who sang to more soldiers and sailors than Dinah Shore, Jo Stafford and Ginny Simms combined, is unemployed! Pretty Martha Wilkerson who, as GI Jill, was the singing voice on countless Armed Forces Radio Services programs beamed around the world to our fighting men, found that when war ended, her fame ended simultaneously.

* * *

The explosive news that Woody Herman has junked his band should come as no surprise to Facing The Music readers. (*Continued on page* 10)

Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips



How wonderful!

Woodbury *Beauty-Blended* Lotion is actually 2-lotions-in-1

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS • RICH IN LUXURY LANOLIN



Reach for it joyously, expectantly. For Woodbury Lotion is new, new, new! Perfected by Woodbury skin specialists, this luscious lotion is a beauty *blend* of softening and protective ingredients—*actually 2-lotions-in-1:*

1 **A softening lotion** that helps bring hands endearing *natural* softness. (Its luxury lanolin is the softening, smoothing "first-cousin" of your skin's own natural moisture.)

2 **A protective lotion** that helps "glove" your hands against roughness, redness, drying, chapping from winter cold, daily dishwashings and soap and water cleansing.

You'll love the exquisite fragrance, the rich, creamy consistency of Woodbury Lotion. Never sticky or greasy. Use it for soft, smooth elbows, shoulders, legs, too. Get it at your drug or cosmetic counter. 25c and 50c. Or try Woodbury Lotion for a week at *our expense—that's how sure we are you'll fall in love with it.*

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER BEAUTY AIDS

Free! **MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE GIFT BOTTLE.** Let the lovely things Woodbury Lotion does for your hands convince you there has never before been a lotion like it.

Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio, Dept. 516. *Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion sounds exciting. I'd love to try it. Please send me a FREE purse-size gift bottle.*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Print name, address plainly... Sorry, offer good in U. S. A. only.)
Paste on penny postcard if you wish.

Head of the Class



For *you* (even though your Math's a little weak) if you keep your hair smooth and neat and sweet to see ... You'll rate A-plus with that dreamboat sitting next to you in class ... and what more can a girl ask?

Just keep your hair clean and shiny and leave the rest to *DeLong* Bob Pins, those indispensable allies. They keep stray locks in place because they have a

Stronger Grip *Won't Slip Out*

No fear of DeLong Bob Pins losing this vise-like grip. Why? They're made of high-carbon steel.



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

R M

(*Continued from page* 8) We reported a dance band slump months ago.

Business has been terrible in hotels, ballrooms and one night stands, and although sponsored radio performances and theater engagements helped some, the overhead could not be reduced.

At the same time music analysts have just about come to the conclusion that strictly swing bands have suffered in public favor. The crowds are apathetic about jump tunes, flock to the floor in increasing numbers only when the music is sweet and romantic; a changing taste evidently brought on by the great number of post-war marriages and romances.

* * *

I doubt if the Sinatra critics can level any further charges against Frankie after the startling and exciting performances he gave in December at New York's Waldorf Astoria. On that highly-polished floor, before the toughest "show-me" audiences in the land, the ex-Hoboken fighter came of age. He sang each night for 75 consecutive minutes and could have stayed on forever. Between the numbers Frankie ad libbed like a master showman, thoroughly at ease, sure-footed and sure-voiced, climaxing each performance with the difficult and exciting rendition of Richard Rodgers' "Soliloquy" from "Carousel."

Sinatra didn't make money at the Waldorf. He received $2,000, poured it back into extra musical accompaniment. For the same work he could have gotten $10,000 in any theater. But he gained immeasurable stature and proved to himself his right to wear a star.

* * *

Hildegarde is sicker than is generally known. She has a congestion in her larynx and chest making it extremely difficult for the chanteuse to perform naturally or comfortably. If the situation does not improve, the ex-Milwaukee child prodigy may take a brief leave from the air.

* * *

Tony Martin has asked for and obtained his release from MGM so he could devote more time to his personal appearance tours, record-making, and chances for a new sponsored radio show.



Singer Perry Como and Maestro Lloyd Shaffer straighten out a tangle for their NBC Supper Club broadcast.





VETO Colgate's Amazing New Antiseptic Deodorant, Checks Perspiration, Stops Odor—Yet is Doubly Safe!





Only VETO Contains DURATEX, exclusive new safety ingredient! Veto is different from any other deodorant...Does *not* rot clothes. Safe for any normal skin. Stays moist in jar—never gritty, rubs in easily. Use *doubly safe* Veto regularly to guard your daintiness and to check perspiration, stop odor *safely.*

OFFICIAL TESTED SEAL LABORATORIES

DOUBLY PREFERRED! Registered Nurses who have tried Veto prefer it almost 2 to 1 over any other deodorant, according to a nation-wide survey.

APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS—Better Fabrics Bureau

New Records

By KEN ALDEN

BENNY GOODMAN:
The Goodman musical bag of tricks explodes in a whopping 12-inch version of "Oh, Baby!" (Columbia)

HARRY JAMES:
Wrap-up of all-time James favorites, including "Ciribiribin," "One O'Clock Jump" and "Music Makers." (Columbia)

VAUGHN MONROE:
A pleasant discing of the new hit "And So To Bed" paired with "You Can't See The Sun When You're Cryin'." (Victor). For a piano grooving of the former tune, try Skitch Henderson's. (Capitol)

SAMMY KAYE:
The cleaned-up novelty "I Used To Work In Chicago" mated with "It's A Lie," both played in typical swing and sway fashion. (Victor)

PEGGY LEE:
Another swell disc by this stylist, featuring her own tune, "Everything's Movin' Too Fast" and "Lovin' Time." (Capitol)

JOHNNY MERCER:
The amusing juke box click, "Huggin' And A Chalkin'" teamed with "Take Me Back To Little Rock" for a stand-out rhythmic special. (Capitol)

KING COLE TRIO:
This fine group seldom misses and "That's The Beginning Of The End" and "But She's My Buddy's Chick" keep up the standard. (Capitol)

MARTHA TILTON:
Sings the new hit, "How Are Things In Glocca Morra" from the musical, "Finian's Rainbow," plus the novelty, "Connecticut." (Capitol)

WILL BRADLEY:
Excellent dance tempos in "Sooner Or Later" and "Turn The Knob On The Left To The Right." (Signature)

BOBBY DOYLE:
New swoon contender shows his stuff on "Serenade To An Old-Fashioned Girl" and "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." (Signature)

SKINNAY ENNIS:
Good to have the staccato-voiced Skinnay back on wax. Hear him sing "So Would I" and "Oh, But I Do." (Signature)

FRANK SINATRA:
A beautiful disc package blending "September Song" and the nostalgic "Among My Souvenirs." (Columbia)

GORDON MacRAE:
Another fine baritone goes places with "Oh, But I Do" and "Flattery Will Get You Nowhere." (Musicraft)

MILDRED BAILEY:
The much-neglected Rockin' Chair Lady comes through again with a fine recording of "I'll Close My Eyes" and "Me And The Blues." (Majestic)

BARBARA HALE starring in RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC. LADY LUCK



FOR YOUR HAIR *Spring Freshness* ALL YEAR 'ROUND



Loveliest Lustre . . . Quick, Clean ...with* Blended *Vegetable Oils

Capture the beauty of the stars in your hair with GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo —so easy to use, so quick, so delightfully cleansing!

No other shampoo can adorn your hair with lovelier lustre, more natural-looking sparkle and brilliance, daintier springtime softness, than GLO-VER. Contains cleansing agents made from *blended* vegetable oils. Rinses out easily, completely . . . not a trace of unsightly film! Removes loose dandruff—leaves scalp refreshingly *clean*, hair radiantly manageable! Ask for GLO-VER at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today — or mail the Coupon.

Your Hair will be Lovelier with

GLO-VER *Beauty Shampoo*

Free Trial Size

Includes GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—one application of each with easy directions for famous Glover's 3-Way Treatment and FREE booklet. "The Scientific Care of the Hair."

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 553, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing 3-Way Treatment in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name.....
Please print plainly

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

What's New



Dave Willock, Arthur Treacher and Jack Carson gave Baby Doll a little help with his lines when the talking dog appeared on the Carson show.



Colonel "Pappy" Boyington and National Commander Lloyd F. Oleson present a citation to comedian Alan Young for broadcasts on behalf of disabled veterans.



At sixteen, lovely Paulena Carter is a pianist of concert stature. She's featured on CBS's Sparkle Time with Meredith Willson, Fridays.

NOT LONG AGO, Preston Sturges, the well known Hollywood director-scripter, was in New York and let loose a barrage against radio. He claimed that it was a shame that such a magnificent invention, instead of being used for education, is used for vaudeville. By and large, we have a tendency to agree with Mr. Sturges. But let's give as much credit as is really due to radio execs. They do try. Whether we can agree that they try enough, or hard enough, or make enough effort to build their educational shows, is another matter. But they do try. At least once a day, each of the major networks presents some form of educational broadcast. Things that leap into mind are the various symphonic programs, the various Schools of the Air, Exploring the Unknown, The Doctors Talk It Over. We're inclined to agree with Preston Sturges, however, that considering the time and money that's spent on radio, not enough is done via this medium to spread real understanding, information and to encourage healthy, independent thinking.

* * *

Here, we'd like to tip our hat to CBS for the splendid series they did on alcoholism—Alcohol and You. It's a good thing that the spotlight of honest discussion and factual exposure has been turned on this subject. CBS deserves credit for going at the thing from all angles,

R
M

from COAST to COAST

By DALE BANKS



Experienced in the ways of radio-crime is young Jerry Boyar, of the CBS network's Crime Photographer, Thursdays.



Anita Ellis, who sang at actress Shirley Mitchell's wedding, wished Dr. and Mrs. Julian Frieden the very best of luck just before they left for New York, where they'll be living and working.

scientifically, instead of being satisfied with a few sensational stories about a disease which is so widespread in this country.

One of the experts who appeared on the series, Dr. E. M. Jellinek of Yale University, said that although alcohol is the source of much human misery, fundamentally, human misery is the source of alcoholism. Alcoholism and fighting the inroads it makes on society—approximately fifty million Americans drink, and of these about 750,000 are chronic alcoholics, more than two million drink too much—has become a problem for the whole of society, not just for reformers, prohibitionists, preachers and teachers.

Again, hats off to CBS for presenting the question as it did, fully, honestly and seriously.

* * *

We like the way Harry Elders has turned one of his hobbies into an educational program for his two sons. In his many years in radio, Harry has portrayed scores of prominent men and, whenever he did, he always tried to get his famous original's autograph on the scripts, or on the person's own work—book, or whatever. From this start he got the idea of compiling a running history of his times for his kids. Now, Harry keeps scrapbooks of newspaper headlines and editorials, fashion and home pictures, magazine ads and war mementos, adding to them daily. When the Elders boys reach the age of eighteen, the collections will be turned over to them for quick and handy reference in any future generation debates on the "good old days."

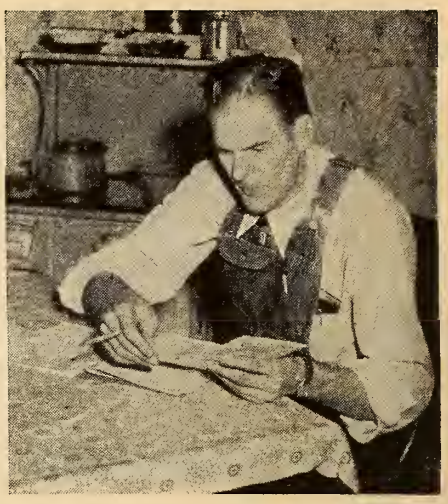
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Every time we're inclined to start moaning about the amount of work we have to do, we stop at the first groan, thinking about Margaret E. Sangster's routine. Miss Sangster does the scripting for the My True Story program. Each week, she does five twenty-five minute periods for that program, writes one magazine story, five articles and two serials for a group of religious magazines. It all adds up to a lot of words—about 70,000 of them, in fact. And—in addition, she manages to write one novel a year.

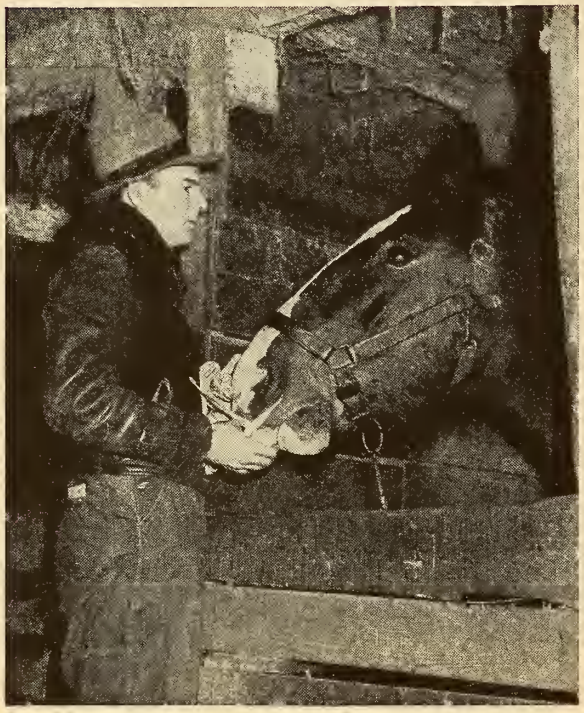
* * *

Comes information which surprises us a little, mainly because it's such a far cry from his blood and thunder activities as Nick Carter on the Mutual series. Lon Clark, who plays the rough and ready Nick, has just published the first of several albums of original stories for children, including one which has been a prime favorite with his own two youngsters, "Buster Bags the Bandit."

RURAL Friend



Roy Battles checks over the farm accounts.





Inspecting stock or running farm machinery—all in the day's work to Roy, WLW Farm Director and manager of "Everybody's Farm."

FROM THE GROUND UP, title of his rural comment program, best describes the career of WLW's Farm Director, Roy Battles.

Long, lanky, and bristling with energy, Roy Battles was born on a farm near Chesterland, Ohio. His working days started early in life. His father was afflicted with asthma, and Roy, as a boy, took over the duties of running the family's dairy farm. On the side, he even ran a trap line on the ten-mile hike between his home and the one-room country school house. During his junior years, he served as progressive leader in the 4-H Club for ten years, and today is still vitally interested as an adult in fostering 4-H activities and leadership.

Graduating from Ohio State University in 1934, with a major in horticulture, Roy's first job was that of county agricultural agent for Pike County, Ohio, and later he transferred to Clermont County in the same position until he joined the WLW Farm Department in 1943.

Roy is a friend of thousands of farm and rural families who listen to his three daily broadcasts. Chore Time is aired at 6:45 A.M.; a graphic prediction of weather conditions and market estimates follows at 7:40. Roy tours to Everybody's Farm at Mason, Ohio, at 12:40 P.M. six days a week. Everybody's Farm is a typical midwest farm, run by a tenant farmer and under the management of Battles. The farm is really his hobby.

Roy's Farm Front program brings farmers and rural leaders to the microphone for a discussion of current rural problems at 9 A.M., EST, each Sunday.

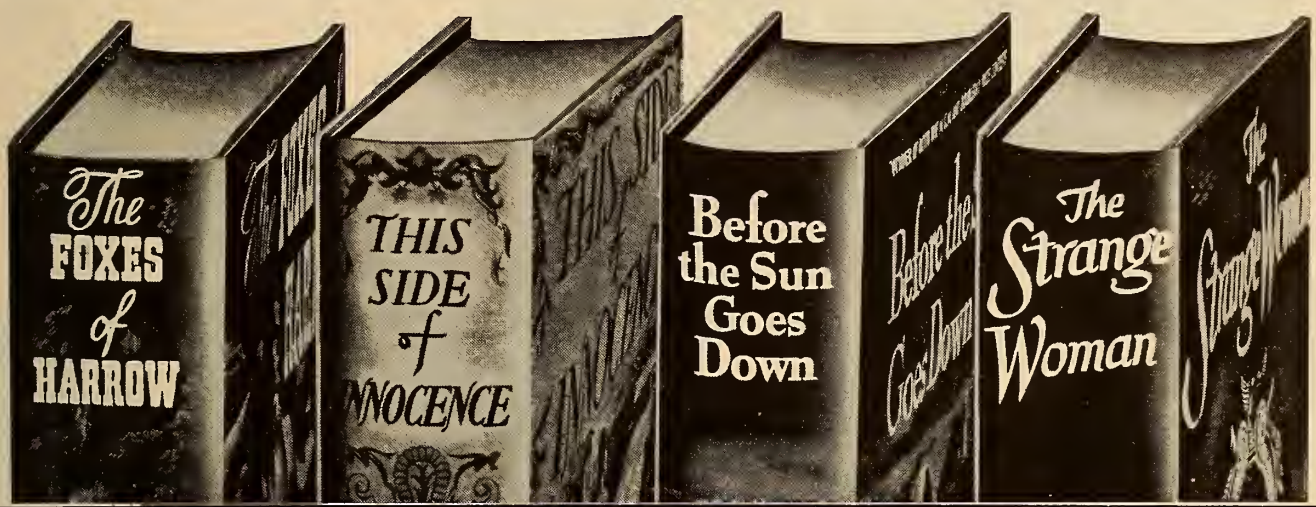
Battles is still setting headlines with his talks before rural and civic groups throughout the entire midwest area relating what he saw in Europe on a seven-week tour under UNRRA and government sanction. Battles, who headed WLW's overseas "Famine Mission," now speaks to at least two groups a week and is booked months ahead, describing the famine-torn continent in an effort to convince American farmers of the need of maintaining peace and progressive farming methods in the United States.



After a hard day, stock reports on the radio.

Which of These Best-Sellers Do You Want FREE with Dollar Book Club membership?

ACCEPT this amazing offer now! By joining the Dollar Book Club, you may have your choice of any of the books described here absolutely FREE. And—as a further demonstration of Dollar Book Club values—you may choose as many more of these books as you wish for your current selections at only $1.00 each. These books are typical of the selections received by Dollar Book Club members, distributed at the very peak of their popularity. Club membership regularly offers you the most popular current novels for only $1.00 each—a saving of 50% to 75% from the established retail price of the same books in the publishers' editions. Mail membership form below!



THE FOXES OF HARROW

by Frank Yerby



FROM disgrace and the gutters Stephen Fox rose to conquer the "wickedest city in the world"—the bawdy New Orleans of 1825. For Stephen Fox loved danger and intrigue—and women loved Stephen Fox. There was Desiree, the exotic quadroon who bore him a son; Odalie, the wife who prayed to see him dead; and Aurore, whose love he threw away—then braved disgrace and ruin to get it back! "Here are love and lusts and greeds, quadroon balls, voodoo, pistols at dawn. Fresh and fascinating."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

by Taylor Caldwell



AMALIE, the whispered-about daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well, sold herself into a marriage with wealth and position. Only one man could threaten the security of this ravishing minx—the wastrel half-brother of her husband. And when these two, the wanton and the wastrel, found themselves whirled into a lawless passion that defied every rule of honor, their world threatened to crumble about them. "A masterful piece of story-telling . . . pulsing with life."—*Phila. Inquirer.* This is the famous best seller that is soon to be made into a $2,000,000 screen epic by Story Productions, Inc.

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

by Elizabeth Metzger Howard



HE knew the whole town's secrets—yet hid a burning secret of his own! Doctor Dan Field knew everything that went on in Willowspring—the scandals and the love affairs. He served the town's royalty as well as the people across the tracks—and he knew that their offspring had a way of getting together. But no one knew that in Dan's lonely house—in the bedroom where no woman had ever slept—he kept a huge white bride's bed, reserved for the wife of another man! A $145,000 prize-winning novel.

THE STRANGE WOMAN

by Ben Ames Williams



THE astounding story of a "Maine Cleopatra"—as she was known to her husbands, her sons, her lovers. This is a novel that will hold you breathless through more than 500 gripping pages. You will find swift adventure, excitement, terror in the dramatic career of Jenny Hager—an amazing woman who seemed a saint to the world at large but combined the mystery and fascination of Scarlett O'Hara and Lucrezia Borgia in her ruthless destruction of the men who gave her devotion. Soon to be seen in a $2,000,000 motion picture starring Hedy La Marr.

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THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB is the *only* book club that brings you newly printed, current books by outstanding authors for only $1.00 each. This represents a saving to you of 50 to 75 per cent from the established retail prices. Every Dollar Book Club selection is a handsome, full-sized library edition, well-printed and bound in a format exclusively for members. You are privileged to purchase as many Club books as you wish at the special price of $1.00 each.

Although one outstanding book is chosen each month for exclusive distribution to members at $1.00 each, you do not have to accept a book every month; only the purchase of six a year is necessary. In fact, for convenience, most members prefer to have shipped and pay for books every other month.

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Please enroll me free as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once, as a gift, the book, title of which I have written in above. Also send me the following book as my first selection for $1.00:

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R M

Down on the Farm



WGN Farm Director Hal Totten (1947) gets news straight from the source.

FROM the fields of sport to the meadows of farm may seem farther than a whoop and a holler to some folks, but to WGN's Farm Director Hal Totten, who made the change, the transition seems less paradoxical than beating swords into plowshares. Nor did the change seem strange to Station Manager Frank Schreiber, who felt that WGN's clear channel frequency facilities, which reach a vast general audience throughout the heart of the nation, could better be served by a man with Totten's general newspaper and radio background than by an agricultural expert with specialized interests.

Hal admits that interviewing a farmer beside his tractor is a far cry from chatting with Babe Ruth at a World Series. But there's more than the flutter of a shutter between the two pictures, he insists. Between the two is a twenty-two-year panorama of scenes in newspaper offices, sports arenas, flood-devastated countrysides, stratospheric flights, and fire-swept areas. Covering such stories develops more than a sportscaster, Hal says, and to prove it he now travels more than 1,500 miles a month through farmlands broadcasting news that is vital to more than one-third of the nation.

In his first eighteen months at this assignment Hal recorded more than 500 interviews on almost as many farm subjects, attesting to the fact that he gets around just as much and probably meets a lot more folks in his new work. He doesn't think he'll ever go back to sports, except as a spectator.

Hal never lost touch with his newspaper origin. From 1924 until 1930 he continued as re-write man, feature writer and columnist in addition to his sportscasting. He wrote on general subjects through the '30's, rejoined a Chicago paper editorial staff in 1942 and by 1945, after a spell as free-lance news commentator, he considered himself sufficiently "un-typed" as a sportscaster to launch into the field of radio farm service.

Joining WGN, Totten revamped one of the oldest farm broadcasting services in the middlewest into a modern farm service with four daily and two weekly programs totaling nine and one-half hours weekly. Hal's forays into the hinterlands take him to universities, agricultural expositions, county fairs and anywhere that farmers can be found. He keeps a crew of technicians busy recording interviews which sometimes number as high as 25 in a day.



Sportscaster Hal (1924) in Babe Ruth days.

Very personally yours



YOU enter smiling . . . as the overture brings back all the old enchantment. That night; and how close to the stars the topmost row of the balcony had seemed. That hush, when the lights lowered, and the curtain rose . . . wafting you into a make-believe heaven. Where the heroine's loves . . . tears . . . triumphs . . . were very personally yours!

Play-going is still one of your many ways of keeping life fascinating: *fun*. And strolling among those who come to see and be seen, you're poised . . . self-possessed, even at certain times. For naturally Kotex is your choice of napkins, knowing those flat tapered ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines.

You're sure, too, of extra protection, with Kotex' special safety center. Of heavenly softness that *lasts*, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it . . . just as every Kotex napkin is made with a deodorant locked inside to keep you dainty, charming. And only Kotex has 3 sizes for different women, different days: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.

And so, whatever the scene, you enter smiling . . . always confident; always *young* in that eager love of life . . . so very personally yours.



*More women choose Kotex**
than <u>all</u> other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



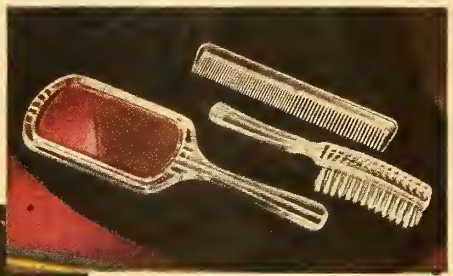
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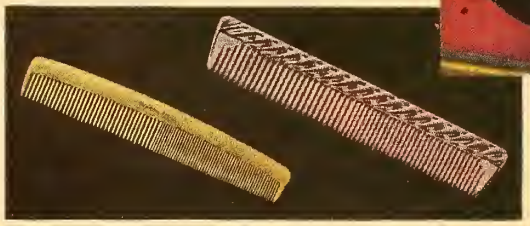
Jewelite

All the lovely things you are to him are expressed in the shining glory of your hair. Keep it soft and lustrous by frequent use of a Jewelite Brush. Supreme creation of the brushmaker's art, Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic have bristles of long, resilient Prolon that reach right down to your scalp to provide healthful stimulation, while burnishing each strand of hair to alluring, natural loveliness. Brushes. Combs and complete Dresser Sets in Jewelite are available at good brush departments. Look for the name Jewelite on the box. Jewelite, aristocrat of plastics, is made by the makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*

Jewelite Roll-Wave Brush, Comb and Mirror Set, available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, or in diamond-clear crystal.





Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs for men and women are beautifully styled in Jewelite and other lovely plastics. Remember the name . . . Pro-phy-lac-tic!

JEWELITE BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

R
M



Introducing

DOROTHY DAY

AS FAMOUS for her fashion comments as for the top-drawer "names" she interviews, lovely Dorothy Day, the WINS-WLW glamor-gal commentator, is easily one of the top personalities in her field.

In between writing and conducting two programs a day, five days a week, over WINS (one of her programs is also piped directly to Cincinnati's WLW), dynamic Dorothy does fashion commentaries for the country's leading designers. Recognition of her top-flight position in the field was further evidenced by her selection for the somewhat demanding task of conducting a fashion show before 22,000 people at last year's Israel Orphan Asylum benefit at Madison Square Garden.

Dorothy attends all business luncheons and women's expositions gathering material for her radio programs, all of which she herself writes. Her daily program over WINS from 10:00 to 10:30 A.M., A Woman's View of What's New, is a well-balanced combination of fashion, budget menus, home-decorating and music, plus stimulating interviews with interesting celebrities geared to reach and interest the woman of today.

Every day is Dorothy's guesting day. The passing parade of celebrities who have appeared on her programs include such notables as Mrs. Vincent Astor, the well-known New Yorker; Mrs. Bernard Gimbel, wife of the philanthropist; Jerry Colonna, William Eythe, Catherine McLeod, Sonnia Darrin, of the movies; Ray Lev, one of the foremost women pianists in America; leading designers of women's clothes, including Tsang Tsing-Ying, Chinese designer; Jean Sablon, the Parisian singer; the Met's Helen Jepson, and a host of others.

What especially distinguishes Dorothy Day from other interviewers is her extraordinary talent for making her guests feel at home, so that listeners get the full flavor of their guest's personality, instead of the somewhat stiff mutterings we all hear from time to time. Her many listeners regard Dorothy as their good friend, and welcome her guests as they would her, sincerely, with friendly interest.

Introducing

JOHN TILLMAN



AT FRANK DAILEY'S Meadowbrook last summer, a young ex-GI named John Tillman earned himself the moniker of "Dream Scream," delightedly bestowed on him by the bobby-soxers who found his looks and his emceeing irresistible. In a way, Tillman found this very satisfying, certainly a change from having "Sergeant!" screamed at him for three years. Matinee at Meadowbrook is still on the air, beamed for GI's still overseas. We ordinary citizens hear John as m.c. of Danny O'Neil's Singing in the Morning (daily 9:15 A.M., EST, CBS) and as the smooth-voiced announcer of The Stradivari Orchestra (Sundays, CBS, 2:30 P.M., EST).

John was born in Clio, Alabama, during the first World War. He became a professional performer while he was still attending Barbour County High School. At the age of sixteen, he became a staff announcer and singer on Station WAFG in Dothan, Alabama. His mother accompanied him on the organ for his singing program.

After he was graduated from high school, John took a job on Station WSB and for four years combined radio and college. Then, one day the station director of WHAS in Louisville, Kentucky, got in touch with him and offered John a job as master of ceremonies and news commentator. John had to make a choice. It was just before his coveted BA degree became his, but John chose the job and put off his degree.

His next step was the big one. While with WHAS, John made a few audition records and mailed them to CBS in New York. He didn't really expect any answer—but he got one a month later. Two weeks after that, John was working for CBS in New York—where he stayed for the next four years until he got his "Greetings" from Uncle Sam.

Back from the Army less than a year, John now is announcer of the daily "Winner Take All" (CBS, 3:30 P.M., EST) and "Time to Remember" (CBS, 10:45 A.M., EST) programs, as well many another.

Now, John is working at having his cake and eating it, too. He's back in double harness. He goes to NYU at night to get that BA degree.



Summer Sunshine for your Winter Breakfast

It took months of warm summer sunshine to bring this dish of prunes to your breakfast table. Months of summer sunshine that packed them full of wholesome goodness . . . made them rich in sweet prune flavor.

For these are SUNSWEET Prunes!

They were *not picked* like other fruit, but were allowed to hang in the sunshine until so plump and heavy with juicy goodness they dropped from the trees of their own weight.

Prunes like these make a great start for a grand day . . . a *regular* day . . . for prunes really DO something for you.

SUNSWEETS are *"Tenderized"* for quick-cooking and better eating, sealed in *foil* for perfect protection, packed and guaranteed by the *growers* themselves. For free illustrated Recipe Book, address SUNSWEET, Box U, San Jose 5, California.



SUNSWEET TENDERIZED **PRUNES**

Also *"Tenderized"* PEACHES and APRICOTS and SUNSWEET (the original) PRUNE JUICE

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San Jose, California

A Glamorous NOW... a lovelier TOMORROW



"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion; it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look



"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults; the exclusive formula guards against drying



A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds; and it stays on for hours without retouching

BRING new glamour into your life today. Add a delightful new loveliness to your natural beauty with "Pan-Cake" ...in just a few seconds. "Pan-Cake" will bring you many lovelier tomorrows, too. It safeguards your skin against sun and wind that bring drying, aging signs to mar your beauty. "Pan-Cake" was originated by *Max Factor Hollywood* for the stars of the screen. Now it is the favored fashion of millions. Try "Pan-Cake" for a glamorous today — for a lovelier tomorrow.

Pan-Cake* Make-Up

An Exclusive Formula Protected by U. S. Patent Nos. 2034697-2101843



*Pan-Cake ...Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CARPENTER

JUDY GARLAND

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor Musical

"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

ORIGINATED BY

Max Factor • Hollywood

RADIO MIRROR COMMENDS~

SUPERMAN

IN the dimmest recesses of our childhood lie the habits we formed then—habits which, whether we realize it or not, have decided for us whom we like or do not like, as adults.

As unreasoning as our taste for fresh peaches or our aversion to broccoli is our judgment of the fellow men with whom we share the world. Intolerance is a big word, vaguely understood at best. "He is a Catholic," we say, or "He is a Jew," and they are statements we make easily, without a struggle for the actual meaning of them.

If we adults cannot successfully strike our prejudices, long ingrained, from our lives, we can at least help our children to grow up with a natural love of those different from themselves. In this world with its ever-broadening horizons, there are a number of things that we may use as implements to aid us in teaching our children; not the least of these is radio. And foremost among radio programs which can thus serve us is Superman.

This sort of thing is going on in homes all over the country, every day—in your house, too: Johnny tugs his chair closer to the radio. Superman is about to transport him on a magic adventure. He listens with rapt attention, oblivious to your dinner preparations. And as he clings to the swirling cloak of his champion he hears and feels a children's story that is teaching him, as no book or classroom can, a lesson in tolerance, in understanding that another boy's color or way of speech or ancestry has nothing to do with whether he is a friend, a good person, someone little Johnny wants to play with.

For Superman has been dedicated to the teaching of the brotherhood of man. A radio program, designed only for thrilling young listeners, has become an important pulpit.

Some months ago the sponsors of this broadcast announced their intention of making Superman a champion who would fight against the evils of our ignorance and prejudice. In these months we have seen that a children's program can teach by entertaining. And for that real contribution to a better youth in our homes, to a finer adult future for our Johnnies and our Janies, Radio Mirror extends a heartfelt commendation to Superman and to the people behind him.

The Editors

Aunt Jenny



Wanda's baby turned out to be a girl, and whom do you think she and Nick named that baby after?

proves that



To a just-married girl and boy, a home is something more than walls and a roof

I'VE always said that no matter how bad I needed the money, I wouldn't take in roomers. There's something about having a stranger living in your house, somebody that's no kin, that spoils the house for me—or anyway, that's what I always thought until the day Nick and Wanda Farrell stopped while I was weeding the front canna-bed and asked for a drink of water.

The water was for Wanda, and after one look at her I took her by the arm and led her up to the front porch. It was a blistering hot day, and she was just about beat out. She was only a little thing, with great big black eyes swimming in a white face and soft baby-fine hair clustering in damp curls over her forehead. She'd have been pretty if she hadn't been so thin and tired. And of course I saw right away that she was going to have a baby before very much longer.

"Drink it slow, now," I told her when I'd brought the water, and then I poured another glass and handed it to her husband. He was a good-looking boy—neither of them could have been more than twenty-three or so—dressed in a brown gabardine suit that had cost a fair amount of money. The girl's clothes were good, too, so I figured they weren't poor. But something was wrong, because you never did see two more discouraged-looking young people.

"New in Littleton?" I asked the boy.

He nodded, his eyes anxiously on the girl, who was lying back in the porch swing with her eyes closed. "We don't really live here," he said. "Anyway, not yet." His lips twisted into a wry smile. "Looks like not ever. I've got a job in Metropole, and we're looking for a house or an apartment or—or anything at all. Right now we've got a room in the Metropole Hotel, but we'll have to give it up day after tomorrow. After that—" He broke off, and shrugged hopelessly.

"There's a house for sale over on Carlton Road," I said, and he nodded.

"And what they want for it! I just don't make that kind of money," he said wearily.

I knew what he was up against. I'd seen them in Littleton for the past year and a half—young folks looking desperately for a spot they could call home. There were some barracks over on the edge of town, but they were full. If you didn't have the money for a down-payment on a house that cost twice what it had in normal times, you were bound (*Continued on page* 71)

Listen to Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories every Monday through Friday at 12:15 P.M. EST, on CBS.

Marian and Jim Jordan in private life, but Fibber McGee and Molly on NBC Tuesdays, 9:30 P. M., EST.



Top-soil, plus rain, equals mud. And it did rain!



This housekeeping requires skill—Marian has it.



Come and Visit

THIS story about Jim and Marian Jordan—Fibber McGee and Molly, as if you didn't know—will be surprising only to those people who don't know them very well, and that would exclude, of course, the forty-odd million Americans who visit them in Wistful Vista every Tuesday night.

But it is worth telling, surprising or not, because it is loaded with hope and good cheer for everyone who is struggling with the housing crisis. And who isn't? H. C., for Housing Crisis, is becoming as meaningful to most of



They wait, in a trailer, while their new home is being built. Sometimes 'taint funny, McGee, but more often it is!



Evening paper on the front stoop—no room inside.

FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY

us these days as H. C. L., for High Cost of Living, became for the average American after the first World War, what with half a million veterans and their families living in "temporary housing," (Quonset huts, to you) and with chintz curtains burgeoning at the windows of every abandoned bus and railroad car in the country.

H. C. caught up with the Jordans last July—since then they have been living in a trailer.

It's a super-duper, modern, deluxe trailer, chrome and steel on the outside, its pine-paneled interior divided into three rooms—living room, bedroom, and kitchen, and equipped with all the newest gadgets. But it's still a trailer, and it lacks a few of the conveniences which most of us have grown to consider essential—little items like hot water and indoor plumbing.

"It's no palace," as Jim puts it, carefully scraping the mud off his shoes before crossing the threshold into the immaculate 6½ by 20 foot interior, "but we call it home."

The remarkable part of the story is that Marian's six-month tussle with a bottle-gas range and electric grill has

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only increased her reputation as the best cook west of the Rockies, and that Jim's disposition has emerged unimpaired after months of shaving with pre-heated water before a mirror which comes to about the level of his ribs, and sleeping in a bed with beveled edges (daytimes it's a sofa) which lands him in the middle of every other happy dream smack on the "living room" floor.

To forestall any cracks on the part of the cynics, it would be best at the outset to answer one or two obvious questions. The Jordans *did,* of course, have a house—a big, comfortable, homey house in the swankiest section of Encino, which is in the swankiest section of the San Fernando valley. But they sold it. Maybe a little too soon. The Jordans c*ould,* of course, have afforded to sit out any housing crisis in a good hotel when the going really got tough. They c*ould* have, but they didn't.

The truth is that nobody—neither unfriendly landlord nor unsympathetic banker—forced the Jordans to set-up housekeeping in an auto trailer. The project started out in the vacation spirit, rather as an adventure—when Jim and Marian decided to buy, and remodel, a five-room bungalow on a beautiful hilltop acreage in the wooded highlands back of Encino, and to "camp out" on the property during the alterations, which their architect and builder estimated would take a couple of months at the most. (Two pleasant months at the peak of the rainless California summer.)

July and August were not bad. The Jordans are campers at heart, and are accustomed to spending their summers in fairly primitive surroundings at their cattle ranch in Woody, California, where Jim hauls wood for the iron range, and Marian does all the cooking. Two months in a trailer can be fun.

But by September, Marian recalls, the primitive life was beginning to pall. She had run out of menus which can be put together without a broiler or oven-control, and was improvising like crazy.

Came October and November, and the California rains . . .

"Rains, my eye," Jim tells it, "they were cloudbursts."

"Then, believe you me, it was rugged."

They ran out on their project only once. That was when two inches of rainfall (California had its rainiest November in twenty years) (*Continued on page* 80)



"We call it home," Jim says, and they have made it one just by living there, though it is four walls on wheels.



It's a bending, twisting, leaning life, and

They've acquired the living-outdoors habit. "We may move over the blue and yellow canopy from the trailer," Jim says, "so as to feel at home."



it's making the Jordans supple.



A man can dream, can't he? And Jim does, by the hour, of all the comforts and modern conveniences that the new house is going to have.

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My Boss—,

A secretary's-eye view



TOM BRENEMAN

of the man who comes to Breakfast in Hollywood each day

By DOROTHY HEGLE



Ladies with Hats wait half-fearfully, half-hopefully, for Tom's unsparing criticisms.



Rare scene, for Tom usually works a night shift, Dorothy in the daytime.



Home is where favorite sportcasts can be heard in peace.

FOR six years the host of Breakfast in Hollywood has been sending orchids to good, good neighbors all over the country. Day in and day out, some citizen in Kalamazoo, Kokomo, or Brooklyn answers the front door bell and receives a fragile lavender bloom epitomizing her recognition as a doer of good deeds.

Now the bloom is on the other foot. And I am most grateful to RADIO MIRROR for this opportunity of writing my own nomination for the same for an office "neighbor" of mine.

Many orchids to my boss, Tom Breneman. A genial gentleman with a booming laugh who inspires longevity in the nation's womanhood. Who spotlights the average American housewife before the microphones. And who spreads the news about all the good neighbors . . . the happiness they

My Boss— TOM BRENEMAN



Hobbies? Poking up fires, for one—Tom loves them. Definitely not hats; he owns only one. But Dorothy, when she has to wear a hat, does her best to get one that's worthy of a Breneman associate.



Tom Breneman's Breakfast In Hollywood is heard Monday through Friday at 11:00 A.M. EST, on ABC.

make for others . . . the lifts they give their fellowman.

Because of my boss, many elderly people throughout the country are feeling their years a lot less and laughing a lot more. He has glamorized age, kids it instead of pitying it, and makes it a living thing. Life begins at seventy since Breakfast in Hollywood.

We've had several guests on the show who were 100 years old, and one or two who were 105. The boss interviews all of the elderly ladies, laughs with them, gives them a swift kiss along with a "God Bless You, Honey," and pins their orchid on. They leave the restaurant stepping faster, looking perky and proud.

IT took my boss to break feminine precedent by inspiring women to tell how old they are. Some of them even bring birth certificates to the broadcasts to prove it.

He breaks another one by bringing out so many loyal ladies at that hour. And if you ask me, he earns an orchid of his own for service far beyond the call of any normal radio duties . . . in braving that bonnet barrage peeking in and out of the palm trees of Breneman's restaurant at him so early in the morning.

The breakfast tickets, at $1.25 each, the price of the morning meal, are sold out at least two weeks before every show. And by seven o'clock every morning there are long lines of cheerful people extending from the restaurant on down Vine Street to Sunset Boulevard. Most of them have been up since five o'clock that morning. They hail from Oklahoma, Nebraska, Minnesota . . . all over. And many will tell you readily that they've come to Hollywood mostly "just to see Tom."

Some are couples there to celebrate their twenty-fifth or fiftieth wedding anniversaries. There are many young people. And it may surprise you to know there are a great many men, whom my boss always greets sympathetically with a "Hello, Suckers!" when he sees them in the audience surrounded by all the extreme chapeaux.

Speaking as a mere secretary . . . little did I ever dream the day would come when I would be entirely oblivious to orchids. But I can take them or leave



In the white-gabled house in Encino live Gloria, who sings, "Brennie", the Gene Krupa of the future, and Mr. and Mrs. B.

them now. I've gotten a little hat-happy too. There are many nights when I count hats instead of sheep . . . hats with ribbons, feathers, vegetables, and fields of orchids blooming out of them. Hats . . . hats . . . hats . . . enough to make you lose your head. And wish sometimes that all the other women in the world would lose theirs also.

But I still wouldn't trade my job for any other, and I take all of the hats off to my boss.

THERE'S never a dull moment in the suite of offices Breakfast in Hollywood occupies high above Hollywood Boulevard. Aided by a staff of ten persons, including his manager, John Masterson, my boss not only conceerns himself with doing five thirty-minute radio shows weekly, but he's also in the restaurant business, puts out record albums of the shows, produces movies, and is now going into the millinery business too. Officially, that is. There are now "Tom Breneman" hats sold in hundreds of leading stores throughout the country, with twelve new models a month fashioned by leading Hollywood designers.

In addition to all of which the boss sponsors mock Breakfast in Hollywood parties put on by lodges and various groups throughout the country, with the local minister or some civic official impersonating Tom. He sends out forty or fifty "Tom Breneman Party Kits" daily, with all the props for the parties. An orchid, a joke book, song sheets, a mammoth cigar, a three-foot-long comb, etc. Proceeds go to some local charity in the towns. The boss has never solicited such parties, but he's glad the spirit of Breakfast in Hollywood has caught on, and that good can be accomplished through them.

He's helped to focus the hat-tention of the world on Hollywood. And many of the thousand fan letters he receives each day often just have a sketch of a hat and "Hollywood, Calif." on them.

Most of his mail consists of informal letters from people who feel they're writing to an old friend. Some are from shut-ins who say how much his laugh and cheerful personality means to them. Some are the "Dear Mr. Anthony" kind. From an elderly woman who wants him to put her in touch with two gentlemen he's mentioned on the air; a little boy who wants the boss to help him get a husband for his mother . . . "one who has a Cadillac and can get me into the movies"; or a young man who wants him to write his girl and help patch up a quarrel between them.

They send hundreds of gifts to him too. Hams, bacons, even pounds of butter, crochet work of all kinds, and thousands of hats. During a national hat contest he held we got 75,000 hats, made out of pine needles, newspapers, sea shells, or any left-overs in the ice box. One morning he made an appeal for towels for servicemen at the Hollywood Guild Canteen . . . and the office soon began to look like a Turkish bath. When the fuzz (*Continued on page* 64)



"This

THE program had just gone off the air. As the studio audience filed out, a woman detached herself from the crowd and went to stand outside the stage door. She was a plain little woman, middle-aged, with nothing remarkable about her except an air of brightness and purpose. Then the door opened, and the roundish, blue-eyed man who had been guest star on the program came out. She approached him breathlessly.

"Are you Ted Malone?" she asked.

The man nodded.

"Mr. Malone—" she spoke hurriedly, as if she were afraid that he might somehow disappear before she had had her say, "—I just wanted to thank you for what you've done for my family and me. The war had so cut my husband's income and raised living costs so that it was a problem, just keeping the children decently clothed and in school. There was never any money for new clothes for ourselves, or for entertainment, and the house was so shabby that it just wasn't a pleasant place to live in. And then one day when I was especially despondent, you read a poem—and it changed my whole outlook. I got right up and tore down the curtains that I'd mended and hated for years, and ordered new ones. I bought new drapes, new slip covers for the living room furniture, new clothes for my husband and myself. And, Mr. Malone, you'd be surprised what a dif-

The Ted Malone Program is heard each

IS TED MALONE"

--who knows that you can have the things you want, if you want them hard enough to try

ference it makes. We went into debt to do it—but we're enjoying our home again. We're enjoying ourselves."

Recalling the incident, Ted grins and admits, "I didn't ask her what the poem was. I was afraid I wouldn't remember it."

He had reason. In fifteen years of conducting the Between the Bookends program on the air, and in running the page of the same name in RADIO MIRROR, Ted has read a small mountain of poetry. And this was not the first time that he had been told that he had, unknowingly, touched a deciding finger to someone else's fate. His mail is full of just such confidences. More than anything else, Ted appreciates meeting these people he has talked to from behind a microphone, and hearing the story firsthand.

There was the more spectacular case of the girl who sat alone in a furnished room one afternoon, thinking very seriously of suicide. Everything had gone wrong for her lately. She was alone in the world; no one wanted her or needed her; life seemed not worth the effort it would take to put things right. Then a voice broke into the silence—a voice almost irritatingly cheery to her despondent ears, and challenging. "Well!" it exclaimed, "what's the matter with you?"

She started. She had not known that the radio was on. She rose, was about to turn it off, when the voice went on persuasively, "Come now—nothing can be *that* bad. Just stop and think a moment—"

"I stopped and thought," said the girl, meeting Ted years later in London. "I had to. It was like hearing the voice of fate itself—or of my own conscience. And when I thought it over, I realized that there was nothing really wrong, except that I'd let the blues get the best of me. I promised myself that it would be the last time."

Ted didn't have to ask her if she'd kept her word. She was a WAC officer, serving her country with brilliance and distinction. In civilian life she had become a successful writer-photographer for one of the country's leading magazines.

He doesn't look prepossessing, this man with the magic voice. He is of medium height, rather stocky, with a retreating hairline and a Puckish expression about the eyes and mouth. For all that, he is a graceful man; he moves as he thinks, with resilience and vigor. It is impossible to be with him without catching some of his own effervescence of spirit. But it is his voice first of all that holds you and to which you respond; it has the subtle shading, and the effectiveness, of a fine instrument.

He has been making use of his voice professionally for nearly twenty years, ever since his high school days in Independence, Missouri. "Independence," Ted explains, "is ten miles east of Kansas City. At least, that's how we used to describe it. Now we identify it by assuming that it's President Truman's home town. I had a bad habit of talking too much even then, and when a student was wanted to announce the school basketball games over KMBC, the local station, I was elected. My career as a bona fide radio artist actually began in the boys' shower at school, after a gym period. Neville Cool, another student, and I were harmonizing a tune popular at that time, 'Side By Side.' When we'd run through a couple of choruses, we looked at each other and said, 'Say! that's not bad! We ought to go on the air.' And we did."

Radio was an informal business in those days. The small stations, especially, operated on a catch-as-catch-can basis, and performers worked for the love of it, and, often, for very little else. If you wanted to go on the air there were no tiresome preliminaries such as filling out forms, personnel interviews, and waiting to be called for an audition; you simply asked for the chance and got it. If you were good, you stayed. Neville was already singing at KMBC; when he went to make his next broadcast, he took Ted with him. They were good, and they stayed.

Shortly after graduation Neville was killed in a motorcycle accident, and Ted temporarily lost his taste for singing. Then Gomer Cool, Neville's younger brother, came to him and said (*Continued on page* 99)

Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 11:45 A.M., EST, over ABC stations.

Between the



Rioting appropriately through this month's best poem, the winds of March are tempered in these other verses that Ted Malone has selected

Tornado

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

The tall wind vaulted from steeple to roof,
And galloped with lightning and thunder of hoof;
It juggled a log with a river-boat,
And poured a garage down its funnel-shaped throat.
Little House, crouch low when a high wind prowls!
Little House, sit small when a tall wind howls!
The tall wind shrieked when it kicked forest fires,
And played a wild fiddle on telephone wires;
It wantonly screamed when a pine lay down,
And screeched like a fiend when it saw a plane drown.
Little House, hide well when a high wind soars!
Little House, pray hard when a tall wind roars!

—Lenore Eversole Fisher

THE SENSIBLE

With many a backward glance we say farewell
To love that frigid prudence has forbidden.
Hereafter we will meet with wary eyes,
That any flames behind them may be hidden.
Stern sentries stationed by our rebel hearts,
We'll speak banalities with meek precision.
That we, the sensible, do not betray
How costly was our sensible decision.
And this, I think, is all that we can do . . .
To forfeit love. And if we can't forget it,
How comforting to know that we were wise
Through all the arid years we must regret it!

—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

THE CONSTANT LOVER

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The Devil take her!

—Sir John Suckling

SAD STORY

"Oh, he doesn't understand me!"
Is what most women cry
When annoyed with their husbands.
I just keep still and sigh

For I've no such complaint to make,
No such grievance to tell,
Alas! that I should be the one
Who's understood too well!

Elizabeth-Ellen Long

DUTY

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Hurricane

The sea wall is a thin and flaccid line
To hold damnation back. The frantic sea
May snatch us here tonight; she'll not define
The simple needs of our humanity.
But take in one great gulp our house, our shed,
Our seeded lawn, ourselves, and still pursue
Those further inland like some underfed
Grey starveling who does not take time to chew.
And we stand here in darkness; curse the spray;
Joke as the shingles scatter; and deride
Old Maime, our cook, who trembles. We are gay.
Let's have Martinis on the leeward side!
Or else, like Maime, sink down upon our knees,
And cry to Jesus who can calm a breeze.

—Katherine A. May

MONDAY

There is nothing on Monday that gets me so low
When I push back my disheveled locks—
As to find, when I finally lean on the fence
I have washed an odd number of socks!

—Helena K. Beacham

Bookends



By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Delight in Disorder

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals a crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribands to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

—Robert Herrick

HYACINTHS TO FEED THY SOUL

If of thy mortal goods thou art bereft,
And from thy slender store two loaves alone to thee
are left,
Sell one, and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

—The Gulistan of Moslih Eddin Saadi

IN A CORNER OF MY DREAM

There's a little mountain cabin by a wildwood stream
Tucked away in the corner of my favorite dream.

A log-rustic cabin with a tall harp-pine
To catch the wind's music and make it mine.

Down from its porch, where gray squirrels play,
Long purple canyons fall away.

From its windows the dawn's first opals glow
And garnets of sunset are last to go.

Near the moon-edged clouds of night's blue dome,
It signals the little lights of home.

Oh, I can see it in winter weather,
Smoke from its chimney like a feather,

With an eider-down coverlet up to its chin
And a door that zippers to warmth within;

Then three dear things of the heart's desire;
You, a dream, and a good wood fire.

With nobody knowing where we are
But a guardian pine and a wishing star.

—Esther Baldwin York

Epitaph

She was never late; I wonder
If she's as punctual in heaven—
Does she regulate the thunder
And wake God up at half-past seven?

Mae Winkler Goodman

RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for publication in Radio Mirror.

Someone Like You



Patti and Ace share everything—long hours of work, pride in each other.



"Ace," Patti says, "is the calm to my storm."

Patti's love story bears

I WAS frightened. I was scared a shocking pink. I was on my way to CBS to rehearse with Arthur Godfrey for the singing spot on his morning show. I knew this was—well, I knew that this was *it*. The Big Chance for the Big Time. Opportunity with a capital "O" knocking at my door.

When I was in high school in Detroit, where I was born, two other girls and I formed a singing trio. We called ourselves The Three Graces and made our "professional" debut in Chicago. I'd done some vocalizing on one or two popular air shows, too, and in the Balinese Room of Chicago's Blackstone Hotel. And millions of housewives heard me admonishing them, daily, against putting their bananas in the re-freeg-er-a-tor (as Chiquita Banana). But this did not help me to establish my identity as a radio personality since I was, actually, nothing but a "ghost" for Chiquita. I'd had one or two other spots, too, none of them spotlighted. . .

Now, Arthur Godfrey . . . a network . . . coast to coast . . . not as one of The Three Graces, not as Senorita Banana . . . as me, myself, Patti Clayton!

You wonder I had the screaming meemies, the



Waitin' For Clayton is heard Saturdays at 7 P.M.; Bouquet For You (roses, if your request is sung) is at 5:30 Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—both programs on the CBS network.

By PATTI CLAYTON



this dedication—Thanks to Ace

shakes, the elevator swooping around inside me?

When I arrived at CBS my heart was beating a tattoo you could positively hear but my speaking voice was a whisper you *couldn't.*

I didn't expect I'd get much help, and was sure I'd get no sympathy at all from the boys who were staging the rehearsal. Lots of fellows in radio business are kind of frightening, kind of sharp, hep . . . I thought, *Let one of them needle me and my voice will freeze in my throat like one of those bananas you put, against Chiquita's advice, in the re-freeg-er-at-or. . . .*

Then as I stood there, hesitating, at the door, I saw him.

The first thing I noticed about him was his eyes. I thought, *His eyes look awfully serene, or something.*

The second thing I noticed about him was that he was thin, so awfully thin, and such a pretty shade of green.

Then he came over to me. The first words he spoke to me were, "Don't be scared, this is not an audition, you know—you are already hired."

I'd known, of course, that Arthur Godfrey had auditioned dozens of singers, none of them in person, but by listening to their recordings. I'd known, of course, that my recording was the one Arthur Godfrey had chosen and that I was, as the dark young stranger who, somehow, wasn't a stranger to me, had said, "hired." Still, Mr. Godfrey *could* change his mind. He could easily change his mind, especially if he heard a voice like from a Zombie.

"—already hired," the young man with the calm voice that matched his calm eyes, was saying. "Did you know," he added, "that Mr. Godfrey picked your recording out of three or four dozen others; that immediately he heard you sing he said, *'That's it.* That's the first really fresh and natural voice I've heard in weeks of hearing voices.'"

I remember thinking, *How can he know the exactly right things to say to me?*

But he can, and he did, and he still does. Where I make a mountain out of something smaller than a mole-hill or have a problem that is all ravels and loose ends, he reduces the mountain to size and has such a clean-cut way (*Continued on page* 82)

The Pride



To succeed in society, a girl must know something about good music. Judy knows every note of the Coonskin Caper.



The girl from Cactus Junction says her piece to cast members Hal Gerard and Joe Kearns.



And if she can perform herself, she's in! Mel Blanc helps Judy work up an artistic little production. Well . . . a production.

The Judy Canova Show goes on the air each Saturday night at 10:00 P.M. EST on NBC network stations.

of UNADILLA

Judy Canova, fresh from the hills, leads the rest of her cast a mad, merry chase, Saturdays on NBC



JUDY CANOVA, fresh from Cactus Junction and Skunk Holler and the hillbilly country, is trying to break into society. It's tough, uphill goin'—even for a mountain gal like Judy, and even with the help and advice of her respectable Aunt Aggie. As Aunt Aggie reminds Judy, when they are scanning the field of eligible, socialite bachelors for Judy to marry: "After all, you *do* have a face that men could go for." Judy agrees. That's what men call her—gopher-face.

So it goes, every Saturday over the National Broadcasting Company wires when Judy entertains the nation, aided and abetted—and sometimes double-crossed—by Geranium, the maid (played by Ruby Dandridge); Pedro, the chauffeur, and Roscoe Wortle (both played by Mel Blanc), Benchley Botsford, the Count, and the elderly mailman (all played by Joe Kearns); Brenda (played by Sharon Douglas); Aunt Aggie (played by Ruth Perrott)

When a girl



What "fatigues" are to a soldier, and a white coat to a dentist, are Anne's dungarees and shirts to her—her working uniform.



SEVERAL months ago, sixteen-year-old Anne Francis vanished from New York, from the airways—and particularly from the NBC radio show When a Girl Marries. She'd gone to Hollywood to act in pictures, full-time. And her Hollywood life turned out to be exactly what every sixteen-year-old American girl dreams.

Take her second day in movieland—after a first day in which she and her mother ate a celebration breakfast at the famous Brown Derby restaurant and got settled in hotel rooms. Her second day, she was invited out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios to lunch with Mildred Kelly in the publicity department. Dressed in her favorite blue dress, and wearing her good luck pin, Anne arrived breathless at Miss Kelly's desk. But Miss Kelly wasn't sitting behind it. Anne stared at the person who *was* behind it, and gasped out his name.

"Van Johnson!" she said, astounded and overwhelmed.

He had, of course, been her dream of perfection for years. The Dream looked up, grinned at her, and said, "Hello." The desk was piled high with letters and packages. Van

GROWS UP

Covering Cover Girl Anne Francis, who has a lot of exciting memories—and more to come



Among the things that mean home to Anne, East or West, are her mother's chocolate cakes and her cocker Stubbs.



A joint letter-writing project got the Francises something that everyone says can't be bad—a Hollywood apartment!

Not much time in a busy young actress's life for reading just for fun. Anne gets it in by doubling it up with other activities—like milk-drinking.



always reads his fan mail himself, however huge it is.

Anne was too weak to remain standing. She sat hastily in the nearest chair, told him her name—and from then on for the next forty-five minutes they talked. Mostly about radio. Van told her how hard he'd tried to crash radio without success in his early days. Miss Kelly came in and asked Anne if she'd like Van's autographed picture. She said she certainly would, and she got it, too—you can gaze at it over her bureau any time you're nearby. It says, "To Anne Francis. Good luck always from your friend Van."

"What's more," Anne says now, "he's just as wonderful as I knew he'd be, and he's never forgotten to say hello when we meet on the lot. The next time I saw him you might say it was a typically Hollywood meeting . . . he came off a set wearing a bathrobe, and he was with June Allyson, in a nightgown. But he said, 'Hello, Anne,' and I said, 'Hello, Van,' and I decided I was really in Hollywood, for sure!"

So far Anne has been in two movies—one such a flash part that she thinks it's hardly worth mentioning: a brief scene with Jimmy Durante in (*Continued on page* 68)



"Women," said Gabby, "got to be smart in the heart, not the head."

Of Love

If Roy had believed the old saying about opposites, he could

By ROY ROGERS

A LOT of the old sayings are just something to say, and nothing more, it seems to me. But opposites *do* attract—that's one of the old sayings that's as true as I'm standing here talking to you. It would take a whole lot more philosophical fellow than me to explain why it is, but it's true, for certain. You've noticed it yourself, dozens of times—and, though I never did believe it before, I do now! Like when the fellow that all the girls chase after because he's so downright handsome picks out a girl who's quiet and plain. Fat girls get the thin fellows, and the tubby men get the girls who haven't any more weight than they need. Small, delicate girls always seem to bring home the tallest, biggest-shouldered men, and vice versa; dynamic, lively men marry serene, placid ladies, vivacious ladies marry silent, strong types. There's no doubt about it, and there seems to be not much reason in it, but I've watched, and it happens.

That's the way it goes—and it isn't always just physical differences that attract people to each other, either. You'd think, for instance, that a fellow like Slim Grayson would've run a mile from that lady dude who came to the Double-R Bar for her health last fall. And by the same token, you'd think she wouldn't have been able to see him for dust. But—well, let me tell you about it from the start, and see what you think.

The start was our fault, come to think of it—Dale Evans' and Gabby's and mine. The Eastern girl—Celia Dunn was her name—was a buyer at a big department store, and she'd had a nervous breakdown. I guess she must have been pretty important to the store, because they paid all the bills when she was sent to my ranch for a vacation and to get her health back.

"I get the heemie- (*Continued on page* 104)

As the days went by, Celia did grow calmer. Pat Buttram, Dale and I put that down to Slim's influence.




Cupid
never have brought Slim and Celia together
"Love's been working out for centuries!" I reminded Dale. (Roy Rogers, with Dale Evans, Gabby Hayes, Pat Buttram, is on NBC Saturdays at 9 P.M. EST.)

VOX POP VISITS the Church





To Warren's question about plans, Reverend Stephenson said, "We want a plain, country church, the doors always open so people can just step right in."

(Vox Pop, with Parks Johnson and Warren Hull, is heard Tuesday nights at 9 P.M., EST, over CBS.)



It wasn't just those of the parish—Vox

VOX POP is helping us build our new church, St. Peter's on the Canal at Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts. You probably heard the November 26 Vox Pop broadcast from here. As the Protestant Episcopal rector of St. Peter's for the last two years, the thing I've wanted most has been to build a new church and to move out of the building we now rent. When I heard Warren Hull say at the beginning of that broadcast, "All the gifts are for the new church Reverend Stephenson hopes to build," I saw my dreams come true. In my mind's eye I saw that church as though it were already standing: the doors were open wide and the bell was ringing for the morning service. It hit me, as my friend Johnny Bananas whom you heard on that broadcast, would say, "in a vitamin spot." After the broadcast I said to my wife, "Vox Pop did the nicest thing they could have done for me or for the community."

we all built

By Reverend
J. SAMUEL STEPHENSON





I've always loved kids, wanted to help them. After all, my wife and I have three of our own—Nancy, the eldest; then comes Helen, and the little guy is named Johnny.

Pop invited people of all creeds to be on the program, for St. Peter's belongs to the whole town

Our present church was once a barn. Before it became our church it was known as Red Men's Hall. The Red Men's Society, a fraternal organization, had bought the barn and converted it into a meeting hall for their own use. When the mission was started twelve years ago, it was the only building available so they rented it and we still rent it.

I wish you could see the interior. (Maybe some of you who read this have seen it.) Our altar rail is made of unpainted two-by-four planks. The lectern is attached to and sticks up from the altar rail at the left of the altar. It's a two-by-four plank with a piece of plywood slanted on the top. The altar itself is made of unpainted plywood. We have no organ. There is a piano in the corner at the right of the altar. The walls of the building are so thin that they sway in a strong wind.

No matter how we decorate it or how we clean it, it's still Red Men's Hall. And clean it we do! Last winter the oil burner broke three times and threw great blasts of oily smoke all over the place. It was bitterly cold in there but the good ladies of the Mission wrapped their heads in dust cloths, put on old clothes and went to work. Pretty soon it was spic and span again. And it wasn't only the ladies of our parish—ladies from all over town came to help so that we could have our Sunday services.

I got so discouraged that I even tried to get the War Surplus Administration to declare one of the chapels at Camp Edwards surplus so we could get that. The camp is empty now and there are fifteen chapels. I wrote a lot of letters and got no response. One day, after writing the fifteenth letter, I sat down and wrote to the President. In four days I had four letters. Nothing has happened yet, but one of those lovely white chapels might just be the answer to our prayers. (*Continued on page* 93)

VOX POP VISITS

the Church we all built

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I've always loved kids, wanted to help them. After all, my wife and I have three of our own—Nancy, the eldest; then comes Helen, and the little guy is named Johnny.

LIFE

This month's best letter tells

of a little old lady who kindled

a light that will never be dimmed



THIS story of Joe, a simple sort of fellow with simple ambitions which became all-consuming once it seemed impossible to fulfill them, is one of the most human documents Life Can Be Beautiful has ever received. To the writer goes this month's Radio Mirror check for one hundred dollars.

"I Want to Die, Mom"

Dear Papa David:

During the war, I was a nurse at a large Navy Hospital on the coast. We had many cases of boys who were made blind and crippled by the war. I want to tell you a story of one of these boys.

His name was Joe and he had been wounded on the S.C. 539 in 1942. He was a negro boy from the South and he had told all the fellows before he went into service that some day he was going to be a better fighter than Joe Louis. He used to have us tune in all the fights on Saturday nights and he would sit for hours listening to them.

But Joe would never be a fighter because some Jap gunner had wounded him so that he would never see again and had shot his arms up so badly that we

CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

had to amputate both of them.

We tried to interest him in different things but he always seemed to close a door within himself. He never complained but sometimes on night duty I could hear muffled sobs coming from his end of the ward.

Families of these boys are not usually brought in until the boys can manage their new arms well enough so that they won't be embarrassed but we thought in Joe's case that if some of his people were there they could help him, so we contacted his local Red Cross Unit and arranged to have his mother come.

She arrived one cold November day, a small, wrinkled old lady, and walked down the long ward full of sailors. She touched her son's forehead and said softly, "I'm here, son."

He cried out in a hoarse, anguished voice, "I want to die, Mom. I can't see you. I haven't even any arms to hold you with."

He slumped down in bed and clumsily raised his hands to his head. Not being able to use his new arms well, one swung around and hit his mother. The room was silent, everyone tense, waiting. . . . His mother picked up one of the metal hands and said, "Son, listen to me. You've got arms here that Joe Louis himself couldn't break. You know, you never could have given your old Ma a pop with the other ones, but she'll have to duck now. I'm proud of them, son. I hope you will be, too."

The boy's face slowly began to smile and the entire room was filled with a silent enchantment.

The little old lady walked slowly over to me, looked up and said, "Don't you worry, nurse, it's all okay now." She had kindled a light in a bleak hospital ward that for me would never grow dim.

Miss J. L.

The Shared Spirit

Dear Papa David:

I was an army pilot stationed in China during the last war. The first and only impression I ever had of the Chinese was of a poor down-trodden people who were quiet, cheerful, yet resolute as they faced the hardships of life and the tragic privations of war. The American Army observed them in different ways. Some of the boys seemed to hate them, others teased and tormented them all they could and some like myself felt sympathetic and wished to help them, however we could.

Christmas always means a lot to an American, but over there we didn't have much chance to observe it like we do here at home. There was very little exchanging of gifts among the men, and outside of the chapel service, and maybe a dance, there was very little to distinguish it from any other day of the year. The Japs knew we loved Christmas and tried to bomb us worse than ever then if they could. Even a frequent air raid alert was annoying.

My first Christmas over there we gave what few gifts we had to spare, also some money, to the American Missionaries stationed nearby. But even that didn't satisfy me. I wanted to share my Christmas spirit with the Chinese some way if I could. One evening when the subject of Christmas was mentioned I suggested to some of the boys in my barracks that we plan something unique. "Let's make some of the Chinese kids happy, Christmas Day," I suggested.

"Not these little cigarette begging devils around here, I hope," my friend Thomas insisted.

"No, I'd like to collect a bundle of all the things we can rake up and spare, (*Continued on page* 85)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL LETTERS

For the Life Can Be Beautiful letter Papa David considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received which we have space to print, Radio Mirror will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of Radio Mirror, 205 East 42 St., New York 17. No letters can be returned.

Written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, Life Can Be Beautiful is heard every Monday through Friday at 12 noon, PST; 1:00 P.M., MST; 2:00 P.M., CST; and 3:00 P.M., EST, over NBC.

Backstage Wife

A Radio Mirror picture-story in which danger visits the Noble home with two harmless-looking old people

THE home of Mary Noble, Backstage Wife, the career and future of her actor husband Larry, the peace of mind of their good friend Maude Marlowe, who lives with them—all are threatened by a pair of strangers who pay them an unexpected visit one night. In these pictures, as on the air, Mary Noble is played by Claire Niesen; Larry, by James Meighan; Tom Bryson by Chuck Webster; George Ansell by Daniel Ocko; Maude Marlowe by Ethel Wilson; Cosmo by Rod Hendrickson; Mercy by Charme Allen.



1. Entering their house at Rosehaven one night, Larry and Mary Noble are astonished to find two elderly strangers comfortably waiting for them. "We're your Aunt Mercy and Uncle Cosmo Kimball from Parkridge," they gaily tell Mary, who hasn't seen the Kimballs since her childhood.



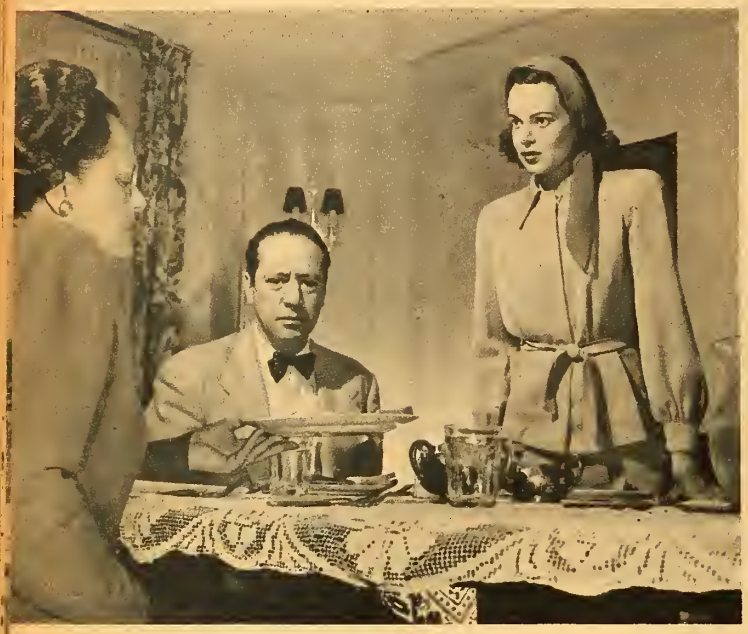
2. Larry and Mary have to invite the Kimballs to stay, because they couldn't get a hotel room. Later, the Nobles agree that the visit is unwelcome, but, after all, the old folks are Mary's relatives.



3. But, as some days go by, unwelcome becomes a mild word. Cosmo and Mercy have taken over the household. They even interfere with Larry's attempts to discipline young Larry. The Nobles are furious, but courtesy forbids a reprimand to their guests. They can only hope to speed the parting.



Backstage Wife



4. Things become worse, as Mercy displays dissatisfaction with Maude Marlowe's cooking. "We do it differently in Parkridge," she says, and Mary almost asks why she doesn't go back there.



5. Uncle Cosmo adds his bit by falling asleep with his cigar alight, setting a bed on fire. Unperturbed, Mercy says he's done this twenty times in the last thirty years, but privately she decides that if he's not careful the truth will out . . .



6. And the truth is bad. The Kimballs are in reality crooked old actors. Wanted back home for swindling, they have found out about Mary's real relatives and are hiding out at the Nobles'. They decide the time has come to get what they can from Larry, and go.



7. Meeting away from the house, Mary, Tom Bryson (Larry's manager) and Maude agree that the Kimballs can no longer be borne. So when Cosmo approaches Larry with a promising-sounding Florida land deal, they all welcome the idea, sure that the Kimballs will leave as soon as they get the money.

Backstage Wife, heard Monday through Friday at 4:00 P.M. EST, on NBC network stations, was conceived and is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert



8. Backstage in Larry's dressing-room that night, the Kimballs tell him that if he will add $25,000 to their $75,000, they will all make millions. Unsuspicious, anxious to be rid of them, Larry says, "I haven't that much myself, but I'll borrow from my play's backer, George Ansell." He does. . . .



9. And three weeks later Ansell and Tom Bryson are frantically trying to trace the Kimballs, who have indeed gone—with all the money, and without a word!



10. "I'll pay back every penny," Larry vows, knowing that it will leave him bankrupt and ruined by bad publicity. If only the swindlers can be found! Trying hard, the Nobles recall small bits of conversation . . . something about a log cabin in Jersey.



11. And the vague clue leads to the Kimball cabin, from which the culprits are brought to the Judge's chambers to confess! Dangerous publicity has been avoided, and the money returned, so the Judge grants Larry's plea that the old pair be leniently treated. And the Nobles will have guests by invitation only!

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Stella Dallas

The story of the courageous, self-sacrificing love of a mother



STELLA DALLAS (Anne Elstner), refusing to burden her daughter Laurel, supports herself by running a Sewing Shop.



LAUREL (Vivian Smolen), Stella's daughter, is wealthy Dick Grosvenor's wife, and mother of little Stella Louise.

DICK GROSVENOR, Laurel's husband, and his socially prominent mother, represent a kind of life very different from that in which Laurel was raised by Stella. But Dick, loving Laurel, is understanding. It is his mother who dominates and makes demands on Laurel and Stella Louise, and finally forces a situation that leads to Laurel's leaving the Grosvenor home, and going to Stella. (Dick Grosvenor played by Spencer Bentley, Mrs. Grosvenor by Jane Houston)



DR. ALAN SIMMS, anxious to help extricate Stella and Laurel from a dangerous situation, is hampered by his promise to keep Laurel's secret—that she is going to have another child. (John Brewster)

These episodes in the life of Stella Dallas are based on the famous novel of that name by Olive Higgins Prouty, and are written by Anne Hummert. Stella Dallas is heard Monday through Friday from 4:15-4:30 P.M., EST, on NBC.



MINNIE GRADY, sharp of wit and tongue, is intensely loyal to her friend Stella, and much more bitter against the people she calls "them Grosvenors" than Stella allows herself to be.
(Grace Valentine)



PHILIP BAXTER, whose generosity has made Stella's shop possible, keeps hoping that one day she will come to care for him as more than her dear friend.
(played by William Smith)

BOB JAMES, who owes his law degree to Stella's help, has become a dangerous force in her life. Because of his impulsive boldness, Stella and Laurel must live through hours of anguish.
(played by Warren Bryan)





Fish, in any of its forms, makes a more-than-acceptable mainstay for Lenten menu planners. Halibut, broiled and accompanied by stuffed potatoes and tomatoes that have done their turn under the broiler, graces any table.

Fresh from the DEEP

I NEVER get over being surprised by the fact that every month when I have finished writing the cooking section I find myself with an idea for the one that is to follow. Perhaps that is because I have come to feel that writing it is just like writing a letter to a friend—and you know how that sometimes works out. You save up some gossip or an interesting story to share with a friend and as soon as you get the letter written you think of something else you might have included. In much that same way I file away bits of information for you and as soon as I get them on paper I think of something else I want to tell you. For instance, last month I realized that many of the recipes could be used for a meatless Lenten menu, which made me decide almost immediately, to follow it with some suggestions for cooking fish, which you can use not only during Lent but the year round. For that is one of the wonderful things about fish—whatever the season you can be sure of finding a delicious assortment in the markets, particularly now that so many types of frozen fish are available.

No matter what type of fish you buy or how you plan to cook it, be sure that it is absolutely fresh, which is indicated, in a whole fish, by firm elastic flesh and bright eyes. To maintain freshness after you get it home, keep it in the refrigerator until you are ready to prepare it, then let it reach room temperature before cooking.

Broiled Halibut Steak

1 lb. halibut steak
2 tbls. melted shortening
Salt and pepper to taste

Have steak cut into two half-inch portions. Preheat broiler to 550 degrees F, place steaks on broiler rack and brush with melted shortening. Broil, 2 inches below flame, for 3 minutes. Season with salt and pepper, turn, brush again with melted shortening and return to broiler for 5 minutes more and season second side with salt and pepper. Butter, margarine or oil may be used in place of shortening if desired. Good accompaniments for halibut steak are baked stuffed potatoes and broiled tomato halves.

Sautéed Scallops

2 lbs. scallops
1 cup milk
Soft bread crumbs
2 tbls. shortening

Wash scallops in salted water, then drain thoroughly. Dip into milk, then roll in crumbs. Melt shortening in skillet and when it is hot (but not smoking) add scallops. Cook for 3 minutes, turning frequently, until golden brown. Season after cooking with salt and pepper to taste and serve with tartar sauce.

For fish fillets (*Continued on page* 92)

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, and Sunday nights at 6:30 EST, when Kate Smith Sings—on CBS network.

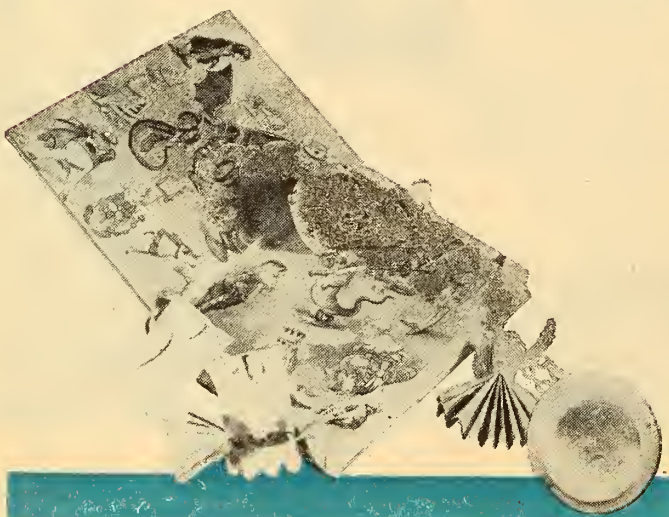
ALICE FROST in Wonderland

A lover of "Alice" develops her favorite book into a unique decorating theme



Artist Luis Van Rooten started it all with his gift of the Wonderland woodcut map (right) for the study. Then came a pig-baby to be "beaten when he sneezed."

Radio actress Madelaine Pierce, another friend, carried on the theme with more "Alice" props: a pair of miniature (rabbit-size) white gloves, two tiny fans.

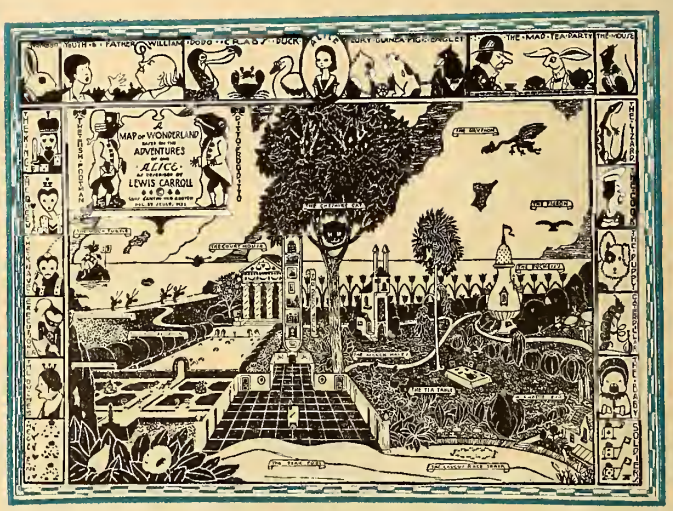


WHEN anyone in New York gets a new apartment these days it is a matter for rejoicing and when Alice Frost, the fascinating Pam of Mr. and Mrs. North, and her advertising executive husband Willson Tuttle succeeded in renting a larger apartment recently, they felt, and rightly, that they were among the luckiest people in the world. It was just what they wanted—there was even an extra room which could be made into the study they needed so badly because Alice's fan club activities and the work her husband brings home from the office had long since outgrown their living room desk.

Of course, greater space necessitated a complete decorating job and the purchase of additional furniture, and since the Tuttles look forward to the day when they can have a home in the country every new suggestion was considered both from the standpoint of its suitability for the East River apartment and for its eventual use in the country. Most people would have said that the two ideas could not be combined, but Alice, with the fine logic which characterizes her Pam North performance said, first, "Why not?" and then "Of course they can." Whereupon she proceeded to work out her two-way plan, and in doing so created one of the most attractive and livable homes you could find in many a day's search.

The living room, which is entered through a small foyer, is a large one with floor-to-ceiling windows and a fireplace. Walls and woodwork, both in the living room and the foyer, are the dark green of leaves on a cloudy day, the ceiling, mantel and the louvred window shutters chalk white. Color makes the narrow hall an integral part of the living room.

It was in the study, however, that Alice put her most original ideas into effect. Combination cupboards and bookcases of natural birch line the walls. A large comfortable armchair and a wide daybed melt into the cinnamon rose walls, all of them uniting to form the perfect setting for Alice's cherished *Alice in Wonderland* collection.



MAKE Your Bed . . .

as Florence Williams does, a joy to look at, luxury to sleep in

IT isn't always a bigger and better contract that brings radio stars their greatest satisfaction. Frequently it is something entirely different—and something that might bring pleasure to any one of us. For instance, when Florence Williams (Sally Farrell on NBC's Front Page Farrell) wandered in looking as pleased as the cat that has gotten away with both the cream and the canary, it was a little startling to discover not that she had been signed by six new sponsors but that she had bought some sheets.

Since Florence understands quality, whether it is in a radio script or an old fan (she collects fans and has some beauties) it seemed a good idea to ask her for suggestions. We couldn't have asked a better-informed person. When Florence was a little girl living in St. Louis, long before the acting bug bit her, she used to go to visit her grandmother in Louisiana every winter. Her grandmother had been brought up on one plantation and had spent her married life on another one.

"Grandmother was really a remarkable person," Florence said. "One of those capable people who are adviser, friend, doctor and teacher for everyone around. When she was young, people couldn't shop as easily as they can now, but had to keep supplies of all kinds on hand, so of course she always had a supply closet. It seemed to have everything in the world in it. I remember very clearly the stacks of sheets and pillow cases in the supply closet, and how she always insisted on buying only the best quality."

The factor that determined quality in her grandmother's day, Florence explained, still determines it today, and that is the thread count, which is the total number of lengthwise or warp threads and crosswise threads in a square inch.

Size is almost as important as quality in insuring satisfactory service, for a sheet that is too small or too large will wear out more quickly than one of the proper size, which proper size you can easily determine by taking the measurements of your beds and comparing the measurements with those in the chart below. The dimensions used here are in inches and refer to the torn size (the best sheets are torn, rather than cut, to make certain that the edges will stay straight after laundering).

As to the quantity you require, you will probably find that you cannot get along with less than 4 sheets for each bed and 2 cases for each pillow, and that you will not need more than 8 sheets per bed or 4 cases per pillow.

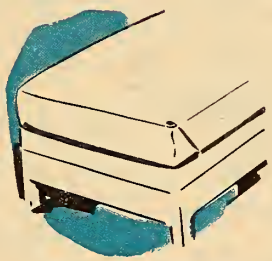
Almost as essential as buying your linens is taking care of them after you get them. Soaking in cool water will help loosen dirt, but confine the soaking to a quarter or half an hour. Wash in very hot water, use enough mild soap to make a rich, lasting suds, rinse in equally hot water, then give a final bluing rinse in cool water. And remember that nothing is quite so good for your bedlinens—or makes them smell and feel so good—as drying them outdoors in the sunshine.



To miter: lift side edge, tuck hang under.



Bring side edge down, tuck under tightly.



Finished corner must be taut, triangular.



Miter blankets too, for a well-made bed.

PILLOW SIZE	CASE SIZE
20x28	42x36, 42x38½ or 42x40½
22x28	45x36, 45x38½ or 45x40½
24x28	50x36, 50x38½ or 50x40½
26x28	54x36, 54x38½ or 54x40½

SHEET CHART	SHEET SIZE
Crib	45x75 or 50x75
Cot or daybed	54x99 or 54x108
Single	63x99 or 63x108
Twin	72x99 or 72x108
Three-quarter	72x99 or 72x108
Double	81x108 or 90x108

Note: When there is a choice of two sizes, it is wise to consider the longer sheet which will take care of any worries you have about shrinking and tuck-in allowance.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30			Earl Wild	Caroline Calling
8:45				
9:00		People's Church	White Rabbit Line	
9:15	Story to Order			Renfro Valley Folks
9:30	Words and Music	Tone Tapestries		
9:40				Johnson Family
10:00	Bible Highlights	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Circle Arrow Show	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00	Design For Listening	Bible Institute	Fine Arts Quartet	Wings Over Jordan
11:15				
11:30	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	World Front News	Pilgrim Hour	F. H. LaGuardia	Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	String Orchestra	
12:45				
1:00	America United	Crime Cases	Johnny Thompson	People's Platform
1:15		Radio Warblers		
1:30	Chicago Round Table	Juvenile Jury	Sammy Kaye	Time For Reason
1:45				
2:00	Robert Merrill, Frank Black	Married For Life	Warriors of Peace	
2:15				
2:30	Jamee Melton	Bill Cunningham	National Vespers	
2:45		Veterans' Information		
3:00	Carmen Cavallaro	Open House	Dr. Danfield	N. Y. Philharmonic
3:15				
3:30	One Man's Family	Crimes of Carelessness	From Hollywood Samuel Pettingill	
3:45				
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	Are These Our Children	
4:15				
4:30	Grand Marquee	True Detective	Green Hornet	Hour of Charm
4:45				
5:00	NBC Symphony	The Shadow	Darts for Dough	The Family Hour
5:15				
5:30		Quick Ae A Flash	David Harding	
5:45				Hoagy Carmichael

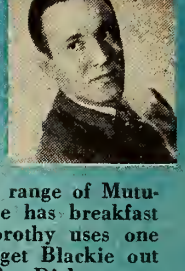
EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Those Websters	Sunday Evening Party	Ozzie and Harriet
6:15				
6:30	Bob Burns	Nick Carter	Willie Piper	Kate Smith Sings
6:45				
7:00	Jack Benny	Mysterious Traveler	Drew Pearson	Gene Autry
7:15			Don Gardiner	
7:30	Fitch Bandwagon	California Melodies	Stump the Authors	Blondie
7:45				
8:00	Edgar Bergen	A. L. Alexander	Detroit Symphony Orch.	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	Fred Allen	Special Investigator		Crime Doctor
8:45		George C. Putnam		
9:00	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	Exploring the Unknown	Walter Winchell	Hildegarde
9:15			Louella Parsons	
9:30	American Album	Double or Nothing	Jimmie Fidler	Eddie Bracken
9:45			Policewoman	
10:00	Don Ameche	Gabriel Heatter	Theatre Guild	Take It Or Leave It
10:15				
10:30	Meet Me at Parky's	Latin American Serenade		We the People
10:45				
11:00	News			



Lucy Ann Polk

—began singing eighteen years ago—the year she learned to talk—and made her radio debut at the age of four.



Richard Kollmar

—portrayer of the devious and charming Boston Blackie, each Tuesday night at 7:30 over ABC. His wife is Dorothy Kilgallen, columnist, and Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick is a morning treat for those within the range of Mutual's WOR. The day when Blackie has breakfast with the Kollmar family and Dorothy uses one of her multitudinous contacts to get Blackie out of trouble should be an epic one for Dick.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Lee Sullivan	Once Over Lightly	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Lora Lawton	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Hymns of All Churches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Club Time	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	David Harum	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Checkerboard Time	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15		Morton Downey		Aunt Jenny
12:30		U. N. Serenade	At Your Request	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00			Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30		Jackie Hill		Young Dr. Malone
1:45		John J. Anthony		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster		Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Women in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Jean Colbert	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Riggs Show	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Sea Hound	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Bouquet For You
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00			Kiernan's Corner	
6:15	Serenade to America			In My Opinion
6:30				Red Barber Sports
6:45				Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15		Vincent Lopez	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30		Henry J. Taylor	The Lone Ranger	Bob Hawk Show
7:45		Inside of Sports		
8:00	Cavalcade of America	McGarry and Mouse	Lum and Abner	Inner Sanctum
8:15			This is John Paris	
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Casebook of Gregory Hood	Fat Man Detective Stories	Joan Davis
8:45				
9:00	Telephone Hour	Gabriel Heatter	Dark Venture	Lux Radio Theater
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Victor Borge	Guy Lombardo	Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room	
9:45				
10:00	Contented Program	Fishing & Hunting Club	Doctors Talk It Over	Screen Guild Players
10:15				
10:30	Dr. I. Q.	Broadway Turns Back		Sweeney and March



Hedda Hopper

—wearing the creation by Hattie Carnegie which was inspired by the March of Dimes. But it really all began when a little Quaker girl (Hedda) saw a great Barrymore (Ethel) play in Captain Jinks. For Hedda decided then and there to become an actress. She ran away from home, went from acting to reporting for CBS. The Quaker bonnet evolved into a series of the gayest, maddest hats in all Hollywood.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				Step Weigand Trio
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Once Over Lightly Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story HymnsofAllChurches Listening Post	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story William Lang	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Local Programs	Checkerboard Time Morton Downey Naval Academy Band	Kenny Baker Show At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band	 Jackie Hill John J. Anthony	Baukhage Powers Charm School	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Cedric Foster Smile Time Queen For A Day	 Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Jean Colbert	 Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Sea Hound Buck Rogers	Tommy Riggs Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	 That's Life
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Facos Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Bouquet For You The Chicagoans

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Serenade To America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Kiernan's Corner	Red Barber
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club Bob Houston	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith American Melody Hour
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Rudy Vallee A Date With Judy	Michael Shayne Adventures of The Falcon	Lum and Abner This is John Paris Boston Symphony	Big Town Mel Blanc Show
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos and Andy Fibber McGee and Molly	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories American Forum	Local Programs	Vox Pop Arthur Godfrey and Talent Scouts
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Red Skelton	Upton Close Dance Orchestra	Local Programs	Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Once Over Lightly Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story HymnsofAllChurches Listening Post	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Local Programs	Checkerboard Time Morton Downey U. S. Marine Band	Kenny Baker Show At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Local Programs	 Jackie Hill John J. Anthony	Baukhage Powers Charm School	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Cedric Foster Smile Time Queen For A Day	 Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Jean Colbert	 Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson The Johnson Family Sea Hound Buck Rogers	 Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	 Hollywood Jackpot
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Theatre of Romance

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Kiernan's Corner	Word From the Country Red Barber
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club Carolyn Gilbert	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Korn Kobblers Cecil Brown Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Raymond Swing Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Ellery Queen
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dennis Day Great Gildersleeve	 It's Up To Youth	Lum and Abner This is John Paris	Jack Carson
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories What's the Name of That Song	Ann Scotland Pot of Gold	Frank Sinatra Dinah Shore
10:00 10:15 10:30	Frank Morgan Kay Kyser	Author Meets Critics Dance Orchestra	Bing Crosby Henry Morgan	Hollywood Players Information Please



Kay Campbell

—has played on almost every network program originating from Chicago. Currently she's Martha Logan on ABC's Breakfast Club. Effie Fitz on the CBS Ma Perkins broadcast and Kay Benning of Breakfast with the Bennings, a feature on Chicago's local station, WMAQ. It all adds up to a day which begins at 730 a.m. and ends at 11:30 p.m. and leaves her poised, blonde and beautiful. She finds time to be local secretary of the American Federation of Radio Artists, too.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Daytime Classics			
9:45				
10:00	Lee Sullivan	Once Over Lightly	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Lora Lawton	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Hymns of All Churches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		The Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	David Harum	Victor H. Lindlahr	William Lang	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Checkerboard Time	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Local Programs	Morton Downey		Aunt Jenny
12:30		U. S. Navy Band	At Your Request	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00			Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15	Local Programs		Powers Charm Show	Ma Perkins
1:30		Jackie Hill		Young Dr. Malone
1:45		John J. Anthony		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster		Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Jean Colbert	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Riggs Show	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Sea Hound	Cliff Edwards	That's Life
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Bouquet For You
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00			Kiernan's Corner	
6:15	Serenade to America			In My Opinion
6:30	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs		Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	
7:15		Vincent Lopez	Raymond Swing	Jack Smith
7:30	Grand Marquee	Arthur Hale	Professor Quiz	Mr. Keen
7:45		Inside of Sports		
8:00	Aldrich Family	Mark Warnow	Lum and Abner	Suspense
8:15			Erwin D. Canham	
8:30	Burns and Allen	Count of Monte Cristo	America's Town Meeting	F. B. I. Peace and War
8:45				
9:00	Eddie Duchin, Eddie Foy, Jr.	Gabriel Heatter		Dick Haymes
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Jack Haley with Eve Arden	Hour of Song	Sammy Kaye	Crime Photographer
9:45				
10:00	Abbott and Costello	I Was A Convict	World Security	
10:15				
10:30	Eddie Cantor		Ralph Norman	That's Finnegan



Hanley Stafford

—the man who suffers more than any father should be asked to suffer is, of course, the man who is radio father to Baby Snooks, the plaintively maddening brat played by Fannie Brice. He is a mine of irrelevant information with a colossal will and power of endurance, every Sunday night at 6:30 on CBS, after which, probably, he goes out and beats children.



Bernard Herrmann

—brilliant young symphonic conductor who returned from a recent tour of England to CBS's Invitation To Music, heard Wednesday nights at 11:30 EST. Part of composer-conductor Herrmann's time in England was spent in the Brontë country, where he made notes for his forthcoming opera based on Emily Brontë's masterpiece, "Wuthering Heights".

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Daytime Classics			
9:45				
10:00	Lee Sullivan	Once Over Lightly	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Lora Lawton	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Hymns of All Churches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	David Harum	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Checkerboard Time	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Local Programs	Morton Downey		Aunt Jenny
12:30		Campus Salute		Helen Trent
12:45			At Your Request	Our Gal Sunday
1:00				Big Sister
1:15	Local Programs		Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30		Jackie Hill	Our Singing Land	Young Dr. Malone
1:45		John J. Anthony	Stringing Along	Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster		Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Jean Colbert	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Riggs	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Sea Hound	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Bouquet For You
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News		Kiernan's Corner	Quincy Howe
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs		
6:30				Red Barber, Sports
6:45	Lowell Thomas			
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15		Dance Orchestra	Raymond Swing	Jack Smith
7:30		Henry J. Taylor	Lone Ranger	Sparkle Time
7:45		Inside of Sports		
8:00	Highways in Melody	Burl Ives	Court of Missing Heirs	Baby Snooks
8:15		Monica Makes Music		
8:30	Alan Young	Love Story Theater	This Is Your FBI	Thin Man
8:45				
9:00	People Are Funny	Gabriel Heatter	Break the Bank	Ginny Simms
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Waltz Time	Bulldog Drummond	The Sheriff	Durante and Moore
9:45				
10:00	Mystery Theatre	Spotlight on America	Boxing Bouts	It Pay to be Ignorant
10:15				
10:30		Meet the Press		Maisie

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
9:00	Percolator Party		Wake Up and Smile	CBS Morning News
9:15				The Garden Gate
9:30	Camp Meetin' Choir	Rainbow House		Renfro Valley Folk
9:45	A Miss and a Male			
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Betty Moore	Barny and Follies
10:15			Song Spinners	
10:30	Archie Andrews	Jackie Hill	Junior Junction	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45				
11:00	Teentimers Club	This Week in Washington	Elizabeth Woodward	Let's Pretend
11:15		Vacation Symphony	Johnny Thompson	
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Quaker City Sera.	Piano Playhouse	Adventurers Club
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Judy, Jill, Johnny	Texas Jim Robertson	Theatre of Today
12:15	Consumer Time		Tell Me Doctor	
12:30	Home Is What You	Bands for Bonds	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45	Make It			
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home		To Live In Peace	Grand Central Sta.
1:15				
1:30	Veteran's Aid		Fascinating Rhythm	County Fair
1:45				
2:00	Your Host is Buffalo	Pro-Arte Quartet	Metropolitan Opera	Give and Take
2:15				Adventures in Science
2:30	The Baxters	Art Jarrett		Country Journal
2:45	Bob Houston			
3:00	Nations' Orchestras	Art Mooney		
3:15				
3:30		Ray Benson	Local Programs	Treasury Band Stand
3:45				Cross Section U.S.A.
4:00	Doctors Then and			
4:15	Now			
4:30	Hollywood Previews	Local Programs	Local Programs	Adventures in Science
4:45				Of Men and Books
5:00	Nelson Olmstead	For Your Approval	Tea and Crumpets	Philadelphia Orch.
5:15	Songs by Snooky			
5:30	Edward Tomlinson	Sports Parade		
5:45	King Cole Trio			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Rhapsody of the	Cleveland Symohony	Jimmie Blair	
6:15	Rockies	Lorenzo Fuller	Chittison Trio	Columbia Workshop
6:30	Boston Tune Party	Eddie Howard	Harry Wismer	
6:45	Religion in the News		Labor U. S. A.	Larry Lesuer
7:00	Our Foreign Policy	Hawaii Calls	Voice of Business	Waitin' For Clayton
7:15			Elmer Davis	
7:30	Curtain Time	Arthur Hale	Curt Massey	Vaughn Monroe
7:45		Sports Session		
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Famous Jury Trials	Hollywood Star Time
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Conse-	Scramby Amby	I Deal In Crime	Mayor of the Town
8:45	quences			
9:00	Roy Rogers	Ministrels	Gang Busters	Your Hit Parade
9:15				
9:30	Can You Top This?	Leave It to the Girls	Sherlock Holmes	
9:45				Saturday Night Serenade
10:00	Judy Canova	Theater of the Air	American Melodies	
10:15				This Is Hollywood
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	



Hoagy Carmichael

—whose recent moving picture and radio work has revealed an unexpectedly delightful personality to the large public which has for years been singing his songs (like Stardust). Hoagy's musical program is heard Sunday afternoons from 5:45 to 6:00 P.M. EST., on Columbia network stations, featuring his own and other songs and his dry, staccato piano.

Recommended Listening

Some of the most highly recommendable-for-listening comedy programs on the air are those based on the sometimes trying but always funny relationships of harassed parents to their unpredictable children. And of course, one of the oldest, funniest and best known of these is the Baby Snooks Show, which you hear Friday evenings at 8:00 P.M., EST, on the Columbia Broadcasting System stations. The typically-radio thing about this show and others in the same category, is that children are seldom, if ever, played by children—that is, the grown-ups play the youngsters' parts, and do such a howlingly successful job of it that we doubt that any casting director, looking around for someone to play the part of a child on a comedy program, would consider anyone but a seasoned actor or actress. On the Baby Snooks Show, for instance, Fanny Brice, of course, tops the list as the irrepressible Snooks. But the other children on the program are adults, too—Snooks's baby brother, who labors under the name of Robespierre, is played by Leone Ledoux; Georgia Ellis takes the part of Roger, the boy next door (not only does she play a child, but a boy child!) and Sara Berner is Phoebe, the Terrible Tot's dearest friend.

* * *

What's-the-world-coming-to-department: Rumor has it that there is soon to be a new daytime serial on the air. That's usually good news, but, until the show is decided on, not good enough news to report. But despite the fact that the type of show has not yet, in this case, been set, this time it's still news—according to the rumor, the leading lady will be Mae West. Now we really will await breathlessly further developments!

* * *

Latest addition to the growing list of distinguished disc jockeys, and also an addition to the likewise growing list of distinguished husband-and-wife teams on the radio are Andre Baruch and Bea Wain. Bea is, of course, the singer you've heard on many network programs, and her husband is the equally well-known network announcer—you'll remember him especially from the days before he went into Service. Known to their listeners as Mr. and Mrs. Music, Bea and Andre are heard at present on New York's WMCA.

* * *

What was your favorite program a year ago? Do you remember what was "required listening" for you then? If you were the average American radio listener at this time in 1946, your daytime favorites were, in this order: When A Girl Marries, Portia Faces Life, Ma Perkins, Breakfast in Hollywood, The Romance of Helen Trent, Pepper Young's Family, Young Widder Brown, Our Gal Sunday, Stella Dallas, and Big Sister. Which just goes to show that if a program is good, its listeners are faithful, for all of these programs are still on the air. Your ten favorites in the daytime category this year, at the time we went to press, were these, in this order: Young Widder Brown, Breakfast Club, Our Gal Sunday, When A Girl Marries, Breakfast in Hollywood, Portia Faces Life, the Romance of Helen Trent, and Big Sister. That doesn't add up to ten, but that's because Breakfast Club, divided into several different listening periods during the time it's on the air, comes twice on the list.

How about the night time, and Sunday shows? Here they are, in order, as of a year ago: Bob Hope, Fibber McGee and Molly, Charlie McCarthy, Radio Theatre, Jack Benny, Red Skelton, Mr. District Attorney, Fred Allen, Walter Winchell, Take It Or Leave it, Abbott and Costello, Screen Guild Players, Music Hall, Great Gildersleeve, Eddie Cantor. At the time RADIO MIRROR went to press, these were leading the list of favorites for 1947: Jack Benny, Fibber McGee and Molly, Bob Hope, Charlie McCarthy, Fred Allen, Radio Theatre, Amos and Andy, Walter Winchell, Red Skelton, Screen Guild Players, Bandwagon, Mr. District Attorney, Take It Or Leave It, Great Gildersleeve, Fanny Brice. So you see, the order may change a little, but your allegiance to your favorite program seldom wavers—isn't that right?

My Boss, Tom Breneman

(*Continued from page* 31)

cleared away . . . we counted 52,000 towels fans had sent in. Certainly no other celebrity has more sincere fans than my boss has. On several occasions enthusiastic fans have jumped the guns on 1948 at broadcasts by calling out loudly, "Tom Breneman for *President!*" Which has prompted my boss, who has absolutely no political aspirations beyond his present post of Honorary Mayor of Encino, to shake his head and say, "Good gosh . . . this thing can get out of hand."

He lives life backwards . . . by the Hollywood rules. He goes to bed at seven o'clock in the evening, just when the night is beginning for most movieland citizens, and rises at 5:00 A.M. when a few of them, no doubt, are just getting in from doing the town.

He himself doesn't breakfast in Hollywood, but makes his own . . . a hearty one . . . in the Breneman kitchen around 5:30 or 6:00 A.M.

AROUND 7:30 he arrives at his office, which looks down on the world's most glamorous intersection, Hollywood and Vine—a block away. But it looks far from glittery that early in the morning. His office does its homey best to make up in color and charm what it lacks, at that hour, in companionship. It has an unusual heart-shaped bleached walnut desk, wine-colored furniture and carpeting, restful pale blue walls, and handsome maroon and blue striped drapes of heavy satin damask.

There in solitary silence, he goes over the commercials and looks over the memos Mr. Masterson or I have left him. Then he goes to the restaurant, three blocks away. He stays after the broadcast until around 10:30 giving autographs, talking with people, and checking up on things at the restaurant. He comes by the office for a little while, and is usually gone before noon, in bed come seven that night to rise again by five.

For the most part, I'm secretary by correspondence. Since he works graveyard and I take the day shift, most of our business is carried on through memos to each other.

The boss lives in the San Fernando Valley, thirteen miles from town, in a comfortable one-acre place, shaded by walnut trees.

I'm proud of my boss and his family. They're just normal home-loving American folks. There's his attractive blonde wife, talented eighteen-year-old daughter Gloria, who wants to be a radio singer, and thirteen-year-old Tom, Jr., better known as "Brennie", who's bent on being a drummer some day. There's also an 11-year-old dog named "Rusty" and a part-Persian cat called "Toughie", who are important subsidiary members of the household. He says his chief recreation around home is puttering and poking. He likes to keep a good roaring fire going in the living room fireplace, and is always poking away at one to keep it ablaze.

Whenever he speaks of his "handiness" around the house, however, he takes a lot of kidding from those of us who know about it, about his "$1000 front door." One day the boss decided the door needed freshening up a little, got out his paint brush and painted it, and then had to have the rest of the whole house repainted to match.

Around the restaurant and the office, the boss is a fastidious dresser, always perfectly groomed, and goes in for conservative suits. He throws himself so completely into the show that he's usually disheveled with wilted tie and collar when it's over, and he keeps full wardrobe facilities at the office in order to change clothes after the show.

When he goes to a rodeo, or appears at some function on behalf of his official duties as "Hizzoner," the Mayor of Encino, he wears full Western clothes, including the red and white cowboy shirt Rodeo Ben sent him from Philadelphia, and some handsome tan leather cowboy boots given him by Bob O'Donnell, of the Interstate Theater Chain.

He never wears a hat, with the exception of an old beat-up rain hat that shrinks and curls up around the edges when it rains. Or a Stetson to a rodeo. Other than that, he's positively allergic to millinery of any kind. Mrs. Breneman laughingly says that she seldom gets away with wearing a hat. That he eyes any new one she gets and suggests that she never wear it again.

For that matter, none of us around the office ever wear a hat either if we can help it. Unless it's a social necessity, when we have a big luncheon or dinner date. Or when accompanying him on out-of-town personal appearances, on which occasions I do my best to measure up to what's expected by the public of a Breneman employe.

I spent many hours shopping for a hat for a special show he put on in San Diego. It was loaded with violets and pansies and fluffed up with yards of veiling. Going down on the plane everybody complimented me on it except the boss. When somebody finally asked him point blank what he thought about it, I was sorry. "It's very pretty," he said, without enthusiasm, and added, "in a repulsive sort of way."

Regardless of that crack, I won't embarrass him by relating all the good neighborly deeds he does. But just to get the orchid rolling, I might mention a few:

Such as the thousands of letters I read that mention the warmth, cheer, and encouragement his cheerful philosophy inspires. The $100,000 he raised for the Braille Institute of the Blind, by auctioning off hats at a big party attended by celebrities at Earl Carroll's restaurant. Or the March of Dimes drives he conducts when about a million dimes are sent in to him.

Recently Norman Nesbit got the idea of getting a hand-controlled airplane for the boys at a local Veterans' hospital who'd lost their legs during the war. The boss was most enthusiastic about it. The Breakfast in Hollywood partnership contributed half of the cost of one, and he passed the hat around the restaurant and raised the rest.

FREQUENTLY the boss will be so touched by the sincerity of some lady on the show that he adds a gift out of his own pocket. As one morning recently when a ninety-year-old woman drew the lucky number for the wishing ring, and "wished" that she could visit her relatives in Minneapolis. "I'd like to fly too," she said. "I never have."

"Well, go home and start packing, Mother. We'll fly you there and back," the boss said.

With only his own good neighbor policy for a platform, my boss was elected Honorary Mayor of Encino last year over a field of candidates that included Paul Muni, Mischa Auer, and "Wild" Bill Elliott. And this year all the other candidates withdrew in the boss's favor, so the Chamber of Commerce made him Mayor again.

Nothing has ever touched "Hizzoner" like the visit back to his old hometown, Waynesboro, Pa.

It was his first visit back to this little town in the Cumberland Valley since he left there an unknown some twenty years before. He decided to just take a run over for a quiet visit with a few old friends.

To his surprise, all of Waynesboro was waiting to meet him when he got there. The local band escorted him down Main Street to the steps of the City Hall, where all the leading citizens made speeches welcoming him. That night there was a big civic dinner in his honor; everybody in town turned out.

This was Waynesboro's "orchid" to him. And the boss was so touched by their sincerity, the warmth and feeling of the welcome shown him, that he broke down and cried when he got back to his room in the hotel.

I'm no good at making speeches. And I don't know anybody with a band. All I can do is write what I believe, and offer him a few left-over orchids from around the office . . . for being the best, best neighbor of them all.

TUNE IN

PHOTOPLAY STUDIO TOUR



Hear what people just like you say about their tour through the big Hollywood movie studios. It's an entirely different radio show . . . one you'll fully enjoy.

Daily—Monday through Friday

3:45 p.m. EST 2:45 p.m. CST 1:45 p.m. MST 12:45 p.m. PST

Over All ***ABC*** Stations

New! Blush-cleanse your face—*for that Engaged-lovely look*

See it give *your* skin:
—an instant clean, refreshed look
—an instant softer, silkier feel
—a lovely blush of color

You'll see results tonight—with the new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.
You blush-cleanse—Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it on your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
You blush-rinse—Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing—your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action softens, loosens dirt and make-up—helps *free* your skin! *Every night*, this full blush-cleansing. *Every morning*, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's.



PRISCILLA THOMPSON—her cream-smooth complexion is blush-cleansed by Pond's



PRISCILLA'S RING—a star-brilliant solitaire, diamond-studded at sides.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

PRISCILLA THOMPSON beautifully expresses today's new look of young elegance—with accent on her smooth-gold hair, her smooth-ivory complexion.

One of Chicago's fashionable young set, she is the daughter of Mrs. Thomas Bruce Thompson and the late Mr. Thompson—and is engaged to William Paul Henricks of Chicago, Ex-Navy Lieutenant Commander.

Priscilla is an enthusiast about blush-cleansing with Pond's. "I've never known anything to give my face such a *lovely* waked-up, *soft* feeling," she says.

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look. Get Pond's Cold Cream *today!* You'll find the 6-oz. jar is especially nice to use.

Among the beautiful women of Society who use Pond's

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.

THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

MRS. ALISTER Mc CORMICK THE LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART



Engagement-ring diamonds for some of America's loveliest girls

R
M

Information

Step right up and ask your questions—if we don't know

INFORMATION BOOTH is the part of Radio Mirror for which you readers are responsible. The Editors of Radio Mirror are delighted with the stream of letters which come in from you concerning radio and radio personalities. (Sometimes a question comes in from all parts of the country at once—very interesting—but don't mind if we only answer it once.)

Each month we'll select the questions we think you would be most interested in knowing the answers to and publish them, together with the answers. If you have a question about your favorite program or radio star, just write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



Ben Alexander

HEART'S DESIRE

Dear Editor:

Would you kindly give me information about the program which requests that people write a letter to the program asking for some specific thing but leaving a blank space instead of indicating what you wish. A contestant has an opportunity to fill the blank and name the item desired. If that letter is read over the air that party receives the item requested in the letter. What is the name and address of the program and when does it go on the air? I heard a part of the program once but was not able to catch the name and haven't been able to locate it since.

Mrs. F. P.

Vallejo, Calif.

The radio program you have in mind is the very popular show Heart's Desire. It is broadcast over the Mutual Network from the famed Billingsley's Restaurant in Hollywood, Mondays through Fridays. Ben Alexander is the master of ceremonies, air time is from 3 to 3:30 P.M., EST.

WHO, INDEED?

Dear Editor:

Who is Mrs. Calabash, whom Jimmy Durante says good-night to on his Friday broadcast over CBS?

Sgt. F. D. V., Jr.

Bolling Field

We wish we knew, Sergeant, how we wish we knew—and when we find out you shall be the first to hear. We have a dark suspicion that he's "got a million of 'em."

TROUBADOUR

Dear Editor:

I read in a newspaper that Burl Ives has a weekly program but I cannot find out on what day or what time he is on the air. I would appreciate it very much if you could give me this information.

Mrs. O. P. McM.

Yoakum, Texas



Burl Ives

Each week on Friday evening Burl Ives broadcasts over the Mutual Broadcasting System's network at eight o'clock, EST.



Frances Langford

BEAUTIFUL LADIES

Dear Editor:

For quite a while now you have not printed any pictures of one of the best little troopers who ever sang into a mike and all of us who watched her doing her GI shows would like to have another look at Frances Langford. How about it? And how about Jo Stafford, too?

J. B. D.

Cliffside, N. J.



Jo Stafford

How very right you are. Herewith the pictures and a promise of more and larger pictures soon. Frances, you may know, is on NBC's Don Ameche show on Sunday nights and Jo on the Supper Club, Tuesdays and Thursdays, over the same network.

GOOD BEGINNING

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine for many years and seldom see any pictures of the nice announcers that come into our homes every day.

Mrs. B. J. R.

Lowell, Mass.

Please let us point with pride to the Dwight Weist feature in January, and the George A. Putnam one in February. And we are going to keep it up, too, because we believe you are right.

? ? ?

Dear Editor:

I think one of the most amazing people on the radio is the Answer Man. I have often wondered who he is and how he can find the answers to all those questions. Also I would like to know if he has ever been stumped.

Mrs. S. L.

Chicago, Ill.



Albert Mitchell

The Answer Man programs were originated eleven years ago by Albert Mitchell, an orchestra leader, and Bruce Chapman, an alert radio producer. They were so successful that the Answer Man show has developed into an organization of more than fifty people, the largest general research staff in radio. Besides this they have a consulting list of experts in every imaginable field. Of the thousand questions received every day, forty of general interest are broadcast on each program and the others are answered by mail. However, no questions are answered over the phone and no legal or medical advice is given. In eleven years, The Answer Man has been stumped only once. It was by a question sent by a Boston patriot who asked: "Did Paul Revere's friend wave his lantern up and down—or sideways?" That question is written on parchment and framed in The Answer Man's office.

Booth

the answers we do know where to find them for you



Karl Swenson, when not Lord Henry, forsakes Black Swan Hall for his own family.

IT COULD BE

Dear Editor:
Would you mind telling me what's the matter with everybody? Every time you read a magazine you see pictures of these ugly singers, half of which don't even have nice voices. When there is a wonderful singer who is handsome nobody ever mentions him. Why? Naturally I mean Tommy Ryan (not the Chuck Foster one). People must be crazy! Or could it be me?

Miss G. W.

Oceanside, L. I.

Perhaps our tired old editorial eyes have been deceiving us these many years, or maybe tastes differ. But we can think, right off-hand, of a fat list of popular singers who leave little to be desired in the way of pleasing looks. Of course the important thing is that if a person has a fine voice and people find pleasure in hearing him sing, then it shouldn't matter whether he was lucky enough to be born handsome or not. Some people like sopranos, others like booming bassos, and what's nice-to-look-at in one person's eyes may not fill the bill for another. You like to look at and listen to Tommy Ryan—and so do a number of girls—and the number may be growing. There may be a lot of odd people wandering around but we don't think you can test their intelligence by checking up on their favorite singers—do you, now, really?

GEORGIA GIBBS

Dear Editor:
Lately I have been looking all over the air for Georgia Gibbs. Where is she nowadays?

S. J.

Ballston Spa, N. Y.

As we write this, Georgia is "guesting."



Georgia Gibbs

GONE AND FORGOTTEN

Dear Editor:
I have often seen radio serial stories reviewed and illustrated in your fine magazine. Perhaps you could give me some information about the story entitled Against The Storm. This serial is no longer on the air and I would like to know whether or not the story can be had in book form, and if so, from which publishing company it can be obtained. I always loved the story and would like to have it in my book collection.

L. E. C.

Brookville, Pa.

We wish that we could help you with some information on the serial, Against The Storm, but we can't. It went off the air some time ago. It was written by Sandra and Peter Michael, who also write the currently-heard Lone Journey (Monday through Friday, CBS, 2:30 EST).

Serial scripts are almost always written on a day-to-day basis and are not published, so it's not possible to get Against The Storm in book form. In fact, they don't always make as good reading as they do listening, because they're designed for air production and depend so much on actors' voices and interpretation, on sound effects, on direction.

BLACK SWAN HALL

Dear Editor:
Kindly mail me Lord Henry Brinthrope's address.

Mrs. N. E. D.

Lynn, Mass.

Sorry, but that is something we can never do. Fan mail for radio performers should be addressed to them in care of the station over which the broadcast has been heard. Home addresses are private property, carefully guarded so that professional folk have a chance to live as other people do when they are not working, and if you give this some thought you will see that it is no more than fair.

STAGE DOOR

Dear Editor:
My seventeen-year-old daughter is very much interested in becoming an actress but doesn't know where to write or how to go about it. Would you please be kind enough to give me the information?

Mrs. F. H.

Darien Center, N. Y.

We're sorry we can't give you some specific information but we can only answer questions about radio and people on the air. However, your daughter might inquire at the local public library for a list of good dramatic schools and also about "summer stock" or "little theater" companies if there are such groups near your home.

AT THE CONSOLE

Dear Editor:
I would greatly appreciate it if you could tell me what the following organists are doing now: Fred Feibel and Ann Leaf. I always enjoyed their playing very much and would like to hear them again. Should you be unable to furnish me with this information please advise me how I may obtain it.

Mrs. B. C. K.

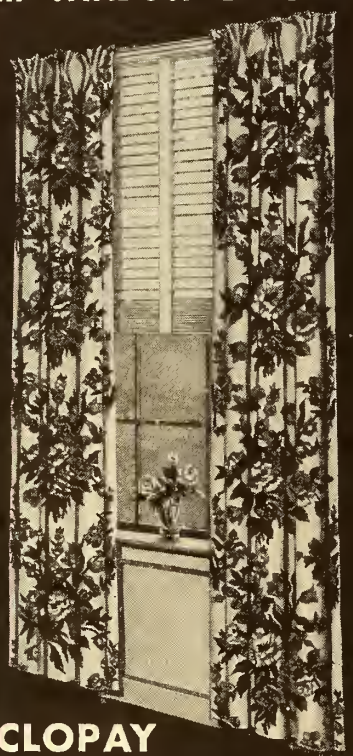
Newark, N. J.



Ann Leat

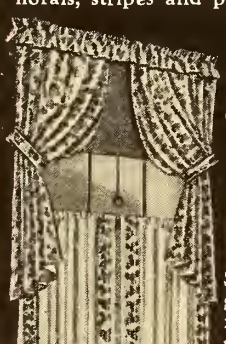
Both Ann Leaf and Fred Feibel are kept busy these days at the NBC studios. Ann Leaf plays the theme music and interludes for Lorenzo Jones and Front Page Farrell and Fred Feibel does the same for the Lora Lawton show. In addition, they both play for "stand-by" and station breaks.

Amazing Values
in WINDOW BEAUTY!



CLOPAY DRAPES 98c pair

Expensive-looking charm and elegance for less than a dollar a window! CLOPAY *Lintoned* Drapes of plasticized cellulose are a full 2⅔ yards long—matching tie-backs—automatic pleater. In glamorous florals, stripes and plaids.



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So bright, so gay, so dazzling fresh! Made of plasticized cellulose in gingham, polka dot and strawberry patterns. Red—blue—green. 7 pieces 59c. (5-piece Hollywood style, without sash panels, only 39c).

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CLOPAY

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When A Girl Grows Up

(*Continued from page 41*)

"This Time For Keeps." In the other picture she has a longer role. She's in "Summer Holiday" (which is the picture version of Eugene O'Neill's play "Ah, Wilderness!"), with Mickey Rooney, Marilyn Maxwell, Gloria de Haven and Butch Jenkins.

But even though she's only had two parts, she's been on the M.G.M. lot all day long every day. Mornings she goes to the M.G.M. school with Jane Powell, Elizabeth Taylor, Mary Jane Smith and others—studying geometry, history, French, English, and art. Afternoons she takes singing and drama lessons. And in between she has lunch at the M.G.M. commissary, drinking in Hollywood with her milk.

ONE lunch a few weeks ago was typical. Anne sat with "the gang" deciding on what to order—Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Powell being two of the table full of girls. There were only two men at the next table—Frank Sinatra and a stranger. "The gang," after examining the menu, glanced idly over at Frank's table and were fascinated by whatever his friend was eating. Was it steak or liver?

They argued amongst themselves for several minutes while the men got more and more flustered with the attention they were receiving. Then the girls told Anne, "You're sitting nearest their table. Ask him what it is."

Anne was indeed nearest their table—she was back to back with Sinatra. Leaning across in front of Frank she asked his friend "What are you eating? We can't decide!"

Frank swung around—looking a bit bewildered—this was hardly what he had expected.

But his friend announced that he was eating steak. The girls at the next table chorused thanks. Then they began their argument again. It didn't look like steak, they said; it positively didn't . . .

Finally Sinatra's friend good-naturedly rose and came over to them. "It's steak, darn it," he said fiercely. "Would you each like a bit to prove?"

That settled the argument. The girls hurriedly said no, ordered cheese sandwiches and milk, and fell into uneasy silence until Sinatra (with his head still spinning) and his friend had departed.

Away from the studio, everything has happened to Anne that could happen in California. She has a boy friend exactly her age—not a heavy romance, just a good friend. But he's not the usual boy next door. He's actor Skippy Homeier.

Skippy and his mother often drop in at the Francis apartment to talk over the good old days back in New York. Anne and Skippy met when they were nine, both working in Coast to Coast on a Bus. Now, they go to movies together, and on long horseback rides. Anne also has a girl friend she manages to see almost every evening—Mary Jane Smith, whose mother usually deposits her at the Francis door after dinner.

The fact that there is a Francis door in the housing shortage astounds everyone but the two Francises. They now live in a charming four-room apartment, with maid service, a telephone, and a view of the Pacific Ocean. "I took it because it's near the streetcar line," says Mrs. Francis complacently.

When people shriek that they would gladly take an apartment 1,000 miles from a streetcar line—just to get an apartment—Mrs. Francis and Anne look surprised. Then they tell how they got it . . . They spent their first few days in Hollywood at a hotel, eating at restaurants while Anne moaned aloud about how she missed her mother's magnificent cooking. Then they decided to get an apartment so that Mrs. Francis could start making her famed chocolate cake-and-steak dinners.

"First we will go around and look at the apartment houses we would like to live in," they decided. "Then, when we find several that suit us in every way, we'll write letters to the owners asking for an apartment."

That's just what they did. They wrote six letters stating their case history: recently from New York City, they were anxious to find a home. And what happened? They got six answers—and took their pick of six apartments!

"I know there's an apartment shortage. But it seemed so simple when we wanted one," Anne says now, looking confused.

But they *do* know about the transportation shortage. They found out when one of Anne's boy friends from the East came out to pay them a week's visit. At the end of the visit he said farewell, got into a taxi and disappeared in the direction of the airport. "I haven't got a reservation, but I'm not worried," he said in parting. At midnight that night, though, he was very worried. He rang them up, sheepishly announced that he was still sitting in the airport—and would it be all right if he came back to spend the night? "Early in the morning I'll go out to the airport again and I know I'll get out all right," said he.

SO ANNE moved from her own bedroom back into her mother's. The departed guest arrived again and spent the night . . . and then the next night, and the next. He spent five nights in all before he really got a flight back East. "So we are aware of some of the shortages—even if we don't know about the housing one," Anne says now.

Being in Hollywood hasn't changed Anne's idea on most things. Her closet still holds the same kind of clothes it did back East—sports dresses in blue mostly, and after that in white and black. And one favorite date dress: black with a tiny black cape studded with blue stones. And she never goes out of the house without wearing what she calls her good luck pin—a silver locket dangling from a silver bow, engraved "Kathy—Love and Luck." It was given her by Elaine Carrington, the authoress of When A Girl Marries, when Anne headed West.

She does have a new Hollywood dream, though. She wants to be a fine dramatic actress in films—and she wants a long black convertible car. "And I also want a rambling stone house overlooking the ocean, with a swimming pool, a huge living room, and six acres of beautiful dark green grass," says she eagerly. "And some day I want a happy marriage. Just one!" And she still wants to do radio work—lots of it—which might bring the Francises back to New York.

But whether it's worn in the West or the East, what we'd like to borrow is that good luck pin of Anne's for a while—just long enough!



GET ALL YOUR Vitamins IN FOOD

Here's the Newer Way... for better results!

As you know, authorities agree that most people should get extra vitamins as a safeguard to good health. And authorities also agree, beyond question, that the best way to get vitamins would be in your everyday food. But that's hard to do:—

Because everyday foods vary considerably from day to day in vitamin and mineral values. And, besides, they lose a lot of their vitamins in shipping, storing and cooking.

That's why so many people are supplementing their meals with Ovaltine. *Ovaltine is standardized.* Its content is scientifically controlled. It never varies. Each spoonful supplies the same generous amounts of vitamins and minerals. You know exactly what you're getting. It's a supplementary food that makes up deficiencies in ordinary foods.

So you don't have to worry about variations or losses. You *know* that a serving of Ovaltine in a glass of average milk *always* gives you the same substantial quantities of Vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G and Niacin—and Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. And you can be *sure* that 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily and just normal meals will give you *all* the vitamins and minerals any normal person can use. And when you drink Ovaltine you get these vitamins and minerals the preferred way—*in food.*

You'll find, too, that Ovaltine has a very agreeable taste—a taste that grows on you. So for better results, why don't you start drinking Ovaltine at meals, just as you would tea or coffee? Or, if you prefer, between meals or at bedtime. Then, if you're a normal person, you'll know, as far as *you* are concerned, you've solved the vitamin problem.

FAR MORE THAN VITAMINS... Ovaltine also contains virtually every other precious food element needed for buoyant health and vitality, including the elements that vitamins must have to function properly. That's why Ovaltine is so widely recognized as the ideal supplementary food-drink.

"You're right

Red Majesty

is the New Queen of the Reds!"

—says MRS. CORNEL WILDE...

radiant wife of the screen star.

"BECAUSE," enthuses lovely Mrs. Wilde, "there is something really wonderful about Red Majesty! It gives you confidence that your lips are looking their best. So I think you were perfectly right when you named it the queen of your glamourous family of Tangee lipstick shades."





CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

Five Famous Glamourous Shades by TANGEE



Red Majesty NEW HIT SHADE BY Tangee

Aunt Jenny Proves That Home Is Where The Heart Is

(*Continued from page* 23)

to get pretty discouraged. Anyone would!

And looking at the girl, lying there so pale and worn out, and so near her time, too, I did what I'd sworn I'd never do. I heard myself saying, "Well—Calvin and I live here all alone, and I've got a nice big guest bedroom. You're welcome to it, and to use of the kitchen, if you want."

Did they want to stay? The girl's eyes flew open, and the boy kind of swallowed hard and said, "Oh—" and wasn't able to say anything else for about a minute.

BUT mixed in with their gratitude was something else. It was a day or so before I began to notice it. Not that they didn't appreciate the room, because they did. They were just a pair of decent, honest kids, and when they said I'd saved their lives I believed they meant it. Still—this wasn't what they wanted. I could feel that they knew it was just temporary, and were straining to make it as temporary as it could possibly be. For instance, I didn't miss the excitement in Nick's tone the evening he came home and announced, as soon as he was inside the door, that a new housing development was being started.

"There is?" Wanda said, leaning forward in her chair, and you'd have thought she'd just been told there was a chance of her inheriting a fortune. "When will it be ready?"

"Well—" Nick said, and looked down at the floor. "Not for another six months, anyway."

"Oh." Wanda sank back, all the animation fading out of her face. "That long."

The next day Wanda told me what the trouble was. Nick thought she ought to, she explained, and she agreed with him. But she didn't find it easy to put into words.

"We've been married three years, Nick and I," said she, "and we've never had a place of our own, Aunt Jenny." Like everyone in Littleton, she and Nick were calling me that the day after they'd moved in. "I don't want you to think we aren't happy here with you—we are, and so very grateful, but—First I lived in a furnished room near the training camp where Nick was—then he went overseas and I stayed with his parents. I haven't any of my own. After he came back, we went on living there while Nick finished school. I thought when he got a job we'd have our own house or apartment."

"And you will, Wanda," I assured her. "If you'll be patient—"

She struck her knee, sharply, with her clenched fist. "That's just it, Aunt Jenny," she said. "I can't be patient—there isn't time! Oh, I know it's foolish, at least I keep telling myself it's foolish, but I simply have a feeling that when I bring my baby home from the hospital, if I don't bring him into a place that is *ours*—if I can't do that, something terrible will happen! I try to remember that it shouldn't make any difference, the baby will be too little to know what kind of a home he's brought to—but you can't argue with a feeling like that. It's—it's in *here.*" She put her hand on her breast, over her heart. Tears glistened in her eyes.

As she said, you can't argue with a feeling like that. The longing for a home is something that's planted deep in every woman—and if that longing is denied for too long, as it had been denied in Wanda's case, it's going to get all twisted and changed around and warped, until it's a danger to her and to everybody that loves her.

Wanda just looked at me hopelessly. I really couldn't blame her—I knew, better than she did even, how little chance there was of such a house or apartment turning up.

But then I thought of Armina and Hester Marsh, and Wanda, watching my face, said in sudden hope, "What is it, Aunt Jenny? You look as if you'd had an idea."

"Maybe I have," I said slowly.

Armina and Hester were sisters, daughters of old Judge Marsh who died in 1927. Mrs. Marsh had died long before that. For years Armina and Hester went on living in the old brick house on Forrest Avenue. Neither of them ever had a beau, and the general impression around town was that neither wanted one. Folks said the Marsh sisters were "so devoted" to each other, and as far as anybody could tell, they were.

Then, in 1940 I think it was or maybe 1941, Hester—she was the younger one—suddenly moved out of the house on Forrest Avenue. She took her share of the Judge's estate and bought a smaller house for herself on the opposite side of town, in Prince's Addition. Neither she nor Armina ever told anyone what had happened, or why they'd quarrelled—but it was plain enough that they *had* quarrelled. If they met on the street they looked straight through each other, and Hester gave up her church membership and joined another church so she wouldn't run into Armina.

ONCE, soon after they'd separated, I remembered saying something to Armina about having seen Hester the day before, and Armina stiffened up and glared and snapped, "Jenny Wheeler, please be kind enough never to mention my sister's name to me again." And her tone was enough to make me wish I hadn't mentioned it then.

In six or seven years, though, people change. They get older—and the things that seemed important once don't seem so vital any longer. If I could persuade those two to make up their old quarrel, I thought, and move back into the same house again, so they could be some comfort and company to one another—why, then there would be an empty house on the market, and I'd be the first one to know about it!

Calvin and I talked it over, and decided that Armina was the one to talk to first. Being the older, she was more set in her ways than Hester, more stubborn. So I went to Armina first, the next day.

We sat there in the dark, walnut paneled living room where Judge Marsh used to entertain politicians and their wives, and we talked for awhile about church affairs and the latest news around town. Armina's hair, touched with grey, was piled up on top of her head in a pompadour, and she had a watch on a chain around her neck. As she talked, her long thin fingers twisted the chain. Looking at her, I almost (*Continued on page* 74)



. . . with this truly luxurious talcum powder

KEEP FRESH! Bathe! Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc over yourself. All over. It leaves every inch of you excitingly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH: For *ultra* comfort treat the little trouble spots to *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It protects chafable places with a silken-smooth sheath.

STAY DAINTY: Keep your daintiness on high by showering your person, often, with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It leaves on your skin—*the fragrance men love.*

Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.



Cashmere Bouquet Talc

with the fragrance men love



"BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!"

A product of Lever Brothers Company



You want skin that's lovely to look at—thrilling to touch. Hollywood's beauty facials will help you to have it! Try this gentle care.

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness," says this famous star

Here's the gentle Active-lather care June Allyson uses: Smooth Lux Toilet Soap's rich fragrant lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, then splash on cold. With a soft towel pat gently to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness!

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. *You* can be lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap— *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

R M

Necklines

Support your head in proper style:

on a young, well-cared-for throat



Marilyn Martin's throat is the slender "column" that haunts poets and everyone else.



Lanie Harper displays the fruits of the exercises she recommends: smooth curves.



Dinah Shore, whose slim singer's throat needs constant special care, and gets it.



Hollace Shaw shows, again, a singer's lovely throat: needs no adornment to look its best.

NO MATTER how beautiful your face, it becomes a pretty lost cause if its pedestal—your throat—doesn't match.

Scrubbing your neck—all the way around, and up behind your ears—is what you learned to do in childhood. It's a habit you should keep until you're too old to care—and whoever is too old?

Assume good head posture. Lift your chest so that automatically your shoulders are pulled back and your spinal column is straightened. Hold your chin parallel with the floor, and your head high. Now learn to hold this posture. For, when you let your chin drop forward, the back-of-the-neck muscles are stretched; the front muscles shortened, and thus you develop double chin. The same thing happens, in reverse. when you let your head fall back.

To help keep the chin muscles firm, here's a sample exercise. Let the head drop far back, open your mouth wide, then close it. A good pull should be felt. Do it twenty times daily.

Lanie Harper, green-eyed brunette on County Fair, does this exercise. Two others which she likes are the slow turning of her head to the left as far as it will go, then to the right. Repeat ten times. Smiling, she smilingly claims, is a pleasant way to help tauten chin muscles.

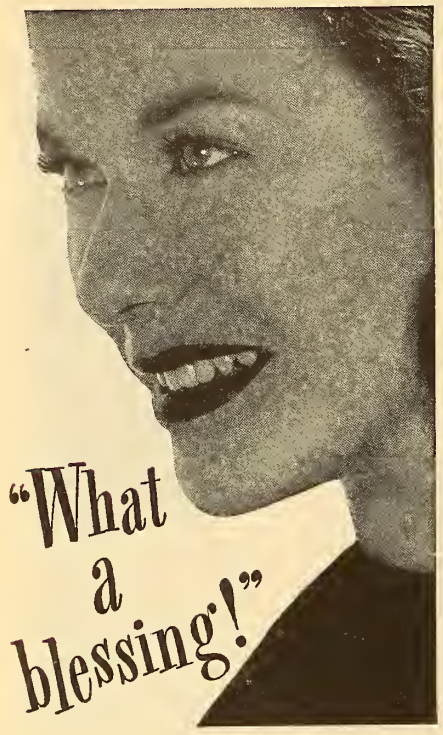
Dinah Shore says when the muscles and cords of her neck become very tired, as they often do, she gently kneads a rich, lubricating cream or oil into her neck. She works from the base of her neck to her chin, up the sides to her ears, then around to the back.

Hollace Shaw and Marilyn Martin both agree that throat adornment should depend not only on your dress neckline, but also on the length and appearance of your neck. Women with short necks should avoid wearing choker necklaces, no matter how lovely, or whose gift it is, because they make the neck look as if it were squatting on the shoulders. A choker necklace belongs on a long neck.

As a final tip to neck beauty, these two talented and pretty radio artists say that when you're wearing low-cut dresses, your make-up line should not stop with your chin, but be extended way down to "here". If you wear a pancake make-up, blend it carefully.

BY MARY JANE FULTON

R
M



"What a blessing!"

Can you blame a girl for feeling elated on the day she discovers Tampax? On the day she really proves to herself how easy and neat this kind of monthly protection can be—worn internally, invisible in use and not even felt when in place . . . "What a blessing!" You can say this and say it again, every time that you remember the discarded belts, pins and other external rigging!



Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is modern and streamlined in every respect. Its absorbency is provided by pure surgical cotton contained in smooth, slim applicators. Your hands need not even touch the Tampax, for daintiness is the motto. No odor; no chafing; easy disposal. No embarrassing bulges or ridges under the clothing.

Tampax is comfortable at all times. *Just think of the difference* as compared with older, more familiar methods. A whole month's quota will slide into your purse. . . . At drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit personal needs on different days. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(*Continued from page* 71) gave up and went home without mentioning what I'd come to say. I couldn't believe it would do any good.

I wouldn't be such a coward, though, so finally I said, "Armina, I really came over here to talk to you about something very serious."

Her eyes opened wide, and she said, "Serious? Well, what is it?" in a tone that seemed to say she hoped I wasn't going to interfere in what wasn't my business.

"It's been five or six years since Hester left this house," I said bluntly. "Don't you think it's about time she came back?"

Her chin jerked up an inch higher, and the hand that was playing with the gold chain dropped to the arm of her chair. "I told you once never to mention her name to me," she said.

"I know you did, and if you still feel that way I'm sorry," I answered. "I just hoped you might have changed your mind. Because it's a sin and a shame for two sisters, alone in the world except for each other, to live apart with bitterness in their hearts."

I'd always felt sorry for Armina and Hester Marsh. Now I pitied Armina, at least, more than ever, because I realized that deep in her heart she regretted the quarrel.

"Try to make up with Hester," I urged. "I'll bet right now she's wishing, same as you are, that it hadn't ever happened, and that she could be back here living with you."

"No," Armina said, "she's not. You're wasting your time, Jenny. The quarrel wasn't mine, to begin with. It was Hester's fault entirely, and she's stubborn as a mule—always was. I'm not saying I wouldn't like to have her back here, because I would. But I know she'd never come."

"We'll see," I said. I was so set up over my success with Armina I felt as if I could accomplish almost anything. And what's more, I didn't believe Hester was as stubborn as Armina said she was. I've noticed that it's the stubborn people who are always accusing other folks of that failing. "I'm going over to talk to Hester tonight right after supper," I declared.

I stopped being so optimistic after I'd been inside Hester's little white-shingled bungalow for five minutes. For one thing, I almost had the notion Hester knew why I'd come. I hadn't ever seen her so nervous, moving jerkily around in her chair while we talked and hardly seeming to know what I was saying, half the time. Two little spots of pink glowed high up on her cheeks, and if I hadn't known she never used it I'd have thought the color came from rouge.

When I brought up Armina's name she almost jumped out of her chair. "Armina?" she gasped. "She—she asked you to talk to me?"

"She did not," I said. "You may call me a meddling old woman, Hester, but I'm a good friend to both of you, and I hate to see you going along like this. I will say that I talked to Armina, this afternoon, and she for one would like to make up. She told me so."

"She did?" The look Hester gave me was wistful and yet, somehow, scared. "Oh, Jenny, I'd like to be friends with her too—I never wanted to quarrel, and it was all her fault that we *did*—"

The pink on Hester's cheeks deepened. "It was foolish, I guess—just over a dress I'd bought. Armina said it was too bright for me and—and I guess she was probably right, but it was the way she said it— Armina can be a very domineering person, you know, and ever since we were girls she always told me what to wear and how to act. And finally I—" She set her small, pointed chin. "I just rebelled."

"Maybe Armina's changed," I urged. "Maybe now that you've shown how you can get along without her, she'll treat you more like a grown-up."

"I don't know." Hester got up from her chair, pressing her hands together in agitation. No doubt about it, she was awfully jumpy this evening. "I can't believe she—"

"Give her a chance," I said. "I'll tell you—tomorrow afternoon, you come to my house, and I'll invite Armina too. I'll make some of my raspberry scones, and we'll have tea. Maybe you'll both find you can be friends."

Eagerly, Hester said, "Oh, I hope so! I'd like to, I really would, if—if Armina's willing."

Well, that was a pretty good day's work, I thought as I left Hester's house and walked along the street. So far, it had been a lot easier than I'd hoped or expected—both Marsh girls were a little ashamed of themselves, ready to be friends again, but not sure how to go about it. Tomorrow—

I was so wrapped up in my own thoughts I didn't even see Mel Harkin coming along the street until he spoke to me. We stopped and chatted a minute, and I thought to myself he was looking better these days than he had for quite a few months after his wife died. Mel (*Continued on page* 76)

Tune in "PHILCO RADIO TIME"

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Gala Reunion Program

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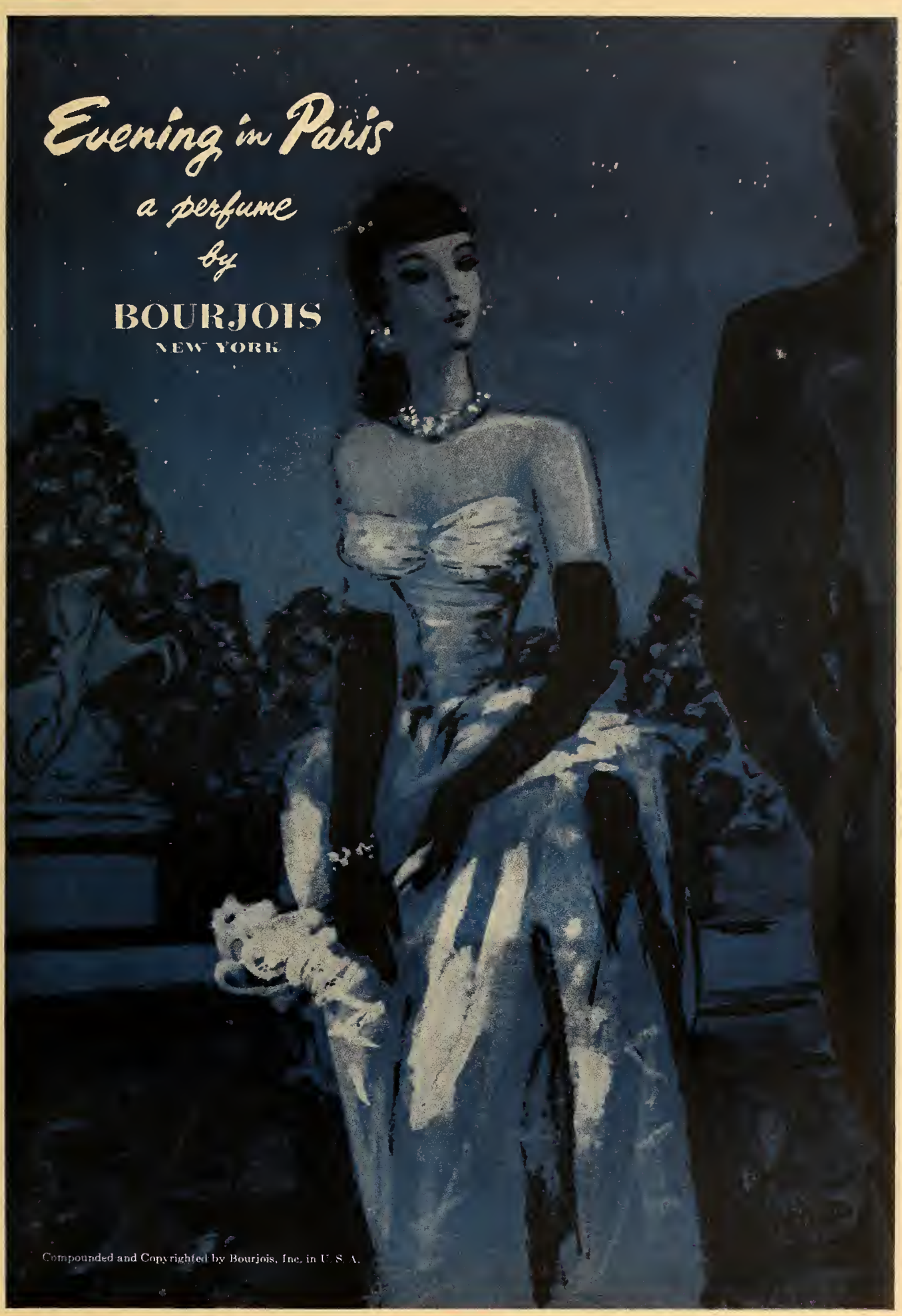


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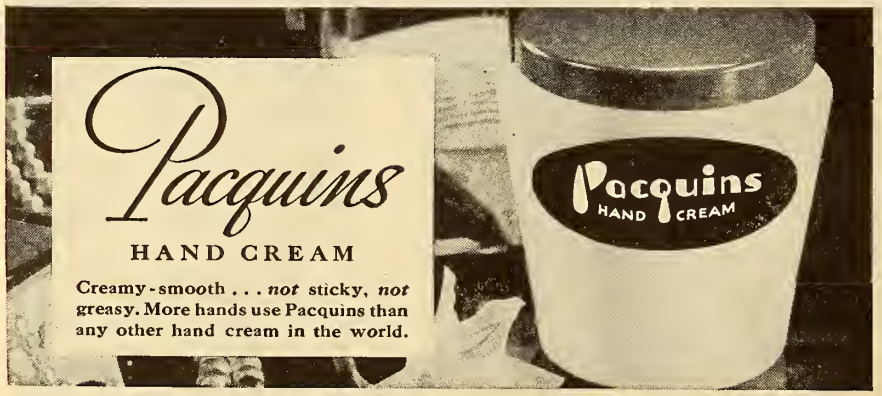
If you think that housework *must* leave your hands all roughened up, red, and scratchy dry ...you're wrong! Use greaseless Pacquins... this snowy, fragrant cream helps keep hands looking whiter, romantically softer and smoother.





Pacquins was first made for Doctors and Nurses

Pacquins was first made for doctors and nurses, who scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. They had to have something that would help keep hands softer, smoother. And Pacquins proved effective... as it will for you too!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

(*Continued from page 74*) is the manager of the power company's office in Littleton, and one of the finest men I've ever known.

The next day, after I'd telephoned Armina and gotten her promise to come, I told Wanda she'd have to cooperate by staying in her room while the Marsh girls were in the house—I didn't want any strangers around to make Armina and Hester uncomfortable. Wanda said she'd do anything I said, and she helped me cut flowers and bake scones and set the tea table in the living room. We made everything as nice as we could, all gay and festive so it would look like a real party. Of course Wanda didn't know why having the Marshes was important—she just knew that it was.

Truth to tell, I was in a flutter anyway, but I didn't want anyone to know it. When the doorbell rang I almost fell over the hall runner hurrying to answer.

It was Armina, looking very stately and severe. I began to see how she could have dominated Hester, though it was something I'd never even thought of before. Her eyes went past me, searching the living room, and she said, "She—she isn't here yet? Perhaps she won't come, after all."

"She will," I said. "She promised."

ARMINA sat down. "I've been thinking, ever since I talked to you yesterday," she said. "I—I told you the quarrel was all Hester's fault, but that wasn't—quite true. I guess I always was too bossy with her." She swallowed. "I wouldn't—blame her if she thought it over and decided not to come."

The poor thing. She was starchy enough on the outside—but inwardly she was as jumpy and hopeful as I was.

The doorbell rang again, and Armina froze in her chair. I went and pulled it open, and Hester came in.

For maybe a minute, there was silence while they looked at each other. Then Armina moistened her lips.

"Hester," she said. "My dear sister." And held out her hands.

Hester gave a little cry and ran to her, and then they were kissing and hugging each other, and both of them weeping a little. I tiptoed out into the kitchen, feeling happier than a meadowlark.

It was a nice party we had, starting about a quarter of an hour later, after they'd had time to dry their eyes and compose themselves. They sat side by side on the couch, and ate every one of my scones and drank several cups of tea apiece, and the three of us talked and laughed like there'd never been any trouble between the Marshes at all.

"And to think," Armina said after a time, "that both of us wanted to make up—but never did it. What silly people! Why, if it hadn't been for Jenny I don't suppose we'd ever have spoken to one another again."

"We owe you a great deal, Jenny," Hester said. "I wish there were some way we could repay you."

I couldn't have asked for a better opening than that. "There's just one thing you can do for me," I told Hester. "Let two young people I know have first chance at renting your little house."

"Oh, but—" Hester said, and stopped, and went on in a different tone. "I won't be giving up the house, Jenny."

"You won't?" I said, and saw Armina lean over and put her teacup back on the table. I felt as if somebody had just jerked my chair out from under me. "Why— (*Continued on page 78*)

High school girls could tell mothers a thing or two!



TEST NEW NAPKIN—
88 OUT OF 108 REPORT NO CHAFING
WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS

The teen-age crowd in high schools across the country recently made a discovery that will be smooth news to girls everywhere.

It all started when interviewers asked school girls who had been bothered by chafing with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride* Modess.

The girls weren't told the name or brand . . . just that it was a new napkin . . . would they see if it gave them freedom from chafe?

The answer? 88 out of 108 reports said: *No chafing with Free-Stride Modess!*

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many students found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges!*

Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield to help keep you confident—to chase away accident fears. Modess' fine, sealed-in deodorant guards your daintiness, too! And *no* telltale outlines—Modess is silhouette-proof!

Free-Stride Modess—so luxury-comfortable, so luxury-safe—is on sale everywhere *now!* Get a package *today*. Product of Personal Products Corporation.



Walk with comfort!
Move with freedom!
Try the new Free-stride Modess!

R
M

A Hair "Make-Up"

Created for Your *Color Type!



Highlights for Every Color Type . . . brownette, brunette and redhead, as well as blonde! Choose the Marchand rinse shade you want . . . dissolve it in warm water, after your shampoo . . . then, brush or pour it through your hair. In a jiffy, dulling soap film vanishes! Your hair is softer and easier to manage, lovelier than ever.

More Color . . . a little or a lot. Marchand's color chart tells you which rinse to use for the effect you desire for *your* hair. If gray strands are your problem, there's a shade to blend them in with your original hair color!

Absolutely Harmless . . . Marchand's Rinse is not a bleach, not a permanent dye. It's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and washes out easily the next time you shampoo your hair.

Marchand's
"Make-Up"
HAIR RINSE

6 RINSES—25c • 2 RINSES—10c
Plus Tax

By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

R
M

(*Continued from page* 76) aren't you going to move back into the old house with Armina?"

"No, I—" Hester threw a quick look at Armina and at the suddenly grim expression on Armina's face. "I don't think that would be a very good idea," she said hesitatingly. "I mean—since I *have* my own place—and all—"

"Nonsense," Armina said sharply. "Of course you'll move back into the old house, where you belong, Hester!"

"Armina, I don't want to. Really. We'll get along much better, don't you see, if we live in separate houses."

"I thought you'd gotten over all that foolishness when Jenny told me you'd agreed to come here today and meet me." Armina's voice rose. "Naturally, if we're to be friends again, I'll expect you to live with me. I was humiliated enough when you first left. I don't intend to let you humiliate me a second time by pretending to be reconciled with me but refusing to share my home."

"And I thought you'd changed, too—but I see you haven't!" Hester jumped to her feet. "You're just as bossy and dictatorial as you ever were, and I wouldn't live in the same house with you if—if you owned the only house in the world! So there!"

Armina stood up too. Her face was like something carved out of an iceberg. "You see, Jenny," she said. "It's no use. She isn't prepared to be friends with me. The minute I make a perfectly reasonable request she flies at me in a temper. I'll be leaving now. Thank you very much, Jenny—you meant well, but surely you can see now that nothing can be done."

I don't know when I've felt so discouraged. When Hester left, Wanda came running down the stairs all hopeful and excited, and I had to tell her my little plan hadn't worked after all. She tried to hide her disappointment, but she didn't succeed very well. Pretty gloomily, we went about the job of clearing away the tea things.

"I'll try to make things as nice for you here as I can, after the baby's come," I promised.

Wanda put her arms around my shoulders and hugged me tight. "You're a darling," she said. But I knew from the way she said it that no matter how hard she tried, she'd never feel as comfortable living in my house as she would in a place of her own.

After supper, which was a quiet meal, Nick and Wanda went out to the movies—Nick hoping it would cheer Wanda up, I supposed. I tried to settle down to some needlework, but I couldn't. I kept thinking. . . .

And the more I thought, the less proud I got. It seemed to me that I owed Hester Marsh an apology—not Armina, so much, because she was a domineering old maid—but certainly Hester. I had to tell her I was sorry.

I went out into the summer dusk, and hurried along the street to Hester's bungalow. There was a light in the living room, but when I rang the bell nobody came. I rang again, and then I heard the sound of quick, light footsteps coming along the hall, and Hester opened the door.

I could hardly believe it was the same woman who had left my house, red-eyed from crying, a few hours before. Because she was smiling, and her eyes were bright, and for the first time in her life she looked actually pretty.

"Oh, it's Jenny!" she said, and held out her hand. "I'm so glad. Come in, come in!" She took my hand and led me inside. And there was a man there, standing in the middle of the living room floor, looking self-conscious and embarrassed and pleased, all at the same time. It was Mel Harkin.

"It's right you should be the first to know," Hester said. "Mel and I—are going to be married!"

"Married!" I gasped.

"And it's really your doing, Jenny," Hester said. "Mel and I, we've—we've been friends for several months, but he never realized he was in love with me until this evening, when he walked in and found me crying about what happened this afternoon."

"Well!" I said, and had to sit down.

So it all turned out fine. Hester and Mel were married, and Armina relented and came to the wedding. And when Hester went to live with Mel, she rented her bungalow to Wanda and Nick, with an option to buy. Wanda is very happy now, because her baby was born last week, and yesterday she brought it home, to her very own place. The baby turned out to be a girl, and I'll be blessed if those two children didn't name it after me!

FOR A ROLLICKING BARREL OF FUN ***tune in***

THE TRUE STORY OF

GEORGE GRACIE

burns & allen

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY **20**

ON ALL **NBC** STATIONS

8:30 E.S.T. 7:30 C.S.T. 6:30 M.S.T. 9:00 P.S.T.

READ THEIR TRUE STORY IN THE

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Brilliant New CUTEX really rates with Young America!

College girls, career girls, high-schoolers wear it . . . love it . . . swear by its long-wearing qualities! A special ingredient, used only in the NEW CUTEX is what makes it so enduringly alluring. Test it yourself and see! Put NEW CUTEX on your one hand . . . any brand on the other. See how NEW CUTEX laughs at peeling . . . defies chipping. See if you don't love its greater luster, too!

P. S. Ask for "Deep Velvet"—the NEW after-dark shade Young America is clamoring for!



It's all done with... Pineapple

Dishes like these *aren't* "done with mirrors"—though there's something pretty magic about these quick-and-easy pineapple successes from the kitchen of Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist. For a morning send-off—or an any-time thirst-satisfier—Dole sends pineapple *juice*, too.

Upside-Down Meat Loaf. Same principle as your pet upside-down cake! Line the bottom of pan with Dole Pineapple Slices, and cover with whatever meat loaf mixture you prefer. (Pictured: a mixture using ground smoked ham). Bake, then turn upside down.

Heavenly Hash. Fit for the gods, or a festive gathering! Fold one part whipped cream and one part Dole Crushed into two parts boiled rice. Garnish with candied cherries and more Crushed Pineapple. Simple? Sure thing!

DOLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE • DOLE SLICED PINEAPPLE • DOLE PINEAPPLE CHUNKS
DOLE PINEAPPLE TIDBITS • DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE

Come and Visit Fibber McGee and Molly

(*Continued from page 27*)

followed by one day the delivery—for the prospective Jordan lawn—of fourteen loads of topsoil. The Jordan property may in the near future be one of the show places of Southern California, but on that day it was a quagmire. Jim and Marian turned their backs on the depressing mess, and registered at the Ambassador. Two days later the sun came out again, and so did the Jordans.

Jim has a special incentive for sticking it out—beyond, of course, his desire to be on hand to supervise the construction work on the bungalow. The property, which in toto comprises eighteen acres of cultivated land, citrus and walnut groves and a view of the valley toward snow covered mountains which is breath-taking, is home for Jim—whether or not there is an inhabitable house on it—because it is located next door to (or only a quarter of a mile away from) his pet investment, hobby and, he thinks, his *real* calling—his plant nursery.

JIM went into the nursery business two years ago, strictly as an investor. He visited the place once or twice before he bought it, then forgot it for a period of months. One day Marian mentioned needing some plants for the garden, and Jim remembered that he owned some plants—lots of them. And why should he pay the retail prices when he owned a whole nursery? He drove out to look over his stock. He spent the whole day there, drinking in plant lore, was back the next day fooling with the potash and peat moss himself. After a few weeks he was a specialist—nobody else was allowed to touch the cynararias. Naturally, when, a few months later, the Jordan cynararias won first prizes in all of the Southern California flower shows, Jim's soul left the radio station where it had been dallying for years and moved over to the nursery business. Jim's body might be required to be on hand at NBC—Fridays through Tuesdays—but his heart? No more. Nowadays if his radio producer or writer Don Quinn wants to confer with Fibber, the telephone number at the nursery is the first on the run-down-Jim list.

As next door neighbor, Jim was first to know when the little bungalow on the hilltop went up for sale. It was a tiny little house, a shack compared to the luxurious quarters Jim and Marian were used to, but it was so close to the cynararias that Jim was tempted. He went home and talked it over with Marian, and was not too surprised when he met with a sympathetic response. Marian never *had* liked big houses, hadn't felt really at home in a house, she claimed, since they left Peoria.

Jim was encouraged to expand on the beauties of the place. Next day Marian went out with him to look it over. Jim fell for the little house because it was so handy to the nursery. What got Marian was the view. It was clear on the day she first saw it, and the snow on the tops of the Sierra Madres a hundred miles away seemed so close that it made her shiver. She began selling the place to Jim.

"After all," she said, "our children are grown up now and have homes of their own. We don't really *need* a big

house—not just for the two of us."

They bought it. And as quickly sold their other place.

"Maybe," Marian concedes now, "just a little bit too soon."

That alterations would be necessary in the new house was quickly apparent. Jim missed his stall shower. Marian was accustomed to a bigger, lighter, more modern kitchen. They checked on materials, on the availability of construction labor. What they found out was certainly not promising, but their contractor thought a couple of months would see the job through. Jim and Marian moved into the trailer.

It is doubtful that anyone else—as accustomed to luxurious living quarters as the Jordans—could have taken the physical beating the past months have administered.

Fortunately, under the circumstances, Jim and Marian have little in common with the Hollywood glamor set. It was no hardship for them to give up entertaining for half a year . . . the only parties they really enjoy giving are family parties, anyway, and the family can come to the trailer.

THEIR son, Jim, Junior, came home after an extended stay in New York during the camping-out period. Marian cooked him a homecoming dinner of pig hocks, sauerkraut and boiled potatoes which had the men folk in raptures. The Jordans' daughter, Katherine, comes out often with her husband and their eighteen-months-old daughter, Diane, who is in ecstasies over all the strange goings-on. Diane follows the carpenters and plumbers around and Marian and Jim, who are dotty about their first grandchild, follow Diane around. It makes quite a parade.

Diane was born on her mother's and father's first anniversary, May 18, 1945, and her daddy, Dr. Adrian Goodman—who was a Navy surgeon on duty in the South Pacific—flew home on emergency leave to be present for her arrival. Dr. Goodman has since been retired from active service, and is on the staff of Los Angeles County General Hospital. He can collect no fees in Encino, where his famous in-laws are thriving on the rugged outdoor life.

The alteration work on the bungalow is nearly finished now—no one is complaining about that—and the trailer soon will be sold to the highest bidder. The only hold-up now is that both Jim and Marian keep thinking of more conveniences they simply can't live without.

Every day that she has to keep house in a shoe box reminds Marian of another thing she has to have in her permanent quarters. The all-electric kitchen in the remodeled house now includes besides the most modern stove and refrigerator on the market, a dishwasher, garbage disposal unit, freeze box, charcoal grill, washing machine, clothes dryer, and ironer and the controls for an inter-communication system which will put her into instant touch with other parts of the house as well as—and this button had better be the hardiest—with the plant nursery.

"A wife," Jim philosophizes, "is an expensive object."

"Only one thing is more expensive," Marian counters, "and that is a husband."

Jim's extravagances, which Marian is only too glad to enumerate, are confined to the grounds, where he is a nursery-man gone hog wild. The hills in back of the house have been terraced, tied up with wire screening

I never should have said...

"What kind of Kleenex do you want?"





NOW I've heard everything! jeered the little woman. Maybe you think *all* tissues are Kleenex*, but my *skin* says different! If *you* had a faceful of makeup you'd insist on a *soft* tissue—and you'd *know* there's no other kind of Kleenex!



Clowning again snorted Sue's mother. And with me sneezing cold germs all over. Young man, to hear you talk a body'd think Kleenex was just like *any* tissue. Well, my *nose* knows there's *only one* Kleenex. You'll learn!



It's a greenhorn you are about tissues, sir! smiled our Nora. What other tissues comes poppin' up so handy-like—one at a time? *None but Kleenex!* 'Tis by that Kleenex box you'd be knowin' there's only *one* Kleenex. But whish-h-t! There's still another way . . .



Your eyes tell you! Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Divil a bit! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through—so you're sure Kleenex *must* be *heavenly soft.* And *husky!* Faith, your own eyes tell you there's no tissue just like Kleenex!

Now I know better...

There is only one KLEENEX





*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

America's Favorite Tissue

R M

and planted with ivy. Almost an acre of the flat area around the house has been grass-planted. Jim, Marian reports, rejected as unbeautiful all of the trees originally on the property except for one handsome rubber tree. The original trees, therefore, have been removed—"a mint of money," Marian says, and she has him there—and new trees brought in. "Another mint."

"Don't forget I get it wholesale," says Jim, once he's cornered.

It's going to be a mighty fine house. The wall areas of the original house which faced the view have been torn down and replaced with huge view windows. Besides the ultra-modern kitchen, the Jordans have added a bedroom, an extra bath, and a den—with a huge fireplace.

The Jordans got in the habit of having breakfast and luncheon out of doors on fair days during the camping-out period. Jim couldn't stretch his legs out in the trailer. To pamper the al fresco habit the new house will have a flagstone dining terrace with easy access to the kitchen.

"We may move over the blue and yellow canopy from the trailer," Jim says, "so as to feel at home."

There are no provisions in the new house for servants' quarters. If there is one thing living in a trailer does for you, it is to train you to be a good housekeeper. There is one closet in the trailer, and it *couldn't* be the variety now libelously known as the Fibber McGee closet. There had to be, in the trailer, a place for everything and everything in its place. Marian finds she likes it that way. And she doesn't think anybody she hires to cook for her or clean for her will quite know how to do it.

"Besides," she says, "it's more fun with no strangers around."

"And besides," Jim adds, "I like Marian's cooking"—an understatement.

Two small guest rooms—the bedrooms of the original bungalow—are to be constantly in readiness for Jim, Jr., who, now that he is a film producer, spends most of his time in town—and for the Goodmans. The latter room already has a crib for Diane.

"We could spend the rest of our lives here," Jim says, waving an outstretched arm to indicate that "here" includes the broad panorama of valley and distant mountains. "And not care if anybody—except the children, and of course, Diane—ever came to see us."

The Jordans won't have to prove the truth of that statement. As soon as the mud gives way to grass, and the two plate grill to Marian's fancy new stove, there is sure to be a constant trek in the direction of Encino highlands.

For the house the Jordans live in is a cinch to be the friendliest house in all of California.

"Someone Like You"

(*Continued from page* 37)

of looking at problems that it solves them. With such a calming person I, not calm at all, naturally feel better and so, sing better, perform better . . . but this is getting ahead of myself . . .

"What would you like to sing?" the young man I, in the space of three minutes, thought of as my friend, was asking me.

I said, "Embraceable You . . ."

The young man laughed. "Why not?" he said, "Every girl, at every audition, rehearsal or on the air, sings Embraceable You. By the way," he said, then, "my name is Ace Ochs." He added, briefly, "I produce."

I thought, *This one isn't putting on the frills. With this one,* I thought. *I won't have to put on any frills which, since I don't know how, is just dandy. Thanks to him,* I thought, as I felt my heart begin to slow to normal and my hands and feet to thaw, *I believe I can do it . . .*

Well, that was in April of 1945. Since then there have been my shows with Arthur Godfrey, and my own five-a-week evening show, Waitin' For Clayton—thanks I say it again, to Ace . . . And now, Waitin' For Clayton's on Saturday nights only, and the new Bouquet For You comes three times a week . . .

But warm and confident and relaxed as he made me feel, that first day, and was to continue to make me feel and will continue to make me feel, I hope, for the rest of our lives, I can't honestly say I fell in love with him there and then, or for some—well for some *weeks* thereafter . . .

I was thinking too much about work, about making good, to be thinking about making love.

Besides, we didn't really need to have dates in order to see each other even if either, or both of us, had felt the urge. The Godfrey show rehearsed five mornings a week *and* at 8 o'clock in the morning. From 9:15 to 9:45 we were on the air. Either before rehearsal, at 7 or 7:30 or, sometimes. after the show, we'd go down to the cafeteria in the CBS building and have breakfast together.

I like the way our romance began. It wasn't all sugar-coated with dim lights and illusion and the sweet nothings. It was working together; it was seeing each other by the dawn's early light (and if you can like each other at *that* hour in the morning! And we did!)—it, whatever *it* was, was real.

Ace certainly knew how I really look, with sleep in my eyes, without make-up. He certainly knew I wasn't all sweetness and light. "If you had been all sweetness and light at that hour in the morning," Ace was to tell me, later, "I wouldn't have believed it, anyway!"

We were friends before we fell in love, that's the best. We knew each other as we really are and not as you sometimes pretend you are (you know you do, especially if you are a girl) when you are in love. We were natural with each other, that's what I'm trying to say, not posey, not putty-on. We were comfortable with each other, not cute or coy.

When at long (months long) last Ace did say Those Three Little Words he didn't go on as lovers in books and poems and songs are wont to do, about my eyes and mouth and hair, not Ace. "I fell in love with you because," he said, "you're just a real, good, honest kid." (I thought, *I've never heard, in book or poem or song, words that sound as beautiful . . .*) "It's a cliché to say," he added, "that this is a phony business but it's the truth to say that almost everyone in this business is always on stage. For my dough, Patti, you're just natural . . ."

That's the way Ace proposed to me. Coming from him, it sounded so *pretty.*

But again I'm in front of myself . . . Meantime, when we did begin to have a few dates, which was a few weeks after we met, they were simple dates; they were funny dates . . . They were such things as a walk in Central Park. Or a bus ride up to Inwood Hill Park. Or a trip down to the Battery. Or a ride on the Staten Island ferry. Or up the East River Drive. Or a visit to the Zoo in Central Park where Ace introduced me to the fabulous tiglon. Or perhaps we'd do an early movie. We only went night-clubbing a couple, no, three times. And didn't like it. It isn't our thing, night-clubbing . . .

It was at Christmas time, a year ago, that Ace proposed. When, a few weeks later, we decided to get married soon, practically at once, I said, "You decide on the date, Ace. You decide when and where . . . and don't tell me when or where until the last minute—I like to be surprised!"

And so, and this part of it all seems very story-book to me, the evening before we were married Ace said, as casually as anything, "We are going to be married tomorrow, February 28th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, in Jersey City."

I said, "February 28th—why, Ace, that's my *birthday!*"

Ace said, "I know."

It was a pretty hectic day, our wedding day. In the morning (the 28th fell on a Friday that year) we did the show, then drove at once to Jersey City. I had a headache all the way, from my fancy hat. I was wearing a red suit, practically new, which Ace liked, and a white blouse, real gooey, and this white hat with a big flower growing on it, which hurt my head, and my flowers held in my hands.

"What kind of flowers do you want me to get you?" Ace had asked me the evening before.

"I won't tell you," I said, "I want to be surprised." I added, "There are two kinds of flowers that are my favorites, but—you guess!"

When Ace brought me my flowers, when he gave them to me just before we stepped into the car to drive to Jersey City, my heart stood still. For he gave me one white camellia surrounded by violets. *White camellias and violets have been my favorite flowers ever since I was a little girl.* When I told this to Ace, sort of how-did-you-know breathless, he said, "Are you just being nice?" and I said, "You can ask my mother . . ."

In the heart of the antique bracelet, made of gold links connecting Scotch agates, which was my wedding present, I have the petals of one of my wedding violets . . .

In the car, Ace showed me our wedding rings, which he had thought of, and had made for the double ring ceremony it was our wish to have. Copies of old Russian puzzle rings, there are five rings intertwined in such a way that they can separate and fall apart if you do not know the trick of keeping them together. In order that they should not fall apart, and so hold up the ceremony, Ace had had the forethought to have them wired.

We were married by the Mayor of Jersey City and I never wanted to laugh so much in all my life as I did during that ceremony. Although I always want to laugh when I should cry and cry when I should laugh, why *shouldn't*

you laugh, I sometimes wonder, in that lovely hour?

On the way back from Jersey City to CBS where we were to do our afternoon Waitin' For Clayton show, we stopped at Howie's in New York for brunch, and one champagne cocktail, each, and the rest of that day seemed trance-like to me and must have been . . . for when we walked (or did we float?) into the studio at CBS, the Boss took one look at us and "Oh, no," he said, "Nothin' doin'. Never make it, looks of you. We'll put something else in there—get goin'!"

. . . and the next thing I remember clearly, we were on the train for Tybee Beach, in Georgia, which is very like Sea Island and which—again a Surprise! Ace had chosen for our honeymoon. Right on the ocean, lovely and quiet with, at that time of the year, almost no one there but ourselves (or were there others?). I had never been that far South before, ever, and the palm trees and the stars hung so low and the sound of the sea and everything . . . it seemed to me like something you dream about, and are afraid to wake . . .

. . . and we walked and swam and sketched (we both like to sketch) and read and slept and talked about the kind of house we hoped to have one day . . . We'd like to buy an old stone wall-house, we agreed, such as you sometimes see in Pennsylvania—they have such beautiful floors—and make it into a place to live. And then, too soon, we came back to the apartment on 73d Street, which was my apartment before we were married, but is now ours, and back to work . . . and after we got back, it was almost like still being at Tybee Beach because we were still together and that, we decided, is what magicks things . . .

BECAUSE we both work so hard, me with my heavy weekly schedule and Ace producing the same, and sometimes more, our daytime hours are crowded . . . We each have an alarm clock at home, one on my bed-table, one on Ace's, so that if one fails us the other will get us on the next-in-line show on time. We also have a radio plugged in which, robot-wise, tells us the time on time . . . Sometimes I get up and bring Ace his coffee; sometimes he gets up and brings me mine . . . depending on who looks tireder at that tired hour called Comes-the-dawn! Later, we breakfast together in the cafeteria at CBS as we did when first we met. We usually lunch together, too, we *like* to, and dinner together, of *course* dinner together . . . and almost always at home.

We are really kind of routine on the dinner routine . . . time and again, Ace will say, "Like to eat out tonight?" and "Yes," I'll say, "let's!" Then we'll get home and get our shoes off and they stay off and we stay in! Then I get into slacks (Ace likes me in slacks) and low shoes and my hair in braids and if I'm too tired, Ace cooks and if he's too tired, I cook. But as Ace is a better cook than I am (more imagination) and as I break my nails when I wash dishes and kick about it, audibly, I suspect that, in time, our respective roles will fall into place as Ace, the chef and Patti, the scullery maid!

The good thing is that whatever we do, at home or at work or at play, we do it hand in hand, a sort of close collaboration like between two people who work together on a book, or play, or song . . . and one complements the other and it's wonderful . . .

Yodelayee-hoo!



What makes Mr. L. W. (Long Winter) Heavies slightly 'pixilated'? The American Housekeeper knows.

Fels-Naptha Soap is back on her grocer's shelves.

Here is real proof that 'days of doing without' are past and gone. Once more the words 'clean' and 'white' apply to *every washday*—not just the times when she was lucky enough to find Fels-Naptha.

Now she can use Fels-Naptha Soap wherever its gentle, thorough action is needed. Now she can get out all the dirt, quickly and safely. Now she can have Fels-Naptha Soap whenever she wants it.

And so can you!

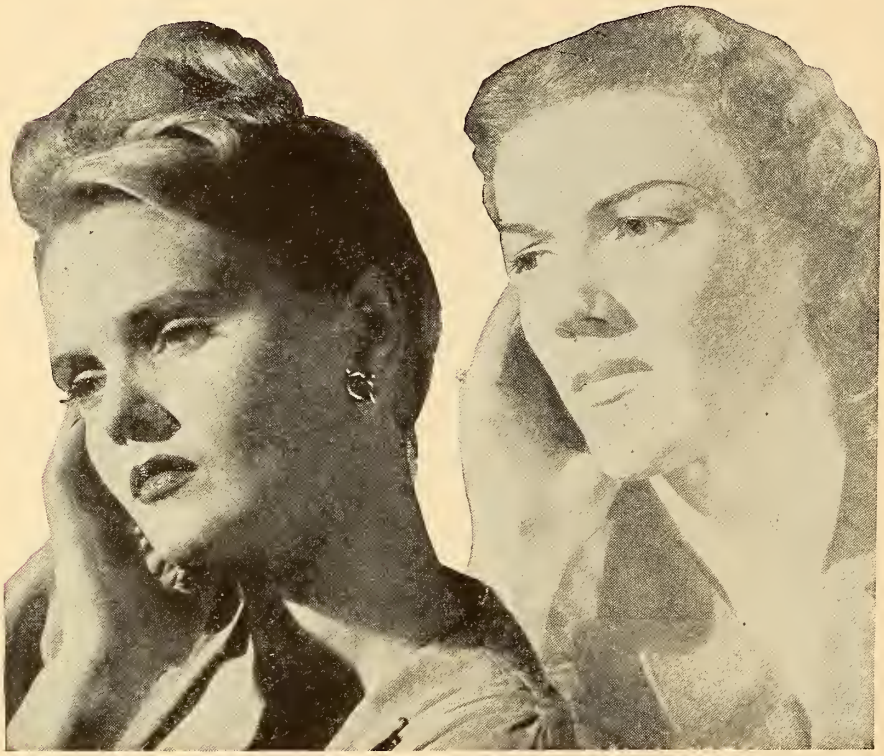


Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

R M

DOES A BEAUTIFUL GIRL *suffer more like this* THAN A HOMELY ONE?



Nature has endowed some women with remarkable beauty of face and form—with sweet, loving dispositions. Others—she may have slighted when it came to passing out gifts of charm and beauty.

But in any event—whether beautiful or unattractive—many women by their very physical nature are apt to suffer distressing symptoms on 'certain days' of the month.

This Is Something You Shouldn't Joke About

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause *you*—like so many unfortunates—to suffer from pain, nervous distress and feel so tired and cranky you lose your sense of humor—this is nothing to joke about.

Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! It's famous for this purpose! Taken regularly thruout the month—this great medicine helps build up resistance against such female distress.

For over 70 years Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of girls and women in this way. Time has *proved* it one of the most effective medicines for this purpose. Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit. Pinkham's Compound is also a splendid stomachic tonic. It is certainly *worth trying!* Any drugstore.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

When I get upset, for instance, Ace, still the calm to my storm, starts to laugh. I hate to shop, just loathe it; Ace rather likes to shop, is good at it. I like to sew and knit—anything I can do with my hands, I like to do, it relaxes me—and while I'm sewing or knitting Ace likes to read aloud to me, which is *perfect.* When I need help such as help in finding the folk tunes of which I make a specialty (*I Love Little Willie, Billy Boy, Duna, By The Bend of The River* and others) Ace suggests a lot of tunes I never think of, or very old ones I've never heard of such as, quite recently, *Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow,* which is an old standard Irish ballad, and I love it . . . and he helps me, too, to put the old tunes in modern tempo, but lightly, so as not to offend those who like them the old, old way . . . and he often fixes up the lyrics the better to sing on the air, my dear, or adds new lyrics . . . on the other hand, when I want to rehearse new songs by myself, which I usually do, liking to play them over and over, see what the harmony is doing, Ace has scripts to write, or to revise, or work at the studio to do.

WHEN, not long ago, a movie deal was pending for me and it looked as though I might be on my way to Hollywood, Ace was working quietly, he admitted to me later, to be transferred to the West Coast. One of these days, soon, perhaps, when it is right for me, when a part in a picture is right for me, and good, I want to go to Hollywood and Ace wants me to . . .

We share pride in each other, I, in his work; he, in mine. I am proud as ever was of the shows he has directed, young as he is—the Mildred Bailey Show, the Arthur Godfrey Show, the Burl Ives and Jack Smith shows—and my show, which he writes as well as directs. I'm proud that he studied violin for fifteen years and knows music, and loves music, deeply and well. I'm just Ace-proud, period.

He is proud of me, too. I know he is. He tells me. He tells me he's proud of me because I'm still shy, still scared when I go on the air with Alec Templeton or James Melton. He's proud because Irving Berlin liked the way I introduced his songs from "Johnny Get Your Gun" with Jimmy Melton, last summer. He's proud that when I cut a demonstration record last Fall of the song Helen Hayes sings in "Happy Birthday," I cut it at the request of Dick Rodgers and proud that Mr. Rodgers played piano for me while I sang (Mr. *Rodgers,* fancy!) and that he autographed a sheet of the music, "To Patti, who sang it first—and best."

We share pride, and we share pride in the same things, which makes it perfect, *plus* . . .

. . . and I kid Ace about the name of Ace, which was given him by the kids in his home town of Gloversville, New York, when he was a little boy and he kids me because I was born in a *taxicab* in which, on the morning of February 28, 1920, my mother was speeding toward a maternity hospital in Detroit—a strange circumstance which I thought to keep a deep dark secret until Arthur Godfrey panicked me by ad libbing it on the air one morning, adding, with a twinkle in his eye that no one else but poor me could see, "How much on the meter, Patti?"

I like the way our romance began, I said. I've loved every day of it since the day it began and I want it to go on, just as it is, forever *and* a day . . ."

Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 47)

maybe some Chinese money, and take it to some little village away off from here, where the people never saw a GI except in a plane overhead. There's a little village about 75 miles out on my route that appears to fit the bill. It's pretty remote and well isolated."

"But how'll we get there and back?" some one asked. There are not many roads in China, especially in the remote areas.

"Well, let's all get busy and round up a bundle of stuff. I've got a plan for distributing it. Did you guys ever hear of the new Helicopter the Army just got in over here?" Their eyes lighted up. They knew what I had in mind.

Christmas was a week hence. I got busy and had an English speaking Chinese lieutenant I knew prepare some handbills in Chinese telling what the day meant to us Americans, and that we liked to give gifts that day. From an American Missionary our chaplain procured two copies of the New Testament printed in Chinese. The chaplain announced the plan at one of his services and the gifts piled up, odds and ends of things bought at the P.X., in town, or sent from home, candy, cigarettes, gum, and I must confess a few pieces of GI stuff, which we always claimed as salvage when we wished to dispose of it.

I WAS unfamiliar with Helicopters and couldn't fly one, but we had very little trouble getting a Captain Bennet from the rescue squadron who could. I knew the chaplain wanted to go, but there wasn't room for all three and the bundle, so he declined and insisted I go, since it was I who got the program on foot. I took my camera to get pictures which I expected to distribute among the fellows.

Christmas morning was a pretty sunshiny day. The high altitude in southwest China made the air clear and crisp. We sought the village and hovered near the outskirts. When we picked out a clean, level spot and sat down the whole village piled around. It kept Captain Bennet busy keeping them off the plane while I opened the bundle and handed out gifts, trying to scatter them as best I could among the crowd. He took my camera and snapped pictures of the proceedings.

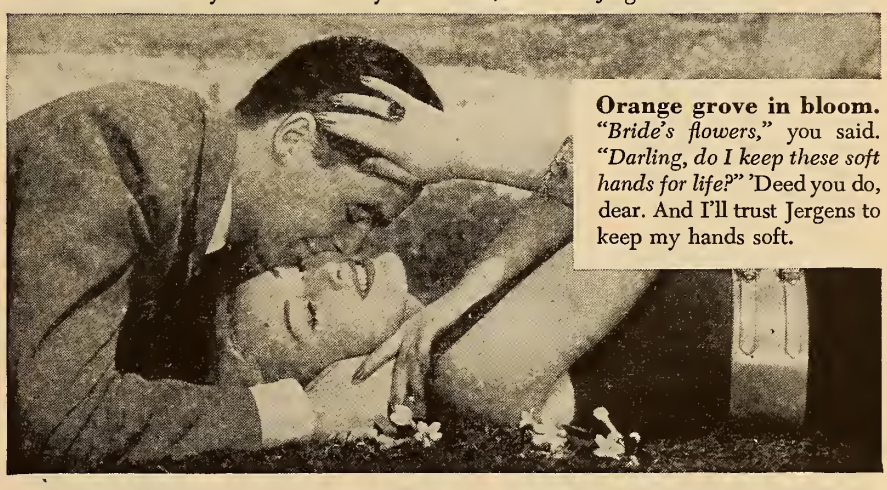
We handed the handbills and Testaments to the most conspicuous man present, dressed in a Mandarin robe, with a goatee. We supposed he was the village Mandarin, or about what we would call Mayor here in America. About the only Chinese words we knew were Ding Hao for very good and She She Ne for thank you, and this we heard a thousand times from the crowd, old and young alike. Their joy was unmistakable in any language. The big guy or Mandarin read the handbills then climbed upon a coolie cart and addressed the crowd. They yelled, waved and bowed tremendously and were still at it when Captain Bennet and I cranked up and roared away.

One dark, stormy night nearly six months later, two of our C-47 pilots crashed in rough terrain a few miles from this village. Their exact position was not known when they went down, and we believed it would be many hours, maybe days, before the wreckage could be located and an attempted rescue would take even longer. But shortly after sun-up the next morning

So I'll Live in California ...With You



● **At Pasadena Playhouse,** we'd seen "make-believe" love. But—*"This is it! This is real,"* you said, *"the way your soft hands make me feel."*...Her hands were deliciously soft. Like Hollywood Stars, she uses Jergens Lotion.



Orange grove in bloom. *"Bride's flowers,"* you said. *"Darling, do I keep these soft hands for life?"* 'Deed you do, dear. And I'll trust Jergens to keep my hands soft.

The most darling women trust Jergens Lotion hand care. Hollywood Stars use Jergens, 7 to 1.

How about you? Your hands feel even sweeter, smoother, softer now, using Jergens Lotion; it's even finer now, due to wartime research. Protects longer, too, against unlucky roughness.

Know what? Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion are such whizzes at skin-smoothing that many doctors use them. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

.....JERGENS LOTION.....

FREE

YOUR CHANCE to see that Jergens Lotion is now finer than ever. Mail coupon today for gift bottle. (Paste on penny postcard if you wish.) Box 27, Dept. 101, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Please send my gift bottle.

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(Please print name, address plainly.) (Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)

R M

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

is a threat to your pep and popularity!



Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

Do you tire too easily? Is your color fading – your face unbecomingly pale? Do your enthusiasm and stamina and charm seem to be waning?

Very often these effects stem from a blood condition, and you may be the victim of a Borderline Anemia–due to a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

Your red blood cells may be faded and shrunken, weakened to a point where they cannot transmit full energy to your body. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—have this Borderline Anemia.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

So, if your color is fading—your energy failing – due to this blood deficiency, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells–thus to help restore vigor and good looks. Continuing tiredness and pallor may come from other conditions–so consult your doctor regularly. But in a Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high"–to help restore the natural color to your cheeks! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

**Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency*

BORDERLINE ANEMIA
why it can make you
TIRED • PALE • LISTLESS



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS



there hove into view at our base a little horse-drawn coolie cart bringing our wounded men. The people near the village had heard the crash, hurried to the scene and rushed the men in as fast as the little cart could carry them. One look at the hard-driven pony convinced us it would never make another trip.

But our men lived, thanks to a competent medical staff, and a small group of Chinese people who had been shown the spirit of Christmas.

C. E. J.

A Good New Life

Dear Papa David:

My Dad had to retire from professional life at 63 because of a serious operation. He had no money, after educating seven children, and no health—but he did have a determined spirit. Bought a small place on credit, took the plants from his flower garden, and started a new career.

Each day he went out a few hours, working on his place, not expecting to live more than a year. He had a small shack built where he could stay at night. But the years went by. His peonies became known far and wide, and he had a steady income.

When he finally built a cabin, Mother moved out to live and they started a real home all over again. More cars passed and stopped. There was much hard work and much disappointment in this undertaking. But the customers came back because Dad never sold inferior flowers and usually threw in some extra ones for good measure.

But the gods do not always smile on us, no matter how honest we are. One cold winter day, my Dad saw his house, with practically everything in it, burned to the ground. It was paid for, but not insured. A weaker man would have given up, but Dad only said, "I am so happy your Mother was away."

Family and friends came to the rescue. Soon he moved into a recently vacated house across the way, where he still lives. He celebrated his 84th birthday last May. His gardens are known throughout the surrounding community and to many flower growers all over the nation.

MRS. B. E. B.

Thousand-fold Repayment

Dear Papa David:

I went to my first rural high school out in Nebraska's sandhills as a teacher, very much in love with my bride. It wasn't until I came home one evening and found her in tears that I realized something might be wrong with our way of life. Even the prospect of rising in the teaching profes-

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

in

Full Color

and pictures of her friends that will bring them right into your home in Living Portraits

APRIL RADIO MIRROR

On Sale March 12

sion . . . moving to a city school system . . . settling down in college work . . . was not enough. She just could not turn out the week's washing by heating water on a two-burner kerosene stove; we were not making enough money to pay our grocery bills; and Old Man Stork was on the way, money or no money.

We moved to a second sandhill village the next year, then into the city. It is difficult to analyze the exact causes which made me remain in the teaching profession, but each of the following instances contributed.

There is the blind boy who insisted on learning to ride a bicycle when he was six years old. I see him now—mounting that bike, getting friends to point him in the right direction, then veering this way and that, only to smash into a tree! He came out of it smiling. I watched him fight through grade school, high school, college. I was present when he was awarded his doctorate in philosophy.

THERE is the high-school girl who attempted to kill herself by leaping off a railroad viaduct. Mixed up with the wrong crowd, her pregnancy left but one way out—by her standards. I visited her in the hospital, talked with her after she was discharged, gave her friendship and encouragement. It took some coaxing, but our Dean of Girls induced her to undergo treatment for venereal disease. Hopeless? Not at all. This girl is happily married today, and a strong worker in our P.T.A.

I haven't counted the many crippled children, the spastics and others who struggle to win a high school diploma. Tossed this way and that, like bits of cork in life's mighty maelstrom, they do come through. One boy made it in a wheelchair. He, too, is now teaching school in a nearby village. I glow within as I think of him—teaching my subject in his schoolroom.

You see? Industry offers nothing beyond the daily challenge to create more profits—more money for someone to spend on trinkets. More coupons to be clipped. Industry does not provide the opportunity to give one's self to the cause of humanity. School teaching does.

We have found money three times to pay Mr. Stork for his visits. The grocer readily cashes our checks from free-lance writing. The school check is helping to pay for our home. Life is very beautiful—and I intend to let my friends in the classroom at school keep it that way . . . for me.

D. M.

There Must Be A Reason

Dear Papa David:

While doing private duty nursing in a large Eastern city I was called on a strange case. Mary and her husband had met with an accident on their way home following a month's honeymoon. Joe had met instant death; Mary, only slight injuries. She was hospitalized for what was thought to be shock, but developed into the will not to live.

Mary was a beautiful girl, spoiled to the core by wealthy, well-meaning parents. Two weeks went by and Mary was growing weaker and thinner. Lavish gifts, coaxing and pleading, even scolding could not bring a smile or any signs of mental improvement. Finally I asked the doctor if she might be moved to the Special Service. If she could see cases of paralysis, broken limbs, and those worse off, maybe she would snap out of it.



Use FRESH and be lovelier to love

Lovely to know . . . that you can really rely on *Fresh*. *Fresh* contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science!

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No wonder . . . more and more women are switching to *Fresh*.



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LEADING CUTTERS AND DECORATORS CHOOSE FEDERAL GLASSWARE



Good company

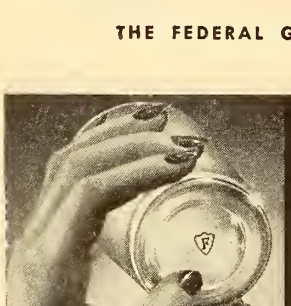
Every hostess knows that there's nothing like tall, gleaming glasses appropriately decorated, and properly filled, to add zest and sparkle to any occasion, from a big casual party to a foursome for bridge.

So, wherever smart folks gather, you will find the best hands reaching for lovely decorated tumblers which carry the Shield Ⓕ Symbol of luxury-quality Federal glassware. That's natural enough, because tumblers, like people, are known by the company they keep.

And speaking of good company, Federal luxury-quality tumblers are *first* choice of leading cutters and decorators. *They* know that Federal's matchless color, clarity and brilliance form a perfect background for beautiful, modern or traditional cutting or decorating.

So, no matter where or when you buy glassware — look for the Shield Ⓕ of Federal. It's your assurance of luxury-quality unsurpassed — *at the price you wish to pay.*

THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY • COLUMBUS 7, OHIO



LUXURY QUALITY *Glassware* *Fashioned by* **Federal**

ADDS DISTINCTION TO YOUR DAILY SERVICE

Fate had certainly taken a hand, because Judith was there. Judith's parents had been missionaries in South Africa and while in the States on furlough had been killed in a train accident. Judith, ten, had a spine injury but was slowly learning to walk in her "box" which rolled on rubber-tired wheels. At last Mary became curious enough to ask who she was. I told her Judith's story. Mary became very quiet and in a few moments asked me to take some roses to the child's room. Maybe we were getting somewhere!

The next day Judith came to thank Mary, and said, "Lady, you are so beautiful—why are you sad?" No answer. So I explained that Mary's heart was broken and why it was. Judith thought a moment, then said, "I don't feel sad because Mother and Daddy were taken away. God only lent them to me, and I am so thankful that I had them for nine and a half years!"

A short while later Mary left the hospital, but stayed in the city to be with little Judith, and one day they left together. Judith had a new friend and Mary a new lease on life.

MRS. A. C. H.

Died Without Issue

Dear Papa David:

From the first year of our marriage my husband, Paul, wanted children. I cared for nothing but pleasures and utterly refused to shoulder the serious responsibility of motherhood. His tender attitude towards me never changed, but he devoted more and more of his time to accumulating wealth. I went around in a gay whirl, taking for granted not only his love but also his checks which were always good for any amount I needed. That was the extent of my contribution to our marriage partnership.

When we had been married ten years, Paul suddenly died and it was then that I seemed to awaken at the words of Paul's lawyer. He had been telling me that my husband had left me well provided for, but only three words he said stuck in my mind. These were, "died without issue." After he left I could hear those words ringing through my empty home, echoing from every open door, upstairs, downstairs, out across the grounds. I began to repeat them, to realize fully their true import—died without issue—died without issue.

I realized that I did not want the money Paul had labored for, I wanted somebody to love me and someone I could love and do things for. I began to long for children to look after.

I surprised my friends by starting proceedings towards adopting a whole readymade family. First I took a boy and girl just coming to school age, then a four-year-old boy, to keep me company at home. At first it proved almost too much for me to cope with, but the maddening refrain, died without issue, somehow began to grow dimmer every day. Time passed faster and contentment grew in my life.

With the coming of every Christmas I adopted a new child till there were eight in our family, three girls, four boys, and me. My name, "Mom" rang through the halls now, and as they grew to manhood and womanhood my life grew with them. I changed from the most selfish creature under heaven to a person whose formerly shallow heart had grown deep with the real love these motherless children had aroused in me. As I watched them, my happiness developed and grew with them.

Mrs. A. R.

Tell The Folks Back Home

Dear Papa David:

My first morning as a litter bearer, we evacuated about 200 patients. Our hospital wards were in a four-story building in which had been built steep, narrow stairways. The front of a litter had to be raised to shoulder height, while the rear had to be lowered to the knees and below.

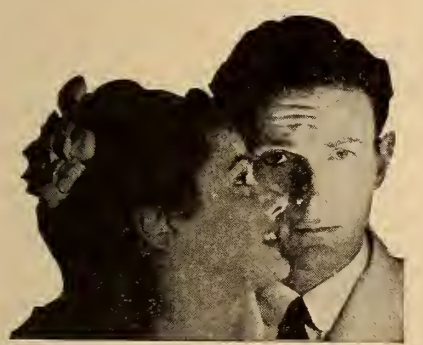
AT CHOW that evening, I overheard one non-com say to another: "There's a couple hundred patients coming in about eight bells this evening."

When the call for litter bearers came down I was still resting on my cot. Why I hadn't jumped the fence I don't know. I was at the admittance office when the first ambulance with recently wounded GIs arrived. I grasped a handle of a litter upon which lay a truly huge fellow. He was badly shot-up. His tag read: 301, which meant he was to be taken to the third floor. We struggled up the first flight of stairs, expended what seemed to be our last bit of energy making the turn on the narrow landing and all but stumbled up the second flight of stairs. We had to set the big fellow down and take a rest. It was I who said, bitterly, "What a job!" The big fellow on the cot looked up at me with tired, blood-shot eyes and said, "I wish I could give you my ten bucks combat pay. You're the guys who deserve it."

I was suddenly ashamed of myself. I knew I had received a compliment I didn't deserve. My heart hadn't been in my job. But my job suddenly became as important as the job of being President of America. I suddenly realized that the thanks for my job were silent in the hearts of our wounded boys. I grasped the litter beside me with a hand that had found a new strength and mounted the last flight of stairs proud

REAL PEOPLE

INSTEAD OF PUPPETS



—That's what one of the listeners to "MY TRUE STORY" writes of the characters in each day's complete radio drama. "These people, and their problems ring true!" Like thousands of other women, you'll be fascinated by these real-life stories on the air taken from the files of TRUE STORY magazine.

EVERY MORNING	10:00 EST— 9:00 CST
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY	11:30 MST—10:30 PST

AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

My, how we Mothers wait for baby's first smile - cherish each succeeding one. There's such a world of reassurance in watching the corners of that tiny mouth curve upward, as if to say, "Everything's fine with me."

Mrs Dan Gerber



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A sparkling smile is the first requisite of charm. That's why so many smart women are turning to IVORYNE . . . known to millions as *The Chewing Dentifrice.**

**In addition to being a delicious chewing gum, IVORYNE contains an extra ingredient—tasteless calcium peroxide—to give your teeth an* oxygen bath *as you chew. Compare IVORYNE with any other gum. You'll prefer it for its rich essence of peppermint flavor . . . its clean mouth refreshment . . . for the "extra touch" it brings to your smile!*



IVORYNE

The Gum that Brightens Your Smile



and determined. That GI gave me something more valuable than all the combat pay the army ever paid, and I have thanked him for it many times in my heart. I found a new joy and a greater purpose in my work.

D. S. O.

Conspiracy

Dear Papa David:

In the beginning, my amputee-veteran husband had little confidence in his ability to walk again. After he received his artificial limb, he feared that for the rest of his life he would have to use two canes. I never agreed or sympathized with him at any time, but left him alone for a month or so.

On our first anniversary, after six months of separation, some friends were having a dinner party in our honor. We were both dressed and ready to go, but one of my husband's canes was missing. After what seemed like endless hours of searching, he gave up, and acted as though he was utterly defeated. That was the time when I put my foot down, and announced that I would go without him unless he cared to accompany me. Much to my surprise he got up, leaned on his one cane, and proceeded out of the door.

One day some friends and I were playing golf. My husband came along as my caddy and to watch. After we had all teed off, one of the other men persuaded him to try. He did, and sent the ball well on the way to the hole. He reached for his cane so that he could start for the first hole, but alas, it was gone. Someone had accidentally picked it up with our bags, and was well on his way. Therefore, there was but one alternative—to walk by himself with occasional support from me. By the end of the day, he was walking quite well by himself.

Today, Papa David, he not only walks without support, but plays a mean game of golf, drives an automobile, and rides a bicycle.

We are now three and seeing him teaching our little girl to walk makes me think of how I helped him to walk and of his efforts to accomplish other uses of his limb. At the same time he is giving her the confidence that he worked so hard to achieve.

To this day he has never suspected that it was I who hid his first cane, and arranged for someone to walk away with the second cane.

Mrs. L. N.

A Wonderful Place to Live

Dear Papa David:

During the last depression my husband and I lost practically everything as did so many others. After weeks of searching for another job without success, we decided to go to a small town in Michigan to try making a home on forty acres of farm land left us by my parents.

We loaded our few belongings in our old car, which we did manage to hold onto, and started out, more cheerful than we had been in weeks—but when we saw it we were sick with disappointment. "Our" land lay back of a fifty-five acre tract with no road leading to it and was nothing but sand and stumps, hundreds of them where the trees had been cut years before. As we had only a very few dollars left we decided to spend the night in the car and save the money for food. In the morning we went to an employment agent, hoping to find a farm job, which seemed the only thing left. Then we met an elderly

couple who were looking for a man and wife to live in their tenant house and help on the farm. The family in their employ at the time had expressed a desire to leave. We accepted gladly and went home with them only to learn that we were not needed after all. When faced with replacement the people decided to stay on.

After hearing our story the kind old people invited us to spend a few days with them, saying he needed a man to help him and I could help in the house. We grew to be good friends in the three days we spent with them but knowing it was an imposition we went back to town to try for another place.

My husband found a small job in a very small shop, and on our way back we saw a for rent sign. We stopped in front of the house, knowing we could not rent the place however low the price, but we could not help looking and before I realized what I was doing, I found myself walking to the door. My husband followed without a word and together we waited for an answer to my ring. We were shown a three room furnished apartment which to us looked like a mansion. I told the friendly woman who owned the house that we were unable to take it because we had only enough money for food for a short time. She urged us to move in, saying she would take a chance, we could pay when we could. So out of a clear sky we had a home and a job. We went back to the farm to tell our friends the good news. They were almost as happy as we, and loaded our car with potatoes, beets, carrots, cabbage, apples, together with their blessings and good wishes, which proved to us beyond the shadow of a doubt that God in His goodness and the kindness He has placed in the hearts of His people makes this old world a wonderful place to live.

Mrs. M. S.

Good Neighbors

Dear Papa David:

The Clem Hardys are missionaries who live in Manaos, Brazil, 1,000 miles up the Amazon Valley. The Mission Board which sends them out into the field makes no provision for an orphanage, but the Hardys have so many children brought to them from broken homes (I don't mean broken via divorce courts, for there is no such thing as divorce in Brazil, but I mean one parent or both may have died with a jungle fever or yellow fever and the children are left without anyone to provide for them)—that the Hardys have just had to conduct an orphanage whether provisions are made or not!

During the war years I was with the U. S. Government's Rubber Development Corporation and stationed in the remote jungle town of Manaos. I decided it might be loads of fun living with the Hardys in their home and when Mrs. Hardy agreed to take me, I continued to pay at the high rate I had been paying the Staff House and it was wonderful how she could stretch the money to help provide for that little brood.

Suddenly Reverend Hardy's health demanded that he return to the U. S. for treatment. While he was gone a serious epidemic swept over the nearby Tapajos River Valley and the "converts" sent an appeal for the medical missionaries to come. Courageous little Mrs. Hardy, blonde and surprisingly beautiful, packed her things and left for the Tapajos. I found myself in the peculiar position of "head of the orphanage" during her absence.

Mrs. Hardy was detained up the Tapajos until after Christmas. At first the orphans were broken-hearted. They were afraid no one cared enough to make Christmas merry for them.

I was the only connecting link between them and the band of Americans working in Manaos. I made a list of every girl and boy on the place. I showed the list to the American employes, starting with the boss himself. The response was terrific! Dress material, sweat shirts, overalls, dolls, doll furniture, jacks, jumping ropes, jack-in-boxes, whistles, toy autos, bubble blowers, dominos and just everything poured in to my desk.

The Corporation even furnished a truck for me to take them all home, after dark when the kiddies were asleep in their little hammocks.

Some of the American girls came out to help wrap and label the gifts. Christmas morning we had a pretty green tree from the near-by jungles brought in and decorated it with pop corn (pipocas) which we had popped and strung and dyed various colors with berry dyes.

It was a steaming hot day there near the equator in the strange, remote town of Manaos, but I wonder if anywhere in all of the world a bunch of children had such a good time as those orphans had that Christmas when the Americans played "Papae Noel" (Santa Claus) in an impromptu "good neighbor gesture" that in all probability will never be forgotten by anyone who had a hand in it.

F. M. I.



How *IGNORANCE* and *FALSE MODESTY* *may ruin a young wife's happiness*

Find out *now*

the *REAL TRUTH* about these *Intimate Physical Facts!*



It's really shocking how often a marriage breaks up simply because the wife hasn't *proper* scientific knowledge of these intimate physical facts about herself—because she is too lazy or prudish to find out how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*—how important douching is to combat one of women's most serious deodorant problems.

AND WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT—too many wives still do not know about this newer, *really scientific* method of douching with—ZONITE.

No Other Type Liquid Antiseptic-Germicide Tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

No longer would any well-informed woman think of using weak, old-fashioned or dangerous products for the douche. These DO NOT and CAN NOT give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

The ZONITE principle is truly a miracle! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet absolutely *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.* ZONITE positively contains no phenol, bichloride of mercury, no creosote. You can use ZONITE as directed as *often as necessary* without risk of injury.

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ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerfully effective no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE immediately kills *every reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

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Fresh from the Deep

(*Continued from page 57*)

broiled to perfection, but with that extra special touch, try spreading them with puffy paste.

Puffy Paste

¼ cup mayonnaise
1 tbl. chopped parsley
2 tbls. chopped pickle
1 egg white; Dash of cayenne

Combine mayonnaise, parsley, pickle and cayenne. Beat egg whites stiff and fold in. Check the broiling time for the fillets, and when they need only 3 or 4 minutes more, remove from the broiler, spread with the mayonnaise mixture then return them to the broiler and continue cooking until sauce is puffy and golden brown.

For the days when baked fish is your choice, one of the best stuffings for bringing out the delicate fish flavor.

Stuffing for Baked Fish

¼ cup minced onion
2 tbls. butter or margarine
¼ tsp. dried savory
½ tsp. dried marjoram
½ tsp. dried thyme or sage
1 tsp. minced celery leaves
1 tsp. minced parsley
2 cups soft bread crumbs, tightly packed
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 tsp. salt

Sauté onion lightly in butter. Remove from fire and blend in dried herbs, which have been crumbled to powder consistency. Add celery leaves and parsley, then mix in remaining ingredients. This will make sufficient stuffing for a 4-pound fish.

Fish Cutlets

2 cups cooked, flaked fish
1 egg, beaten lightly
½ cup milk
½ tsp. salt
2 tbls. pickle relish
1 cup fine bread crumbs
¼ cup shortening

Combine fish, beaten egg, milk, salt and relish with ¾ cup bread crumbs. Mix well and form into patties or cutlets. Roll in remaining crumbs and sauté in hot shortening.

The best "boiled" fish properly is not boiled at all, but steamed. Clean and weigh fish, wrap it in cheesecloth. Pour 2 inches of water into sauce pan and place rack in pan so that the top of the rack is above the water. Bring water to boil, place fish on rack and cover tightly. If fish is 2 inches or more in thickness, allow 10 minutes steaming time for bluefish, haddock, hake, halibut, mackerel, king mackerel and sea bass; 11 minutes per pound for cod, salmon and whitefish; 12 minutes per pound for carp, red snapper and weakfish. For fish cut into slices less than 2 inches thick, 1 minute per ounce will be sufficient steaming time.

Hard Cooked Egg Sauce

1 cups hot white sauce
2 hard-cooked eggs
¼ tsp. curry powder (optional)

Make white sauce, using stock in which the fish was steamed for half the quantity of milk. Mince hard-cooked eggs and add, together with curry powder if desired, to hot sauce. Serve immediately.

Quick Hollandaise Sauce

1 cup hot white sauce
2 egg yolks
1 tbl. vinegar
1 tbl. butter

Make white sauce, using fish stock in place of half the milk called for. Remove sauce from fire and cool for 1 minute. Beat egg yolks and add gradually to sauce, beating briskly. Add vinegar, drop by drop and blend well. Beat in butter. Serve at once.

Vox Pop Visits the Church We All Built

(*Continued from page* 45)

This Mission is the youngest in the Diocese of Massachusetts. Before I came, it had been supported by an annual grant from the Diocese. When we first came up here I made up my mind to change our status from Mission to Parish. To be a parish it is necessary to be self-supporting. Well, I talked it over with the congregation and they liked the idea. We refused the grant and started off on our own. Now, our petition for change of status comes up before the Diocesan convention this year.

What a struggle these two years have been! What satisfying ones they have been for me! Before coming up here we'd spent nearly ten years in a church in Philadelphia. The whole family used to come up here for the summers. We'd loved the people and we'd loved the place. When the chance came to take over the Mission here, we jumped at it. It is a decision which not one of us has ever regretted.

THE THING that made these difficult years so satisfying was the way the whole congregation pitched in and went to work. The whole town gave us a hand. When we had a food sale, a rummage sale, or a party, everyone helped us out. When we put on Canal Capers, a minstrel show we do every year, for which I write the music and lyrics and do the directing, the whole town joined us. People of every denomination—Catholics, Methodists and Congregationalists — worked with us. They worked in the show; they made and painted the scenery; they made the costumes. It was a community enterprise. That's what all churches should be.

During these two years there have been times when we were bankrupt, times when we could barely see our way ahead. But, we've come through. We've come through just because of the hard work of the congregation and the loyal whole-hearted support of the community.

Now we have a piece of land on the main street on which to build the new St. Peter's on the Canal. That was a gift of the Diocese. We have over $6,000 in our building fund. That was a gift built up by the hard work of our church members and the members of other congregations who helped us out. We have a front door for the church, a ton of cement for the basement, money towards an organ, a window, and a bell. All these were the gifts from Vox Pop.

You are probably wondering how Vox Pop heard of us all the way up here on Cape Cod. Vox Pop heard of us because my wife is what she calls an old "Vox Popper;" she's followed the show since Parks Johnson used to interview people on the streets. She is really responsible for a Vox Pop show called Teen Town, which they did up here in Buzzards Bay on December 10, 1945. That show, Teen Town, led to this show and Teen Town itself came about because I've always loved kids and wanted to help them. I've always felt that I understood their problems. After all, we've three of our own: Nancy is the oldest, then comes Helen, and the little guy is named Johnny.

Teen Town started in this way. One

If your child catches cold..





Do this at bedtime



Works while child sleeps— relieves distress during the night.

Yes, Mother . . . tonight you can actually relieve distress of your child's cold *while she sleeps!* For as your little one slumbers peacefully, this soothing medication keeps right on working to relieve discomforts of her cold.

To give your child this welcome relief, simply rub throat, chest, back with warming, comforting Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Even as you rub it on, VapoRub starts to relieve distress and invite restful sleep.

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It Stimulates chest and back surfaces like a warming and comforting poultice.



And . . . it keeps up this wonderful penetrating-stimulating action for hours...to soothe distress, ease discomforts while the child sleeps. Often by morning most misery of the cold is gone.

Used By 88 Out Of 100 Mothers in Rochester

In an independent door-to-door survey in Rochester, N. Y., 88 out of every 100 young mothers called on said they use Vicks VapoRub to relieve distress of colds. You'll know the reason for this overwhelming preference when you use VapoRub yourself. Because only Vicks VapoRub gives you this special penetrating - stimulating action. It relieves distress of colds *while you sleep!*

Best-known home remedy you can use to relieve distress of colds. For children or adults.

R M

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JUNE LANG charming screen actress smiles approval of *Princess Pat Rouge*

you can have color which seems your own—*but do you?*

Rouge that looks artificial defeats the very purpose for which you use it. But the new Princess Pat Rouge imparts soft, lovely, youthful color . . . so natural that it seems to come from within . . .

HERE IS THE MAGICAL SECRET!

Princess Pat Rouge is duo-tone. Duo-tone means that two distinct tones are perfectly blended into one by an exclusive secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat Rouge possesses o mystical undertone which comes to life instantly os it is warmed by the skin. And the transparent overtone gives youthful radiance so real that the color seems to be your very own. No other rouge can possibly give this marvelous duo-tone effect.

Today be more beautiful than ever before!

Gel Princess Pat Rouge today. Discover what it means to enrich your beauty with really natural rouge. Al better drug and department stores everywhere.

PRINCESS PAT *beauty aids*

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 7143
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

I am ☐ blonde ☐ medium ☐ brunette

Enclosed find 25c (coin) for which send me a compact of the new Princess Pat *duo-tone* Rouge and Lipstick to match—regular size (not samples) and trial size harmonizing shades Face Powder.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

R M

day shortly after we came up here a group of seventeen boys and girls came to me to ask if I would help them start a youth center. At the time nearby Camp Edwards was bursting its seams with troops, there was no place for the teen age kids of the town to go that was not overrun with soldiers. We talked it over and I said to them, "You see what you can work out. I'll think it over and we'll get together next Monday night and see what we can do about it." After they'd left my wife said, "I'll bet they just want you to play the piano for them."

Well, we met and what we worked out is a self-governing organization based on the New England Town Plan. We have three Selectmen, a Town Clerk, a Town Treasurer, a Chief of Police and nine Policemen. The program we worked out was largely social—we've been criticised for that—but that was what was needed here at the time.

The kids make their own laws and enforce them. The only penalty we have is to remove a kid's membership card. Thank goodness, we've never had to do that. Dues are ten cents a week if you have it and if you haven't, it doesn't make any difference.

THE Buzzards Bay Chief of Police once said to me, "Since Teen Town started juvenile delinquency has dropped to zero. In my opinion Teen Town is largely responsible. And you can quote me as saying it."

The reason Teen Town has been successful is that it is organized on the kids' level. A favorite saying of mine, which I used on that Vox Pop show, is "Kids are people" and they must be treated that way. Whatever they want for Teen Town, they earn for Teen Town. When they have it they appreciate it and take care of it.

They came to me once to see if they could get a record player and amplifier. I said, "Sure you can. You'll have to get it yourselves. Now all of you go on out and see how much money you can earn toward it." On the Q-T, I went to the organizations of the town to see if they would help. They would, but I told the kids about it only after they had gotten over half the money. Now, you ought to see someone try to meddle with that machine; they straighten him out in a minute. One night as I was leaving Teen Town, an ex-GI came up to me and said with great emotion, "You gotta keep this thing goin'. When I was a kid in this town they never did anything like this for me."

Teen Town grew very rapidly. (At present we have 378 members in Teen Town and 87 members in Teenie Weenie Town, which Warren Hull calls the "Prep-school for Teen Town." Teenie Weenie Town we started only six months ago.) As Teen Town grew, it attracted a great deal of interest locally. I was asked to speak over WOCB, the local Cape Cod station, on the work we were doing. I wrote out what I wanted to say, which is very unusual for me, because they'd limited me to fifteen minutes. My wife listened to the broadcast at home and when I came home she told me that she'd enjoyed it and said, "May I have the manuscript?" I took it out of my pocket where I'd stuffed it and gave it to her. "A female whim," I thought to myself.

A few weeks later the phone rang and it was Buzz Willis from Vox Pop. He said they wanted to come up and do



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WE PAY YOU $25
For Selling Fifty $1 Assortments
of Birthday, All-Occasion cards. Tremendous demand. Sell for $1.00—your profit 50c. It costs nothing to try. Write today.
CHEERFUL CARD CO., Dept. U-1. WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
WRITE FOR SAMPLES

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

kids. A female whim, indeed! My wife had put that speech in an envelope and mailed it to Vox Pop. As we talked it over my wife said, "What a wonderful present this will be for the kids in Teen Town." What a wonderful present it was for me, too.

Well, Warren Hull and Parks Johnson came up here a few days before the broadcast and started working with the kids. They went all through Teen Town picking the kids to be used on the show. How they did enjoy it! I did too, and I sat through the whole show with a big lump in my throat. When I saw the radiant faces on those kids as they got their gifts—gifts that most of the kids in this town could never hope to have—I was more grateful than ever for my work with Teen Town. I told Warren and Parks after the show, "You've made the kids realize what good work they're doing; you've made my work with them a lot easier and you've given them the finest Christmas yet."

Parks, Warren, the rest of the people on Vox Pop and my family and I had become very good friends during the days they were in town. We hated to see them leave. When they left they said, "We'll be back again." We thought that they would come back to see us as friends. Our house is always open to any of them. But it certainly never dawned on us that they would do another show up here. And it certainly never dawned on me that I would be the subject of that show.

TOWARD the end of October of this year the phone rang and it was Parks Johnson calling from New York. He said, "We want to come to New England for Thanksgiving." I was delighted at the prospect of seeing them again. Just as he rang off he said, "We want to do a show around you." I was bowled over! And I was worried too.

I've done a lot of things in my life which I consider interesting. I had played and sung the songs which I'd written for Canal Capers for Warren and Parks. They had liked some of them. I've written songs all my life. I can remember the day I started. One day my music teacher who had been giving me lessons for five years, came to my Dad and said, "It's a waste of your money and my time to try to teach John. I suggest that we stop the lessons." Dad agreed and on that day I started teaching myself to play popular music and to compose. It's a good thing that I did, too. When I felt I had to leave the iron and steel business and enter the seminary to study for the ministry, I kept wondering how I would support a family of three with another one on the way. My wife was game, though, she agreed that I should enter the seminary. She just said, "Oh, we'll manage." We managed because I suported them that first year by playing the piano in a night club.

Whenever I talked about this coming Vox Pop show with my wife, my constant question was, "What kind of a show can they do around me?" Wisely she always answered, "Wait and see. I know Vox Pop. It'll be all right."

It never occurred to me that Vox Pop was going to do the nicest thing they could for me—help me build a new church.

After that first call in mid-October we heard nothing till early in November. I came in late one afternoon and was greeted with, "Vox Pop called and they want you to bring all your music to New York." The idea of using some



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IS NOT STICKY—

NOT GREASY!

Luxor HAND CREAM



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of my music batted me right out of my seat. One of my dreams has always been to have some song of mine played over the air.

I got the music together and took the first train I could to New York. There, they looked it over and picked out one piece called, "Sand in My Shoes." When they asked me if I had a piano arrangement of it, I said I could get one and hurried to Philadelphia to my good friend, Dave Stephens of WCAU. He did an arrangement for me and I left it with Vox Pop on my way back home.

Shortly after that, a letter came asking me to release "Sand In My Shoes" to CBS for broadcasting purposes. I couldn't have been happier to do anything. No mention, however, was made of what was going to be done. The last word we had from them before they arrived was a letter asking for the names of thirty or forty people from here who might be interesting to the general public.

I WAS really in hot water. My poor wife suffered from that constant and only question, "What do you suppose they're going to do?"

Warren Hull arrived on Thursday before the broadcast and started to work. Parks Johnson, Roger Brackett and all the others came up on Saturday. It was a good week together but I didn't find out anything I hadn't known before. And that was nothing! I said, "Well, either the song died a natural death in New York or else I'm going to have to sing it myself. I don't know which I prefer." I sing, as I once told Parks, with a voice that sounds like, "Hello Folks," very early in the morning.

My wife and I had dinner with Parks and Warren and their wives the night before the broadcast. Try as I might —and I assure you I did try—I couldn't find out a thing. If I started "Now about that song . . . " it was as far as I got; the subject was changed.

When we got home that night, I couldn't sleep; I was a total nervous wreck. When I told my wife she said, "What have you to be nervous about?" I said, "When someone is doing something so nice for you, you want it to be good. I'm not sure I will be."

I suppose I ate dinner the night before the broadcast; I don't know, but my wife tells me I did. I know I got to the Memorial Hall, where the broadcast was to be held, at seven o'clock. The warm-up for the show was to start at eight-thirty. There was a crowd around already. They were mostly Teen Towners and Teenie Weenie Towners. For a week the phone had rung from seven-thirty in the morning till twelve-thirty at night. Our usual response was, "I'm sorry there are no more tickets to the broadcast. Everyone wanted to come and I got the impression from what they said that would have done almost anything to get there. There certainly was a crowd and I had to spend from seven to eight-thirty, when the warm-up began, yelling at those kids, trying to keep some semblance of order.

I didn't enjoy the warm-up. Buzz Willis leaned over my shoulder three times and offered me three different kinds of gum. I think I said, "No thank you" each time, but he says I took all three.

Suddenly we were under way. We were under way with Warren's statement about the gifts going to the church. That was the first time I'd known anything about it. I looked

around the hall and saw all my good friends working together to make our new church a reality.

After the broadcast, I told my wife, "That was the most touching and beautiful thing that has happened in my life. How good everyone is!" I mean that. Most of the people you heard that night were not from my church and yet they were big enough to say, "This guy is from my town. What he wants is for the benefit of the whole town, so let's pitch in."

I looked around and there was Johnny Bananas up at the microphone with Warren Hull. Johnny was grinning from ear to ear. I thought of the times we'd gone scalloping together and all the times we'd hunted and fished together. Johnny keeps what he calls "Guts" (what I call goats) and he sure is proud of them. He won a first, a second and third prize last year with his "guts." Johnny and I have been friends ever since I came up here. We've had what Johnny calls a "poloroious" time together. Johnny thinks I bring him luck when we go out hunting or fishing together: he says it's true in the old country so why shouldn't it be true here. Vox Pop gave Johnny a door for the church.

JOHNNY sat down and Parks Johnson had Scotty Rosse and Tiny Jim Tamagini. The present Vox Pop gave those two was certainly fitting—a ton of cement for the basement of the church. The two of them must weigh over a quarter ton together. Certainly Tiny's suits would make four suits for anyone else. I'll never forget them in the last Canal Capers.

Warren Hull next talked to Miss Swift who is the town treasurer and our church pianist. Miss Swift was playing the piano in the church when I came here two years ago. We have our weekly chats about the music for the Sunday service and we both enjoy them. It gives me a sense of assurance each Sunday when I see her seated at her piano by the side of the altar. There's nothing she's wanted more than an organ and that was her gift.

After Miss Swift, Warren interviewed Bill Hurley and Freddy Benson. Bill Hurley is the village cop and an old friend of mine. We call him "Two Gun Hurley" because of a song I wrote about him for last year's Canal Capers. "Two Gun" said on the broadcast, "We got acquainted and we became pals and we're going to stick pals." I seconded that! Two Gun Hurley got a window for the church. "Nothing better—from me to him," he said. Thank you, Bill Hurley.

Little Freddy Benson, one of our Teenie Weenie Towners, gave us a baptismal font. What could be nicer from Freddy—or more appropriate? Freddy comes from a big family; he has three

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BAUER & BLACK

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Chicago 16

sisters and two brothers. He says he likes a big family all right but it's too expensive. Freddy works in the village theater. He sees all the shows and he's a good critic but he likes the Westerns best of all.

Parks Johnson was at the microphone next with Archer Cross whom I've known since I was in knee britches. He was an old friend of my family and a very substantial Philadelphia lawyer. He drove all the way up here for the broadcast. It was mighty nice of him. I guess Vox Pop wanted the lowdown on my youth. All Archer said was, "The first time I remember him, he was climbing under the pews of the church. I had to chase him." He did at that, I remember. Archer started me out in the Boy Scouts and he later made me a patrol leader.

Then it was my turn. My turn, I found out, to sing and play, "Sand In My Shoes." It seemed to be going along fine when Warren stopped me. You know that easy way he has of interrupting. I thought that he had had enough—and I guess he had—when he cut in and announced Paul Barron's orchestra and a quartet from New York, playing and singing my song. That was a dream come true. I looked down and saw my wife and our youngsters sitting there. I saw Helen, that's the middle one, wiping her eyes. I had to focus mine on a hole in the floor and keep them there till the music had finished. They gave me that orchestration at the end of the broadcast and I'll always treasure it.

WHEN the music was over they asked me about the plans for our church. I said, "I want a little white church, a country church. I want something plain. You know how you go into some houses which are cold and formal. I want a church that's warm and attractive. The doors are always open: it's the kind of a place people want to stop in."

The final gift from Vox Pop was the bell for our church which Parks gave to me.

The good that the broadcast did for us didn't end with the broadcast. It really just began it. Right after the show was over, the American Legion Post gave us $25. A man from Ipswich, a town nearby, called and offered to do the lighting for the church as his contribution. Letters have been coming in every day from all over the country, most generous letters containing good wishes and contributions. Everyone who has heard about us, it seems, has thought of a way to help.

Just the other day a man and his wife drove twenty-eight miles to give us ten dollars. A man from another denomination has offered the cornerstone. One person who came bringing his contribution said, as he gave it, "Brother, that broadcast certainly sold some apples; you've really got the people to thinking." It struck me then as a wonderful piece of symbolism that a church could be built, as this one is being, by the gifts of people of all colors, races and creeds. It typifies the American point of view.

When the church is built and the cornerstone is laid, I'm going to put inside the cornerstone a recording of this November 26, 1946 Vox Pop show and all the letters and all the names of all the people who helped build the church. When the church is finished, I'm going to put up a big sign as my contribution,

"THIS IS THE CHURCH THE AMERICAN PEOPLE BUILT."



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To do that, you must add a little hint of color —a "tiny tint" of just the right *contrasting* shade to emphasize the natural color, as bluing, which is definitely blue, makes dingy grayish linen snowy white. The right Golden Glint rinse will bring out the full vivid beauty of your hair—*without changing its color.* Applied quickly—just as easily removed. Why not select the right rinse for your hair from the twelve shades Golden Glint offers and have truly beautiful hair today? 10c and 25c at variety and drug stores.

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"This Is Ted Malone"

(*Continued from page 33*)

that he felt that Neville would have wanted the act to go on, and that he, Gomer, would take Neville's place. Gomer played fiddle and Ted played the ukulele; together they went from program to program under as ingenious a collection of pseudonyms as ever smote the ear of a listener, changing identity at the drop of a sponsor. They were Buddy and Rudy, the Sleepytime Pals; they were Ben and Zo, the Benzo (for gasoline) Boys; in the interests of an influenza remedy they were Flu and Nip, the Flu-Nip Twins; they were Danny and Doug and Their Lightning Bug. The lightning bug, an egg beater, was a magic form of transportation which took Danny and Doug all over the country. "And now," Ted—or Danny—would say, "the lightning bug carries us to Iowa City—" (a vigorous spin of the beater) "—where we have a request from Mrs. Gladys Nelson . . ."

The famous Bookends began as a filler. Came a day when there was an unexpected blank in the broadcast schedule, and Ted was told to read poetry to cover the gap. "Poetry!" Ted repeated, and blanched. He was willing to try anything once, but poetry . . . wasn't poetry somewhat on the lacey side? "I'll do it," he said, "but I can't use my own name." Until that time, save for the team names like Danny and Doug and Buddy and Rudy, Ted had been broadcasting under the latter two-thirds of the name he'd been born with—Frank Alden Russell. The announcer, introducing him, picked a name out of thin air. "The next program will be brought to you by—ah—Ted Malone." Audience response to the little impromptu poetry program was immediate and enthusiastic. Ted Malone had created Between the Bookends, and Bookends had created Ted Malone.

TO THIS day there is occasionally some confusion as to whether he is Mr. Malone or Mr. Russell. To everyone he has met in recent years he is Ted Malone, but there is a strong coterie of Missourians who still think of him as Alden Russell, and of his wife, Verlia, as Mrs. Alden Russell. "The really embarrassing times," Ted says mournfully, "are when, in the midst of introductions at a party, we discover that Mr. Malone is out with Mrs. Russell . . . or that Mrs. Malone is out with Mr. Russell."

Verlia and Ted went to high school together in Independence, with Verlia a grade or two behind him. He was Verlia's first date. It began at a Hallowe'en party in the school gymnasium, when Ted asked to take the hazel-eyed, dark-haired undergraduate home. Verlia was willing—but Ted would have to get permission from her teacher, Miss Henrietta Hudspeth. Even then Ted had a philosophy: if you knew what you wanted, and bent every effort toward getting it, you couldn't help but get it. He went to Miss Hudspeth. Miss Hudspeth was willing—but Ted would have to get permission from Verlia's brother. This one was easy; the brother was in Ted's class. Back went the play from brother to teacher to Verlia, and Ted took Verlia home from the party.

"I fell for her," he says, "first because she was so pretty, and then because, never having been out with another fellow, she thought I was wonderful. She knew better by the time we were mar-

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BLONDES



New Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights — keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children's hair. Blondex is sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

ried. She was a senior in college, and she'd had a lot of other dates. But she married me anyway."

Miss Henrietta Hudspeth, who is now Mrs. Sisson, has not been forgotten. The Christmas after that first date Ted sent her a box of candy in appreciation of her sponsorship, and every year at Christmas Mrs. Sisson still receives a box of candy from the Malones.

By 1927, Ted was thoroughly enamored of radio. He applied for a full-time job at KMBC. He was told cordially that he was welcome—except that there was a little matter of space-selling necessary to clinch it. If he could just convince the radio dealers in the locality to buy a half-hour on the air, five days a week, the job was his. Ted didn't know that it couldn't be done. In those days people didn't buy receiving sets as casually as they do now; in the opinion of many radio was a novelty, a passing fad. Ted didn't know that the dealers were tired of having ambitious young men from the stations trying to sell them air time to advertise a product that was hardly worth handling. In his ignorance, he went to the dealers, showed them that they could get more advertising for their money by being mentioned five times a week over the air than by one notice in the newspapers—and sold them his program. He returned jubilant to KMBC, dreaming of future conquests and of high finance. He was in. His success was assured.

THERE followed several years in which he moved steadily up the ladder, received several promotions . . . at no increase in salary. His employers had a more delicate way of showing their appreciation. Each time he was given a new program or a new title—he was successively space salesman, continuity editor, and program director—he was recompensed with new furnishings for his office. Draperies were his reward for one advancement; a carpet for another, bookcases for a third. By 1934 he had one of the best decorated offices in the Mississippi Valley, and a sadly underdecorated paycheck for a man with a wife and a daughter. It was time, he felt, to make a change.

He and Arthur Church, manager of KMBC, traveled to New York to sell a program called Phenomenon, a story built around an imaginary time telescope. The power and light companies were interested; they finally agreed to sponsor it. And the next day headlines appeared in the newspapers; "Utilities Fight Back." The historic war between the power companies and the government was on, and Phenomenon was out. But the Malone luck held. In the meantime a hand cream sponsor bought Between the Bookends. Ted was in.

Ted brought Verlia and their daughter, Bubbles, to New York. They took a house in Bronxville, where they still live as peacefully as possible, considering the presence of their second daughter, Happy. They call Happy their Tornado. She is seven now, but when she was three and a half she put in a day which Ted considers representative, if not absolutely typical. On that day she fell into the lake and was nearly drowned; climbed out of bed into which she had been bundled against the possibility of pneumonia, and set her shoes on the kitchen stove to dry out. Smoke and the smell of burning leather drew the family to the kitchen; when they looked around for Happy, they found her in the bathroom, playing with a box of shiny new razor blades. She topped the afternoon



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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

off by swallowing a box of chocolate-flavored laxatives. In the hospital, subdued by the stomach pump, Happy meekly promised never to eat any more chocolate "candy."

Happy is her only name. The Malones had expected a boy, and at the time of her birth were caught short of feminine appellations, their store of favorites having been exhausted on Bubbles, who is formally Verlia Elaine. But they were happy to have the little girl, and happy described her. "Happy" stuck. Mrs. Malone insists that it is not her *real* name and periodically tries to think of something more conventional —Elizabeth, for instance. Ted, who is perfectly satisfied with "Happy," has worked out a formula for combating these attempts. He does not argue. "Elizabeth," he will say thoughtfully. "Yes, Elizabeth is a lovely name. I once knew a girl in Dodge City called Elizabeth, a beautiful girl—"

It works every time.

Verlia, in Ted's estimation, is proof of the fact that beauty and brains do not cancel each other in a woman. He has data to prove it, should proof be necessary to those who have not met her. They were married before she was through school, at the close of her junior year. Afterward, Verlia returned to William Jewell College in Liberty, Missouri, for her senior year, finished it as valedictorian and campus beauty queen. It would have been a tidy accomplishment for a Miss; for a married woman—in fact a mother—it was a triumph.

The Malones have a happy life, which is to say, from Ted's viewpoint, a busy life. In addition to being, at one time, poetry editor of *Pictorial Review*, and, later, of *Good Housekeeping* and now of Radio Mirror, he has published six anthologies of poetry—"The American Album of Poetry," "Ted Malone's Scrapbook," "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Between the Bookends—Volume V," "Yankee Doodles," and "The Pocketbook of Popular Verse," all of which are best sellers. Now there is a new one, "Adventures In Poetry." For two years America listened in every Sunday afternoon to hear his Pilgrimage broadcasts for NBC, in which he traveled from New England to California to take his audience into the homes of famous American poets and prose writers to tell the inside story of their lives. In 1941 he published "Should Old Acquaintance," a collection of informal biographical sketches of American authors based on his Pilgrimage broadcasts. The list of his radio programs in recent years includes such shows as Swing Shift Frolics, The Four Freedoms, Yankee Doodle Quiz, and Star Dust. Although he often found himself simultaneously starred in as many as three network shows, he kept Between the Bookends foremost on his radio schedule for fifteen years. Inevitably, Bookends became more than a poetry program. His feeling for people, his warmth, his keen story sense, make Ted a natural story-teller, and he varied his broadcast formula with philosophy, humor, human interest and tall tales. He interviewed distinguished guests, reviewed books, invited audience participation in games and stunts long before audience-participation shows became standard radio fare.

After Pearl Harbor, Bookends became an important factor in radio's contribution to wartime morale work. Once a week Ted planned special programs for service men, which were shortwaved to GI Joes overseas, and he devoted much of his radio time to poetry and stories requested by service men and their families. Still, he wasn't satisfied. He felt that he wasn't doing enough; he felt that he wasn't *close* enough to the center of action. Being Ted Malone, he decided to do something about it.

One morning he went to Phil Carlin, head of the ABC Network. "I want to go to Europe," he said, "as a correspondent."

Mr. Carlin smiled tolerantly. "But, Ted," he said, "you haven't the background. You're a poetry reader."

Ted produced a book, one of the really famous books about the war. It had been written by Ernie Pyle. "He didn't have the background, either," he pointed out. "But they sent him."

Carlin shook his head. Ted insisted. Carlin called in the head of the Blue's correspondents bureau, Johnny Johnstone. "Ted wants to go overseas as a correspondent," he explained.

Johnstone smiled tolerantly. "But Ted reads poetry," he said, and added, "besides, the budget can't stand it. We've just enough to finance our regular staff, without adding an inexperienced man."

"It's a question of money, then?" Ted asked.

There was some argument back and forth—but, yes, it was a question of money. At nine-thirty that morning Ted walked out of Carlin's office, repeating to himself his own serviceable formula: if you knew what you wanted to accomplish, if you bent all your thoughts and energies to accomplishing it—you could do it. Right now he wanted money, money to finance a year, two years, in Europe. He stepped into

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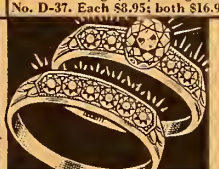
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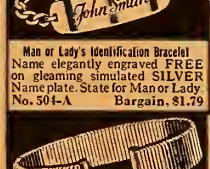
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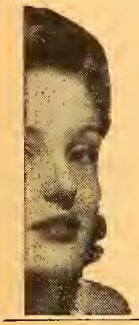


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Dr Scholl's KUROTEX

a drugstore telephone booth, called the publishing firm of Whittlesey House. "This is Ted Malone," he said. "I did a book for you some time ago. I'm on my way to Europe. How would you like a book on the invasion?"

Whittlesey House said fine; they would advance a thousand dollars for a book about the invasion. Ted dropped another nickel in the slot, got the long-distance operator, called Bookmark Press in Camden, New Jersey. "I did a book for you some time ago," he said. "I'm on my way to Europe. How would you like a book about the war in Germany?"

Bookmark Press agreed to buy a book, with a substantial advance. Ted called Herbert Mays at *Good Housekeeping*, asked him how he would like some human interest stories about the war. Mays said that he was sorry, that the proposed stories would not fit into their schedule . . . but if Ted needed backing for a trip overseas, would a thousand dollars help?

At ten minutes past eleven on that same morning, Ted was back in Carlin's office. "I've got thirty-five hundred dollars promised for a trip overseas," he said. "Now will you send me?"

This time there was no argument whatever. Carlin had already talked the matter over with the correspondents' bureau; they had agreed to alter the budget so that Ted could go overseas.

It would be impossible to evaluate the work he did in the battlefront countries. Some things cannot be measured by material standards—what his broadcasts meant to the GIs themselves, and to those at home who were hungry for every scrap of news about them. It is enough to say the response from his audience brought him a five-year contract from a big sponsor, and later, after V-J Day, the "poetry reader" was one of three major network correspondents to fly around the world on one of the first flights of the Army Air Transport Command's "Globester" service. On that trip his listeners heard stories of Casablanca, Cairo, Shanghai and other "Globester" stops, including direct broadcasts from Tokyo and Shanghai.

Bookends as a radio feature was sacrificed to the war and has not been revived. The current program over the facilities of the American Broadcasting Company is called simply Ted Malone and features informal stories about people, places and ideas, and interviews with notable persons of such variety as Eddie Rickenbacker and Carole Landis.

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Occasionally, Ted still devotes a broadcast to poetry. Far from thinking it sissy stuff as he once did, he has sold himself on poetry. His enjoyment of it is perhaps less that of the aesthete, reveling in the music and the rhythm of words, than that of the practical man, who appreciates the hard kernel of truth that is the heart of all great poetry. The poet, he thinks, says what the scholar, the social thinker, the religious teacher, says in prose—and says it in fewer, more memorable words.

If you were to ask Ted what message he himself would like to contribute, he would tell you that he would like to see the "ifs" taken out of people's thinking. Too many persons, he believes, let events decide matters for them instead of making up their own minds. Too many persons say, "*If* such-and-such happens, I can do so-and-so," instead of putting forth the effort to *make* things happen. He is convinced—and he has never in his own experience found reason to doubt it—that you can do anything you want to do, provided that you first know what you want to do and then turn all of your thoughts and energies toward doing it. He adds one corollary: the thing you want to do must be *right*.

TED is today in great demand as a writer and public speaker, but, as befits a man who has grown up with radio, the airwaves are his favorite means of communication. Radio, he says, is the most *intimate* means of communication. It does what nothing else can do in that it reaches people in the privacy of their homes, in—as was the case with the girl who was about to commit suicide—the very privacy of their thoughts.

He is a past master at establishing an intimacy between his listeners and himself—so much so that he has been accused more than once of having psychic powers. The idea amuses him, although he admits that he does have a mystical turn of mind.

"It's just using common sense," he explains. "If I go on the air around noon and open a broadcast by saying, 'Mmm! What's that I smell cooking? Smells awfully good!'—well, it's only reasonable that there's cooking in a lot of homes around that hour. Or if I say something like, 'Watch out that cake doesn't burn,' it's safe to assume that here and there there's a cake that needs watching."

But there's one little girl who will remain forever convinced. Her mother was an avid Malone fan; several times the child had asked if "that man"—meaning Ted—could not see into their home while he was broadcasting. Each time she had been told that he could not, that he was miles and miles away. Then one day, when the mother was trying on a new dress before a mirror, Ted began his program by exclaiming, "Well, well! You look awfully nice today! Isn't that a new dress you're wearing?"

The girl looked at the radio, and at her mother.

". . . a new dress," Ted's voice went on. "Got ruffles on it, hasn't it?"

The little girl's eyes fastened upon the ruffles at her mother's throat, then lifted accusingly to her mother's face. "See!" she cried, jumping up and down in excitement and triumph, "he sees you! He really does!"

And perhaps . . . if understanding his listeners, and knowing what they like, and caring about them, means that Ted Malone sees them . . . perhaps the little girl was right.



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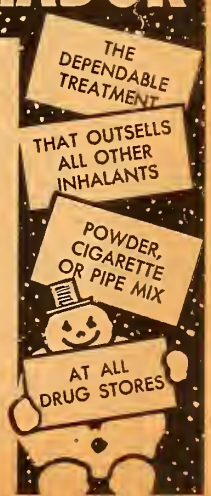
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It Takes Two

(*Continued from page 43*)

jeemies watchin' her," Gabby told me a few days after she arrived.

"She's a mighty pretty girl," I started to say, but Gabby interrupted with a snort. "Purty! A skinny critter like that? I never seen such a nervous female, never settin' still for one second, allus twitchin' around and smokin' them dad-blamed cigarettes."

Dale, who had ridden up from her neighboring ranch, came out into the patio just then. "But Gabby," she put in, "that's just why Celia Dunn's here—to get over being so nervous and fidgety. The doctor says she needs quiet and a complete change of environment."

I nodded agreement. "But Dale," I added, "it doesn't seem to be doing her much good. Usually when city folks come here, they're restless for maybe a day or too, but after that the desert and the mountains—well, it gets them. They relax. But not her."

Gabby grinned as if he had a sudden thought. "Maybe we oughta sic Slim Grayson on her trail—let her follow him around a few days. He's that slow-movin' I don't think anybody could get him to twitchin'. She'd run herself down tryin'."

I GRINNED across at Gabby. "Slim turn up again?" And Gabby nodded. Slim was a top hand, but he had a way of disappearing for long spells. We were always glad to have him back, whenever he decided to come down for a spell from that shack of his in the hills.

"Gabby, you may not have meant it," Dale was saying, "but I think you've hit on something. Don't you, Roy—honestly? Slim's so patient and gentle and slow in his ways, he just might be able to calm Celia down."

"Okay," I said. "It's worth a try, anyway. There's a ride planned for this afternoon out to Crazy Woman Mountain. I'll tell Slim to stick to the girl and sort of take her in hand for a while."

It was late—nearly evening—and the hills in back of the ranchhouse were turning purple when the party came back that afternoon. Dale and I saw them riding down the old chuckwagon trail toward the corrals, and we both got up, as if by agreement, and walked out to see if our scheme had begun to work.

Slim was singing *Git along little dogie, git along* so slow and easy that it wouldn't ever make any dogie git anywhere, and sure enough, there was Celia Dunn walking her pony alongside him, trailing behind Bob Nolan and the Sons of The Pioneers. I saw Slim bend a little in the saddle as he talked to the black-haired girl riding beside him, and Dale nudged me, to point out how his hand strayed to stroke the neck of Celia's horse.

"You know," Dale whispered, "it looks as if it's working. I'll bet he can gentle her down just the way he gentles that pony of hers to a slow walk!"

And, according to Gabby, who'd probably spent the whole afternoon watching those two like a hawk, it *was* beginning to work. He started to make a report to Dale in a stage whisper, and while she was shushing him I strolled over to meet Celia and Slim, who came wandering down from the corral toward us.

"Enjoy your ride?" I asked the girl.

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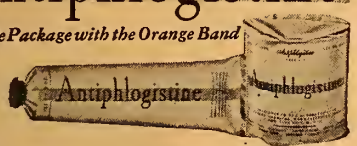
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She stopped and looked at me. You could almost see surprise in her face. "Why, yes," she answered, slowly. "Why, yes, I did enjoy it—today. In fact, Roy, I think this trail is better than any one we've taken so far."

I felt I needn't bother to remind her it was the same trail she'd taken the first day she came. I just looked at Dale, and we felt mighty pleased with ourselves—and with Slim Grayson.

Slim was something of a mystery in Paradise Valley, and he caused a lot of talk, although folks didn't have much to go on. To some he was just a no-'count drifter. Others, around a campfire at night, would allow that he was a prospector, with a secret mine near that mystery shack of his in the hills. I guess I knew as much about Slim as anyone did, but I only smiled and shook my head when the talk veered around to him. If Slim wanted to keep his secret, why should I meddle? I was always glad when he turned up at the Double-R Bar—he was a good hand, and that was enough for me.

I smiled to myself as I watched him beside Celia Dunn. Women liked Slim—slow he might be, but the slowness was gentleness, too, and there was plenty of fun and a lot of lively intelligence in his eyes. Right now, there was a smile in them as he looked down at the girl beside him.

"Those hands of yours, Miss Celia—they're never still, are they? Should think they'd get mighty tired, come nightfall." Gently he took the riding crop, with which she'd been flicking her boottops, out of her hands, and showed her the ends her nervous, pulling fingers had frayed.

I COULD hear her sigh, a tired little sound. "I can't help it, Slim. I'm so used to being busy! You can't ever slow down, in the work I do. It means being at it day and night, grabbing a sandwich at noon while you're telephoning with the other hand, and going to parties at night when you'd give the moon with a fence around it to be home in bed. It means—"

He interrupted then, his slow drawl acting like a brake on her excited flow of words. "And your hands, right now, are itchin' for a telephone, or a pencil—or maybe somebody's scalp. That right? Can't ever be still and let you enjoy life like other folks."

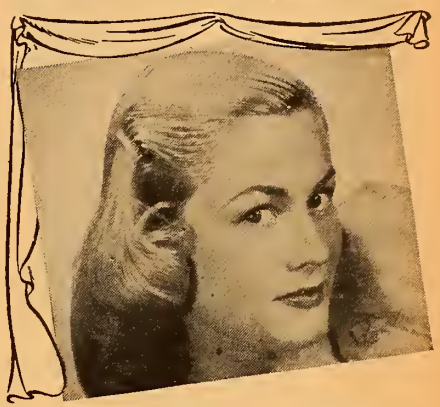
She laughed, then—and it was the first real, deep laugh I'd heard from her since she came. I felt Dale squeeze my arm as we stood there listening for her answer. What she said was, "How about your hands, Slim? They're always busy. You've forever got a stick and a knife in them, whittling. Isn't that the same thing?"

He chuckled. "Not a bit, Miss Celia. Whittlin' is the most relaxing thing a man can do, seems to me. When I'm shavin' on a piece of nice, soft wood, my thoughts just go straying off. It's a lazy man's habit, but it's mighty restful!"

They walked on out of hearing then, and Dale tucked her arm through mine as we went back to the ranch house. I had had some doubts about the plan working, but they were gone now, and I guess Dale felt the same way. If we needed any further proof, it came that night when everybody gathered in the patio for the regular "sing" and story-telling. For the first time, Celia joined in the chorus on the songs. For the first time, she laughed at Gabby's jokes, and Pat Buttram's nonsense. And, more important than anything, for the

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first time she leaned back in her chair —Slim beside her, occupied with his eternal whittling—completely peaceful and at rest.

For nearly three weeks after that, Dale and I were as smug as could be about the way things were working out. Gabby, with orders from me, arranged things so that Slim's ranch duties would be light and his time free to devote to Celia. As Dale reported—I guess women are always more noticing about things like that—Celia was trying to reform Slim a little. Prodding him now and then about being a bit more ambitious, and things like that. But, Dale pointed out, that wouldn't hurt Slim any, and he was doing wonders with Celia. They rode together every day. He showed her how to rope, and darned if she wasn't pretty good at it, for a dude, with those slim, quick hands of hers. And more and more, those hands grew quiet. For long stretches of time, they'd sit quietly on the flat rocks, she and Slim, he whittling away as always, and teaching her the names of the valleys and the mountains spread out like a map in front of them, and telling her the legends that had grown up around them.

BUT then, just when I thought everything was fine, and I was practically breaking my wrist giving myself pats on the back, Dale came rushing in one day while I was going over accounts. She looked real pretty, her eyes wide and her hair flying.

"Light down somewhere," I told her. "What's got into you, anyway?"

She flounced down into a chair and then flounced right out of it again and came over to stand by the desk. "Roy! Roy, I'm so upset, I don't know what to do!"

I grinned at her. "Then don't do anything, until you've made up your mind."

"Roy—it's not funny! I've been running all the way from Pioneer Creek, to tell you." She tried to stop and take a breath, but the words kept on tumbling out. "It's Celia and Slim! I was walking along, coming over to the ranch, and I saw them standing beside that old wagon wheel. Roy—I started to speak to them, but all of a sudden he just pulled her into his arms and kissed her. They hadn't seen me, I guess, so I slid back out of sight again."

I didn't like that. We had some pretty strict rules, around the Double-R Bar, about how the hands should behave with the dudes. "What's got into Slim?" I said, and got out of my chair.

But Dale's hand on my arm stopped me. "Roy—he's not just fooling around with Celia. I saw them, I tell you. I saw their eyes. This isn't any silly little vacation romance. They're in love. Really in love—I know it. I could tell."

So I sat right back down in my chair again, to think that one over, letting out my breath in a soundless whistle. This was something we hadn't counted on—hadn't even remotely pictured, when we schemed to keep Slim and Celia together.

Dale sat down abruptly, and her eyes were more troubled than ever. "Roy, whatever are we going to do?"

I stretched my legs out and looked up at her. "Do? Well now, Dale, what can we do—except let nature take its course! I never did hold with interferin' with nature." And no more I didn't. When a couple of people fall in love, the best thing for an outsider to

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do is either give them his blessing or get away from there fast, unless he figures to get into a peck of trouble.

But Dale was worried. She'd begun to think Celia was her personal problem, I guess. "I don't know about this development, Roy! They're miles apart, those two Not only in the places they live, but in how they think and feel about everything in the world. After all—can you see Celia in a one-room shack out in the mountains for the rest of her life, tied to a man who only works a few months out of the year? Or Slim, cooped up in a big city apartment, married to a career woman, and having people say how *quaint* he is? I don't think it would work out."

Well, I admit that it wasn't a very comforting picture, but I still didn't see that it was our business. Maybe we'd started it, Dale and I, but now that it was under way, Slim and Celia would have to finish it the best way they could. So I said to Dale, with more conviction than I felt, "It's been working out for centuries, Dale, so don't sit there and say it won't. I'm just a cowboy myself—I don't pretend to understand these things. Maybe the psychiatrists have worked out a nice, neat explanation for it, I don't know. But I do know this—nature goes right along attractin' opposites like Celia and Slim. And it all comes out all right, somehow."

DALE got up and went out after that, her face still full of worry-clouds, and I tried to go back to work. But somehow, the figures just jumbled up in front of my eyes, and I turned them instead out the window and looked at the land I love so much. The land Slim loves so, too. And more and more misgivings began to come to me. Where would Celia fit into this? Where could she possibly fit into this—that girl with the quick hands and the quick brain and the life so full of things happening that they had finally boiled over? Could she ever be content to stay here, not for a few weeks but for a lifetime? The solitude . . . the hard, physical work, so different from the hard work she'd always done . . .

"Roy! Roy, are you in there?" It was Celia's voice, and the lately-acquired softness had gone out of it. It was—business-like, somehow. And I didn't like it much.

"In here," I called. "Come along in."

She fairly flew in, Celia did, and threw herself into the chair by the desk, just as Dale had done a little while before. And then, just like Dale, too, she got right up again, too excited to sit still. Women are pretty much alike, I thought to myself, but she wasn't giving me any time for thinking.

"Roy—look at this!" She held out her hand, and I saw a tiny carved figure in it. "Why didn't someone tell me? And I made fun of his whittling! I kept telling him not to be so lazy . . ."

"Those little doodads Slim's always carving?" I took the figure from her hand and looked at it. "Sure—that's one of them. I guess we're all so used to seeing them no one ever thought to talk about 'em. Why?"

She sat down, and I found myself smiling as I looked at the small wooden figure. "Kinda cute, isn't it? Looks just like Miss Bigelow, the little school-ma'am."

Celia snatched it out of my hand again and examined it more closely. "Why, Roy—you're not even excited.



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I hauled in my legs and sat up straighter. "Whoa, there, Celia—what's this? Slim doesn't make these things to sell. He just does 'em for fun. They're gifts he makes for people he likes—the hands and the dudes. Everyone gets a kick out of them—and nobody seems to mind the joke on themselves, seeing it's Slim doing it."

"Caricatures," Celia nodded. I thought for a minute she was going to say something more, but she didn't. She just sat there studying the figure of Miss Bigelow in her hand, and when she looked up, I didn't like what I saw in her eyes, at all. It was a sharp, knowing look, somehow. And then, in a minute, she jumped up and went out of the office, without saying another word.

AFTER a couple of minutes I got up, too, and wandered off down toward the corral. In the early twilight, I like it best of all—the restless horses, the old, bleached corral rails, the drip of water in the big horse trough. It's restful, kind of, and best of all, there's Trigger to talk to. I'd rather talk to Trigger when my mind's upset than to any female in the world. Trigger's got more real sense, it seems to me.

He nuzzled his nose into my neck, and I could feel the worry-knots begin to straighten out right away. "Thing is, Trigger," I told him, "it looks like we're in for a mite of trouble. And I can't figure out which way the trouble's going to jump from. It's like Gabby says about Celia. He says she's smart all right—smart in the head. But she's not so smart the way a woman ought to be—smart in the heart."

Trigger whinnied softly, and knocked my hand with his nose to tell me that some ear-scratching was in order. So I put my hand up to rub his ears, and went on telling him my troubles, same as I always do. Best listener in the world, Trigger is—he never interrupts and spoils your line of thought.

"I don't like the way Celia looked just now," I told him. "Kind of calculating. I don't think she understands at all what's in Slim's mind when he carves out those little figures of his. Or why it is that no one ever takes offense when Slim makes a carvin' of them, even though it does poke fun at 'em a little. It's because they know Slim really likes them, and they sort of share a private joke with him. But Celia doesn't see that, I'm afraid . . ."

The bell for chow rang then, and I gave Trigger a goodnight pat on the nose and went in, still troubled in my mind. But the next few days, it looked as if I'd been foolish. Nothing happened. Celia didn't say another blessed word about those little figures of Slim's, and those two seemed to be going around in a world of happiness invented especially for them.

As Dale pointed out to me afterwards, "For those few days, Roy, it just seemed as if we were all holding our breath, wanting that happiness to last, sort of knowing that something was going to happen and hoping it never would."

But it did. I guess maybe I felt kind of foolish over what I'd said to Dale about Nature taking its course, because, after all, two people in love

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are really the same two people they were before they fell in love, even if falling in love does sort of obscure them in a pink cloud, so they don't really look the same.

And then, on Saturday night, it happened. The whole ranch was collected in the patio, same as usual. Only Celia was late—she'd taken the station wagon and gone down after the mail. And I noticed the way Slim wasn't paying anyone any mind—just watching the road for the first signs of her coming back.

When the station wagon pulled in, he jumped up and ran out.

"Come on, Celia—I've saved a chair for you," Dale called, as Slim opened the station wagon door for her, taking the heavy bundle of mail. But Celia didn't pay any attention. She just ran across to us, and I saw that she had a long envelope clutched in her hand. And she looked triumphant.

"It's my turn to tell a story tonight," she said, her voice proud and breathless. "I've got something wonderful to tell." She turned for a moment to Slim, at her side, and her voice faltered. "I—please don't be mad at me, Slim. Wait till you hear the whole story, before you object. I know you'll be happy when you realize what it means to you—to us."

I COULD see him stand up straighter, and I felt the muscles in the back of my neck tighten up. Something was coming. Something Slim wouldn't like. This was what I'd been afraid of. This was what we'd been holding our breath for.

Celia began again, her voice very rapid, as if she had to get the whole story out, make us hear the end of it before anyone interrupted and spoiled it. "I sent some of Slim's carvings to Chicago—to the store where I work." She looked defiantly around the circle of faces. "The little carvings Roy calls doodads. Well, the store doesn't think they're doodads. I sent fifteen samples, and they—"

"You sent—?" Slim's voice, full of bewilderment, cut across hers.

"Oh, I know I should have asked you, Slim—but you'd have just patted my shoulder and told me not to bother. And so I decided to surprise you. *Look!*" She pulled a printed sheet from the envelope in her hand. "Dale—you read it."

Dale took the paper from her outstretched fingers and ran her eyes over it. And I heard her breath catch in her throat. "Celia!" Dale turned to me. "Oh, Roy—this is an advertisement cut from a paper. An ad for Slim's little figures. It says that they're proud to present a new talent, a clever satirist in wood . . ." there was pain in her voice, and scorn—"It says that you'll laugh with delight at the witty lampooning of the Western characters. Oh, Roy! She—she even sent one of Gabby!"

"But—" Triumph faded from Celia's face, to be replaced by bewilderment, as Gabby got to his feet and stomped off. "Why should he mind! Why should any of you mind? Gabby thought the figure was funny, when Slim made it . . ."

No one answered her. I felt sick—I guess we all did. And sort of ashamed. And good and mad, too, all at once. The silence was thick enough to cut. After a minute, other people got up and drifted away, faces set and hurt. I guess maybe it was tears in little Miss Bigelow's eyes that made her stumble as she went by me.

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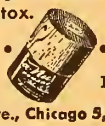

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MILES NERVINE

"What's the matter? What's the *matter* with everyone?" Panic had crept into Celia's voice.

I started to talk almost without knowing it, and I could hear a formal sort of stiffness in the words I was saying and the tone I said them in. I felt as if I were scolding a naughty child, and I didn't care—she deserved it.

"It's like this, Celia. There are two ways of looking at Slim's little carvings, it seems to me. One way—your way—hurts people. Makes them ridiculous. Makes people laugh at them. But Slim's way—well, that's different. The people he carves laugh right along *with* Slim because they all know he wouldn't use them for subjects for his carvings if he didn't really like them. It's—it's personal. Those figures are between Slim and the people he knows and likes. They're not meant for a lot of strangers to jeer at. They aren't meant to be sold. They're meant to be given away—a gift from Slim."

"DON'T you see," Dale interrupted, "Miss Bigelow knew Slim was only teasing, not making fun, when he carved out that little smile of hers. Mr. Abernathy knew that Slim was laughing with him, not at him, when he emphasized that strut of his. And Gabby—why, Gabby's a real person! He's not a joke—you made him a joke!"

Celia's eyes went around the circle of those of us that were left. And finally met Slim's eyes.

"But—Slim, I only did it to help you." Her voice was pleading. "I wanted to give you something—"

"There's nothing you can give me—now, or ever." His voice was as final as the trump, and his eyes hard. "You haven't given me a thing—you've taken something away. Something I'll never get back—the faith these people had in me. And—and my own faith in you." And he turned around and walked away. You could tell from the straightness of his back that following him, talking to him, wouldn't do a bit of good. Even Celia could see that. And the rest of us went, too, leaving her standing there beside the dying fire.

Next morning, Slim was really gone. His horse was out of the corral, I discovered, when I walked down to talk to Trigger. Slim had cut out, back to the mountains. It would be a long time before we'd see him. Maybe this time, we'd never see him again. Celia knew it, too. She was down at the corral, leaning on the fence, when I got there. And she knew his horse was gone.

She came straight across to me, her chin up. "Roy—I'd like to talk to you. I'd like to make you understand."

"I guess I do understand," I told her. "I think maybe it's you who don't."

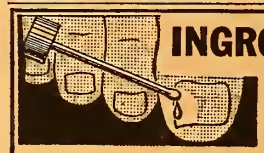
But she shook her head. "Roy, what I did, I did for Slim. Because I love him. Because I want him to make something of himself, and not just be a drifter. I know you all think that I sent those figures away the same as I'd send anything back to the store that I found when I was on a buying trip—because I felt I'd discovered something that would sell. But it was more than that. It wasn't for myself, Roy—or if it was, it was because I knew we couldn't marry, Slim and I, the way things were. We were too far apart. I wanted to do something that would bring us on a common footing—something we could share in. I kept thinking that we'd both have to change a little, Slim and I."

"Say that again, Celia," I told her. She frowned. "I said that we'd both



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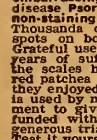
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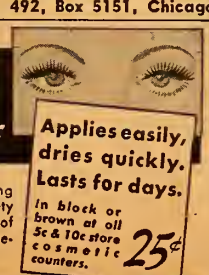
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have to change a little, Slim and I," she repeated slowly, and I saw something new come into her eyes. Something—well, sort of gentle, like the way Slim looks at people. "We *both* have to change," she said again. "Roy, was that what was the matter? I—I'd just been looking for the change in Slim, and not bothering about a change in me?"

Trigger put his head over the fence and nudged her shoulder. She put a hand up absently to pat his nose, so I went away. It seemed to me she was thinking some pretty good thoughts, just then, and there wasn't anything I could say that would add to them. Better to let her talk it over with Trigger—he wouldn't interrupt her line of thinking.

Dale told me, later in the day, that Celia had said she was leaving in a couple of days.

"I'm almost sorry for her," Dale said. "She's so—so humble, sort of. As if she'd really learned a lesson. And she's taking it like a thoroughbred—not crying around. She told me that it was too late to do anything, and she'd just have to make the best of it. She said, 'Slim's really gone, and I can't go to him. Even if any of you knew the way to his cabin, I still couldn't. He doesn't want me.' Roy, do you think . . .?"

"I'm not thinking," I told her. "Seems to me we all did a lot of thinking lately that came to nothing. I'm swearing off thinking for the time being."

THAT was all very well to say, but a sight easier to say than to do. The next couple of days, it seemed everywhere I looked there was Celia, her shoulders up strong and straight, but her eyes as full of misery as a sick animal that can't tell you what's wrong or where it hurts, because he doesn't know himself. It worried me—and it set me thinking all over again.

Finally, I just couldn't stand it any longer. First I went down to the corral and told Trigger all about it, just to get it straight in my mind. And saying it out loud that way, my idea still seemed all right to me, so I went up to the house to find Dale.

"Get Celia," I told her. "And you come, too. We're going to ride a new trail one of the boys was talking about. After all, she's our guest, Celia is, and she's going home tomorrow. I'd like to give her a little something to remember us by."

Dale gave me a queer look, but she saw I meant it so she went off, and shortly we three were riding out a steep trail. Dale kept trying to catch my eye—I guess she couldn't see anything so wonderful in the jagged rocks and tiny arid mesas for Celia to remember us by—but I just whistled and pretended I didn't see her. And I pretended not to see Celia either—Celia, who obviously had come along out of politeness. So we picked our way along in a silence that grew and grew until it seemed as big as all outdoors. And then, as we rounded a curve in the trail and came to the mouth of a little box canyon, Trigger went lame all of a sudden. We all pulled up, and I swung down to examine the foot Trigger held out as polite as if I'd offered to shake hands with him.

"It's his shoe," I told the girls. "Should have let Pat take a look at it before we started, come to think of it." I smoothed the honey-colored leg I held. "Celia, do me a favor, will you? There's a cabin a little ways inside this canyon. I know the fellow who lives there. Just ride up and tell him Roy

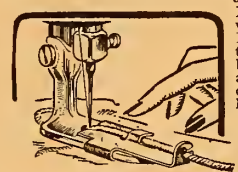
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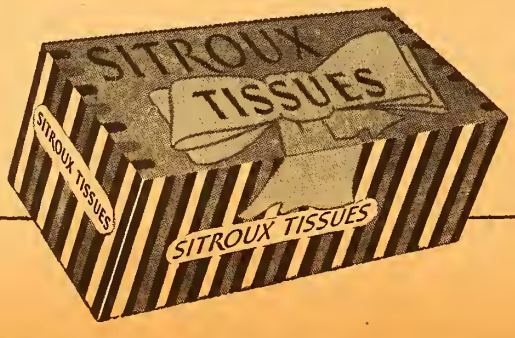


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Celia looked down at me, startled. She began to say something, then shrugged and put her heels to her horse, turning obediently into the underbrush, following the dim outlines of the little-used trail.

When she was out of hearing, Dale exploded. "Roy—what's come over you, anyway? Are you crazy, sending her off like that? And Trigger with a loose shoe, and you not mad about it! And what do you think this fellow's going to do, anyway? Come riding back here with a portable smithy and shoe Trigger on the spot? Honestly—"

"Whoa, there," I interrupted. And I guess I used that tone that makes a horse so happy and a woman so mad, because her eyes were really sending out sparks at me. "Listen, Dale." I took Trigger's lines and her horse's, and tied the two of them. "You know, ordinarily I don't hold with spying and eavesdropping. But you just come along with me and maybe you'll see something." I took her hand and led her quietly down the canyon.

WHEN we came quietly up to the cabin, I led Dale straight to a chink in the logs. "Look inside," I whispered.

In there, Celia stood in the center of the room. It was as if she were caught in some kind of a spell and her eyes went around the cabin in a bewildered fashion. Then, at last she moved—over to a bench to pick up something that was lying there.

It was a hat. "Oh-h!" I heard Dale let out her breath in an almost soundless whisper. "Slim's hat . . . Slim's cabin!"

We watched Celia touch the hat. We watched her move about the room in a kind of unbelieving wonderment, stopping to look at a shelf of the carved figurines like those Slim had made at the ranch. And then she stood stock-still, before the mantel, all her attention riveted on a wooden statue.

"Roy!" Dale's whisper came again. "Look! It's a cowboy—but it's not like the others. It's not funny—it's beautiful! Why—why, Slim is a real artist."

And you could see that Celia thought so, too. Her hand went out to touch the carving almost reverently.

She didn't hear Slim come in—and I was surprised, too, and a little worried for a minute. I hadn't known how this would end—hadn't thought it through, beyond bringing Celia up here.

But the expression on Celia's face as she turned to him was like a blind person suddenly given the gift of sight. And Slim—he looked as if he had been born again, in that minute while they looked across the room. And then they were in each other's arms.

Dale's hand on my shoulder pulled me away, and we slipped down the trail to the horses. And so we don't know what they said to each other—but we did know, as we went away, that whatever they said it would be good, and warm, and understanding. The way I felt.

"Celia won't need us to lead her down the trail," I said, as I mounted Trigger.

"She won't need us at all, any more," Dale said. "She—she has her heart to guide her, Roy, and somehow I think it's going to guide her right from now on."

I nodded agreement, and urged Trigger to a trot. From behind me came Dale's voice in sudden surprise. "Roy—Trigger's not lame any more. Roy Rogers, that was a trick! You can make that horse do anything!"

Trigger turned around and winked at me. I winked right back.

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Alan Fontaine



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RADIO MIRROR

April
25¢



SUSAN
DOUGLAS

l Color Pictures

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN


there is no substitute for the professional touch . . .
YOUR BEAUTICIAN'S SKILLED
PROFESSIONAL TOUCH AND A
Helene Curtis Cold Wave
BRING OUT THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR
LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
THE SYMBOL
OF PROFESSIONAL SKILL
MEMBER
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Beauticians
For the most natural looking permanent you've ever enjoyed—soft, manageable and long lasting . . . ask for a genuine Helene Curtis Cold Wave, given by the skilled hands of your professional beautician.

"Whatre you scared of?"

GIRL: Of mice, not men, Nosey. There's no man-trouble in *my* life. In fact, there's no man in it.

CUPID: Know *why?*

GIRL: No, why, Mr. Know-it-all?

CUPID: 'Cause you won't smile even the teensiest-weensiest bit. Has the cat got your smile? Then gleam! Glisten! Dazzle 'em!

GIRL: Listen Stupid, I mean Cupid. Some girls have smiles so bright you could read by 'em. *Some* girls, that is. But include *me* out.

CUPID: Hmmmmmm . . . when was the last time you saw "pink" on your tooth brush?



GIRL: Yester . . . "Pink"? weren't we talking about *smiles* a minute ago?

CUPID: I was. Still am, Quarterwit. That "pink" you saw means *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide what's what. If it's just another case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And 1-2-3 I start gleaming like *ma-a-ad!* People mistake me for a Neon sign . . .

CUPID: Yappity yap! Look, Glumdrop, a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, take his advice . . . and there'll be Men, not mice, in your life. Plural!

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA and MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Coming Next Month



We saved it for May! Because so many other nice things happen in May, we thought we'd come forth with an especially nice thing: Living Portraits on When A Girl Marries—Joan and Harry Davis in color, as fresh and lifelike as though they sat visiting with you in your own living room.

* * *

There's a perplexing problem in Linda's life, with the heroine of Linda's First Love working hard to straighten it out. Danny's much involved in this exciting story, too.

* * *

And the kind of love story that brings tears to some people's eyes, and makes others want to burst into song—the young-as-Spring-itself story of the romance of Donald O'Connor and his bride. Plus all the other features you've voted "yes, yes, yes" on—in the Radio Mirror with Dinah Shore on the cover!

APRIL, 1947

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Doris McFerran, Editor
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Introducing

MARIAN CARTER

ANYONE who thinks that women in radio all drool along in an atmosphere of cake batter and soap operas, just hasn't run across Marian Carter, radio director of New York's Town Hall and one of the key people responsible for the exciting America's Town Meeting, on ABC Thursdays at 8:30 P.M., EST.

In her nine years with this popular radio forum, Mrs. Carter has maintained a hectic behind-the-mike traffic with senators, statesmen, lawyers, labor leaders and all sorts of experts in every field of public life. It's her job to "build" the show. That requires a special ability to observe and analyze trends in the news so that she can plan ahead in such a way that a future discussion is still timely and so that the people involved in the panel are the most newsworthy authorities on that subject.

"That takes a bit of doing," Mrs. Carter smiled. "Even after you've got the perfect subject and have made a list of the best speakers on it, the hardest job is ahead—convincing the speakers."

An Illinois girl, Mrs. Carter came to New York upon graduation from Denison University in Ohio. In the big city, she landed a job as a hostess at NBC.

A little later, Mrs. Carter switched to CBS and, shortly after the switch was put in charge of daytime programs for that network. She met George V. Denny, Jr., the moderator and originator of America's Town Meeting, who was looking for an able assistant. Through Denny, Marian obtained a Rockefeller Foundation Radio Fellowship, which placed her on the Town Hall staff for a year's trial period. And the rest is history.

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That April shower won't bring you flowers!

LEAVES YOU whistle-clean and sweet—a refreshing shower like that. But don't stop there, honey. Think of your *future* charm!

Remember, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum protects underarms against risk of odor *to come.*

So follow up your bath with safe, dependable Mum. That's the way so many popular girls win bouquets and *keep* a beau enamored.

Mum

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

R M



Rainbow Jackson starts his day all bright and shining with the aid of Ed Schaughency. Most anything can happen when the Musical Clock sounds alarm over KDKA each morning. Sometimes Ed and Rainbow are surprised, too.



MUSICAL CLOCK



Ed "Ole Getter-Upper" Schaughency.

THOUGH there are folks who regard him with as much fondness as they do the alarm clock whose harsh bell yanks them out of bed in the morning, Ed Schaughency and his Musical Clock program have proven most popular with KDKA audiences throughout Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio.

An early morning feature, Monday through Saturday, 7:10-8:00 o'clock, the "Musical Clock" has won for Schaughency the title of the "Ole Getter-Upper," and his unusual gift of chatter and sense of showmanship bring in as much mail, if not more, than any other KDKA program.

Schaughency began the program in 1934, shortly after joining KDKA's announcing staff. He had enrolled in Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa., but gravitated toward radio because of his liking for amateur dramatics.

In 1938 Rainbow Jackson, outstanding character actor of the Pittsburgh area, was added to the show and the joint efforts of the pair have turned what was originally a standard musical clock program into something which might best be described as a highly personalized and entirely irresponsible variety show.

Recently they have added another personality to the show, "Miss Satchelheart," characterized by Rainbow. She is proving so popular with the early morning listeners that letters of sympathy for her problems and gifts of all kinds come to her at the station.

Things are different now than when Ed first wound up his Musical Clock. His dramatic leanings, in fact, set him off on the wrong foot with the listeners. He conducted a turntable-and-time-signal opera every morning with all of the dramatics of the final scene of Hamlet. And never a word to mar the perfection of his diction. But he soon had his doubts, and transcribing a few of his programs, he listened to the records.

"What I heard," he said, "nearly scared me to death."

Then he dropped all formality and got friendly with his audience, and by the time Rainbow came along, the Musical Clock was already a favorite.

Ed and Rainbow are seldom without a new idea for their morning stint. After starting the first record they usually open the mike and sing with it for a chorus or two, and the show is on—tunes, gags and arguments, the pouring of oil on the troubled waters of matrimony and romance by Miss Satchelheart as she advises the lovelorn. As Rainbow says:

"It's de heavenliest program dere is—at least, dere ain't nuthin' like it on earth!"

Your hair is magic to a man . . .

Be good to it!



Make Listerine Antiseptic a Part of Your Regular Hair-Washing Routine as so Many Fastidious Women Do.

THEY know . . . and so do you . . . that infectious dandruff is a constant threat . . . that its ugly flakes and scales can rob hair of its beauty, and affect the health of the scalp.

And they know also that Listerine Antiseptic . . . famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene . . . is a wonderful precaution.

You simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and hair and follow it with vigorous fingertip massage for a few minutes. That's all there is to it.

How wonderfully clean and cool your scalp feels! How wonderfully fresh your hair looks! How quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear! And, most important of all . . .

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) which, many great dermatologists say, is a causative agent of this trouble.

Don't try to whip this stubborn invader with lotions and messy salves devoid of germ-killing power. Attack it with Listerine Antiseptic and its germ-killing action.

Use it Regularly

For your own protection, and that of your husband and your children, use Listerine Antiseptic regularly every time hair is washed. It's a delightful habit that helps people to look their best.

If infectious dandruff should get a head start, increase the treatment to twice a day which usually brings prompt improvement . . . in a clinical test it brought marked improvement to 76% of dandruff sufferers within a month.

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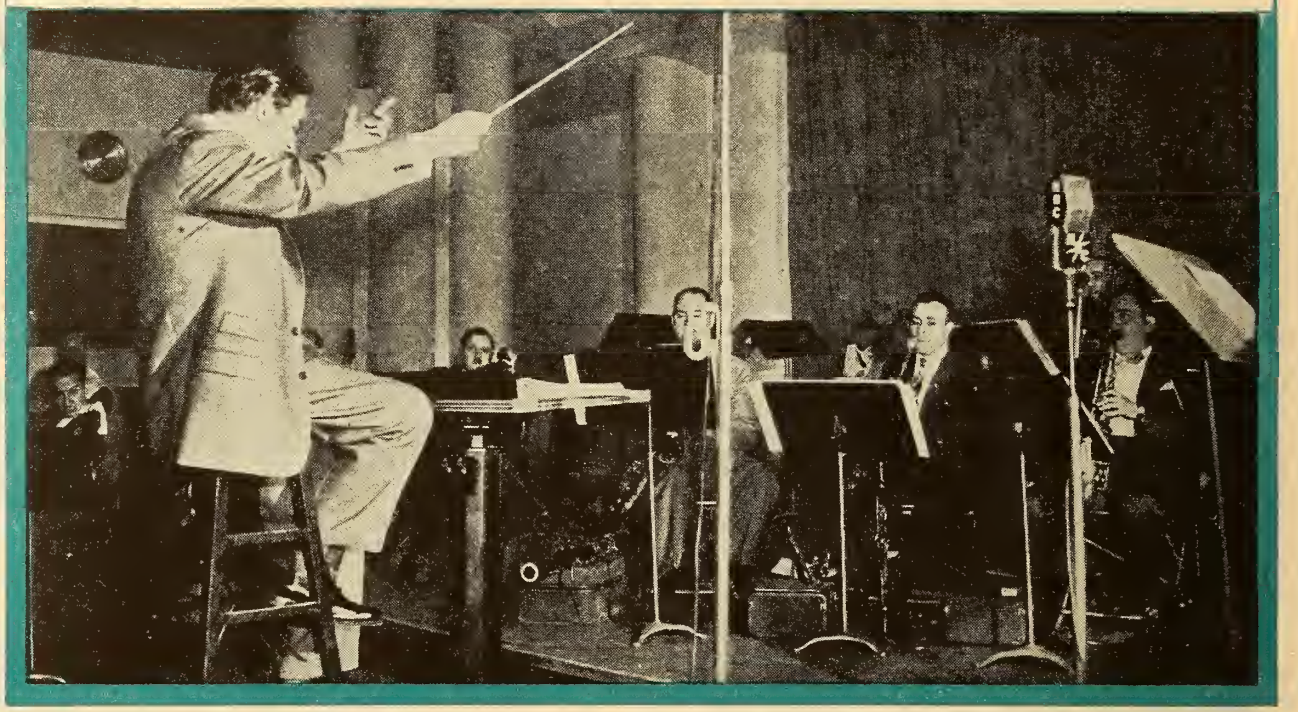


LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *for* **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**

The "Bottle Bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale)

R M

The Music Hall **Thursday nights at 9:00 P.M., EST, on NBC, features Russ Case and his orchestra.**





Russ Case **himself started in music business as a trumpeter.**



Eddy Duchin **plays that incomparable piano of his.**

Facing

ABOUT six months ago, the parents of Russ Case paid their first visit to New York and Radio City to watch their son conduct the orchestra for the Eddy Duchin-Eddie Foy Music Hall show. They were very proud of Russ and his glittering jazz symphony stylings. They could remember, as if it were only yesterday, when little Russ, just turning ten years old, received his first musical instrument, a trumpet, and how his brown eyes shone when he first saw it.

"It seemed like a miracle to them," Russ told me. "We had been very poor, perhaps the poorest family in Hamburg, Iowa, and brother, when you're poor there, it's a dubious distinction. Lord knows how we had the money for the trumpet. There wasn't enough left to get a teacher. I got my first lessons out of the instruction book that came with the horn."

From that, a brilliant musical career was begun, although traveling from the modest Hamburg homestead to the upper radio brackets was no easy journey for tall, brown-haired Russ.

"I played that trumpet so much back home, I knew little else," he explains.

It was, therefore, obvious what career the Iowa boy would pursue. When he was 16, Russ joined a radio studio band in Davenport. He then proceeded to make himself unpopular with his fellow tooters by rising every morning and practicing from nine to twelve. They preferred sleep. Russ preferred perfection.

"I learned that the great music teacher, Ernest Pechin, was in the midwest; I decided to try and study with him. The only hitch was that Pechin was in Chicago, 200 miles away,"

Eddie Foy Jr. talks with Duchin, guest-star Robinson.



Milena Miller beautiful girl and lovely voice.



the Music

By KEN ALDEN

Russ recalls. But he recalls his determination, too. Each Thursday he commuted, covering 400 miles in a second-hand jalopy.

Russ married early. When he was 17, he met Lois Savage and they were married a few months later. Their first child, Barbara Frances, was born in 1936. Russ calls her "Sugar."

Three years later, Fate dealt Russ a hard blow.

The Cases were blessed with identical twins, Jimmy and John. When the twins were four, Jimmy became desperately ill, victim of a rare ailment, known as lymphatic lukemia, for which there is no cure.

"I tried every medical man in town. It was hopeless. Jimmy passed away."

It was a bitter blow, this first setback, but more followed. Russ was doing fine professionally, playing his golden horn, first with Paul Whiteman, Hal Kemp, Kostelanetz, and in rapid succession, with Rubinoff, Warnow, and Al Goodman. He began to make more money than he ever thought existed.

When war came, Russ was brought up for his Army physical. In the course of his examination, the busy trumpeter suffered a heart attack and collapsed.

"Case," the doctor warned, "you must stop playing the trumpet. Further pressure on your lungs will prove fatal."

Without the horn, Case's income vanished overnight. He had proved himself a trumpeter. To begin over again as a musical director was something else again.

"I was a nobody. No one wanted to take a chance. I was a well-known trumpeter but an



Mills Brothers rhythms are the crowning Music Hall touch.

Touch Up Your Smile with IVORYNE



More than a delicious chewing gum . . . IVORYNE is the *Chewing Dentifrice!* Ivoryne's famous extra ingredient, calcium peroxide, slowly bathes your teeth in New-Born Oxygen as you chew. Refreshing, purifying oxygen helps sweeten the breath and add new charm to your smile. Look for the handy little yellow-and-red box of IVORYNE GUM. You'll like the flavor —and the results!



The Gum That Brightens Your Smile



Martha Tilton's stylized singing can now be met with at Parky's, any Sunday night on NBC at 10:30.

unknown conductor," Russ continued, "My finances ran low. I'll never forget the night I hocked my typewriter to keep going."

But then the needed break came. Former musician Herb Gordon, who had become an agent at the William Morris Agency, heard of an important opening. Victor, largest of the recording companies, was looking for a new musical director of their popular music division. He recommended Case for the job and in a few days, contracts were signed. Russ Case was on his way.

His first assignment, arranging and conducting for a new singer, was a tremendous success. The singer was Perry Como; the record was "If I Loved You" from "Carousel" and it sold, eventually, more than a million copies. The next Como-Case collaboration was "Till The End of Time" and again the record passed that fabulous mark, as did a subsequent revival of the old Russ Columbo favorite, "I'm Just A Prisoner Of Love." Case was established.

He arranged and recorded Dinah Shore's backgrounds, supervised the waxed efforts of such topnotchers as Vaughn Monroe, Duke Ellington, Charlie Spivak, Tommy Dorsey, Tex Beneke and Sammy Kaye. He is in demand by the longhairs, too, and in a typical day, supervises the records of the distinguished Fritz Kreisler and then goes to another studio to conduct "Pee Wee, The Piccolo," a kiddie album.

In a short while, radio beckoned. When the new Music Hall show, post-Bing Crosby, was formulated, Case was given another musical opportunity, and he has delivered satisfactorily. On Music Hall he teams with such familiar radio people as the Mills Brothers and Milena Miller.

Case's hobby is midget autos. He attends all the races in New York and outlying towns and owns two cars playing the circuit. He designed his own plans to convert a jeep into a racing-type passenger car. The project is under way and is about half completed. His other hobby is "quonking" about music, a subject of which he never tires.

* * *

Tex Beneke and the Glenn Miller

Band are making musical history wherever they make an appearance—on stage, in a ballroom or on the air. The band is distinguished these days for its powerful brass, rhythmic sax section, a rhythm section that jumps, plus of course the well known Miller trademark, the clarinet lead; and it has developed a group of entertaining vocalists, and a string section.

Tex Beneke, Glenn's own discovery, is now directing the band Glenn would have led were it not for the fact Major Miller is "missing in action." He went down flying from London to Paris on a mission for his well-remembered Army Air Forces Orchestra. The new organization is in some ways typical of Miller's pre-war orchestra, considered by many experts and millions of non-professional music lovers to be the finest in the land, and in more ways typical of the Army Air Forces Orchestra he led for the millions of GI's in the European Theater of Operations who greeted it as the greatest gift from home they'd known in all their Army days, a living reminder of what America meant to them, of many things they were fighting to get back to.

Tex and the band are currently featured on two major network programs, the Judy 'n' Jill 'n' Johnny airshow with Johnny Desmond over Mutual (Saturdays, noon EST) and the Treasury Bandstand over Columbia (Saturdays, 3:30 P.M. EST). In addition, the boys have frequent remotes over all the webs from whatever night club or ballroom they happen to be playing while touring the country.

* * *

Frank Sinatra and his sponsor came to a mutual parting of the ways, with the Voice tired of it all, and the cigarette company tired of disappointing ratings. However, this will not discourage other bankrollers about Frankie and several bids have already come in, so the airwaves won't be long without a new network program for Mr. S.; and to fill the gap, the disc jockey shows will continue to merrily spin his records.

Unconfirmed, but interesting, is the report that Frankie will probably rejoin the Hit Parade next Fall.

(*Continued on page* 11)



Bob Hannon sings the romantic, nostalgic songs featured on NBC's Waltz Time (Friday, 9:30 P.M. EST.)

Are you in the know?



If you drop your fork, should you —

- ☐ *Pick it up*
- ☐ *Have your date pick it up*
- ☐ *Ask for another*

Ah-ah — mustn't touch. Let slipping silver lie! When your fork or *any* tableware falls, ignore it. Ask for another. By meeting trying moments serenely, no one will be the wiser. Cherish that thought for trying *days*, too. You'll meet the eye without a qualm by choosing Kotex . . . because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines. And you can keep your *daintiness* beyond doubt — thanks to the *deodorant* locked in every Kotex napkin.



If your hands are clammy, what helps?

- ☐ *Hold a hanky*
- ☐ *Wear gloves*
- ☐ *Use an anti-perspirant*

Smoothness and drippy hands don't mix! To keep them un-clammy, cross your palms with an anti-perspirant before you go dancing. And to keep confident at certain times, choose those partners-in-comfort — Kotex and Kotex belts. That heavenly softness of Kotex stands by you, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And, because your Kotex Wonderform Belt is elastic, fits divinely, you'll feel so carefree — so s-m-o-o-t-h!



Should you remember your beau's Mom?

- ☐ *If you want to*
- ☐ *By all means*
- ☐ *No; you'll seem forward*

Send a gift to your best beau's Mom? On Mother's Day or her birthday, why not — if you want to? Maybe a hanky or a little cologne. (It needn't cost a month's lunch-money.) If etiquette puzzles you, bone up. And to outsmart "problem day" uncertainty — learn for yourself how Kotex protects you in an extra-special way. Yes, that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you extra security. You're sky-high in confidence!



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST



That Bandbox Look

isn't come by accidentally, Lamby . . . You achieve it only by paying close attention to the little details of grooming . . . The prettiest hair-do, for instance, can go limp around the edges fast —if you don't anchor it with Bob Pins that have a Stronger Grip. And that means DeLong Bob Pins.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They're made of high-carbon steel so they can't slip and slide and they keep their snap and shape indefinitely.



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

R BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
M SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

New Records

RECOMMENDED by KEN ALDEN





FRANK SINATRA:
The Voice truly comes of age with a stirring king-sized singing of "Soliloquy" from Carousel. A must. (Columbia)

JOE MOONEY:
The newly discovered quartet that features the smooth vocalizing of its sightless leader makes its Decca disc debut, wrapping up "Just A Gigolo" and "September Song."

FINIAN'S RAINBOW:
Victor has just issued a fine sounding album of eight bright tunes from Broadway's smash musical.

NORO MORALES:
Painstaking piano polishes off in rhumba style the rugged "Tea For Two" and "Escucha Mi Son." (Majestic)

DINAH SHORE:
Is there anything finah than Dinah singing "And So To Bed" and "Sooner or Later"? (Columbia)



PHIL HARRIS:
Two of Phil's favorites, "That's What I Like About the South" and "If You're Ever Down in Texas." (Victor)

HARRY JAMES:
A slick treatment of "Jalousie" with "Man On The Horn" sharing this wonderful work. (Columbia)

DINNING SISTERS:
Syrupy harmonizing of "Years and Years Ago" and "He Like It, She Like It" for Capitol.

JOHNNY LONG:
Re-issues his all-time disc hit "Shanty In Old Shanty Town" and pairs it with "Blue Skies." (Decca)



DOROTHY SHAY:
The Park Avenue Hillbillie is introduced to record fans in a new Columbia album that's new and different.

DICK LEIBERT:
The Radio City organist has a bright Victor album that features a lovely version of "Laura."

JO STAFFORD:
Stylized perfection with "Give Me Something To Dream About" and "That's Where I Came In." (Capitol)

BUDDY CLARK-RAY NOBLE:
A handsome combination with a potential hit in "Linda" backed up by "Love Is A Random Thing." (Columbia)

DICK HAYMES:
A fine foursome of ballads, "Where or When," "They Didn't Believe Me," "Star Dust," and "You Are Too Beautiful." (Decca)

KING COLE TRIO:
Soft and mellow things are done with "You Should Have Told Me" and "Want To Thank Your Folks." (Capitol)

SKITCH HENDERSON:
Bing's ivory-destroyer comes up with an exciting version of "Misirlou" and "Far Away Island." Worth attention. (Capitol)

DICK JURGENS:
May have a danceable hit with "Wyoming" and "Bless You." Jimmy Castle vocals both sides. (Columbia)



FREDDY MARTIN:
The modern master again clicks with an old master, dressing up Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique, and calling it "Rainbow's End." The reverse is the pleasant "Funny Thing Called Love." (Victor)

FACING the MUSIC

(Continued from page 9)

The thing every radio orchestra leader fears finally happened recently to Ray Bloch. Busy scoring and making rehearsal cuts for the new show, McGarry And His Mouse on Mutual, the tired Bloch left the studio an hour before the premiere, returned shortly before broadcast time, only to discover his entire musical score had been stolen. He got by all right, thanks to a photographic memory.

* * *

After all these years, Kate Smith and her sponsor part company after this season. Ted Collins, Kate's mentor and radio colleague is busy now listening to attractive offers from prospective bankrollers.

* * *

Bess Myerson, Miss America of 1945, is busy rehearsing an all-girl 21-piece orchestra for radio. Beautiful Bess is an accomplished pianist.

* * *

Although we reported Woody Herman had temporarily junked his band, he is anxious to do radio work as a soloist-master of ceremonies. Woody has also decided to remain on the Coast and won't reorganize his orchestra, until business conditions improve.

* * *

Hottest candidate for stardom this year is young Mel Torme, who wrote the recent hit, "Christmas Song." Carlos Gastel, who mentored the Stan Kenton and King Cole careers, is master-minding Mel's future.

* * *

The increasing number of record companies that blossomed and then died almost a-borning, has left several fine singers and orchestra leaders without disc releases. Hal McIntyre was among those affected and though he had a sure disc best-seller for Cosmo, they were unable to produce the records.

* * *

Metronome magazine has named Stan Kenton the band of the year and Peggy Lee as the singer of the year, two selections this corner won't argue with. Peggy is doing a bang-up job on Bing Crosby's record series.

* * *

Don't be surprised if Kay Kyser revises his College of Musical Knowledge next season, adding to the popular series several novel ingredients.

* * *

Frank DeVol, Ginny Simms' orchestra leader, has suddenly emerged as a funny man. His deadpan, dry and caustic wit was accidentally discovered one day in rehearsal by Ginny's new writers, Hugh Wedlock and Howard Snyder, and they immediately went to work giving Frank comedy lines. He became an overnight click in his new role and the public and press quickly accepted him. Now comes word that three big motion picture companies are dangling juicy contracts before Frank to work as a comedian, not a musician.

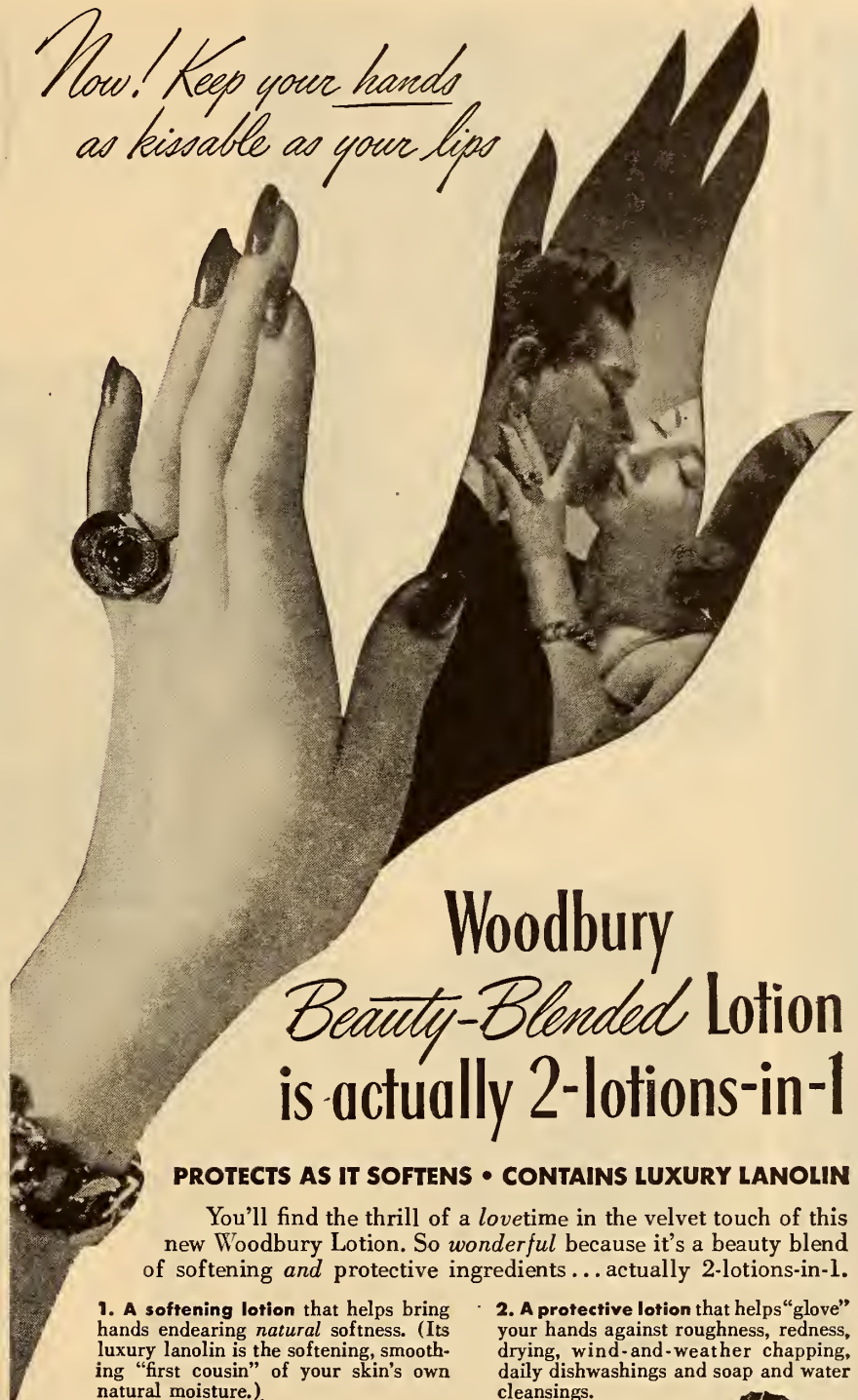
* * *

It will be interesting to see if Ruth Etting is serious about her radio comeback. The former Ziegfeld singing star and radio personality of a decade ago, has been in complete retirement and recently emerged on the Rudy Vallee show. In her day, Ruth was a fine and sincere performer with a distinctive style.

* * *

Don't expect the curious partnership of Victor Borge and Benny Goodman to continue on the air much longer. Such feuding!

Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips



Woodbury *Beauty-Blended* Lotion is actually 2-lotions-in-1

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS • CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN

You'll find the thrill of a *love*time in the velvet touch of this new Woodbury Lotion. So *wonderful* because it's a beauty blend of softening *and* protective ingredients... actually 2-lotions-in-1.

1. A softening lotion that helps bring hands endearing *natural* softness. (Its luxury lanolin is the softening, smoothing "first cousin" of your skin's own natural moisture.)

2. A protective lotion that helps "glove" your hands against roughness, redness, drying, wind-and-weather chapping, daily dishwashings and soap and water cleansings.

This very day, let your hands meet the new Woodbury Lotion. Its peaches-and-cream richness is instantly absorbed... becoming a beautiful and fragrant part of you. Smooth it on elbows, shoulders, legs, too. Get it at your drug or cosmetic counter, 25c and 50c. Or, we'll pay the bill for a 7-day test. *That's how sure we are you'll love new Woodbury Lotion.*



Free! **MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE.** Your own hands will show you the wonderful difference in Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion.

Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio • Dept. 526 • Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion sounds exciting. I'd love to try it. Please send me a FREE purse-size gift bottle.

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

Print name and address plainly. (Sorry, this offer good in U.S.A. only.) Paste on penny postcard if you wish.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER AIDS TO LOVELINESS

What's New



Bill Stern

lets visiting Vivian Blaine in on his script before putting it on CBS air in his Sports Newsreel.



Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts

put two recent Miss Americas to the talent test on CBS. Bess Myerson and Jean Bartel put on a good program, too.



Isabel Leighton

has the chair on Woman's Club, CBS daily at 5:15.

WE know a number of modern, young parents, whose kids are getting to the avid radio listening stage, who are a bit worried. They listen in with the kids on occasion and, as one young mother put it, "Some of those adventure shows are enough to keep me awake half the night. It can't be good for children to hear that hair-raising stuff."

Relax, parents. There's some difference of opinion about the children's shows on the air. For that matter, there's some difference between the shows themselves. Some of them are sheer horror stories that could easily fill a young mind with night terrors, but with a little care and attention, kids can be directed toward other programs which have just as much action and furious sound. On the other hand, there are shows—like "Superman"—which are entertaining while being instructive, subtly teaching tolerance and understanding. In addition, for many children—and this is the opinion of several eminent child experts and psychiatrists—programs filled with action, violence, destruction, provide a vicarious outlet for the entirely normal tendency toward destruction which most normal children have. By imagining themselves as the heroes and heroines of these adventures the kids get a lot of their natural defiance and hostility out of their systems in a perfectly harmless way.

* * *

Word comes to us from out in the West that Lurene Tuttle is busy working on her first movie assignment, a role in "Heaven Only Knows." We're strongly tempted to fiddle around with that picture title, because it's a mystery to us why the movie moguls haven't glommed on to the lovely Lurene long before this. She's been one of the hardest worked radio actresses in Hollywood for some time, now.

* * *

Found Corwin grinning like a big kid over a letter he had just got from the Czechoslovak Broadcasting Corporation, informing him that his script, "Untitled"—remember, the case history of an average American soldier who died in battle—was being performed for the third time in four months, by popular request. One Czech, the letter went on, had even taken it upon himself to print posters announcing the broadcast, so his fellow citizens would be sure not to miss it. Looks like Corwin's One

from COAST to COAST

By DALE BANKS



Norman Corwin

is all things to Columbia Presents Corwin, CBS.



Vicki Vola

frequently involved with The Shadow, MBS, Sundays.



Bob Hope and Eddie Bracken

Two comedians, no feud—not even in fun—when Hope guested on Bracken's show, CBS, Sundays.

Lawson Zerbe, Elaine Rost, Harold Studer

Back to Yale at the turn of the century in NBC's Adventures of Frank Merriwell, Saturdays at 10 A.M. EST.



World Jaunt is bearing fruit in more ways than one, and in good ways.

* * *

Here's an idea other public figures could use. Fannie Brice has two signatures. One "Fannie Brice," is used in signing autographs. The other "Fannie Brice," is written with a few minor differences in letter formation and is used in signing checks and business papers. Among other things, Fannie says, the double signature tends to make life a little more difficult for possible forgers.

* * *

We're glad that Susan Peters is getting a break in radio. Acting is her business and ever since she's had to be confined to a wheel chair because of an accident, the movies and stage have been out. Radio is a perfect solution.

* * *

Burl Ives is our idea of a real troubadour. Not only does the music he sings spring from deep in the life of the people of our country, but he has that magic ability to pull others into the performance. In Louisville, Kentucky, he turned every show into a community singing bee.

WHO IS Sylvia?



The dark lady who, although she was educated in Canada, sings South American songs—when she is not introducing a current ballad, swinging a golf club or listening to the classics—that is Sylvia, of WLW.

SYLVIA'S hair is like the night, just as the old song has it, and beneath those dark locks is an acute mind which can do research for a master's thesis on German Philology while vocalizing "All That Glitters Is Not Gold" or "Wyoming," both of which she introduced on WLW.

She lends her song-styling to "Coax Me a Little Bit," and yet loves to hear the classics—especially Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. She plays a wicked hand of bridge and drives a good 275 yards off the tee, and still spends many an hour reading French, Spanish or German literature in the original. And that is WLW's Sylvia, singer par excellence of South American and boogie tunes, pianist, linguist, sportswoman, cook—in short, lady of myriad talents.

It was Sylvia's rendition of the new tune, "Texas and Pacific," on WLW, that prompted the president of the Texas and Pacific Railroad to write for recordings. And Sylvia has introduced over the Nation's Station many a current ballad or boogie. The new "Passe" bears Sylvia's picture, because she gave the tune its initial WLW airing.

Her own career was launched in Canadian radio, when she was a student at the University of Toronto, and a leader in campus activities. At graduation she won a scholarship in languages to Ohio State University, left her home town of Mount Forest, Ontario, Canada, and came to the Buckeye State.

And then came a choice. The teaching profession lost a real linguist, but radio gained a charming and skillful vocalist—for Sylvia picked the road that led to the airways. She brought her skill and her genuine friendliness and warm personality to WLW in September, 1945.

Thousands of WLW listeners hear her now on Sylvia Sings, Sundays at 11:30 A.M., EST; Fashions in Melody, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6 P.M.; Housewarmers, Mondays at 11:30 P.M.; and "Sunnyside Revue," Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 P.M. Her distinctive song styling reaches listeners to WINS, New York, on "Fashions in Melody," five days weekly at 7 P.M.; and WINS patrons hear her too on "Housewarmers," Mondays at 10 P.M.

ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*



Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.





A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the double treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept.104, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent. *(Advertisement)*

R M

Out of the Dusk to YOU



Distinguished conductor Walter H. Steindel directs the Northerners, is also assistant director of WGN's Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra.





The three female voices recently added to the male octet belong to Marilyn Palmer, June Brown, Irene Verner.

WHEN A RADIO program has met with continued success for more than fifteen years, it might grow to feel that it held the magic formula for radio entertainment. Not so the Northerners.

This weekly half-hour musical presentation will start its thirteenth year on WGN, Chicago, in April, and holds the distinction of being the oldest continuously sponsored program in Chicago radio, having been heard on another Chicago station before coming to WGN in April, 1935. Since its inception, the Northerners program has been sponsored by the Northern Trust Company Bank.

This series began Sept. 1931 on its first Chicago station, with the mellow harmonies of a male octet and a guest soprano soloist in selections which have lived through the years. Today the same octet has three feminine colleagues who add balance to the ensemble numbers, and take turns stepping into the solo spotlight.

Concurrent with this change in policy, the Northerners acquired a new director—Walter H. Steindel—who left his own orchestra in Europe at the age of twenty-three to come to America and is assistant director of WGN's Chicago Philarmonic orchestra in addition to his Northerners directorship.

The success with which the Northerners new vocal ensemble was met is indicated by such an increase in requests to visit the program that station executives arranged to present the Northerners from the WGN studio-theater before 500 guests each Wednesday.

One night Nanette Fabray and Dick Smart, stars of the stage production, "Bloomer Girl," appeared to present a medley of the hit tunes from that show; another evening Paula Stone appeared to comment on "Sweethearts," while the Northerners ensemble sang hits from that old favorite.

Radiance is spelled: C-O-L-O-R... **for the NEW "2-0-8" EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER enlivens your skin with a vivacious radiance of color.**

Allure is spelled: P-E-R-F-U-M-E...

for this new face powder brings you, in an INTENSIFIED, more lasting form, the alluring perfume of EVENING IN PARIS!



and—
it covers and it clings
and it covers and
it clings!

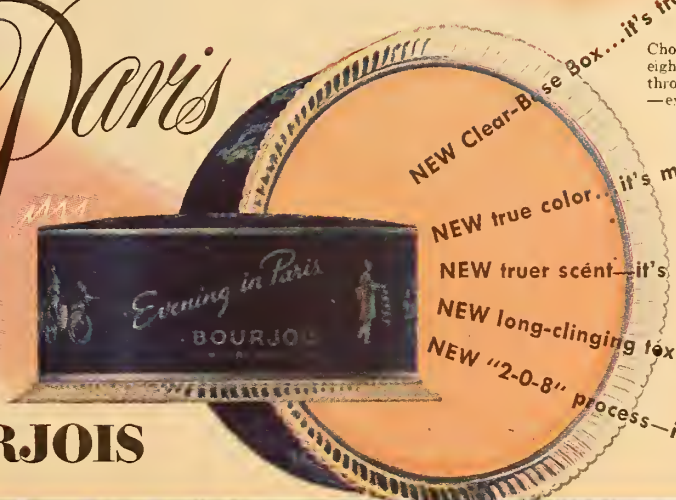
"2-0-8" is the sensational new face powder process developed by the House of Bourjois! A modern miracle of jet-propulsion *infuses* every tiny powder particle with color and perfume at the rate of 2.08 miles a minute!

Covers so well it hides tiny surface flaws . . . and as for cling, you've never seen a powder stay on the way this does! It's moisture-resistant, too . . . which means the radiant color stays true on the skin.

$1 plus tax

NEW *Evening in Paris*

Face Powder by BOURJOIS



NEW Clear-Base Box...it's transparent!

Choose your shade from the eight new *true-skin* colors through this *clear-base* box —exclusive with Bourjois.

NEW true color...it's moisture-resistant!

NEW truer scent—it's intensified!

NEW long-clinging texture—it's vitalized!

NEW "2-0-8" process—it's exclusive!



Helen Neushaefer, color and style authority, finds in tropic birds Nature's warmest, richest colors.

Captured for your nail-do...flaming color from the enchanted tropics

Your fingers, groomed with Helen Neushaefer Nail Polish, fairly dance with life and color . . . flame like sunlight caught on the wings of tropic birds in flight. And . . . most wonderful to know . . . PLASTEEN, miracle ingredient, found only in colors Helen Neushaefer has created, helps shock-proof your nails against chipping . . . makes more brilliant all twelve of her brilliant color-creations. Only ten cents at chain store and leading drug cosmetic counters.



The Miracle of PLASTEEN

Plosteen is the secret ingredient that makes Helen Neushaefer Nail Polish so easy to put on . . . so hard to chip off . . . keeps it smoother-flowing, free of bubbles . . . adds lustrous, jeweled brilliance to her ravishing colors. And to hers exclusively!

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NAIL POLISH WITH PLASTEEN

It lasts so long . . . it looks so beautiful

And ask for these exciting Helen Neushaefer creations:
Liquid Mascara • E-Z Hair Removing Glove • Lipstick Brush

Radio AND ITS CRITICS

Radio Mirror, aware of much present-day criticism of radio, presents here one informed authority's answer to that criticism. The following is a shortened version of a speech delivered by William S. Paley, Chairman of the Board of CBS, before a meeting of the National Association of Broadcasters.

DURING the past twelve months or more, ever since I became a private broadcaster again, I have been reading and hearing—and I know all of you have, too—growing criticism of American broadcasting.

The sheer volume and frequency of these attacks, together with the wide circulation they receive, constitute an enormous influence on public opinion. I for one have come away from all this criticism with a conviction that we broadcasters, collectively, have been guilty in the main of dangerous silence and inaction. We have allowed criticism of radio, for lack of appropriate reply, to assume the dimensions of a fad.

I am not speaking against critics and criticism as such. In a democracy we not only expect but encourage the citizens to express dissenting views. Essentially that is healthy. So I am not complaining against complaint. As for professional by-lined criticism in newspapers and magazines, I believe all broadcasters should welcome it. It is desirable that radio should receive the same sort of intelligent reviewing which books, plays, movies, concerts and so on receive.

The kind of criticism of all radio which serves no constructive purpose is something else entirely. It is marked by superficial generality. It is too often the technique of those who listen to one or two programs and then set themselves up as radio experts. These attacks on radio sometimes are hard to understand. A recent independent survey, conducted on a scientific and comprehensive basis, indicates that 82 per cent of the people believe radio is doing a good job or an excellent job. The churches, as a social institution, ranked next in public favor, with 76 per cent of the people believing that they do a good job or an excellent job. The public school systems, on this same scale, scored only 62 per cent, local governments 45 per cent. Evidence from impartial outside sources also indicates that of many great institutions in America radio serves the needs of the people best of all. Why then should an industry which apparently has such a fine record of public endorsement nonetheless be under so much fire?

I believe much of the answer lies in a problem which confronts no other business, no other medium of information, no other medium of entertainment: the basic, extraordinary fact that private broadcasting in America must be two things at the same time.

Primarily, radio is a mass medium which must serve the masses. Secondarily, it is a medium which must also serve the specialized needs of minority groups.

Here I want to hold up to candid inspection one of the fundamental premises which many of our detractors stand on. This premise is usually expressed in some such terms as these: "Radio supported by advertising—advertisers want only mass circulation—that's the reason why most radio programs ignore the interests of smaller groups and are aimed only at reaching audiences measured in the millions."

This premise simply will not stand the light of day. Let's remember that radio exists to serve the people. Is it conceivable, in (*Continued on page 69*)

The Year it Snowed



David Harum

EVERY year, a couple of weeks before Easter, my sister Polly begins turning the house upside down. She takes all the rugs and hangs them out in the breeze, she yanks down the curtains and washes them, she scrubs the woodwork and floors, and she makes me take off the storm sashes and put up screens on all the windows. About one year in two the weather, while Polly's doing all this, is cold enough to freeze the ears off the bronze Civil War soldier in the square, and I say to her:

"What in thunder are you making all this commotion for, Polly? Don't you think you're rushing the season a mite, doing your spring cleaning in the middle of winter?"

I never faze her. No matter what the thermometer stands at, she goes right ahead with her scrubbing. "Easter," she says. "A week from next Sunday is Easter, and that means it's spring."

"My bones say different."

"Then you're getting old," she retorts. "I've been doing my spring cleaning right before Easter for a good many years, David Harum, and I aim to go right on doing it then. As you go out, take that stuffed living room chair out into the backyard—I want to beat the dust out of it." There's no arguing with Polly when she's in a cleaning mood. She's a woman, and women are set in their ways. They operate on instinct, not logic.

But ever since a couple of years ago I've had the feeling that maybe Polly's right. Maybe her feminine instinct knows what it's up to when it sends her scurrying around the house with a scrubbing brush in her hand and her head tied up in a towel. Because something happened that Easter—something kind and happy and uplifting—to a young couple I know, a boy who thought Easter was just another Sunday and a girl who knew it was more than that.

They woke up, this Tim and Peggy McArdle, on Easter morning, and they looked out of the window and saw it was snowing. The first snow of winter can be a mighty exciting sight, but snow on Easter is a horse of a different color. Far as that goes, even the snow seemed to be of a different color from ordinary, honest snow. It wasn't white, it was a dirty gray, and it came out of a low gray sky, sifting down lazily through air that seemed too thick to let it fall. Once on the ground, it turned into slush.

"Easter!" Tim said, letting the window-curtain fall back into place. "Now what're you going to do with all those new clothes you bought?" There was a sort of disgusted triumph in his voice, an "I told you so" tone, and as he confessed to me later, he really was glad to think that the money and effort Peggy'd spent on new clothes for herself and the youngster was wasted. Tim wasn't mean, but he was young and he had a hard job in the mill, and he and Peggy'd been married just long enough so it wasn't a novelty any more and—well, for some months he'd been unable to shake off the feeling that life wasn't much fun, at least the way he was living it.

Peggy buttoned up the front of her faded cotton housedress. "Do with them?" she asked coldly. "Wear them to church, of course, just as I planned."

"Ye gods and little fishes!" Tim said. "In this weather?"

"In this weather."

By DAVID HARUM

David Harum, a radio dramatization produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard Monday through Friday at 10:45 A.M. EST on CBS. David Harum is played by Cameron Prud'homme.



on Easter

A Springtime parable of two young people who seek the Rebirth this Season brings

"Of all the crazy notions!" Tim flared at her, full of scorn and bitterness. "It isn't enough that you've got to run out and spend money we can't afford for fancy new duds—it isn't enough you've stayed up half the night, every night for a week, sewing—now you've got to wear the things in a blizzard and ruin 'em! You—"

But he stopped, because Peggy had turned her back and walked out of the bedroom. He could hear her in the little nursery next door, getting Timmy out of bed, making soft, cooing mother-sounds. Tim scowled, and threw on his clothes—old ones. He usually shaved before breakfast, and would have done so this morning, since he and Peggy and Timmy were going to church, but he told himself he didn't know whether he'd go or not. Peggy could go by herself, if she was so set on it. Or he might decide to go finally, but he'd let Peggy wonder awhile first.

Knowing Tim and Peggy, you'd have said they had everything in the world to be happy for. Oh, they weren't rich, in fact they were on the poor side, but lots of people are poorer, and Tim was smart and active; everybody who worked with him said he was going to get ahead. He was a good-looking youngster, in a thin, nervous way. He had black hair and alert eyes, and a wide, engaging grin when he felt like using it—which hadn't been often, lately. Peggy was a little, milky-skinned red-head, pert as a canary-bird, but with a quick temper. Timmy was two years old, and Peggy saw to it that he was healthy and clean; but he was mischievous and could be a holy terror at times. I wouldn't want a kid that couldn't.

All the same, it had been a hard winter for them. First Tim was sick, then Peggy, then Timmy—and then it had started all over again with Tim. He lost a good deal of time at the mill, and the many doctor and drugstore bills were always high. Peggy was very often tired and cross when he got home at night, and (*Continued on page* 72)





Come and Visit

How a bachelor's life was changed by three lovely blondes —changed for the happier

Phil's silver-mounted saddles, too good for the stables, are on dining room display. Alice was understandably startled the first time she saw them, but "You get used to it!" she says.



Good family life comes before the Harris career, the Faye career, or the joint Faye-Harris venture.

IT'S very easy to get lost driving out from Hollywood to the home of Alice and Phil Harris. The wandering, crooked road changes its name a dozen times as it climbs up into the Encino foothills from Ventura Boulevard. You have plenty of time to wonder what sort of setting Phil has conceived for the three beautiful, blue-eyed blondes who are the women in his life, his wife, Alice Faye, and their two daughters, Alice, who is five years old now, and Phyllis, who is three. Whatever your preconceptions are, you are certain to be surprised.

The women-folk may rule in numbers, as it turns out, but there is nothing delicate or Dresden-tinted about the sprawling ranch house where the Harrises live. Phil built the place fourteen years ago when he was a confirmed bachelor, and the feminine invasion has only slightly modified its mannish character. The siege of this particular one man's castle began seven years ago when Alice came there as a bride.

"I loved the place just the way it was," she recalls. "I liked the feeling that you could put your feet on anything you liked. The house invited you to let your hair down and relax." She liked the big, rather bare rooms, the massive fireplaces.

She was a little startled—as one is, visiting there today—to find silver-mounted riding saddles—rather than old Georgian coffee pots—in the dining room, and a professional size pool table and enormous gun cases (but no books) in what in most houses would be the library,

On the opposite page: Alice and Phil Harris at home, with little Alice, left, and Phyllis on her Mother's lap. Alice Faye and Phil Harris star together on the Bandwagon program, Sunday nights at 7:30 EST on the NBC network.

ALICE FAYE and PHIL HARRIS





"Smart Californians," say the Harrises, "live outdoors all the time." They make good use of every one of their eight acres.



The low, sprawling

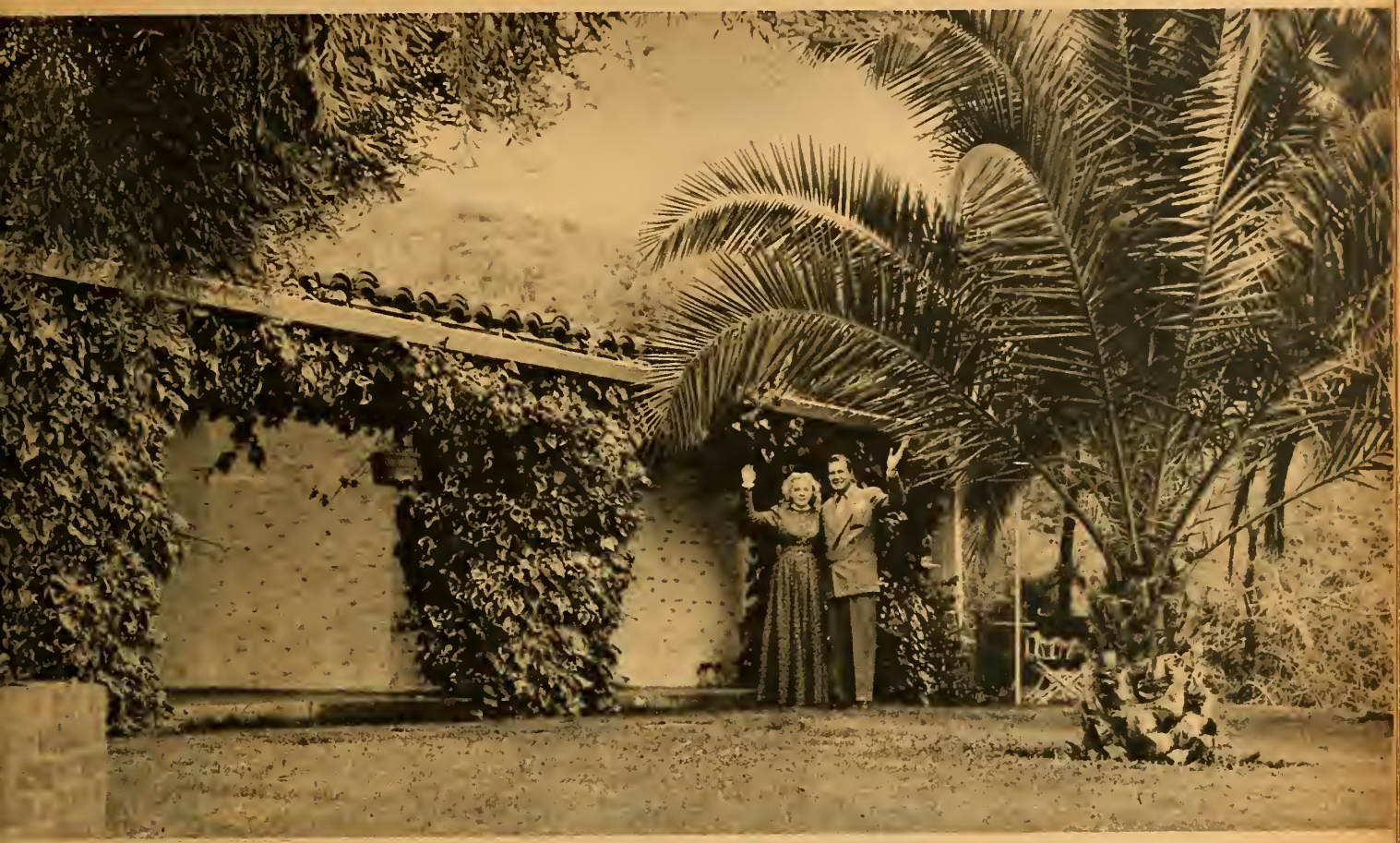


For a man-managed house, Alice admits, Phil's was inviting and comfortable. But the collection of early American china came in with the bride.



Work and leisure overlap when business is a family affair. Relaxing at home, the Harrises critically check a playback of their program.

Visit ALICE FAYE and PHIL HARRIS



ouse Phil built fourteen years ago has been modified only slightly—just enough to make room for the first Alice, the second Alice, and Phyllis.

but she got used to it. So would you. It takes about five minutes for the relaxation to set in.

"I wouldn't have changed a brick or a board of it," Alice confides, "but things happened."

"We didn't expect," she adds, with a broad grin, "to have all these children."

In its original design, Phil's house provided for one "family" bedroom—a good big one, with bathroom and dressing room built to scale. The only other sleeping rooms were the servants' quarters and they were far away on the other side of the house.

THE first baby's impending arrival five years ago posed a problem. With eight acres to spread out on, there was plenty of room for the house to grow but Alice didn't want to change the compact feeling of it. Consequently, architects and builders were called in, a hole was knocked in the roof, and a second story—a bedroom, two baths and two dressing rooms for Phil and Alice—added. The former "master bedroom" became the baby's nursery.

Now, with Phyllis getting big enough to want a room of her own, the house has growing pains again.

"As soon as we can get materials," Phil says, "we're going to build a suite for the children on top of the garage. They'll be far enough away from our room to make as much noise as they like."

The present arrangement makes for one stringent "house rule." No yelling until (*Continued on page* 62)





"Smart Californians," say the Harrises, "live outdoors all the time." They make good use of every one of their eight acres.



For a man-managed house, Alice admits, Phil's was inviting and comfortable. But the collection of early American china came in with the bride.



The low, sprawling house Phil built fourteen years ago has been modified only slightly—just enough to make room for the first Alice, the second Alice, and Phyllis.



Work and leisure overlap when business is a family affair. Relaxing at home, the Harrises critically check a playback of their program.

but she got used to it. So would you. It takes about five minutes for the relaxation to set in.

"I wouldn't have changed a brick or a board of it," Alice confides, "but things happened."

"We didn't expect," she adds, with a broad grin, "to have all these children."

In its original design, Phil's house provided for one "family" bedroom—a good big one, with bathroom and dressing room built to scale. The only other sleeping rooms were the servants' quarters and they were far away on the other side of the house.

THE first baby's impending arrival five years ago posed a problem. With eight acres to spread out on, there was plenty of room for the house to grow but Alice didn't want to change the compact feeling of it. Consequently, architects and builders were called in, a hole was knocked in the roof, and a second story—a bedroom, two baths and two dressing rooms for Phil and Alice—added. The former "master bedroom" became the baby's nursery.

Now, with Phyllis getting big enough to want a room of her own, the house has growing pains again.

"As soon as we can get materials," Phil says, "we're going to build a suite for the children on top of the garage. They'll be far enough away from our room to make as much noise as they like."

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After all of my worrying, the day turned out to be much more pleasant than I had dared to hope for.

Gathered on the younger Burtons' lawn is "the Family." Left to right, they are: Terry, the Second Mrs. Burton, played by Claire Niesen; Mother Burton, played by Evelyn Varden; Louise, Stan's sister, played by Patsy Campbell; Stan, played by Dwight Weist; and Brad, played by Carl Weber. The second Mrs. Burton is heard Monday through Friday, 2:00 P.M., EST, on CBS.

Some Things are Best Forgotten

Once more The Second Mrs. Burton finds her thinking at odds with that of "The Family"—She tells what happened when snobbishness went too far

SOMETIMES I think it's funny, the way the Burtons never forget that they *are* Burtons. In a way I suppose it's understandable. Their ancestors helped build Dickston; the Burton store is an institution in town; people come from miles around to trade with faith in the Burton name.

So, when Mother Burton draws herself up to her full height and gets the "family" look on her face, I usually just chuckle to myself and remind myself that she really has reason to be proud, and that if she enjoys thinking about it—well, it doesn't hurt anybody.

But sometimes it isn't funny. Sometimes it does hurt. I'm thinking particularly of an incident that happened this last Easter—only "incident" isn't the right word. It was very nearly a catastrophe. It began on Good Friday evening, with the ringing of the front door bell. Stan was upstairs napping, and I went to answer. On the threshold was a very tall young man, with hair so blond that it was almost white and a copper-brown skin. "Mrs. Burton?" he asked tentatively.

I nodded—just as tentatively. You see, until recently there were three Mrs. Burtons here in Dickston. Stan's mother, and Marion, Stan's first wife and the mother of his son, Brad—and I. A few months ago Marion became Mrs. William Sullivan, and about the same time Mother Burton sold the family home she had shared with Stan and me and took an apartment with Stan's young sister Louise. But still, when a stranger comes to the door and asks for Mrs. Burton, there is some question as to which Mrs. Burton he means.

"I'm Jud Clarke," he said. "I just got in from Arizona. Your brother told me to look you up."

At that I stepped back with a smile of real pleasure. Living here in upstate New York, I miss my family. They're all in the Midwest, except for Jim, who is in Arizona, farther away than any of them.

"Come in," I invited. "I think Jim's mentioned you—"

"We're pretty good friends," he agreed. "He lives not far from our ranch, and we see a lot of each other. I brought you a note from him—" He was following me into the living room as he talked, moving with the awkward caution of a man who is used to space and who suddenly finds himself closed in among fragile furnishings and delicate knick-knacks.

"Dear Terry," Jim had written. "I'm glad you have this chance to meet Jud Clarke. He's gone out of his way to help me many times, and if there's anything you can do to make his stay in the East more pleasant, I'll regard it as a favor to me. . . ."

I smiled at Jud over the note. "How long are you staying?"

"I can't tell, exactly," he answered. "I've come to meet my girl. She's a WAC, and we got to know each other overseas. I got my discharge a year ago, but she'd signed up for Occupation Duty, and she's just now coming home. Her ship's supposed to dock in New York today, but she cabled me before she left England, telling me to meet her here—figured that if there was any delay in her getting off the boat, there'd be less chance of our missing each other in Dickston than in a big city like New York."

"This is her home town, then?" I asked partly for the sheer pleasure of listening to his soft, slow speech. His *I* was *Ah*—"Ah cain't tell. . . Ah got mah discharge. . . ."

"Sort of," he said. "Mary's an orphan, and she's been brought up by different sets of kinfolk from Maine to California. An aunt of hers has a farm a few miles from here, and she's going to stay with her until she gets her discharge and we can be married."

It was touching, the way his face lighted when he spoke of his Mary. "And you haven't seen her for over a year!" I marveled. "Oh, you must be excited!"

"Excited!" His blond lashes lifted; his eyes glowed darkly blue. "I'm so excited, I'd like to throw a rope over that train and pull it in!"

I LAUGHED. "Well, since you can't do that, you'd better make yourself comfortable and wait—" A thought struck me. "Where are you staying?"

"I'm trying to get in at the hotel. It's full now, but they said they might have a room later tonight—"

I knew what that meant. Dickston is as crowded as any place else, and promises from the hotel were just—promises. And I knew what I ought to do, what I wanted to do. My own mother would have told Jud to move right in for as long as he wanted, and that's what Jim would expect me to do for his friend. But the Burtons are different. Not that they are inhospitable, but their hospitality is not as casual as ours. And this was Easter, as exclusively a family occasion to the Burtons as Christmas or Thanksgiving.

"Then you'll stay here, of course," I said with more heartiness than I felt.

"But it's a holiday," he objected, "and you'll have made plans—"

I insisted, and he accepted without too much urging. I understood his reasoning: if I had called at his home under the same circumstances, I'd have been asked to stay. Then Stan came downstairs, and I introduced them, adding quickly, "Jud's staying with us tonight, Stan. He's here to meet his fiancee, who's on her way back from Germany—"

There are advantages in the Burton training. Stan didn't like it a bit that we had an unexpected guest, but he didn't show it before Jud. He was cordial, offered to drive to the station for Jud's bags. But Jud refused, saying that Mary expected him to be at the hotel and that he wanted to stop there and leave our address should she call or wire from New York.

After he'd left, Stan turned to me. "What ever possessed you?" he demanded. "Easter, and Aunt Lavinia coming—"

I gasped. I'd forgotten about Aunt Lavinia. I'd never seen her, but I'd heard a great deal about her from the Burtons. She wasn't a real aunt, but a distant cousin, old, half-crippled, very wealthy, reportedly eccentric, who divided her time between Florida and her estate outside of Dickston. She kept to herself; no one presumed to visit her without an invitation, and her invitations were rare. Her visits to the family in Dickston were even less frequent, the last having been just after Brad was born, nearly ten years ago. I was the last person who should have forgotten about her impending visit. I was aware that it was regarded as something of an honor, and I very much wanted her to like me. Also, the note announcing her coming had specifically stated that she wanted to see Brad. I love young Brad, but his being with us means that Marion is close at hand, and when Marion and I are together—well, it's like the unsheathing of invisible swords.

"Oh," I said faintly. "Stan, I didn't think. . . . But I don't really know what else I could have done."

"Never mind," said Stan. "He seems to be a likeable guy, and anyway, he'll probably be gone before she shows up. If he isn't—" he shook his head, "—it might be inconvenient."

Brad was enchanted with Jud--a two-fold hero, cowboy and bomber pilot!

It soon became apparent that it was going to be more than that. Jud came back with his bags; one of them bulged with presents for me. A Navajo rug—real Navajo, not one of the machine-made things put out for tourists. You could tell by the clear colors, the small irregularities in the pattern. A pottery bowl as big around as a small table, as colorful as the rug. Beautiful, both of them, and utterly out of place in our conservative living room. I was admiring the rug, and wondering what in the world I was going to do with it, when Louise and Mother Burton arrived. Stan let them in, but he had no time to warn them that we had a guest. The sight of Jud, and his suitcases, stopped them short in the living room doorway.

"Mother Burton, Louise," I said, "this is Jud Clarke, a friend of my brother Jim."

JUD ROSE to his full height, beamed down impartially upon pretty little Louise, and dignified Mother Burton. "I'm happy to make your acquaintance," he declared.

Mother Burton said, "How do you do?"—coolly, with a rising inflection that questioned his being there. For the first time I realized how extraordinarily tall he was, and that his coat, if it was not actually too short in the sleeves and peaked at shoulders and collar, seemed to be.

"Jud's staying with us tonight," I began awkwardly, and then he took the explanation out of my hands.

"Ah'm waitin' on my girl," he said. "She's—"

Louise interrupted. She had been almost openly gaping at Jud. Now her eyes went a fraction wider. "You're—what?"

Jud's eyelids flickered. He repeated patiently with no change of tone, "Ah'm waitin' for my girl. She's due in from Europe—"

I drew a shaky breath. Louise hadn't meant to be rude. She honestly hadn't understood Jud's idiom. But it had been close; Jud could have thought that she was deliberately making fun of him.

Mother Burton sat down, missing by an inch the pottery bowl. "What in the world—"

"Presents," I said quickly, "that Jud brought us from Arizona." I rescued the bowl, showed her the rug. Before her unsympathetic eyes the bright colors became gaudy, the bold designs merely crude.

"Very interesting," she commented.

"Gorgeous!" breathed Louise, (*Continued on page* 90)



The MAYOR OF THE TOWN Advises:

Make Them



It's easy for the Mayor to talk discipline, sniffs Marilly; Butch will do anything for him. But so will acid-tongued Marilly herself, though she'd never admit it. (Lionel Barrymore as The Mayor of the Town, Agnes Moorehead as his housekeeper Marilly, Conrad Binyon as Butch, are heard Saturday nights at 8:30 EST, on CBS network stations.

THE screen door just slammed so violently that Butch, who's been sitting at my study table doing his lesson, almost fell off his chair. Marilly's gone off somewhere in a huff. And I'm wondering just how Marilly ever expects to teach Butch to close doors quietly—that is, how she really hopes to accomplish it. Because her steady complaining about it hasn't worked.

I can understand why, too, although Marilly wouldn't like my saying so. Maybe I'm getting to be an old man, but I'm not so old that I can't remember what terribly logical minds we all have when we're kids. I can see why Butch doesn't take Marilly's tirades too seriously. Marilly, who hands down the orders, doesn't follow them herself. So, why should he? I can still remember how mixed up I used to get when I discovered that rules around the house were *always* supposed to apply to me, but that grown-ups—frequently the very ones who made the rules and enforced them—were the first to break them. That used to bother me. I'm afraid it also used to make me mad and resentful.

Discipline is something that needs definition, I think. I know that Marilly thinks discipline means training a child to obey adults. If getting a child to obey calls for endless reminders, nagging, screeching and talk, talk, talk, why that's a burden Marilly is willing to bear. I can't seem to make her see that her method doesn't work very well.

This business of children being forced to obey adults is a little too much for me, anyway. As Mayor I come in contact with too many adults who can't run their own lives properly, without making a mess of everything they touch. It's always been a source of wonder to me what makes these same people think—and they do unfortunately—that the simple act of parenthood has suddenly showered such wisdom on them that they have the right to order another person—and children are persons—to do this and not do that all day long. Sometimes, it's my hunch, this kind of parent is just using his children unfairly to get back his self respect. He can't hold his own in the world outside, so he becomes a little tin god, a dictator in relation to his kids. Maybe it makes him feel better, but it surely must be agony for his children.

Marilly merely sniffs when I point out to her that most cases of juvenile delinquency come not from homes where children were "undisciplined" in her sense of the word, but from homes where parents were unusually strict and even cruel in enforcing obedience. She calls it modern foolishness when I try to explain that it's natural for a healthy young mind to resent being pushed around and forced to obey simply because an older and bigger person insists on it.

My own feeling about discipline is very different. And I'm pleased to see that modern educators are on my side. One of the best definitions I've come across (*Continued on page 79*)

WANT to Behave

You can't bully a child into behaving well, but you can ease him into it



"Kids have logical minds," the Mayor says. "You've got to expose them to good behavior, not just nag about it."

Young Married World



Like young-marrieds everywhere, when the Lewises say "We both work" they mean just that, whether they're talking about radio work or their share-the-tasks household.



THERE is a popular myth to the effect that every girl wants to get married. She may pretend she loves her job, her career, she may try to convince you that she loves the gay, gay whirl of her spinster life. But don't believe it, boys, the legend goes—what she really wants is a long, white veil, a wedding ring, and thou.

What you shouldn't believe, boys, is the legend. It is a fake. And this story of my long, uphill fight to convince Cathy Lewis that she should be Mrs. Elliott Lewis (she didn't even have to change her name) will prove it.

It will prove as well that sometimes, if you're lucky, boy gets girl at the fade-out. But no one will want to emulate my technique—which was showing up half-dead one day and

Cathy Lewis is heard in Michael Shayne, Tuesday nights at 8, EST, on MBS.

Charm couldn't win Cathy. Persistence was useless. How was a man to know a case of jaundice would do it?



"Cathy could have been a decorator," Elliott boasts; he contributed the prints.



Fire-screen, stool and sampler are heirlooms.

By ELLIOTT LEWIS

"It's nice and warm and friendly, inside."



breaking her heart. Cyrano dying under the tree was in no worse shape than I was when Cathy finally opened those big eyes at me and asked *"When* shall we get married?" That I didn't go on and die, I suppose, was a dirty trick, although Cathy has been nice enough in four years as *Mrs.* Lewis not to mention it.

I'm not sure how any man who wants to try my system today will go about it. In those days there was the infantry. I was in the Army for three and a half years, but the first six months—in the infantry—did the job that won over Cathy.

I was drafted in August, 1942, and sent to a training camp in Oklahoma. For a radio actor like me who has had no more physical work to do than to stand (*Continued on page* 75)

Elliott Lewis is in The Case Book of Gregory Hood, Mondays, 8:30 P.M. EST, MBS.

BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS

Butterfly

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

I am the worm
that dreamed o dreom—
a dream beyond belief.
I am the worm
that made me o bed
and lay in a silken sheaf.
I dreamed it deep
ond I dreamed it true
that a worm might rise ond fly—
That I would awake,
a flying flower
in o blowing heaven of sky.
—Mary White Slater

RESTRICTED NEIGHBORHOOD

I dreamed Death came the other night
and Heaven's gate swung wide;
with kindly grace St. Peter
ushered me inside.
And there to my astonishment
stood the friends I knew on Earth,
those I had judged and labeled as
"Unfit . . . of little worth!"
Indignant words rose to my lips
but never were set free . . . . .
for every face showed stunned surprise,
not ONE expected ME!
—Helen Hyde Jensen

ONE CROWDED HOUR

(From Old Mortality)

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
—Sir Walter Scott

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time ond the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.
I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.
—William Wordsworth

OLD ORCHARDS

We find old orchards have a way of life,
They face the sun or rain with equal grace.
And lift their patient arms from year to year
Receiving blight or blessing. Petaled lace

Disguises all the winter-lines of age
With each recurring spring. A blossom breathes
The fragrance born of April sun and rain.
It proves its constancy in storm, when wreathes

Of battered petals shield the robin's nest.
The orchard seems to feel no deep regret
In losing this brief loveliness. Each hour
Of beauty-barren moments soon will net

Gold-ripened fruit: old orchards know the plan.
They have borne fruit since gardens first began.
—Adelaide Long Lawson

From THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven, with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes

NO TRUER WORD

No truer word, save God's, was ever spoken,
Than that the largest heart is soonest broken.
—Walter Savage Landor

Dream Beset

The poets sing of radiant dreams
But the kind I have are gruesome—
If friendly fairies bring sweet dreams,
I surely wish I knew some!
—Laban Thomas Johnston

IN LOVE, IF LOVE BE LOVE

(From Idylls of the King)

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go;
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.
—Alfred Tennyson

Old favorites for pleasant remembrance: new poems to add to memory's lovely store



By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

ONCE UPON A TIME

So dear, so very dear, so far away
Those half-forgotten, half-remembered nights
When life was like a new, exciting play
And fancy took us on fantastic flights.
Our little dingy flat, a palace fair—
A walk around the block, a trip to Spain—
A hot dog on a bun, a filet rare—
A soda at the drugstore, pink champagne!

We were so gay, so confident, so brave,
So much in love, and oh so very young!
We cheered for banners that would some day wave,
Applauded songs that some day would be sung.
But now, more wise, we mourn that sweet "some day . . ."
So dear, so very dear, so far away.

—Virginia Phillis

Family Group

(in the churchyard)

Yonder is the plot where
Grandfather laid his wife to rest;
Cassandria, they called her;
Twenty-two, the tombstone states.
Two infants were beside her,
And one at home. Yet life was blessed—
Grandfather ordered angels
And a pair of lofty gates.

Yonder is the slope where
He planted ever-bearing rose,
Then courted young Sarah
Beside the cyclamen.
She mothered Cassandria's child,
And bore him six and wiped each nose.
Sarah was my grandmother;
She died when I was ten.

Yonder is the narrow space
Where Grandfather sleeps between the two
Angels he married.
(They were not the marble ones)
Buttercups and daisies mark
Their place of final rendezvous.
It's fairly clear that Grandfather
Could pick the paragons.

—May Carleton Lord

FULL DEFINITION

Some say that love becomes an arm
About them circled, some a warm
Shawl for the wearing, or a sweet
Song, or a lantern for the feet.
But I have found your love a kind
Of music, lamp, and robe combined,
And this besides: a wreath of flowers
To wear in sun or starlit hours—
And, added sensibly to all
Of these, your love for me is plain
Rubbers, raincoat, and parasol
To keep me happy through the rain.

—Elaine V. Emans

DOUBLE STANDARD

As a general thing, the wife of your heart
Is the party of the second part
Who, if you happen to arrive
At five-fifteen instead of five,
Explodes, in an excited state,
"Good heavens, William, why so late!"
Yet calmly at your office door
Arrives at five instead of four!

—W. E. Farbstein

THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind.
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.
Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.
Cupid is winged and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change;
But change she earth, or change she sky
Yet will I love her till I die.

—Unknown

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING

To everything there is a season,
And a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
A time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, ond a time to laugh;
A time to mourn, and o time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and o time to gather stones together;
A time to embroce, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and o time to lose;
A time to keep, ond o time to cast away;
A time to rend, ond a time to sew;
A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and o time to hate;
A time of war, and a time of peace.

—From Ecclesiastes Chapter 3

RADIO MIRROR will pay $5.00 each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed. Address Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for publication in Radio Mirror.

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES



Demonstrating was part of the work.

By MRS. JED OSTLING

Jed and Elsa Ostling were recent Truth or Consequences contestants. This is the story of their "consequences." Truth or Consequences is heard on NBC stations Saturdays, 8:30 P.M., EST.

YES, it happened to Jed and me—a strange adventure in living that began when we were chosen contestants on Truth or Consequences, and that turned both our lives topsy-turvy for one long week . . . an adventure we hoped would settle, once and for all, the old argument between husbands and wives that goes something like this:

"All you women need is a little knowledge of organization! You could do your housework in half the time!"

"Oh, you men! Well, I just wish I could sit at a desk all day instead of standing over this hot stove!"

Haven't you ever heard husbands and wives sparring like that? I have—not that my husband was ever so explicit in his criticisms. All Jed would ever say, mildly, was that he didn't understand why the housework should have me in such a distracted whirl all the time.

As for me, I had some understanding that the man's job wasn't all a soft snap. I had worked in offices and I had even helped my husband run a small-town newspaper in Beaumont, California.

But just the same, every once in a while, I would get that hankering to wear a chic little suit all day instead of a housedress; to feel that I was capable of closing a deal that involved more than a bargain with my four-year-old son.

So you can understand why, on that bewildering evening when we found ourselves contestants on Truth or Consequences—when we had to pay our forfeit—all I could stutter over the microphone was "And d-do you call that *bad?*"

Because, for one whole week, Jed

I didn't find much to criticize as far as the dinners went—Jed is a very good cook!





He cal

SAYS— Fair Play!

Whose job is hardest—husband's or wife's? Would you trade?

and I were to exchange daily jobs!

He was to be the housewife and care for little Jerry; I was to be the *Ostling* of the Storey-Ostling Sales, Manufacturers' Representatives, taking my husband's place.

And it was not to be taken lightly, either. No cheating. No helping each other. No letting each other's work pile up so that it could be done in the ordinary work the next week. We had been long-standing listeners to the radio program in the past and we knew that forfeits were paid up to the letter.

Did you ever play Truth or Consequences as a child? I remember it as a rather simple game, with one team or one contestant trying to stump another on a question and if the answer was wrong the loser had to perform some silly stunt such as balancing (*Continued on page* 82)



Black Wednesday—the day everything went wrong.



When our turn came and Ralph Edwards called us to the microphone, both Jed and I felt perfectly poised. Poised? Poor Jed had a terrible time remembering his name!



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I didn't find much to criticize as far as the dinners went—Jed is a very good cook!





He call… Black Wednesday—the day everything went wrong.



When our turn came and Ralph Edwards called u… to the microphone, both Jed and I felt perfectly poised. Poised? Poor Jed had a terrible time remembering his name!

Mademoiselle



MANY a "Madame X" has been written about in fiction—daring, adventurous, mysterious women who are as beautiful as their exploits are astonishing. But right in New York City lives a real-life "Mademoiselle X"—she's far too young to be called "Madame"—whose story reads like a romantic novel. What's more, she's constantly cast as the typical American girl on the stage, the screen, and radio . . . when in truth she's neither American nor typical!

To solve the mystery: she is nineteen-year-old Susan Douglas. Her real name? Zuzka Zenta —and only six years ago she was a Czechoslavakian child who came alone to New York without knowing a word of English! Since then you've heard her on The Theater Guild on the Air, Prologue to Glory (opposite Zachary Scott), Berkeley Square (opposite Rex Harrison), Aldrich Family, Counterspy, Front Page Farrell, Let's Pretend, Hop Harrigan, Teen-timers Club—and you can tune in on her any time now on the Judy 'n' Jill 'n' Johnny show. Susan plays Judy. Furthermore, she delighted the Broadway critics this season as the little bareback rider in the stage play "He Who Gets Slapped"—and her first movie, "Bel Ami" (with George Sanders), is about to be released.

To meet her you'd never dream she was a "Mademoiselle X." She is a lovely-looking five-footer, with light brown hair and blue eyes; and she lives with forty-nine other young actresses at the Rehearsal Club (*Continued on page* 66)

Becoming, but so are the sweaters and skirts Susan Douglas prefers for her three-way acting career.

Covering the Cover Girl: Zuzka

became Susan, Zenta became Douglas,

and the young Czech newcomer

became an American rising star



Not till her name matched it did Susan's good English count. Hear it on Judy 'n' Jill 'n' Johnny, Saturdays, MBS.



Momentous professional date: dinner with George Sanders in the current movie, "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami".

Susan takes acting seriously, has already caught the approving eye of both critics and public.





The Skelton

Red Skelton's gallery of bad, mad,

WILLY LUMP-LUMP—Clem Kiddidlehopper—Deadeye—Junior, the Mean Widdle Kid—put them all together and you have Red Skelton in a hilarious half-hour, 10:30-11:00 EST, over the National Broadcasting System, every Tuesday evening.

His famous expression "I dood it!" has become a part of the American vocabulary. Now comes "903". *What is "903"?*—we will find out in Red Skelton's own good time! The program is written and produced by Edna Skelton Borzage and, besides the characters that Red portrays, features the lovely singing voice of Anita Ellis; Verna Felton, who plays the part of Junior's long-suffering Grandmother; GeGe Pearson as Sara Dew, Mrs. Willy Lump-Lump, Mrs. Bolivar Shagnasty, Mrs. J. Newton Numbskull; Wonderful Smith; Rod O'Connor, popular chief announcer; and Pat McGeehan, assistant announcer. Dave Forester leads the orchestra.



Pat McGeehan, assistant announcer, takes an acting hand in the program whenever odd characters are needed.



An all-the-cast-is-present chorus winds up a broadcast around Dave Forester's piano: Anita Ellis, Wonderful Smith, Verna Felton, Red, GeGe Pearson, announcer Rod O'Connor.



Edna Skelton Borzage and Red check a script: it's long because gags are always credited with the laughs they get.

SCRAPBOOK

witless folk is held together by a comedian versatile in characterization



Come April Fool's Day, come Clem Kiddidlehopper to Sara Dew's door, with—what else?—a wallet he found. Think of Sara Dew's face when she picks it up and finds—literally—a string attached.



There she goes, and Clem's about to die laughing. This'll cure her of all the time wanting to marry him. Wait till she sees there's nothing in that wallet but an old written-on piece of paper!



That's all there was, but it was enough. The difference between them (besides April Fool being Clem's birthday) is that Sara Dew went to first grade. So she can spell out the writin'.



And, when she finds it's a fifty-thousand-dollar War Bond made out to Rod O'Connor, she can give it back and collect the reward. Wasn't it sweet of Clem to help her get that car and stuff?



RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $100 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If there is such a memory in your life, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay one hundred dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, fifteen dollars: No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42, New York 17, N. Y.

Rainbow of Hope Toward the Future

Dear Papa David:

Until my recent marriage I lived with my sister and her husband. They wanted a child even more than many young couples do. All of their friends had children who spent at least a part of their play-time at our house, romping and noisy. When they left, the hollowness was worse. True, those two young people filled their days with activity, friends and hobbies. I don't mean they sat around moping for the "bundle from Heaven" that didn't arrive!

About a week before last Easter Sunday, I stayed in the office to dash a letter off to my heart interest. When I finished, I ran to the powder room to freshen up before going to the drugstore downstairs for a hasty sandwich before the boss came back. There I found Mildred, a thin little thing from the law office next door. She was trying to repair the ravages to her face but all the pancake makeup in the city couldn't conceal the signs of those tears. Not being a very subtle person, I came right out and asked what was wrong. That was all that was needed. She flooded me with her woes. Several years before she had loved but not wisely. The child, David, was now almost two and she had been boarding him at an agency-approved private home. Now she was sincerely in love with a man upstate who knew about David and was willing to take him with Mildred. But Mildred was panicky. David, to her, meant the suffering through which she had gone. She doubted if a marriage would work, either for her or the child, if he was in the home. Yet she could not give him for adoption. Her thinking was too confused.

It was late for me to be getting back to the office so I made an appointment to meet Mildred after work. Then we went to the agency and had a long talk. That night my sister, brother-in-law, and Mildred had a long talk. The next day that blessed child-caring agency started its machinery rolling. A fast, but amazingly thorough analysis of my sister's home was made, lightened somewhat by the fact that the home had been approved for a foster child, when and if one became available. Now it was studied from the viewpoint of this particular little thin, under-nourished baby. The final result was that David would be with my sister and her husband for one year. If during that time Mildred worked out her problems and wanted David, he would be hers. Meanwhile, my sister would have the privilege of caring for him and loving him. All parties concerned were fairly sure that David would remain.

That week was one to remember. Clothing to be procured, medical appointments to be made, baptismal arrangements, housing problems. Yes, for you see, Papa David, I had done myself out of a room and a home. My room was the only suitable one for a nursery! Mildred finally took off for upstate, happy, relieved and with new hope. And David came! David with his friendly grin and his infinite trust in everyone's goodwill! We shall dye Easter eggs this Easter in new and glorious shades but none will be so brilliant as the rainbow of hope and gratitude in this home.

Miss G. M.

For this letter, RADIO MIRROR has sent the writer one hundred dollars. Fifteen dollar checks go to the writers of the letters that follow.

Dear Papa David:

During part of my teen age I was what you might call fickle-minded, for I thought myself to be in love with most all of the good-looking boys I dated, until I met this one who had been divorced. I thought he was the very one that I wanted to share my life for always. Then he went off to war and a few months later I discovered I was to bear his child.

In the meantime, before I knew I was to have a child, I went to a larger city to work in a Defense Plant with one of my girl-friends. Then I thought it best to write and tell this boy of our mistake. The answer I received from him was a proposal of marriage so that our child would have its legal name. But somehow I knew then that I didn't love him enough to become his wife. Then my parents' religion absolutely forbade marriage to someone who had been divorced. So I stopped writing to this boy and decided to go through the shame and disgrace alone.

My parents didn't know of my condition until about three months before the baby was to be born, when I wrote them a letter explaining how I had let my emotions get the best of me. They were one of the best Christian families in our town. It hurt them very badly to hear such tragic news about their own daughter; one of my sisters even said she would rather see me dead.

Some of my friends advised me to go to some hospital where the expenses were all paid and let the baby out for adoption, but I knew I couldn't do that—for even though she wasn't yet born I loved her so very much already.

So I kept on working at the Defense Plant, pedaling those munitions machines by foot until it became unbearable. In the meantime, my mother wrote me a long letter and said I could come home for my baby to be born.

My mother and brothers never tired of reminding me of the wrong I had done, and of the disgrace I had brought upon the family. I knew my sin was great; but I ceased to care whether I went on living or not. Then the night my baby was born my brother got up out of bed and went after the Doctor on his bicycle. It was on Christmas Eve and a very cold night, but even though my brother had repeatedly exclaimed that he wouldn't go after the Doctor, he jumped up out of bed and was gone in no time. That made me feel much better.

There had been several of our neighbors wanting to adopt Janet before she was born, but the moment she was laid on my pillow beside me I knew I could never give her away. I prayed to God to help me find a way. I knew I wouldn't stay at home long for my folks were always reminding me of my wrong. They made me feel that I was the lowest creature on earth. Before I had gained my strength back I got a letter from my former room-mates asking me to bring Janet and come to St. Louis to work in another Defense Plant. When Janet was two months old I took what few clothes we had, along with the tickets and money my friends had sent me to come on, and went to St. Louis.

This made me feel that I at least still had a few friends. They had already arranged for a lady to keep my baby during my working (*Continued on page* 105)

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard Monday through Friday afternoons at 12 PST, 1 MST, 2 CST, 3 EST, on NBC stations.

DO some

Come out with Jo Stafford's answer: reducing's a hard job, but worth it, for it makes working, singing, just plain living, a lot more fun

By JO STAFFORD





"It means so much when you can finally wear the

I REALLY don't know where to start. It's always been difficult for me to talk about personal things—things that really matter. And my weight certainly falls in that category but perhaps it's just that I'm overly sensitive on the subject.

It took a sixteen-year-old neighbor of mine here in Long Beach, California, to make me realize that sharing your own experiences rather than hoarding them is often the simplest way of helping people. It was my first day home from the East. My manager's long-awaited promise to bring my show, The Supper Club, to the Coast had come true and I was back home—not just to visit, but to work and live. Your family have to mean as much to you as mine do for you to realize how happy I was

Figuring



kind of clothes you've always eyed on other girls."



"There was a morale-building reaction from studio audiences," Jo recalls. Her Supper Club broadcasts are heard Monday through Friday at 7 P.M. EST, NBC.

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I was out in Mom's yard, breathing deep of that famous sun-kissed California air and wishing I never had to go inside when Peggy hailed me from across the street. As I watched her hurry toward me I felt a pang of dismay—Peggy, who used to be as round and cute as a well-fed kitten, now had an unmistakably over-stuffed look about her that some mercilessly honest people might go so far as to call "fat."

Peggy's first words after we had exchanged greetings showed that, with the acuteness of adolescence, she had read my thoughts all too well.

"Do you think I've gained too much?" she inquired, looking up at me intently, the toe of one scuffed sneaker rubbing nervously against the other.

"Yes, you have," I said at last, having considered and rejected all other possible answers.

Her sigh could have been heard halfway around the block. "I know it," she admitted sadly, "but there isn't anything I can do. Gosh, I don't see how you lost all that weight; I'll never forget how different you looked when (*Continued on page* 98)

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The Bumsteads



1. Mr. Dithers always threatens to grind Dagwood's fingers in the pencil sharpener if Dagwood insists on giving him trouble, and it looks as if the time has come. Dagwood is being recalcitrant about the muscle-building course laid out for him by Blondie and Mr. Dithers, in preparation for the arrival of the great McGonnigle, an athlete from way back. Dimples, Mr. Dithers' secretary, shuts out the shrieks of anguish that she expects momentarily, but Dagwood saves his digits again by giving in to his fate.



2. Up-and-at-'em Dagwood—early in the morning! Blondie has appointed herself coach and trainer, and keeps an eye on his Indian Club routine in the mirror as she combs her hair. Dagwood's whole heart is not in his work.



3. The whole family—and Mr. Woodley—cooperate in the task of getting Bumstead fit. "Do you call those muscles?" Woodley jeers. "I've seen buggy whips look better than those things you call arms."

ON a modest street in a typical suburban town live the Bumsteads, an average family. But unlike other American families, their daily life is a newspaper, radio and movie feature.

The comic strip, "Blondie", was originated by Chic Young in 1930. Since then, Dagwood's midnight sandwiches—Blondie's silly hats—the antics of the Bumstead children, their dog, Daisy, and *her* children—all these have become the daily delight of millions of fans.

Who doesn't know and sympathize with Dagwood's boss, J. C. Dithers, in his efforts to keep Dagwood's mind on business, hasn't suffered as Dagwood tries to put over a deal with the firm's biggest customers, Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and McGonnigle? In this new Blondie story, McGonnigle is coming to town on business, and Mr. Dithers insists that it is Dagwood's job to keep him happy. McGonnigle is a great athlete, so Blondie takes over the task of getting Dagwood in shape to keep up with him should he want a game of golf or tennis, or a brisk ten-mile walk. Dithers believes in keeping the customer happy, but Dagwood doesn't and isn't!

BLONDIE and DAGWOOD in a RADIO MIRROR PICTURE STORY



4. Comes evening—and insubordination in the ranks. Blondie, worn out by her efforts to build Dagwood up, has taken Cookie and Alexander to the movies. And when they come home, there's Dagwood breaking training with one of those sandwich creations. That man—after promising faithfully to be in bed by seven! Fortunately, Blondie got home in time to snatch the Bumstead Special before it disappeared.

Blondie, written by John L. Greene and directed by Don Bernard, is heard on CBS stations Sunday, 7:30 P.M., EST. Blondie is played by Penny Singleton, and Arthur Lake is Dagwood. Hanley Stafford takes the part of Dagwood's boss, Mr. Dithers; Cora Dithers, his wife, is Elvia Allman; Harriet and Mr. Woodley are played by Mary Jane Crofts and Frank Nelson; Alexander and Cookie, by Larry Sims and Marlene Ames; "Dimples" Wilson, by Veola Vonn; McGonnigle, by Howard Petrie, program's announcer.



5. This is routine with the Bumstead family, every week-day morning. It's Dagwood's famous rush to the bus, with the whole family lined up to help. But bereft of his midnight snacks, and forced to exercise, Dagwood can't make it, and falls flat. Blondie's upset, but remains full of fight.



6. J. C. Dithers, himself, has come home with Dagwood to see how the training program is going, for this is the day Mr. McGonnigle arrives—he's coming to lunch. The dummy's to help Dagwood get into the spirit of the thing. But it isn't Dagwood's spirit that falters!



9. Lunch, and there's McGonnigle, big as life. *Bigger*, thinks Dagwood. Even his own wife has turned against him, he decides, giving McGonnigle those enormous portions and coldly setting before him—her loving husband—a wisp of lettuce to toy with. His heart is as gloomy as his stomach is empty. What kind of a deal is this, anyway? Does Blondie *want* the formidable McGonnigle to be as happy as Dagwood is not?



10. Urged on by Dithers, McGonnigle wants a ten-mile hike after lunch. He promises not to let Dagwood overdo it.



7. "Eight, nine, ten—he's out!" Dagwood took a hefty swing at the McGonnigle dummy, but the dummy swung right back. Besides all those never-before-used muscles, poor Dagwood now has a black eye—souvenir of the occasion. As if he needed *that* to help him remember!



8. It's obvious that the trick can't be turned with brawn—Dagwood simply isn't the man for it. So it must be done with brains, Blondie decides. She keeps half her mind on Cookie's music lesson, half on thinking her way out of this situation. And when Blondie says "brains," she means "guile."



11. A slow starter, Dagwood is in fine form at the finish. Because, you see, the finish came very close to the start. The two hearty hikers have not gone more than three blocks before McGonnigle, the athlete, collapses, and has to be carried home. He shouldn't have eaten so much, he explains, but it was so very good, and Blondie kept insisting.



12. Bumstead victorious! Dagwood is the hero of the day, and McGonnigle subsides on the sofa. Things did not go quite according to plan, but all's well, just the same. McGonnigle wouldn't dare to place his order elsewhere—he wouldn't want it known around town that he had been bested by a Bumstead. So Dagwood is free for the game at which he shines—checkers with Cookie.

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Young Widder Brown

The story of a woman whose love for her children has helped her to discipline the longings of her heart



DR. ANTHONY LORING'S engagement to Ellen Brown represents his deepest hope, that he and Ellen will some day be able to marry. His devotion is unshaken despite the attitude of her children, and despite the many feminine patients at Health Center who find the capable doctor a very attractive man. (Played by Ned Wever)

Young Widder Brown is a daily NBC feature, heard



ELLEN BROWN, through work, suffering, compromise, through many troubled days and sleepless nights, has forged an answer to the problem that became hers when, years ago, she was widowed: the problem of how a woman, left husbandless while still young and charming, can achieve happiness without denying a part of herself to her children. Ellen's answer is that MARK and JANEY must always come first. Her own fulfillment, Ellen believes, must for the present grow from life as the beloved mother and companion of her children, rather than as Anthony's wife. Though she and Anthony are engaged, Ellen fears that marriage will intensify the disturbance that their present relationship has already caused Mark and Janey; to safeguard their complete happiness she is willing to postpone a richer life for herself, and to ask the same sacrifice of Anthony.

(Ellen is played by Florence Freeman; Mark, Dick Van Patten; Janey, Marilyn Erskine)

Monday through Friday at 4:45 P.M. EST. It was conceived and is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert.



MARIA HAWKINS, although filled with good intentions, often lets her tongue and curiosity run away with her. However, Ellen, seeing beneath the busybody exterior, knows that Maria is good-hearted, can be relied on.
(played by Alice Yourman)



WAYNE GARDNER, an attractive widower who loves Ellen, lost his eyesight in an accident while helping to clear Ellen of a murder charge. Ellen feels responsible for his sacrifice, which complicates her relationship with her fiance Anthony.
(played by Robert Haag)



ALICIA GRAYSON came to know Ellen through Wayne, her son-in-law, and like him sees reflected in Ellen the joy they knew while her daughter was alive. She has been a consolation to both Ellen and Wayne, but feels they could and should find happiness together.
(played by Eva Parnell)



BARBARA STORM is, like her name, a woman of stormy moods, relentless desires. She is uncontrollable when she sets out to acquire anything she wants. She wanted Anthony, who had restored her to health—wanted him so much that she went to great extremes to get rid of Ellen. She almost succeeded in her plans—would have succeeded, in fact, except that she had not reckoned on the strength and the complete sincerity of Anthony's love for Ellen. (played by Arline Blackburn)



NORINE and HERBERT TEMPLE are very close friends of both Ellen and Anthony—staunch, dependable friends, too, in times of stress. Very much in love and happily married, Norine and her husband live a comfortable, normal life, sharing each other's interests and enthusiasms. Although they move in the best circles of Simpsonville society, it is true of the young Temples that they unstintingly give of themselves, in whatever way they can help, when trouble looms on the horizon for others, no matter who those "others" may be. Nor do they ever expect anything in return. (Joan Tompkins, Alexander Scourby)



Easter's on the table in its true Springtime colors, with the delicate lavender of a grape pie, the yellow of early blossoms.

Springtime Magic

THE calendar makers and the almanac compilers all agree, year after year, that March 21 is the first day of spring. Well, if that is the day these experts prefer, they can have it, and welcome. But to me that date is just another one on the calendar. The real beginning of spring, to my way of thinking, is Easter Sunday. Whether it is early or late, whether it is warm and balmy or so cold and blustery that we must protect our new finery with heavy topcoats, Easter has a magic all its own. It is the magic of joyful hymns sung in our churches, of children's laughter when they find the gaily colored eggs the fabulous rabbit has left for them; of fresh awareness, although we may have seen them with our eyes for days, of budding trees and grass green with new life.

Since it is Eastertime, I think it is very appropriate that our recipes are so fresh and different. They are all-made with an unflavored gelatine that features a new quick-method of preparation. Calling for but a single saucepan, these new gelatine dishes are so easy to prepare that you can indulge your taste for jellied salads and desserts, entrees and soups to your heart's content. Best of all there is magic in the way this quick-method gelatine takes to flavors. Commercial flavorings, tomato juice, fresh or canned fruit juices—our new gelatine technique molds them quickly into delicate good-to-eats such as the delectable Grape Chiffon Pie on the opposite page.

GRAPE JUICE CHIFFON PIE

1 envelope Quick-Method Gelatine
¼ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup grape juice
⅓ cup water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 egg whites
¼ cup sugar
1 baked 8-inch pie shell or Corn Flakes Pie Shell

Combine gelatine, sugar, salt, grape juice, and water in a saucepan and heat over medium flame until gelatine and sugar are dissolved, stirring constantly . . . about 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat and add lemon juice. Chill, stirring occasionally, until mixture is slightly thickened.

Beat egg whites until foamy. Add ¼ cup sugar gradually and continue beating until mixture stands up in soft peaks. Fold gelatine mixture into egg whites and pour into cold pie shell or Corn Flakes Pie Shell. Chill until firm. Garnish with sweetened whipped cream.

CORN FLAKE PIE SHELL

¾ cup corn toasties
2 tbls. melted shortening
1 tbl. sugar
1 tbl. water

Crush corn flakes fine, combine with melted shortening and toss lightly until well blended. Dissolve sugar in hot water, sprinkle over corn flakes mixture and toss again to mix well. Press mixture on bottom and sides of 8-inch pie pan. Bake in 375 degree oven until firm and crisp (8 to 10 minutes). Cool before filling with gelatine mixture. If desired, a baked pastry shell may be used in place of a corn flake shell.

QUICK TOMATO ASPIC

1 envelope Quick-Method Gelatine
2 cups canned tomato juice
½ tsp. celery salt
½ tsp. onion salt
Dash of pepper

Combine gelatine, tomato juice and seasonings in saucepan. Heat over (*Continued on page 89*)

By
Kate Smith



RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, and Sunday nights at 6:30 EST, when Kate Smith Sings—on the CBS network.

ANTIQUES for EVERYONE



It's not a matter of budget, but of perseverance—and good, hard work

The small sofa and chairs are re-furbished originals, but the table Toni Darnay had made to her own specifications. The top of it started out as a mirror in a massive gold frame. The chairs Toni re-upholstered in soft rose velvet.



PERHAPS you have a secret yen for period furniture, but believe it belongs only in museums. Perhaps you own a cherished heirloom chest or table which you would like to surround with matching pieces if antiques were not far beyond your purse. If either of these labels fits you, you have been thinking along the wrong lines, says Toni Darnay, of the cast of CBS's The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters.

"Antiques and period rooms are for anyone who likes them," Toni adds. "They are fun to live with and collecting them need not take every penny in your piggy bank if you are willing to spend time and energy looking for them."

Toni speaks with such authority because she lives with antiques—a whole apartment full of them—a French living room, English foyer, a combined Spanish-and-Victorian bedroom, Victorian bathroom and a kitchen which, when she completes it, will be Austrian. She says of her varied furnishings, "If your job won't permit you to travel, do your traveling at home."

It all began when Toni, after living in a studio club for so long that an apartment seemed a never-to-be-realized dream, suddenly found herself in possession of one—and not a stick of furniture to put into it. A hurried SOS to her mother in Chicago, who has collected period pieces for years, resulted in a small gold-leaf sofa covered in rose silk damask and two gold-leaf side chairs in need of upholstering, an English mahogany kneehole desk and a Spanish bed of dark, almost black, oak.

Toni re-upholstered the chairs in soft rose velvet to match the sofa, using their worn covering as a pattern and finishing them off with gold cord as nearly like the original as she could find. Sofa and chairs looked as though they had come straight from the court of a French king. They also looked very lonesome, there in Toni's living room, with only a gold silk screen, another piece sent by her mother, to keep them company, so Toni began to haunt the auction rooms— (*Continued on page* 97)

BASIC FACT

The formula for being well-dressed: double-duty clothes, a wealth of accessories



For business wear the same dress takes on a gay red belt, and is paired with low heels.

Mary Rolfe cheers up her basic black with attractive accents.



"BEING well-dressed isn't so much a matter of having lots of clothes as of having the right clothes for every occasion," Mary Rolfe of CBS's Rose of My Dreams said recently. "The girl who makes the same wardrobe double for business and dates deserves more credit than the one who has unlimited time and money to spend on her appearance."

Mary, who is Mrs. Lyle Bettger in private life, has a heavy radio schedule. But since she always looks as if she had just stepped out of the well known bandbox we asked her for her right-clothes-for-the-occasion secret.

Turned out it is no secret at all, but a clever use of a basic dress with varied accessories—"Lots and lots of accessories," she said.

"Goodness knows the basic dress idea is not a new one," she went on, "but it certainly is a time and money saver. It is fun, too, to plan accessories that are exactly as you want them and it helps to satisfy that creative feeling which we all have to some extent, for while most of us will hesitate about experimenting, if such experiments might ruin a dress, accessories are an unlimited field for trying out new designs and color combinations."

Basic, Mary says, is not a synonym for "severe." More than any other garment you own, a "basic" must be exactly right, exactly flattering to you, in line and color. Then it is not camouflaged with accessories, but deftly accented.

Mary's basic dress of lightweight wool has (*Continued on page* 97)

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30			Earl Wild	Caroline Calling
8:45				
9:00		People's Church	White Rabbit Line	
9:15	Story to Order			Renfro Valley Folks
9:30	Words and Music	Tone Tapestries		
9:40				Johnson Family
10:00	Bible Highlights	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Circle Arrow Show	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00	Design For Listening	Bible Institute	Fine Arts Quartet	Wings Over Jordan
11:15				
11:30	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	World Front News	Pilgrim Hour	F. H. LaGuardia	Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	String Orchestra	Yours Sincerely
12:45			Raymond Swing	
1:00	America United	Married For Life	Johnny Thompson	People's Platform
1:15				
1:30	Chicago Round Table	Juvenile Jury	Sammy Kaye	Time For Reason
1:45				
2:00	Robert Merrill,	Warden Lawes	Warriors of Peace	
2:15	Frank Black	American Radio Warblers		
2:30	James Melton	Bill Cunningham	National Vespers	"Here's to Ya"
2:45		Veterans' Information		
3:00	Carmen Cavallaro	Open House	Dr. Danfield	N. Y. Philharmonic
3:15				
3:30	One Man's Family	Crimes of Careless-ness	From Hollywood	
3:45			Samuel Pettingill	
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	Are These Our Children	
4:15				
4:30	Pattern in Melody	True Detective	Green Hornet	Hour of Charm
4:45				
5:00	NBC Symphony	The Shadow	Darts for Dough	The Family Hour
5:15				
5:30		Quick As A Flash	David Harding	Hoagy Carmichael
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Those Websters	Court of Missing Heirs	Ozzie and Harriet
6:15				
6:30	Bob Burns	Nick Carter	Greatest Story Ever Told	Kate Smith Sings
6:45				
7:00	Jack Benny	Mysterious Traveler	Drew Pearson	Gene Autry
7:15			Don Gardner	
7:39	Fitch Bandwagon	California Melodies	The Clock	Blondie
7:45				
8:00	Edgar Bergen	A. L. Alexander	Detroit Symphony Orch.	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	Fred Allen	Special Investigator		Crime Doctor
8:45		Official Detective		
9:00	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	Exploring the Unknown	Walter Winchell	Hildegarde
9:15			Louella Parsons	
9:30	American Album	Double or Nothing	Jimmie Fidler	Eddie Bracken
9:45			Policewoman	
10:00	Don Ameche	Gabriel Heatter Show	Theatre Guild	Take It Or Leave It
10:15				
10:30	Meet Me at Parky's	Latin American Serenade		We the People
10:45				
11:00	News			



Peter Donald

—who has solved the housing shortage for himself by moving into Allen's Alley, Sunday nights with the Fred Allen Show.



Jane Webb

—the two-gun gal who rides with Tom Mix and His Straight Shooters, weekdays over the Mutual network at 5:45 P.M., EST, makes horses her hobby. She has a fantastic collection of ceramic ones, with and without riders and rockers: colts, mares and stallions, drays and thoroughbreds, and even the famous "horse of a different color."

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do Your Remember			
8:45	Reveille Roundup			
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Daytime Classice			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00	Lee Sullivan	Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Hymns of All Churches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Club Time	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Easy Does It	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Art Van Damme Quartet			Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Quaker City Serenade	At Your Request	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	George C. Putnam	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Conference Calls	Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Echoes From Tropics	Jackie Hill		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Women in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Photoplay Studio Tour	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Bouquet For You
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John MacVane			
6:15	Serenade to America			In My Opinion
6:30				Red Barber Sports
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Vincent Lopez	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Carolyn Gilbert	Henry J. Taylor	The Lone Ranger	Bob Hawk Show
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Cavalcade of America	McGarry and Mouse	Lum and Abner	Inner Sanctum
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Casebook of Gregory Hood	Sherlock Holmes	Joan Davis
8:45				
9:00	Telephone Hour	Gabriel Heatter	Dark Venture	Lux Radio Theater
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Victor Borge	Guy Lombardo	Sammy Kaye	
9:45				
10:00	Contented Program	Fishing & Hunting Club	Doctors Talk It Over	Screen Guild Players
10:15			Joe Mooney Quartet	
10:30	Dr. I. Q.			Sweeney and March



Sherlee Tour

—is Hoagy Carmichael's sweet-voiced Girl Friday on his Sunday afternoon CBS musical program at 5:45 P.M., EST. She has been on the air for seven years, since she was fifteen, back home in Indiana. Her first show was her own idea, too, seven minutes of philosophic wisdom for bobby-soxers which soon grew into a fifteen-minute program.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			Step Weigand Trio
8:45	News			
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Daytime Classics			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00	Lee Sullivan	Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	HymnsofAllChurches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:46	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	William Lang	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Checkerboard	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Art Van Damme Quartet	Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Naval Academy Band	At Your Request	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	U. S. Navy Band	George C. Putnam	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Echoes From Tropics	Jackie Hill		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Women in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Photoplay Studio Tour	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	That's Life
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	the Air
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Bouquet For You
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	The Chicagoans

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John Mac Vane			
6:15	Serenade To America	Local Programs		Red Barber
6:30				
6:45	Lowell Thomas			
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Kernels of Korn	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Bob Houston	Arthur Hale		American Melody
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Hour
8:00	Rudy Vallee	Scotland Yard	Lum and Abner	Big Town
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	A Date With Judy	Adventures of The	Boston Symphony	Mel Blanc Show
8:45		Falcon		
9:00	Amos and Andy	Gabriel Heatter		Vox Pop
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Fibber McGee and	American Forum	Rex Maupin's Orch.	Arthur Godfrey's
9:45	Molly			Talent Scouts
10:00	Bob Hope		Hank D'Amico Orch.	
10:15		Upton Close	Local Programs	
10:30	Red Skelton	Dance Orchestra		Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45	Reveille Roundup			
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Daytime Classics			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00	Lee Sullivan		My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	HymnsofAllChurches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch		Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Checkerboard	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Art Van Damme Quartet	Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Marine Band	At Your Request	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	George C. Putnam	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Echoes From the Tropics	Jackie Hill		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Photoplay Studio Tour	
4:30	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett	
4:15	Stella Dallas	The Johnson Family	Show	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	the Air
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Theatre of Romance
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John Mac Vane			
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs		Word From the Country
6:30				Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orchestra	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Carolyn Gilbert	Cecil Brown	Lone Ranger	Ellery Queen
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Dennis Day	Crime Club	Lum and Abner	Jack Carson
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	Great Gildersleeve	It's Up To Youth	Willie Piper	
8:45				
9:00	Duffy's Tavern	Gabriel Heatter	Paul Whiteman	Frank Sinatra
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	What's the Name	Pot of Gold	Dinah Shore
9,45		of That Song		
10:00	Frank Morgan	Did Justice Triumph	Bing Crosby	Hollywood Players
10:15				
10:30	Kay Kyser	Author Meets Critic	Henry Morgan	Information Please



Frank Saunders

—was singing softly behind the bar in Toots Shor's restaurant in New York when Arthur Godfrey heard him. Now this Irish lyric tenor has a contract to sing weekdays over CBS at 11:00 A.M., EST, on Arthur Godfrey's program. Born in New York City, Saunders spent his boyhood at the home of grandparents in County Sligo, Ireland. Since then he has attended New York University—and herded sheep in Wyoming, singing all the time.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Daytime Classics			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00	Lee Sullivan	Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Hymns of All Churches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		The Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	William Lang	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Art Van Damme Quartet			Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Navy Band	At Your Request	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	George C. Putnam	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Powers Charm Show	Ma Perkins
1:30	Echoes From Tropics	Jackie Hill		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	
3:15	Ma Perkine			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Photoplay Studio Tour	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	That's Life
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Piratee	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Facee Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Bouquet For You
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00				
6:15	Serenade to America			In My Opinion
6:30	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs		Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis Jr.	Headline Edition	
7:15	News of the World	Vincent Lopez	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Grand Marquee	Arthur Hale	Professor Quiz	Mr. Keen
7:45		Inside of Sports		
8:00	Aldrich Family	Mark Warnow	Lum and Abner	Suspense
8:15			Erwin D. Canham	
8:30	Burns and Allen	Count of Monte Cristo	America's Town Meeting	F. B. I. Peace and War
8:45				
9:00	Eddie Duchin, Eddie Foy, Jr.	Gabriel Heatter		Dick Haymes
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Jack Haley with Eve Arden	Hour of Song	That Was the Year	Crime Photographer
9:45				
10:00	Abbott and Costello	I Was A Convict	World Security	
10:15				
10:30	Eddie Cantor	Dance Orch.	Ralph Norman	That's Finnegan



Sharon Douglas

—one of Oklahoma's fairest daughters, began her radio career with a leading role in The Second Mrs. Burton, later was the object of Jack Haley's affections at the Village Store and now has a weekly date on Wednesdays at 8:00 P.M., EST with Dennis Day, when she meets that popular young comedian on his Day in the Life of Dennis Day, NBC stations.

Suzanne Ellen

—who now sings each Friday night on the Durante-Moore Show, at 9:30 P.M., EST, over CBS, began her radio career in 1940 with Gene Autry's troupe on Columbia's Melody Ranch. She is also well-known as a "song dubber" for movie stars. During the past year hers was the singing voice of Gail Patrick, Vera Ellen and Hilary Brooks, in their motion pictures.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45	Reveille Roundup			
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Daytime Classice			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00	Lee Sullivan	Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Hymns of All Churches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Easy Does It	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Art Van Damme Quartet			Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Campus Salute		Helen Trent
12:45			At Your Request	Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	George C. Putnam		Big Sister
1:15			Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Echoes From Tropics	Jackie Hill	Our Singing Land	Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris	Stringing Along	Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Roee of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Photoplay Studio Tour	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	
4:15	Stella Dallae	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Piratee	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Bouquet For You
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Quincy Howe
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs		
6:30				Red Barber, Sports
6:45	Lowell Thomae			
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orchestra	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Carolyn Gilbert	Henry J. Taylor	Lone Ranger	Sparkle Time
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Highways in Melody	Burl Ives	The Fat Man	Baby Snooks
8:15		Holly House		
8:30	Alan Young	Love Story Theater	This Is Your FBI	Thin Man
8:45				
9:00	People Are Funny	Gabriel Heatter	Break the Bank	Ginny Simme
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Waltz Time	Bulldog Drummond	The Sheriff	Durante and Moore
9:45				
10:00	Mystery Theatre	Spotlight on America	Boxing Boute	It Pays to be Ignorant
10:15				
10:30	Sports	Meet the Press		Maisie

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
9:00	Percolator Party		Wake Up and Smile	CBS Morning News
9:15				The Garden Gate
9:30	Camp Meetin' Choir	Rainbow House		Renfro Valley Folk
9:45	A Miss and a Male			
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Betty Moore	Barny and Follies
10:15				
10:30	Archie Andrews	Jackie Hill	Junior Junction	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45				
11:00	Teentimers Club	This Week in Washington	Elizabeth Woodward	Let's Pretend
11:15			Johnny Thompson	
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Say It With Music	Piano Playhouse	Adventurers Club
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	W. W. Chaplin	Pro Arte Quartet	Texas Jim Robertson	Theatre of Today
12:15	Consumer Time		Tell Me Doctor	
12:30	Home Is What You	Flight Into the Past	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45	Make It			
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Bands For Bonds		Grand Central Sta.
1:15				
1:30	Veteran's Aid	Symphonies For	Fascinating Rhythm	County Fair
1:45	Elmer Peterson	Youth		
2:00	Your Host is Buffalo		Metropolitan Opera	Give and Take
2:15				Adventures in Science
2:30	The Baxters	Dance Music		Country Journal
2:45	Bob Houston			
3:00	Nations' Orchestras	Our World of Music		
3:15				
3:30		Art Mooney	Local Programs	Treasury Band Stand
3:45				Cross Section U.S.A.
4:00	Doctors Then and	L. A. Symphonic		
4:15	Now	Band		
4:30	Names of Tomorrow		Local Programs	Adventures in Science
4:45				Of Men and Books
5:00	Nelson Olmsted	For Your Approval	Tea and Crumpets	Philadelphia Orch.
5:15	Songs by Snooky			
5:30	Edward Tomlinson	Sports Parade		
5:45	King Cole Trio			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Rhapsody of the	Cleveland Symphony	Jimmie Blair	
6:15	Rockies		Chittison Trio	Once Upon a Tune
6:30	Boston Tune Party		Harry Wismer	
6:45	Religion in the News		Labor U. S. A.	Larry Lesuer
7:00	Our Foreign Policy	Hawaii Calls	Voice of Business	Waitin' For Clayton
7:15			Song Spinners	
7:30	Curtain Time	News and Sports	Musical Program	Vaughn Monroe
7:45		F. H. LaGuardia		
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Famous Jury Trials	Hollywood Star Time
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Conse-	Scramby Amby	I Deal In Crime	Mayor of the Town
8:45	quences			
9:00	Roy Rogers	Minstrels	Gang Busters	Your Hit Parade
9:15				
9:30	Can You Top This?	Leave It to the Girls	Murder and Mr.	
9:45			Malone	Saturday Night Serenade
10:00	Judy Canova	Theater of the Air	American Melodies	
10:15				This Is Hollywood
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	



—is also Digger O'Dell, the friendly undertaker on NBC's Life of Riley program, heard Saturday nights at 8:00 P.M., EST. English-born and Australia educated, John Brown came adventuring to the United States, spent ten years with the Mighty Allen Art Players and appeared with Jack Benny before he became the lugubrious bosom friend of Chester Riley.

Recommended Listening

More and more programs, like more and more of the other good things in life, are coming in junior sizes. We're not speaking now of the children's shows on the air, scaled (like CBS's Let's Pretend) for subteen-agers. "Juniors"—that increasingly demanding, increasingly articulate group—have specialized needs in the way of both entertainment and information-gathering, needs that can be best served in programs especially tailored for the purpose. They're not children; they can't be reached with fairy tales. But they're not full-fledged either. Acute enthusiasms and desperate trials make up their days; radio can temper, assist, entertain, and inform—and a round-the-week tour makes it apparent that most of the networks are trying to do just that.

* * *

Monday-through-Friday: WJZ-ABC's Charm School, under the practiced guidance of model-magician John Robert Powers, gives special attention to under-twenty beauty problems—and they're many.

CBS continues its School of the Air, 5 P.M. EST. Scheduled programs indicate that this series will continue to be stimulating and valuable.

Tuesday: Date With Judy, 8:30 P.M. EST on NBC, exploits the tribulations of a high-school girl, usually amuses parents as much as it does Judy's contemporaries.

Wednesday: It's Up To Youth, 8:30 P.M. EST on MBS, takes a different approach to those problems. One of those snarls that can make the world an uncertain and difficult place for a young person is dramatically presented to a panel of boys and girls for solution. They have a chance to discuss wrongs and rights as they see them—not always the way their parents see them. Comedy is incidental to these discussions; they're meant to be, and are, serious, honest discussions of major crises: liars, teacher infatuations, older vs. younger sisters, self-dramatizing.

Thursday: The Aldrich Family, 8 P.M. EST on NBC, has been with us a long, long time. Henry is the male counterpart of Judy, falls into the comedy bracket.

Saturday: Logically, the greatest number of junior-size shows comes on this non-school, non-homework day.

The above-mentioned Let's Pretend, and MBS's Rainbow House, at 10 A.M., are likely to appeal to under- rather than over-twelves; but ABC's Junior Junction, 10:30 A.M., couldn't be more completely a teen-age offering. It's put together by young people: they write, produce, direct and participate. Their only adult adviser is Harold Stokes, ABC's central division program manager, and his function is purely critical. M. C. is eighteen-year-old Dick York; orchestra leader, eighteen-year-old Mary Hartline. Tony Trankina and Lola Ameche, about seventeen apiece, are the vocalists; Dick York and young Larry Gilmore write the scripts, Phil Patton produces. Fashions, manners, and lonely hearts are handled by under-twenty Jackie Dvorak.

Elizabeth Woodward, has written for sub-debs for many years. The letters they write her, and the well-slanted, helpful answers she gives them, make up her program, which follows Junior Junction on ABC at 11.

On NBC at 11 there's the Teentimers Club, variety program m.c.'d by baritone Gordon Macrae.

MBS, at 12, offers Judy 'n' Jill 'n' Johnny, with Johnny Desmond in charge. At 1:30 on the same network, Symphonies for Youth are broadcast with Alfred Wallenstein and the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, and Thomas Freebairn-Smith as m.c. and musical quizmaster.

Sunday: Almost steady good listening. House of Mystery (MBS, 4 P.M.), Juvenile Jury (MBS, 1:30), Quiz Kids (NBC, 4) might have special interest for younger listeners. And MBS's Exploring the Unknown (9 P.M.) has much to offer in any age bracket. All day Sunday there is good music to be heard on one or another of the networks.

Come and Visit Alice Faye and Phil Harris

(*Continued from page* 25)

10:30—for mama and daddy, who like to stay up late and chat or play cards with their friends, Mary and Peter Lind Hayes, the Tuffy Goffs, the Andy Devines—don't like to be awakened at six. The white cockatoo Phil brought home with him years ago from Australia had to be housed for this reason a good quarter of a mile away from the house. He wouldn't abide by the house rules.

"The kids are getting more like the cockatoo every day," Alice says. "They refuse to be shushed.

"Oh," she groans, "those good old days, those lovely old days, of sleeping until noon, the breakfast in bed. All gone now."

Breakfast by the big fireplace in the dining room is almost as good as breakfast in bed. The dining room, in fact, is the pleasantest room in the house—and the one most apt to get the play when guests arrive.

It is scarcely a dining room in the conventional sense—rather more a dining-sitting room of the hunting lodge, western ranch variety. It is simply enormous to begin with, and as inviting as a country inn on a rainy day with its bright red curtains, the circle of massive red and white sofas and easy chairs drawn up to the outsize fireplace, the generous sparkle of polished copper and brass.

Phil designed the room, and there was method in his madness. Phil is a hunting enthusiast—and professional enough about it to know that McAllen, Texas, on the Gulf Coast, is the best place in the country to go for white wing dove, Saskatchewan the haunt of Hungarian partridge and prairie chicken, and the wooded flatlands out of Dallas the best place to look for deer. His favorite form of entertaining is to invite his best friends to come and eat the shoot—and to cook the dinner himself.

Such dinner parties are much more fun for the cook if the convivialities go on not too far from the kitchen.

The living room, which in an ordinary house would be called informal, is almost company stuff at the Harrises'. The walls are turquoise (the blondes in the family have had a say in this!). The same greenish blue is combined with beige in the upholstering fabrics, and the floor is carpeted from wall to wall with a luxurious deep-pile beige rug. This was a big concession on Phil's part. In the sitting-dining room, the floor is cement—painted dark green. The only rugs are hand-braided throw rugs in front of the fire and under the big sawbuck dining table. "I like floors sweepable," says Phil.

"People in California are crazy to spend so much time fussing with details indoors," Alice agrees. "We live outside—around the pool in the summer, down at the stables when it is cool."

The stables are occupied for the present only by Phil's horse, Sonny. But Alice has been riding with Phil in Palm Springs during their frequent desert vacations, and as soon as she is ready Phil wants to buy her a horse of her own. And in a year or two the children will be old enough for ponies.

Riding, hunting, cooking game dinners for your friends—life is full of wonderful things to do, in Phil's opinion. And he is a little rueful that at present so much good playtime must be spent at work. With two radio shows a week, his own and Alice's on Sundays, and the Jack Benny show on which he is a regular performer, to prepare for, and rehearse, and broadcast, Phil is a busy man.

"I see much too little of my daughters," he says. "Much too little of my friends. Thank heaven my beautiful wife works with me, or I would never see *her*." It's a hard life, you gather from Phil, this getting rich and famous.

Despite their father's conviction that he is neglecting them shamefully, Alice and Phyllis tell everybody who will listen that their daddy is the greatest man in the world. He can ride. He can shoot straight. He can fix their broken tricycles. And he is the best *tickler* in the world.

"The girls will do anything," their mother says, "if Phil will promise to tickle them before they go to bed. Eat their spinach, wash their hands before supper, put the toys away—anything."

Tickling is a nightly routine.

"Cissy—Cissy is Miss Griffith, the children's nurse—gets the nursery all neat and tidy, the beds clean and white and crisp, the children scrubbed and beautiful. And then we wreck the place. I am the First Assistant Tickler. If Phil and I can't tickle them to sleep—then, Cissy has to finish the job."

Alice shakes her head a little after she tells this story.

"How did two such sane parents get such crazy children?" she wants to know.

"Maybe," she adds on second thought, "it's just Alice. Phyllis thinks her big sister is so wonderful that she is content to parrot everything she says.

"All day long it's *'Mama, may I have a graham cracker?'* from Alice, followed by *'Mama, may I have a gwam cwacker?'* from Phyllis. Or *'Daddy, please tickle me,'* from Alice, then *'Daddy, pwease tittle me,'* from Phyllis."

So far as her parents know, little Phyllis has never had a thought of her very own.

They are a wonderful pair to watch. They look alike—a little like their mother, a little like their father. Cissy dresses them in identical pinafores. They have dolls alike, push-peddle autos alike, cowboy suits alike for visits to Sonny's barn.

"And," says Phil, "if you're going to tickle one of them you'd better have strength enough to tickle two."

"They are tireless," Alice adds. "They have the run of the whole eight acres all day. Signs over all the drives warn guests to be 'Careful, Children.' They run and romp and shout until I'm tired just from watching them. If they have to sit down five minutes for lunch they feel abused."

"And," this from their father, "they are indestructible. One of them will fall down and bruise a knee. Alice will patch it up with stuff from the First Aid box in the kitchen. Before the bandages are put away, the other knee is black and blue. But do they stop running? Not those two."

Energy seems to be a family trait.

Alice finds time for two careers—in films and on the radio—without cutting corners on either of the jobs she considers really important, those as Phil's wife and the children's mother.

Phil, for his part, does five men's work in his profession and still has leisure for more useful "puttering" around the place than many a less harried husband.

Phil wanted a barbecue, complete with turning spit, for outdoor dinners. So he hauled the bricks himself, and built it. Somebody gave him a camellia bush—he transplanted it, cultivated it—now it's blooming wildly in the flower border at the edge of the flagstone patio. One night recently he came home from a rehearsal hankering for an old-fashioned Southern dinner, the fried chicken and cornbread kind of dinner he remembered from his Tennessee boyhood. It was the cook's night out, so Phil cooked it. Before dinner was half done, the smells emanating from the kitchen were so promising that Alice called up Mary and Peter Hayes and the Goffs, who came right over to help consume the feast.

"What a household," the guests sighed with satisfaction, as they stretched out after dinner in the roomy chairs around the dining room fireplace.

"What a husband," said Alice.

And the house, her husband's house, she might have added, is *not* for sale.



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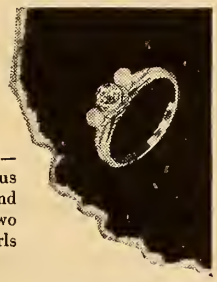
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You blush-cleanse—Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it on your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

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Katharine is startlingly like her charming mother—the same dark blue eyes and complexion so rose-petal fresh you must see it to believe it. She is delighted by this new blush-cleanse way to use Pond's Cold Cream. "It gives my face such a clean-soft, waked-up feeling," she says.

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look! Get *your* Pond's Cold Cream today—a convenient *big* 6-oz. jar is especially nice to use!



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Information

Step right up and ask your questions—if we don't know

INFORMATION BOOTH is the part of Radio Mirror for which you readers are responsible. The Editors of Radio Mirror are delighted with the stream of letters which come in from you concerning radio and radio personalities.

Each month we'll select the questions we think you would be most interested in having us answer. Watch information Booth for the information you want; it's possible that someone else may have asked the same question a little before you got to it. But if you don't find your answer here, watch the mail; for we'll try to answer every letter that comes to us accompanied by the box on page 65. Write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



Staats Cotsworth

A VERY LARGE ORDER

Dear Editor:

As soon as you can will you do a story with pictures like you did on Young Dr. Malone on the following programs: Masquerade, The Second Mrs. Burton, One Man's Family, Road of Life, Lone Journey, Pepper Young's Family.

Miss Thelma Andrews

Plummer, Idaho

We can't do all of those things all at once but we'll get around to them as quickly as possible. In February we anticipated you and gave you Road of Life, One Man's Family and Pepper Young's Family. On account, we'll give you a picture of Staats Cotsworth who plays the leading role of Wolf Bennett in Lone Journey which is set out in your country. In this issue, you'll find a Second Mrs. Burton story on page 26. We're planning to cover Masquerade in an early issue.

DOUBLE LIVES



Claudia Morgan

Dear Editor

Will you please send me the life story of Carolyn Cramer and Dick Campbell?

Mrs. E. E. Underwood

Mize, Miss.

You will hear more about these two in the later issues of Radio Mirror but in the meantime here are just a few facts. Carolyn Cramer and Dick Campbell in NBC's Right to Happiness weekdays at 3:45 P.M. EST are played by Claudia Morgan and Les Damon, who also play Nora and Nick Charles in CBS's Adventures of the Thin Man on Friday night at 8:30. Claudia Morgan is one of America's busiest actresses. The daughter of an actor, Ralph Morgan, she has been featured in thirty-three Broadway successes as well as a play in London, and has made pictures for most of the big companies in Hollywood. Les Damon also came to radio from the theater. His first experience was in stock touring companies. Since then he has been in Broadway shows, in touring companies, on the radio and in the Army, with the Armed Forces Radio Service in the China-Burma-India theater.



Les Damon

MONEY FOR QUESTIONS



John Reed King

Dear Editor:

May I make a suggestion about your magazine which I enjoy very much? Besides Inside Radio, couldn't there be a column or list of quizzes which pay listeners for questions sent in? Of course, we all know Information Please and Dr. I.Q. but I mean the smaller ones like Boykins American History Quiz (WMAL).

Anna T. Harding

Frederick, Md.

That's a very good idea, and we will think about it. However, many of the quiz programs, such as the one you mention, are local and would not be listed on the networks. For a starter, here are a few network quiz shows you might like to listen to:

Give and Take—Saturdays, 2 P.M.—CBS.
Twenty Questions—Saturdays, 8 P.M.—MBS
Professor Quiz—Saturdays, 10 P.M. (new time)—ABC
Quick As A Flash—Sundays, 5:30 P.M.—MBS
Truth or Consequences—Saturdays, 8:30 P.M.—NBC
Grand Slam—Monday through Friday, 11:30 A.M.—CBS
Double or Nothing—Sundays, 9:30 P.M.—MBS

AUDIENCE REACTION

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine with a great deal of pleasure for over a year. The new color Living Portraits Feature is especially fine. Lord Henry and Sunday I particularly liked for I have loved the beautiful love story woven through this radio serial. I am not so sure that I am going to continue liking it, as I do not like domestic problem plays in serials. The unhappy situations are too long drawn out and psychologically disturbing, foreign to the lesson of fidelity and trust so needed at this time of unrest in the public mind. A beautiful marriage like Henry's and Sunday's wields a strong influence for stability that is far reaching. Domestic relations need strengthening in these times of hasty marriage and radio can do much work for happiness. When we get up from listening to our favorite stars, we feel happy inside and ready to tackle our daily problems. We know it is fiction but our favorite radio stars are as real to us as Santa Claus is to a child before he is disillusioned. When they are happy so are we and when a beautiful character like Sunday is dragged through the mire of gossip for no real cause at all, it gives us a feeling of apprehension and tenseness hard to throw off. It seems as though stories, dramas and scripts have taken on a tense and morbid trend when joy and happiness would mean so much psychologically in restoring the world to a more joyous perspective. We have to forget wars (not the lessons but the scars) and learn to be happy and glad to be alive. Too many live the tragedy of war and broken homes and the need is for more cheer and happy home life with love and children as could be depicted by Lord Henry and Sunday. Of course, I know it's not your problem, but public opinion expresses itself freely in this country. As Kate Smith would say, "Thanks for listenin'."

Mrs. Mabel E. Patterson

Marlin, Texas

Thank you for writing your long and interesting letter. We think that other readers will enjoy it as much as we did and perhaps they would like to express themselves.

Booth

the answers we do know where to find them for you

Jim Backus



MANUSCRIPT RETURN

Dear Editor:

Four months ago, I sent you a short, You Must Have Hope, care of the Life Can Be Beautiful editor. According to the Writers Digest, you return material promptly. I have not received my manuscript as yet nor have I heard any word from you.

W. Lipnick

New York, N. Y.

We are very sorry that you got the wrong impression. You see, Life Can Be Beautiful letters are not considered manuscripts and the box on the Life Can Be Beautiful page specifies that no letters can be returned. Sorry if you misunderstood.

LINDA'S FIRST LOVE



Arline Blackburn

Dear Editor:

I get Radio Mirror every month, and enjoy it a great deal. I listen to many of the radio serials, and of course, like everyone else, I have my favorites. One of them is Linda's First Love. Can we have pictures and a story about that program? I also enjoy Mary Foster, Editor's Daughter, Hearts in Harmony, and Young Widder Brown. Can we expect something on those programs soon? It would certainly be appreciated by me—and, I expect, by a lot of other readers as well.

Mrs. B. Fuller

Lowell, Michigan

Look for a story and pictures of all your friends on Linda's First Love in the next issue of Radio Mirror. For this May issue, we've planned a brand new episode in the life of Linda and Danny, which we're sure you'll enjoy. You'll find Living Portraits of Young Widder Brown in this issue, starting on page 50. And we'll see what we can do about your other favorites in the near future—watch for them. Meanwhile, here is a picture of Arline Blackburn, who plays Linda on Linda's First Love. You'll see more pictures of her, and the others on this program, next month.

LONE JOURNEY

Dear Editor:

I see in your November issue that Lone Journey is on the air at 10 o'clock in the morning. I am not able to hear it at this time and if there is any change I wish that you would be good enough to let me know the time and the stations in this area.

Garnet Powers

Shoals, W. Va.



Joan Alexander

Lone Journey is on the air in the afternoon now at 2:30 P.M. EST. This is a CBS show and the Columbia outlets in your part of the country are WCMI, WCHS, and WHAS. We hope that that time will be convenient for you and that you can follow this exciting serial every day. Joan Alexander, whose picture you see here, plays the leading feminine role in this program.

TIMES AND PICTURES

Dear Editor:

Can we have a picture of Hubert Updyke? I am a subscriber to Radio Mirror and I honestly do not think that there is another magazine to take its place. It's full of nice pictures and articles that we radio enthusiasts like. Thanking you in advance, I remain always in great praise for Radio Mirror. I'm always glad when it comes.

John T. Fenn

Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Hubert Updyke is played by Jim Backus, whose picture you see here. He is heard on the Alan Young Show, over NBC every Friday night at 8:30 P.M., EST. And thank you, Mr. Fenn, for those kind words. We appreciate them—you see, we do our best to anticipate what you readers want, and to give it to you in its most interesting form.

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate it greatly if you would answer these questions for me. Who used to play Janet Ryder on Bachelor's Children?

To whom is Barbara Weeks, Ann Malone of Dr. Malone, married? Is it Karl Frank?

I read your delightful magazine every month and enjoy each story tremendously.

Miss M. G.

Elmhurst, New York

Patricia Dunlap used to play Janet Ryder in Bachelor's Children, and you are right about Barbara Weeks. She is married to Karl Frank. Also, we are delighted that you are delighted with Radio Mirror.

Dear Editor:

Each Sunday we all enjoy so much the way Bert Parks handles the Married For Life program. No matter what kind of couple he interviews he manages to be gay and dignified at the same time. We have been wondering what he looks like. It's nice to know in the midst of all the rising tide of divorces someone can still do a convincing selling job on marriage.

Mrs. S. W. W.

Port Jervis, N. Y.



Bert Parks

This is not too good a picture of Bert Parks, but some day we hope to have more for you—together with his famous twins. Listen to him on Friday nights, too, when he is master of ceremonies on Columbia's Break the Bank at 9:00 P.M., EST.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—Sometimes, in spite of all our efforts, a request-letter is mixed in with other mail—and we don't want that to happen any more than you do. So, will you help us by clipping this box and attaching it to your Information Booth letter? That way we'll know at a glance that you're an information-seeker, and we'll be able to give much quicker service on answers—either by printing your letter on these pages, or by an answer delivered through the mail. Important: No letters can be answered or considered for Information Booth unless accompanied by this box.

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Everywhere it goes—the reputation of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it



Beech-Nut Gum

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Mademoiselle X

(*Continued from page* 39)

in New York City. "From Ohio, no doubt, or Indiana," you'd mutter to yourself as she came into the living room to meet you. She'd be wearing a Princess-styled dress in blue, and she'd say "How do you do?" without the trace of an accent—and how would you know that she could carry on the rest of the conversation in French, German or Czech just as well as in English?

Yet that she could. She was born nineteen years ago on a large horse-breeding farm in Czechoslovakia. She was an only child, and her father was a retired Czech Army officer. The Zenta family was well-to-do, and Susan (or Zuzka) studied at schools in Prague, Lipnik and Switzerland—learning, outside of her regular studies, ballet dancing, piano, singing and drama. But in 1939 they could stand living under German rule no longer; and they fled to Paris. Once there the family had a frenzied consultation.

"IT is better for our daughter to go to America while the war is fought here," ex-Colonel Zenta finally decided. "Meanwhile my wife and I shall find our way to London and work with the Czech government in exile."

He then did what he could for his thirteen-year-old daughter: he got her a visa, some money, and the names of some relatives in America. Finally he bought her a horse and saddle. Then he and his wife kissed her goodbye, and she was off on a hazardous ride to the French port of Le Havre, where she boarded the Ile de France. A few days later she reached New York City. She was alone in a strange country, did not speak a word of its language, and the second phase of her life had begun. It was the opposite of her former life of luxurious learning.

For four months in America she had a faint sense of security because she lived with friends of her family in New Jersey. Then they had to move to California, and they found her a room in New York City with friends of theirs. But with these strangers to her she felt completely alone. Her first night there she sat in her room and made up her mind: either this new country could conquer her, or she must conquer it . . . and the first step in conquest must be to learn English to perfection. Furthermore, she had money enough to last her only another six months. Somehow she must supplement it.

By the next day she had worked out her plans. She got up, ate breakfast in a corner drugstore, and went to George Washington High School where she registered as a freshman. She went there until she graduated. By that time she could eat hot dogs and sodas like all the rest of her classmates, talk precisely as they talked—and she was wearing the traditional high school uniform of sweater, saddle shoes and bobby socks. As for her money problems, she had solved them by becoming a "baby-sitter" for several evenings a week; and, in order to perfect her new English, she spent part of her earnings at the movies three times a week.

But even though she had now been in America four years, she had no idea what she wanted of life. All she knew was that she must get a job to support herself. So the day after she received her high school diploma, she went to the Eastern office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios and got herself a job as page-girl. After several months of delivering papers from office to office, she began writing the captions for photographs. But one evening she got back to her room and sat down for future life-planning. It had been four years now since she had had one of those sessions. So she had another one—and went to sleep that night determined to become what she wanted to be more than anything in the world: an actress.

Again she moved fast. The next morning she resigned her job at M.G.M. and began visiting casting directors—and that summer she got active experience in a Connecticut summer stock theater and by fall, she was back in New York, living at the Rehearsal Club and going to radio auditions. But always the same thing happened when she was face to face with a radio director. The dialogue went like this:

Director: "What's your name?"

Mademoiselle X: "Zuzka Zenta."

Director: "Oh . . . Well, I'm afraid we have no roles for foreign accents today."

Mademoiselle X: "But I speak perfect—"

Director: "Sorry. Next, please."

Finally she realized it was no use arguing with them. One morning after the usual dialogue with a director she got into the elevator of his building and had a bright thought. "In Czech, Zuzka means Susan." (Derived from the Hebrew for Susan which means "lily"—see cover!) "That will be my first name. Now I will find a last name and I'll be all set!" She stepped out of the elevator in the lobby, saw a telephone booth a few feet away, and ran for it. At random she opened the telephone book hanging beside it—and the first name she saw in it was Douglas. She gave a pleased sigh.

"SUSAN DOUGLAS! That is a fine American name, and from now on it's mine!" said she. With which she went into another radio office, saw another director, told him her name was Susan Douglas—and instantly got her first role in radio!

As Susan Douglas she's been heading for stardom ever since. On the side, she leads as confusing a life as she does in public. While acting on the Hop Harrigan show she heard so much enthusiastic aviation talk that she hurried out to an airfield and began taking flying lessons. Now she's almost ready to solo. On still another radio show her fellow actors were gourmets— "So, natch, I've been going to cooking school," she says now.

In between fast planes and hot stoves, she manages to ski, play tennis, ride, and—on the vaguest invitation—play baseball! She's also found lots of American time to form opinions, and she's formed them. Bing Crosby is her pet singer, with Johnny Desmond a close second. For dance-bands she likes Johnny Long and the Glenn Miller band—and she should know, for Mademoiselle X, of course, is always going dancing with one of her collection of bewitched young men.

And for now, that's her history. Her parents' letters come from Prague again, now that the war's over. But Susan elects to stay in her adopted country. And besides all the other items on her list, she hopes one day to play Alice in Wonderland on the screen.



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Because everyday foods vary considerably from day to day in vitamin and mineral values. And, besides, they lose a lot of their vitamins in shipping, storing and cooking.

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You'll find, too, that Ovaltine has a very agreeable taste—a taste that grows on you. So for better results, why don't you start drinking Ovaltine at meals, just as you would tea or coffee? Or, if you prefer, between meals or at bedtime. Then, if you're a normal person, you'll know, as far as *you* are concerned, you've solved the vitamin problem.

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"Red Majesty suits my King's taste!"

—says MRS. DICK HAYMES

Thrillingly attractive wife of the popular young singing star.

"WHETHER the problem is 'Get your man'... or 'Keep your man,'" explains pert, charming Joanne Haymes..."Red Majesty is the best friend a girl's lips can have." This new shade makes your mouth look exciting...inviting...irresistible to men! Make your next lipstick Tangee Red Majesty.

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To match your Tangee Lipstick—Tangee Rouge Vanity or Creme Rouge DeLuxe—in five flattering shades. Also recommended is the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up...ideal in every way.

Red Majesty

NEW HIT SHADE BY

Tangee

Radio and Its Critics

(*Continued from page* 19)

a democracy governed by the majority will of its people, that broadcasting should not be responsive to that will? To me it's as unthinkable as that the owners of American baseball should eliminate the sport of millions and substitute cricket matches or chess games! Let me make very clear what I mean. First we have an obligation to give most of the people what they want most of the time. Second, our clients, as advertisers, need to reach most of the people most of the time. This is not perverted or inverted cause and effect, as our attackers claim. It is one of the great strengths of our kind of broadcasting that the advertiser's desire to sell his product to the largest cross section of the public coincides with our obligation to serve the largest cross section of our audience.

NOW what about the minority groups? I believe we should be just as honest in recognizing and serving their claims upon our time. But when they condemn us for "catering to the masses" they ignore the commonsense fact that people will not listen to programs they do not want and sometimes do not understand, any more than they will buy a magazine or a newspaper which is unintelligible or foreign to their tastes.

I believe that much of our trouble comes from the circumstance that radio is so convenient. As a result the listener often fails to appreciate the worth of what he is getting. The music lover who will stand in line for five hours to get a gallery seat for an opera or concert is likely to be the very one who will attack radio because Toscanini or Rodzinski aren't standing by in the radio station to begin waving their batons the minute he flicks his radio on.

Certainly I see no reason for us to be apologetic for giving the great majority of the American people what they want and in quantities and with a quality to be found nowhere else in the world. As for the further role played by the advertiser—without him we could not have a free radio. The advertiser buys freedom for the listener at the same time he buys time and talent. The only other kind of radio is government radio. The only kind of radio which can give the public what it *doesn't* want is a government system, run according to the views of a small group of program officials, or according to the line of the party in power. We cannot be all things to all people at all times, but we can be most things to most people most of the time. In spite of all that I have said, I hope I shall not be interpreted as believing that all is well in radio, and that no criticism leveled against our practices and our record is justified. I believe a part of the criticism is justified, and that it is both a responsibility and just good business to maintain the highest levels of taste in all our programming whether addressed to the largest or the smallest groups.

The most persistently repeated charge against broadcasters is that we permit advertising excesses. Are we guilty or not? It is my opinion that we are, and I am sure most broadcasters agree. Competition for economic survival does not excuse too high a percentage of commercial copy or material which is irritating, or in bad taste.

On the other hand, adverse personal attitudes toward radio commercials, or toward advertising generally, have led some critics to paradoxical conclusions. A sustaining public affairs broadcast, a symphonic orchestra, a program of book reviews, education in home gardening, a children's program may be acclaimed, but if an advertiser decides to sponsor it, certain critics immediately damn it as commercial and therefore not to be praised. When they become sponsored, they are usually broadcast to many more millions of homes through many additional stations. All this should be praiseworthy, even measured by the logic of our critics. But because they dislike advertising they automatically condemn the very programs which, as struggling sustainers, they praised.

Radio has also been condemned in some quarters because we broadcast crime and mystery shows. It is argued, superficially, that such programs contribute to increased juvenile delinquency. To ban the mystery show from radio would, in my opinion, be an unsound and repressive step in the face of the wide appeal which this type of fiction provides in books, magazines and movies, as well as on the radio. Our problem is to present mystery drama in such a manner that self-identification of the listener with the criminal, rather than with those on the side of law and order, is avoided.

TURNING to the field of public affairs programs, perhaps our real failure has been in not devoting to them the same high quality of showmanship, of good writing, of ingenuity and imagination as we devote to entertainment shows. It is possible to infuse more and more so-called public affairs and educational broadcasts with broad appeal. The application of new and sparkling ideas in the presentation of educational, documentary and controversial issues is one of our greatest challenges today.

I would like to refer briefly to the charge that radio has failed to develop local live programs. We must remember that radio stations exist, not as schools for would-be musicians or actors, but as a service to listeners. If the talent resources of a community are meager, the production of local live programs is not as simple as the critics imply, and it is altogether natural that the local station should turn for its major program offerings to central program sources—networks, national and regional, transcription services of various kinds, and so on.

I have covered, of course, only part of the ground. But I believe that, when the facts are assembled and weighed—when our accomplishments are given as much emphasis as our faults—we will find that the record of *most* broadcasters will be a matter of real pride. We have a right to protest when critics do not differentiate between station and station, program and program, and level their charge not against the actual offender but against all radio.

When a citizen cancels his subscription to a yellow journal he does not condemn all journalism. Instead, he switches to a more responsible sheet. That is intelligent discrimination and that is what is often lacking in radio criticism.



. . . with this delightfully fragrant talcum powder

KEEP FRESH: After you bathe—shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It gives your whole person a thrilling, singing freshness.

FEEL SMOOTH; Cashmere Bouquet Talc dries up every vestige of moisture; imparts a silken smooth sheath of protection. Girdles slip on slick as a wink.

STAY DAINTY: For long lasting daintiness—use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It points up your feminine appeal with the *fragrance men love.*

Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.



Cashmere Bouquet Talc

with the fragrance men love

TABLE TALK

By MARY JANE FULTON

MARY SHIPP, who is heard weekly as Henry's girl friend, Kathleen, on the Henry Aldrich program, is a lovely, talented young woman. We discovered that she's a good sport, too, when we asked her to pose for special pictures at the Stork Club's Cub Room.

The first picture, up at the right, is an example-in-action of the right, and prettiest, table-posture. Other poses demonstrate how awkwardly some of the fair sex go about the task of dining. If some of Mary's attitudes seem ludicrous, look about you the next time you're out on a date. Then decide if she has over-exaggerated, and check on yourself.

Are your feet curled around the chair legs, or stuck too far out where the waiter is in danger of tripping over them?

Do you slip off your shoes halfway, to relieve pressure on feet that hurt?

If your feet bother you, perhaps your shoes are ill-fitting, or you need to soak your feet in a good warm foot bath. Treat them to a soothing foot cream massage, sprinkle an antiseptic foot powder on them —especially between the toes. Give them weekly pedicures, or visit the chiropodist.

Mary shows you how not to sprawl over a table. Are you careful *not* to lean over when wearing a low-necked dress?

Decolletage of any kind looks smarter—if your posture is erect. An oversize purse should be placed either between you and the chair arm, or beside you on the lounge —thus keeping it out of sight.

Now, one more point! You may be entirely unaware that your skirt has crept up too far, while flirting with your date across the table. Wouldn't you say it is worthwhile to look out, below, on that score, too?



The right way has the right kind of eye-appeal: easy, graceful, good top-to-toe line.



Mary Shipp shows how to catch the eye for the wrong reasons. From the top: Disrobing; Toe-fidgets; The Backward Slouch; The Forward Slouch, With Props; The Twist. Is this the way you want to look to that interested young man at the next table? Well then—!



WHICH TWIN HAS THE *Toni?*

Lovely Consuelo O'Connor of New York, the Toni twin, says, "My twin sister, Gloria, had a beauty shop permanent—I had a Toni Home Permanent. And none of our friends could tell which had which—can you?" (See answer below.)

You, too, will want your next wave to be a TONI Home Permanent

You'll thank the lucky day you give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. For you'll discover an amazingly easy and inexpensive way to keep your hair always at its loveliest. Beautifully groomed with deep, luxurious waves . . . silky soft and natural looking. Because Toni Creme Lotion waves your hair permanently, but *gently* . . . leaves it frizz-free and easy to manage.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent—even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. That's why every hour of the day another 1,000 women use Toni.

No trick at all to giving yourself a Toni . . . just three simple steps.

1. Roll your hair up on curlers, and dab on Toni Creme Lotion.

2. Tie a turban round your head and relax for 2 to 3 hours. (No sitting under a hot dryer.)

3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Your Toni Cold Wave is finished . . . it's beautiful . . . and will last as long as a $15 permanent.

Now, while you are thinking about it, get a Toni Home Permanent Kit. On sale at all leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters.

Consuelo, the twin at the left above, is the one who has the Toni Home Permanent. Could you tell?

Listen to "Give and Take" C B S Network Every Saturday at 2 P.M., E.S.T.

$1.25 *plus tax*



Easy as rolling your hair up in curlers—but the wave stays in

Toni HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE

The Year It Snowed on Easter

(*Continued from page 21*)

sometimes she couldn't provide anything very appetizing for supper. When Tim complained, she'd snap at him, and they'd be off on a quarrel that wouldn't have meant anything if the nerves of both hadn't been on edge, but as it was they'd go to bed without making up and get up the next morning still angry at each other.

They both wondered, sometimes, if maybe it hadn't been a mistake to get married. Tim remembered other girls he'd known, and Peggy remembered other boys, and both thought they might have been happier if they'd waited. Little things rubbed them the wrong way. Peggy's habit of twisting one curl of auburn hair around her finger, around and around, while she was listening to the radio or reading, made Tim want to reach over and grab her hand and hold it so she couldn't do it any more; and Peggy thought that if Tim said, "Ye gods and little fishes!" once more she'd scream. Of course she never did, and neither did Tim keep her from twisting her hair, but the effort not to drove them farther apart, in the way that little things can.

THIS Easter morning, with the snow slogging down outside, they were ready to call their marriage off. At least, Tim told me he was, and from the way he described Peggy I don't doubt she was too. He sat across from her at the breakfast table and couldn't believe that he'd ever thought she was pretty. There she was, with no make-up on her face and her hair tumbled from sleep, and he reflected that she could at least make an effort to look nice for him in the mornings. For her part, Peggy was busy resenting Tim's day-old beard, which was black and bristly.

Timmy started things off by reaching over and spilling his milk. Peggy usually remembered to keep it out of his way, but this morning she'd forgotten, and Timmy wasn't one to let a good opportunity go to waste.

"Timmy!" she said. "Oh, you bad, bad boy!" and slapped his hand before she went to get a cloth to wipe the puddle up. Timmy did what any two-year-old in the circumstances would have done—he started to bawl, opening his mouth wide and making all the noise he could.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" Tim yelled. "Can't a man have a little peace and quiet on a Sunday morning? What'd you want to leave the milk there for? You knew he'd knock it over—he always does."

"All right, I forgot," Peggy snapped. "It's a wonder I don't forget more things. Try helping me a little bit in the mornings, instead of sitting there criticizing, and maybe the place would run smoother."

"I do my own job. That's enough." Tim lit a cigarette and dropped the match into his coffee cup. He knew Peggy hated that, which was why he did it.

"Now what's the matter?" Peggy asked. "You didn't eat your egg."

"You cooked it too long." This was true, but it wasn't why Tim had left the egg. He wasn't hungry. Not that he was sick physically, but there's such a thing as soul-sickness, and he had it. He looked around the room, and wanted to get out of it, but where could he go? They ate in a little nook at the side of the kitchen, and Peggy had tried to make the whole place cheerful with white enamel paint and bright-colored decorations, the kind you transfer from pieces of paper, but right now it seemed small and close as a jail cell. The clouds were so thick outside that they had had to turn on the electric light, and that didn't help either.

"Cook your own egg," Peggy said. She put her chin in the air and started past Tim. But all at once her lower lip began to tremble and her blue eyes to fill with tears. Eggs were expensive, and she knew how hard Tim worked at the mill and how worried he got about money. She was sorry she'd cooked this one too long—sorry and ashamed. But there were so many things to be done in the mornings, and Tim didn't like to be kept waiting for breakfast—and she was tired out from making a new coat for Timmy and a new suit for herself, and now the weather was bad so that after all her work she and Timmy couldn't wear the clothes. In spite of what she'd said to Tim before breakfast, she hadn't really intended to take those new things out into the snow and maybe ruin them—Peggy was too sensible for that.

A sob rose in her throat and stuck there, and she dropped her head down onto her bent arm on the table, and cried. Timmy stopped *his* crying and stared at her, and Tim stared at her too. Peggy hardly ever cried. She was much more likely to fly into a brief, blazing fury that Tim could understand and deal with. For just a second or so he felt like jumping up from his side of the table and rushing around to hers, kneeling on the floor and putting his arms around her. He did jump up, but by that time the impulse was gone. He said disgustedly, "Oh, for Pete's sake!" and went out of the room.

AFTER a while Peggy raised her head and dried her eyes. Her face was stony. If Tim had obeyed the impulse to comfort her, she'd have melted into his arms and they'd have kissed and made up, with apologies on both sides. But he had let the opportunity slip, and now Peggy was angry in a way that was unusual for her—with a deep, sullen anger that was really dangerous. She didn't care what Tim thought or did, she didn't care if she never saw him again, and she made up her mind that she was going to dress herself and Timmy in the new clothes, bad weather or not, and go to church. And Tim could stay home if he felt like it.

She cleared away the dishes and washed them, gave Timmy his bath and put him in his crib to wait until she was dressed, and took a bath herself. Tim was down in the basement, fiddling with an old chair he was repairing, and she didn't call down to him. He knew what time church started, and she didn't intend to plead with him to get ready.

Downstairs, Tim heard her preparations and said to himself that she probably hoped he'd stay home. He wasn't going to give her the satisfaction, though, and about a quarter past ten he came up and without a word began to shave.

Outside, it was still snowing.

By twenty minutes of eleven all three of them were ready—Peggy in the new brown suit and her new hat decorated with green feathers, Timmy in his new spring coat. Tim had a good topcoat he could have worn, but he went to the closet and pulled out his old raincoat. It was a silent rebuke to Peggy, and she got it. Her tightened lips showed that.

Of all the crazy things, Tim was thinking as they set out through the snow and slush, this was the craziest. He got out Timmy's stroller and put the little boy into it, covering him with a blanket up to the chin. That was all right; at least he could keep the kid warm and dry. But Peggy was picking her way along the sidewalk, trying to find the least slushy spots, and before they'd gone a block her shoes were soaked to the instep. Snow was falling on the green feathers of the hat, too, and melting there. The hat was going to be ruined, and they'd all be lucky if Peggy didn't catch pneumonia.

ALL the time, Peggy was fighting back more tears. She knew, as well as Tim did, how foolish it was to wear those clothes, and she wished with all her heart that she hadn't. It was too late now, though. She'd have died rather than turn around and go back home to change, thus admitting she was wrong.

They got to the church finally, stamping up the stairs to the vestibule, to free their feet of the clinging mixture of water and snow. Tim lifted Timmy out of the stroller, and then carried the stroller itself up into the vestibule, where it could be kept dry.

Inside the church, it was almost as bad as it was outside. Hank Moffat had come down early and started up the furnace, but in this weather it wouldn't draw, and the air in the church was damp, cold, and smoky. It made your eyes water and your throat tickle. I know, because I was there myself with Polly. We saw the McArdles come in, and I thought to myself when I laid eyes on them that I'd never seen two young folks with less loving-kindness, less of the Easter spirit, in their faces. That's a pretty sweeping statement, because the congregation which trailed into church that Easter morning was about as dispirited and glum a group of people as you could collect anywhere. The bad weather had affected everyone. I didn't feel so chipper myself.

Tim and Peggy sat in their pew, with Timmy between them, and they didn't speak to each other, not out loud, that is. All the same, it was as if each could hear what the other was thinking, and was thinking the same thing himself—that love had soured and gone stale, that the other was selfish and silly, that nothing was ever going to be right again.

Timmy fidgeted in his seat, feeling the trouble and discord in the air, and Tim turned and whispered angrily, "You be quiet or I'll take you home." The little boy whimpered, and Peggy put her arm around him and drew him close, glaring at Tim as if to say that if Timmy misbehaved it would be all his fault. Tim glared back, conveying the thought that no woman in her senses would bring a two-year-old to church anyway.

The service began, and Reverend Huston and the choir did their best to

liven things up. The ladies of the Guild had fixed up the church with lilies and green stuff so it should have looked mighty pretty, but in the smoky, lifeless air, under the electric lights that had to be turned on because the day was so dark, the flowers drooped and wilted. The music sounded thin, and when the congregation stood up to join in the hymn they dragged after the choir like a youngster dragging after his mother on the way to the dentist's. Reverend Huston told us the beautiful story of the Resurrection—the same story I'd thought I would never get tired of hearing. Today there was no fire in his words, and the things he told us seemed unreal, having nothing to do with us Homeville folks shivering in our damp clothes.

But all the time, unknown to us in the church, things were happening outside. There had been no wind when we went in, nothing but a sluggish movement of air from the southeast that couldn't rightly be called a wind at all. All at once it changed. A breeze sprang up, straight out of the west—a warm, lively breeze with the smell of spring on it. It stopped the snow, and tore the clouds apart and sent them scudding off in pieces. It pounced upon the slush which covered the ground and began turning it into water which trickled off down the slopes and gutters. It shook the snow from the branches of trees and bushes, and melted it before it had reached the earth—and wonder of wonders, where the snow had been there was now just the faintest tinge of green!

WE in the church had no inkling of all this, not until the end of the service when the choir began to sing the Alleluia. Then, as if the sun had been waiting for that moment, it came out from behind the last cloud and shone on the stained-glass windows along one side of the church. Shafts of rose, blue, violet—every color of the rainbow—came spilling and rioting into the church, turning the electric lights pale. It was so sudden, so grand and splendid, that everyone's head was lifted in amazement and awe. The choir, for the first time, sang as if they believed in their music—more than believed in it, felt it in their hearts and souls and couldn't wait to tell the whole world about the joy they'd discovered. Their voices mounted, higher and higher and sweeter and sweeter, until we forgot that we were listening to people who were our neighbors and friends, and thought we heard the songs of angels.

Suddenly it was over. The music ended, and in the hush that followed Reverend Huston's short benediction was like a re-statement of everything the anthem had said. We stood up as if we were rising from a trance, and turned toward the doors that Hank Moffat had flung wide open, to show a vista of blue sky crossed by a few hurrying white clouds.

Polly, standing beside me, whispered, "David, it's like—it's like it must have been on the day of the real Resurrection!"

And that was how we all felt, coming out into the revived air, feeling the blood begin to run faster in our veins, finding the sun warm on our faces and the wind soft against our cheeks. The things that had troubled us an hour before seemed trifling now, and we could hardly imagine how it felt to be sad.

It was the same with Tim and Peggy. They had seen the sudden transforma-



"I get so darn mad!"

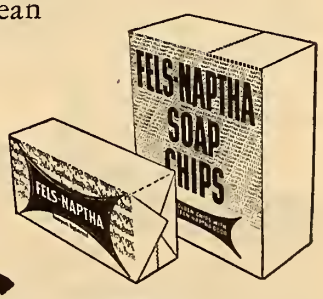
"I'm fed up with 'wash day fairy tales.' How any grown woman can believe some of them is more than I can understand!"

Lady, we don't blame you. But please don't point at Fels-Naptha Soap.

Every word we say about Fels-Naptha has been said before . . . *by the women who use it*. In fact many of our customers make stronger claims for this fine laundry soap than we do.

We say Fels-Naptha is better because it gives you *two* great cleaners—gentle, active naptha and good mild soap; that it makes all kinds of washing quicker and easier; that it makes linens and delicate garments so fragrantly clean they're a joy to behold.

And we believe—if you try Fels-Naptha Soap—you'll never even read another 'wash day fairy tale.'



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

tion in the church and heard the heavenly music, and they came out walking in a daze, blinking their eyes at the brightness of the world.

"Good morning!" Reverend Huston said to them at the door, shaking Tim's hand. "It *is* Easter after all, isn't it?" He laughed, and Tim and Peggy found themselves laughing too, without knowing why, simply because they felt like laughing.

Tim got Timmy's stroller and carried it down the steps to where Peggy and the little boy were waiting in the sunlight. The foolish green feathers on Peggy's hat were stirring in the wind, and now they didn't look sodden and tired any more. And Peggy was nodding and smiling to people she knew, saying, "Yes, isn't it lovely? Did you ever see such a change in the weather?"

Tim scooped Timmy up and put him into the stroller. He shook the blanket out and folded it, and said, "You won't need this thing any more, boy." Peggy turned toward him, and the smile that had been on her face for the people she spoke to was still there, shy and a little embarrassed.

Tim felt shy, too—as if he and Peggy were boy and girl again, not yet married, just falling in love for the first time. "Would—would you like to walk along Main Street for a while before we go home?" he asked, and Peggy nodded.

"That'd be nice," she said.

Everybody in Homeville seemed to have had the same idea. The walks on both sides of Main Street were crowded with people, strolling along with their heads up and their shoulders back, laughing and talking, and looking up every now and then at the clear sky as if they couldn't believe it had changed from the dirty-gray blanket it had been earlier.

After they'd gone a few steps Peggy tucked her arm through Tim's, and they walked the rest of the way like that, Tim pushing the stroller. He was half a head taller than Peggy, and he could glance down and see the soft curve of her cheek and the shadow under her chin, the delicate modeling of her nose and the gentleness of her lips; and he thought with a surge of pride that there wasn't a prettier girl in Homeville.

Nor a better-dressed one, either. The bad weather had made most of the women decide to leave their new spring clothes at home, and so Peggy was nearly the only one dressed for the season. She knew it, too—you could tell that in the self-assured tilt of her head.

Tim, who had thought that dressing up for Easter was silly anyway, and doubly silly when it snowed on Easter Sunday, realized all at once why women insisted upon doing it. Not out of vanity—or anyway, not entirely. But mostly they bought new clothes—bright, gay, impudent new clothes—because the winter was at an end. It was spring, the season of re-birth, the time for beginning-all-over-again.

This was the real New Year, no matter what the calendars said—and it occurred to Tim that if a woman had been given the job of arranging the calendar each year would probably begin on the first day of spring instead of the middle of the winter. It would have been a better arrangement, because right now was the time Tim felt like making new resolutions—now, when he felt the earth stirring with new life under his feet. To be nicer to Peggy, to appreciate her, to love her—above all, never to forget, as he had forgotten that morning, that he *did* love her.

He pressed Peggy's arm closer against his side, and she looked up at him.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't know what got into me—I can't even remember now why I was such a sore-head—"

"Neither can I," Peggy said.

"I'm glad you wore the new suit."

"So am I—now." And Peggy giggled—at herself, at him, at both of them. Pretty soon she and Tim and Timmy were all three laughing, walking down Main Street in the warm sunlight.

I think about Tim and Peggy every time Polly starts her before-Easter housecleaning, and I think about them when I listen to Reverend Huston's Easter sermon. They're just two ordinary young people, and I don't mean to say that they haven't had their disagreements and troubles after that particular Easter when it snowed. But that was the day they found their second chance, and with its help they passed a crisis in their marriage. They began all over again.

You can say, if you want to, that the way the wind changed and the sun came out that Easter was just coincidence. But I remember that a second chance was what Christ offered to mankind when He let himself be nailed to the cross, and when He rose from the grave, and I know it was more than coincidence. It was a moment of revelation, the meaning of Easter made plain.



What does a man like about a girl's hair?

Do you know the secret, girls? Do you know how to catch a man's eye and bring it *straight* to you? It's easy —JUST GIVE YOUR HAIR

Lovely color



Men love hair that gleams with rich, warm color. Yes, whatever the color of your hair, Nestle Colorinse will enhance its beauty.

Sparkling highlights



Wait 'til he sees the glamorous highlights Nestle Colorinse rinses into your hair . . . sparkling highlights that make your hair seem alluringly "olive"!

Silken sheen



A man loves to caress hair that's soft and shining. You'll be thrilled when you see the beautiful silken sheen that Nestle Colorinse gives your hair.

Nestle COLORINSE

RINSES TINTS GLORIFIES YOUR HAIR

GET NESTLE COLORINSE TODAY!
In 9 colors to glorify every shade of hair.
10c and 25c at beauty counters everywhere.

FOR A HALF-HOUR OF ACTION-PACKED DRAMA TUNE IN

"True Detective Mysteries"

Every Sunday Afternoon

Join the millions of radio listeners who have become avid fans of "True Detective Mysteries" . . . the most exciting half-hour on your radio. Tune in "True Detective Mysteries" this Sunday and every Sunday afternoon.

ON ALL MUTUAL STATIONS

4:30 EST • 3:30 CST • 2:30 MST • 1:30 PST

(Continued from page 33)

upright at a mike—and you can hang on, if you want to—those first few weeks of Army life are rugged. I lasted for three weeks, until the day we ran the obstacle course. I started over a nine-foot wall. Oh-oh. Off I went to the hospital and two months in bed.

After those two months I got a two-week sick leave and hurried off to California to ask Cathy that question again. I didn't even have a chance to ask her, for the first day of my leave my house burned down. The other thirteen days I spent finding new quarters for my mother, and moving her and what was left of our possessions into them. I say I didn't *ask* Cathy. I mean I didn't concentrate on making her hear me. I had been asking her every ten minutes since the day we met—November 6, 1940—but she had a way of looking vague, as though her hearing were a little defective, every time the subject came up. I went back to camp, this time in Florida, without an answer. But I wasn't discouraged. Not too. At least she hadn't said no.

THE only difference between the infantry in Oklahoma and the infantry in Florida is the climate. A private is a private, and there is work for the man to do. Two weeks after I checked in at Camp Blanding, there was work for me to do that shouldn't happen to one, a radio actor, and two, a fellow who has just been operated on. The assignment was to unload a truck full of 100-pound sugar sacks. Oh-oh, again. Back to the hospital for another operation, another two weeks in bed. This time with complications which included a gall bladder attack followed by jaundice. When my commanding officer wrote out my second pass for two-week sick leave he shook his head sadly. Lewis, it was clear from the look, would not be back. I had lost forty pounds, my knees rattled audibly, and I was bright yellow.

In this condition I took the train for California, and Cathy. I couldn't have had less hope. How could I expect a girl who didn't hear well when I was hale and hearty, if not handsome, 170 pounds with all of the required biceps, —how could I expect her to look at the poor, scrawny, withered-up object the train mirror shot back at me now? I was very low on expectations.

You'll have to explain it. I can't. I may be Gregory Hood, that sharp-thinking detective, on the Mutual air, but in real life I'm simple-minded. Cathy and my mother met the train. They both gasped, got that our-boy-will-not-last-the-night look, and Cathy, all teary-eyed, helped me up the ramp between the words of that lovely sentence, "*When* shall we get married?" I suppose Dr Freud would say the sight of me in that beat-up state awakened the mother instinct in Cathy, the urge to nurse me and make me well. But what she said was "I love you." And that was good enough for me. It took two weeks to assemble the veil and the gown, the rings, the flowers, the minister—all the accoutrements of a wedding. It was the longest two weeks of my life.

That I should have been impatient after three and a half years of patience doesn't make sense, I know. But I was afraid, once she had *heard* me, that I would gain a pound, lose a little

Since Nassau... It's "We, Us & Co."



Sailing—one heavenly day. *"For an Old Salt, honey,"* you suddenly said, *"you have the softest hands."*... Lucky I had Jergens Lotion with me!



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of that jaundice-yellow, stop shaking, and that Cathy would lose her hearing again.

That myth about bachelor girls really eating their little hearts out for husbands just didn't fit Cathy, you see. She *was* having fun. She *did* like her job. As one of the town's most promising young film actresses, why shouldn't she? Besides which, there was an open field of guys who were hale, hearty, and confound them, handsome; who were just as willing as I was to be her errand boys.

I had heard about Cathy Lewis before I met her, from Bill Robeson, a radio producer for whom I had done several skillion broadcasts. Bill was flying up and down the West Coast at a mad pace trying to keep up with his fiancee, June Wilkins, who was playing the woman-next-door in the Alexander Woollcott company of "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

"THERE'S an actress in the show named Lewis," he told me after the first trip. "Cathy Lewis." Next time he was more eloquent. "That Cathy Lewis is cute," he elaborated. "You two Lewises ought to get together."

We did, very soon thereafter. A girl who was strictly cute, wearing two big eyes and a wolf jacket, walked into Studio B at NBC one morning during a rehearsal. Jerry Hausner and Eddie MacDonald chorused a "*Miss* Lewis, may we present *Mr.* Lewis" and fell down laughing at their big joke and I, feeling absolutely no pain, said "Miss Lewis, would you like to go to the 'Folies Bergere' with me?"

"Right now?" she asked blandly, looking up at the studio clock. It was 11:05 A.M.

"Well, no," I stumbled on. "Tonight, after the broadcast."

"I have some very good tickets," I lied. I hadn't given a thought to the "Folies" before, but I did know a guy who knew another guy who knew the press agent.

"I'll be glad to go with you," Cathy replied, but in no hurry. "If you will comb your hair."

So it was going to be that kind of trouble.

I had a fast answer, after about ten minutes. "I'll comb my hair," I flashed, "if you will wash your face." I wasn't doing so well. It was some time later when I remembered that I should ask her to dinner before the show. She was sorry, but she had another engagement. (She told me later she had a big date with June to have hamburgers at the corner drugstore, but it's bad to give a fellow the idea he can make dates with you at the last minute like that.)

We did go to the theater, and afterwards we met the Robesons (June and Bill had taken the plunge by this time) at the Bar of Music, had one or two highballs and listened to the pretty music. I'm not sure, but I think I asked Cathy that night to marry me. If I didn't, it wasn't because it didn't occur to me. But whether I did or not she had begun not listening to such talk.

The long pull had begun. Fight and make up. Fight and make up. I will be very honest with you and tell you that it was all, absolutely all, Cathy's fault. I loved the girl, I wanted to marry her. I ran errands for her. I was good to her mother. If she had a six o'clock call at the studio I set my alarm for five, drove through the cold gray dawn to her house and got her safely to the studio. If it rained during the day I drove out with umbrella and galoshes, wrapped her up, and took her home. I was patient

Charlie, always there. Always there and so neatly blended into the scenery that she didn't even see me. See me . . . or hear me.

It wasn't as you see that I didn't try. It wasn't that I didn't have allies. Bill and June, the radio gang—Cathy was doing radio too by this time—all our friends did their best to help me out. The air was blue with pro-Elliott propaganda. I was a good guy, a regular fellow. I would make a girl a very handy husband.

Even Cathy's mother was on my side. My persistence had charmed her if not her daughter.

It was no go. Cathy was having too much fun to get married.

I suppose I would still be hanging around blended into the scenery if the infantry hadn't stepped in and fixed things up for me. Good old infantry.

For two weeks after the Homecoming, the Happy Homecoming of the Halt, the Jaundiced and the—at last—Beloved, things really whirred. Cathy had her heart set on a formal wedding, and it takes some doing to accumulate all of the props for a traditional ceremony in the scant two weeks of a private's sick-leave. But it was done. Cathy and her mother and sister, my mother and all of our friends worked like beavers to bring it off. I covered a lot of ground myself for a guy who was so obviously done for.

The wedding remains to me a lovely blur. We were married, or so the invitations read, at eight o'clock in the evening on April 30, 1943, in the Pueblo Oratorio of the Chapman Park Hotel in Los Angeles. Our pastor, Dr. Ernest Wilson, was waiting at the altar when I got there, supported—*really* supported, for somehow I was beginning just then to feel the loss of those forty pounds—by my best man, my uncle Eddie Raiden.

Cathy's sister, Madge Tracy, came down the aisle, wearing, I think, something frothy and peach-colored. Then Roberta Simpson, Cathy's best friend, in something blue. Off in the chancel Mary McCoy Stevens was singing something sweet and soft.

Then Cathy appeared, clinging to the arm of her family's old friend, Russell Simpson. She has never looked more

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Meds are now made in two sizes: De Luxe with super absorbency, and Slender—the new, extra easy-to-use size that brings you wonderful new comfort with the REGULAR absorbency most mature women need.

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1. Lustre-Creme Shampoo leaves hair glowing soft and brilliant, as though it had been given lots of good brushing. **2.** Not drying. **3.** Leaves no dulling soap film. **4.** Your hair is easier to manage, easier to arrange and keep in place. **5.** No vinegar or lemon rinse. **6.** Works just as well in *hard* water.

So, no matter how you've been shampooing, you owe it to your hair to try Lustre-Creme Shampoo. See how soft, how naturally lovely, how brilliantly-alive and well-behaved your hair can be. Simple and easy to use. Economical—a little does so much. Ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo at cosmetic counters in department and drug stores.

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beautiful. She fairly floated down the aisle, the soft folds of her bridal gown shimmering in the candlelight, the long tulle veil making a halo around her dark hair. She carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies-of-the-valley. *I* had chosen those flowers, I remembered with a start. This breathtaking creature was coming down the aisle to marry *me!* The knocking of my spindly knees drowned out the last bars of Mary's song. Cathy was much too beautiful a bride for a yellow parchment-covered skeleton of a private like me. Even the pockets of my uniform seemed too big. I was an endless time finding the ring.

The ring Cathy wears belonged until our wedding day to her father's mother, Memgee, as Cathy fondly called her all her life. Memgee had never removed the plain gold band from her finger since Cathy's grandfather had put it there during their wedding in Liverpool seventy years before. It had arrived in a tiny box the day before the wedding, with a note reminding Cathy of a long-ago incident.

"IF I get married, Memgee," Cathy, at twelve, had asked her grandmother, after listening for the hundredth time to the romantic story of the old lady's wedding, remembered in every detail despite the years, "if I get married, may I wear your ring?"

"*When* you get married, Cathy," Memgee had replied. And she had not forgotten.

My health began to return the minute the minister said "I pronounce you man and wife." (In the next twenty weeks, I gained twenty pounds.) By the time we got back to Four Oaks, Cathy's mother's home where we were to have our wedding reception, I was feeling quite a whole man again. I cut the wedding cake, even opened a bottle of champagne without any help.

We had many wedding presents, but none so gratefully received as a wire from my commanding officer notifying me that I was to report to Armed Forces Radio Service, Sunset Boulevard at Western, Hollywood, California!

This meant that our honeymoon, planned to last two days, could go on, and on. It is still going on.

We moved at first into a dream of a honeymoon cottage, pine-paneled and cozy with chintz and copper, and a real fireplace which Cathy's mother wangled for us somehow. But as it must to all Privates First Class, eviction came to the newlywed Lewises. Much too soon.

We found a little apartment, which Cathy—who could have been a decorator if she hadn't decided to be an actress—has made as luxurious as any mansion in Bel Air. (So she's a not-so-good cook. Can a man have everything?)

The house is very much our own. The study walls are lined with my collection of old English prints. An old sampler Memgee made when she was twelve hangs over the fireplace in the living room. The fire screen and stool once belonged to a Great Aunt of Cathy's who was a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria. Even the kitchen is gay, the way Cathy has done it. All the coffee cans and such are painted in bright colors; ruffles turn up in odd places, on shelves and things. Everywhere there is color and everywhere Cathy's own, special kind of charm.

Now that both of us are working in radio again, the wolf has retreated a step or two from the door. But we hardly notice the difference. We had not realized the Grey Old Dog was there. It was so nice and warm, so friendly inside.

Make Them Want to Behave

(*Continued from page* 31)

is in Irma Simonton Black's book, "Off To A Good Start." She speaks of discipline as ". . . the restraint imposed by rules to educate or train the child to live in a democratic society. The last part is important. If you were going to train a child to live in a dictatorship, you would give him different attitudes and habits from those he will need in a democracy." The thing that interests me is the distinction between training a child for living in a democracy, or a dictatorship. It seems to me that an awful lot of the old ideas about training and discipline would be more suitable in a dictatorship, where no one is ever too young, or too old, to have impressed on him the idea that he's small and inferior and has to take orders from bigger, superior people.

My idea is that discipline is not blind obedience. It is learning the rules of living with your fellowmen so you'll be able to do your share of the work and get your share of the pleasures out of life. You start by learning the rules in your own home, then in the world outside it.

LOOKING back at my own childhood, I remember I didn't mind rules that made sense. In fact, I liked such rules. They helped me figure out exactly where I stood and what was expected of me and what I could expect in turn. I knew that when I broke one of the family household rules, I would be punished. I usually even knew what the punishment would be, which made it possible for me to figure out whether it would be worth it to me to do whatever rule breaking I wanted to do.

There are two common failures in discipline, it seems to me. By far the worst, I think, is the attitude which is based mainly on the convenience of adults. They don't like noise, or messiness, or facing the problems that even the best of children can create at times. All the rules in such a family are made for the benefit of the adults and the needs and abilities of the children are never considered. The children are supposed to behave like small sized adults. But children are not just small adults. They're children and they only learn things gradually and because they need to and want to learn them. You can break a child's spirit with rules designed for your own comfort, but you can't teach him much that way. He may obey when you're around, but the chances are he can't be trusted out of your sight. Worse still, his spirit can be so completely broken that he'll be timid and confused all his life—in other words, a failure. He'll have grown up feeling he has no rights and he'll certainly never be able to put up a fight for what he doesn't think he has.

The other common failure in discipline is going overboard in the other direction—no discipline, at all. A child who's permitted to walk all over everybody, to get the idea that the world begins and ends in him, that his parents and sisters and brothers have no rights, that there are no rules for him, is headed for a very rude and unhappy awakening. Such a child, not having learned how to live in a decent give-and-take atmosphere is liable to find very little room, or affection, in a world where most people have some



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self-respect and will put up a big fight for their rights.

As I said about myself, young children like rules—provided there aren't too many of them piled on all at once and that they are clearly intended for the *child's benefit.* Of course, this means you have to be smart enough to limit the rules to the scope of the child's understanding. Just as you wouldn't dream of expecting a small child who can't get a spoon to his mouth properly to cut his own food with a knife, you shouldn't expect a child who is too young to control his muscles and nerves to stop wetting the bed. In this latter case, above all, you shouldn't punish him, if he does.

Not that punishment hasn't got a place in discipline. A child has to learn two things about discipline. That he's expected to discipline himself, because that will help him get along better in the world—with other people and with himself. And that he should discipline himself, because if he doesn't he'll be punished.

The kind of punishment is another thing. Physical violence is just about the worst weapon you can use against a child. An occasional slap on the hand or backside, when you've simply lost your temper for a good reason, is all right. A child can understand that because he sometimes loses his temper, too. And it will help you get over your spell of annoyance quickly. But severe spanking, especially with some instrument—a hair brush, a whip, a belt—is not only physically dangerous, but the terror created in the child can do untold harm. The difference between a suddenly provoked slap and a cold-blooded, calculated beating is the difference between an accidental killing and premeditated murder. To make a child "good" through fear is to make him respect force and violence. It also serves to teach him how to hate.

Other forms of punishment may seem gentle, but their effects are just as bad. Nagging is one of the worst. Constant nagging and criticism destroy a child's self-respect. Any child is unsure enough in this adult world, without being steadily heckled and having his mistakes pointed out and his shortcomings dwelt on all the time. The silent treatment is confusing and terrifying. A child can understand an outburst of justifiable anger much better than a long drawn out, cold silence.

Most destructive of all is the constant repetition that you don't love a child when he's naughty, or you won't love him if he's bad. Every child needs to feel very certain that he's loved—all the time. Then, if you do lose your temper, sometimes, he'll probably try to remember what displeased you so you won't behave so unpleasantly to him again. But, if you tell him there are times when you don't love him, what's the use of his trying to behave better? Especially, since often children have no way of judging what those times will be. And it's possible to get over the idea that you don't like what a child is doing, but that he himself is all right and you love him. Even very young children can grasp that.

And I hate to have to add this, but I've seen too many startled and terrified children not to. When a child d o e s something accidentally, he shouldn't be punished, at all. Breaking something by accident, for instance, can be shocking enough to a child. A wise mother, in fact, would ease his mind and conscience by comforting him and assuring him that accidents can happen to anyone.

Discipline is very necessary for the healthy growth of children. But discipline does not mean domination. It's got to be the right kind and the right kind cannot be beaten or nagged into a child. He's got to cooperate because he understands it's for his own good and happiness. He's also got to see some good examples around him.

I intend to ask Marilly how she ever hopes to get Butch to stop banging the screen door, when she still allows herself to get all riled up and stalks out banging it behind her when she's in one of her moods. Maybe I can get it across to her by asking how she thinks I'd do as Mayor of this town, if I screeched at all the citizens to obey the parking laws, while I myself continued to park my car in front of a fire plug.

There's no getting away from the truth, and no grown-up should want to get away from it: you can't go banging around imposing your opinions or your personality on anyone—including children—without running into more trouble than you're prepared to handle.

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DON DUNPHY and BILL CORUM
Every Friday night over ABC stations for broadcasts of
America's top boxing bouts in the
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READ **"I'LL TAKE TONY ZALE"** by Frank Graham
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"We were out of tune . . ."

Tirades . . . bickering . . . like jangled notes ruining the harmony of our marriage—and I never dreaming it was *my* fault! Oh, I understood about feminine hygiene—I thought. But, carelessly, I'd depended on just *occasional* care. "That's why many marriages fail," my doctor said, putting me wise. "Never trust to inadequate feminine hygiene," he told me—then advised using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"But . . . it's sweet harmony now"

The song is back in my heart! I feel myself loved and cherished again . . . *happy!* Yes, our discord has vanished since I took my doctor's advice about feminine hygiene . . . always use "Lysol" for douching. "Lysol" is far more effective than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. "A proved *germ-killer,*" my doctor said "—that cleanses *thoroughly,* yet so gently!" "Lysol" is so easy to use and so economical!

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide . . . for 6 reasons

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Note: Douche *thoroughly* with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

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Fair Play!

(*Continued from page* 37)

on one leg while trying to pick up a handkerchief from the floor.

But now Ralph Edwards, the popular master-of-ceremonies and the man who first brought the game to the radio, has turned it into a national sport. Jed and I used to listen on Saturday nights and gasp with amazement at the fantastic stunts contestants were called upon to do as their "consequences." Such things as the two men who were each given half of a thousand-dollar bill and had to find each other somewhere in the middle of the United States. I remember one had to start from New York and the other from Hollywood, wearing high silk hats, hip boots, frock coats, with a list of cities where both were to go. On entering the cities they were to go to certain chop suey restaurants and yell "Heathcliffe" at the top of their lungs. And that's how they found each other—they finally both got to a restaurant at the same time and "Heathcliffe!" was their introduction!

THEN, of course, you remember the famous Mr. Wickel. The unfortunate man who was sent to a certain empty lot to dig for buried treasure? Ralph Edwards hadn't reckoned, I guess, when he broadcast the place over the air that lots of ingenious listeners-in would see the advantage of getting there first. When Mr. Wickel arrived the lot looked like an excavation for a subway.

His "treasure" was finally sent him, buried in a shipment of books!

Another contestant was sent to the Arctic Circle to dig for gold; another they called Mrs. Yiff-Nuff made her debut as a concert violinist when I doubt if she'd ever touched a violin before.

The stunts are crazy and fun and the very daring of them tickles the fancy of the average person. But that Saturday evening we had no slightest premonition, Jed and I, that we two would be players and not just listeners.

We had written in some time before for tickets and they finally arrived . . . four of them. So we had decided to make a big evening out of it and had invited Cecil Storey—he's the other half of the business partnership—and his wife, Dolland, to go with us. On our way over to the studios we had amused ourselves thinking up the weirdest possible "consequences"—like taking a rocket ship to the moon—and kidding each other over whether or not we had enough life insurance, in case Mr. Edwards should happen to pick on us.

Not really, seriously, thinking it was possible. Not for one moment.

We found our seats in the large National Broadcasting Company studio after a short wait outside in line. It seemed to me that everyone in Los Angeles must be trying to get into the show—or, more likely, trying to get on the show. Eager, empty-handed hopefuls had approached us on our way in, asking if we had extra tickets or trying to wheedle us out of ours. But there we were and there we meant to stay.

When Ralph Edwards came out on the stage before the program started, both Dolland and I agreed he was exactly as we had pictured him—good-looking, young, bubbling over with high spirits. His humor was cocky and sharp, but never condescending to us, his audience.

We settled ourselves back in our seats,

anticipating a pleasant half-hour.

Then—suddenly—things began to happen so fast I couldn't catch my breath. Here was Ralph Edwards. Right beside us, asking all sorts of questions—and before we knew it we were up on that stage!

There were others, of course. And while Jed and I sat there; while we had a chance to let the whole excitement of the game creep into our blood and make us recklessly willing to do anything—we also could listen and see how the others fared.

One woman was asked if she wouldn't like to talk to Charles Boyer over the telephone. She was willing and they dialed the number—but what she couldn't see—and the audience could—was her husband sitting in another little room, kidding her along with a "Come-with-me-to-the-Casbah" accent.

A girl who had been on the program the week before and whose forfeit had been to wink at every man she saw, paid her return visit. She protested that she *had* winked at every man and she had been promised that one of the men—some unknown—would slip her a hundred dollars. Where was the money?

"YOU haven't winked at me, yet," Edwards said. "It's supposed to be every man you see!"

Hastily she complied and it turned out that he was the unknown man she was looking for.

And all that time Jed and I sat there as if we were suddenly transported to another world, where everything was topsy-turvy. Anything could happen.

When our turn came and Mr. Edwards called us to the microphone, I had the strange illusion that I was perfectly poised and at ease. Jed told me afterwards that he did, too—yet I'll never forget that he couldn't even remember his name when he was asked!

All kinds of things he asked us: what were our names? Where did we live? Was it true that Jed had been home only six months from serving with the Underseas Demolition Squad, Seabees, as Carpenter First Class? Was Jed working for anyone else, or was he his own boss? Did we have a child?

And then came our *question*. If we didn't know the "truth" of it—

When is a piece of wood like a queen?

Even if you're good at answering riddles, I defy anyone to collect his wits enough to be able to snap back the answer at a time like that and in front of a watchful audience of several hundred people in the studio and who knows how many millions listening in over the air. The answer was, of course, *when it's a ruler,* but I think that even if I had known I would have been tempted to fudge. It's the "conse-

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ROSEMARY?

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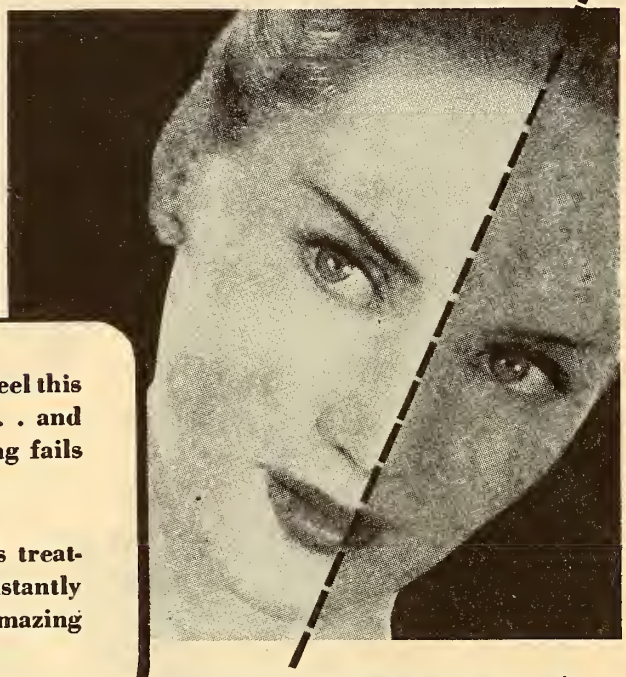


Gayla HOLD-BOB* BOBBY PINS

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You can't see or feel this stubborn film . . . and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it

BUT

once you try this treatment you will instantly see and feel the amazing *difference!*

JUST ONE TREATMENT with unique Lady Esther Cream shows how much clearer, fresher, *younger* your skin can look!

Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, caused by your natural skin oils mixed with cosmetics and dirt.

You can't see or feel this stubborn film. That's the danger! You think your skin is clean, when it isn't.

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Here's the safe, sure way to get rid of this stubborn, clinging film!

1. Smooth over your face and neck my unique Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off thoroughly.
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This second cleansing, with Lady Esther, really removes that stubborn film. Now your skin is really clean!

Instantly, you see and feel the difference! Your skin looks so much clearer, fresher, younger! It feels so much softer, smoother. Now, your skin has a real chance to build new loveliness.

My Cream is Unique!

The very texture of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different . . . so soft, so effective. And remember . . . every time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most: **1)** *cleanses thoroughly;* **2)** *softens your skin;* **3)** *helps Nature refine your pores;* **4)** *and leaves a perfect powder base.*

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today. Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on your skin!



Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Needs No Help From Any Other Cream

quence" that is really the big fun.

Especially since Mr. Edwards had already told us that, if we faithfully carried through our forfeit, we would be given a prize of a plane trip to Timberline Lodge on Mount Hood, Oregon, and a whole week's vacation there with all expenses paid!

So we lost. And paid our "consequence."

"For one whole week . . ." Ralph Edwards was trying to pronounce judgment on us, solemnly, but it looked as if he were having a hard time to keep from laughing ". . . for one whole week, you—Elsa—will take over your husband's job and run it. You will do everything he would do. You will live his life. And you, Mr. Ostling, you will stay home and cook and clean house and take care of little Jerry. Once and for all we are going to settle this age-old question of whose job is the hardest—the husband's or the wife's." And here he could no longer restrain himself from smiling as the audience whooped with laughter. "And if you're still in your right minds by next Saturday, come back and tell us everything that happened. *Good luck!*"

OUR week was to officially start the next Monday, we were told, so the rest of that evening and all next day were a virtual madhouse as Jed and I tried to make plans; as he attempted to coach me in the various business matters that were pending at the office and I tried to give him a schedule of the next week's housework. But it was no use.

The phone rang like crazy. All our friends and neighbors—and even perfect strangers—were calling us to congratulate us or sympathize with us or offer advice. The unmerciful heckling had already begun. Jed was almost invariably addressed as "Well, how's the little woman?" and I as "Elsa, the breadwinner." But I didn't really mind. In fact, I was rather set up over it, and Jed just gritted his teeth in a patient grin.

Came Monday. Habit was so strong that I leaped out of bed and ran for the kitchen and the percolator—before I remembered. Jed was just turning over for that last-minute snooze—when he remembered that our roles had been switched.

From then on, until I dashed out of the house with Jed's briefcase under my arm, it was confusion piled on laughter and laughter on bedlam. Jed is a good cook. A Seabee has to be able to do *anything,* but he hadn't practiced for a long time and he claimed that even Jap strafing was easier to take when he was rustling up a meal than the interruptions of a four-year-old Jerry. But it was good—flapjacks and all—and I ate it luxuriously, savoring every moment of being waited on.

But once out in the car and on my way to work, I was on my own. And I was *scared!*

My first job was to go to the War Assets Administration office to deliver a check for some surplus war material Jed and Cecil were buying. Cecil couldn't help me—Jed was at home, looking with jaundiced eyes at a house that already needed its thorough Monday cleaning—and it was up to me.

The W. A. A. men asked for Jed, of course, when I presented myself and the check. And the sensation I caused when I explained!—the roars of laughter! . . . in fact, I had a hard time making them take me seriously. Their gallantry was the worst and, yet, the best. They made me feel so like a

shrinking violet trying to look like a sturdy oak. But they did help me and I did get through the morning with reasonable success.

Lunch, and on to the office where Jed's partner was waiting.

Cecil explained all over again what the immediate problems of the Storey-Ostling Sales were. We had a shipment of beautiful Mexican tiles to sell—lovely things they are, in soft rose and tans, some in designs, some in pastel mottled patterns, and which were particularly desirable for patios and decorative store fronts. We were doing quite well with a product needed by large commercial laundries. A special feature of ours (listen to me—*ours*! Don't I sound just like a business man?) was a portable basketball goal used extensively in the East and which we were introducing here in California.

The business was new. Jed had been a long time in the service, much of it in highly dangerous work in the Pacific. He had gone in in pre-invasion demolition work in four major operations there. When he came back he had vowed he would work for no one but himself—and that he would be his own man. He was used to risk and the tougher the fight the better he liked it.

But, after all, the business had only been started since Jed was released from the Seabees and could hardly be called an old, established firm. I was terrified that something I might do would endanger the six-months' reputation and fine goodwill the boys had so patiently built up.

Keeping your fingers crossed for a whole week can be quite a strain!

ACTUALLY I made no major mistakes in that time, but I have a sneaking hunch Cecil took the brunt of the most important work on his shoulders. Not that he spared me anything. I had to answer the telephone. I had to talk to clients. I could never say "Just a moment—I'll let you discuss that with Mr. Storey". I had to take part in making decisions. I had to learn the whole complicated business of shipments and orders and bookkeeping.

I even had to go to the Toastmasters' Club on their regular Tuesday evening meeting.

On that I balked, but Cecil explained that the social part of business is just as important as the other. Jed would have gone as a regular member. Ergo, I must take his place.

"*But it's a stag affair!*" I wailed.

"And don't tell me you haven't a woman's curiosity about what goes on there," Jed abetted him that Monday evening, grinning smugly. Though I don't think he meant me to enter into it as wholeheartedly as I did!

The Toastmasters' Club, Lodge No. 114, Inglewood Chapter, met regularly for dinner—and then adjourned for the evening to a charming little—shall I admit it?—*bar*, popularly called the "Bucket of Blood". *Okay*, I thought to myself, *I'll stick it out as long as the rest. I'll do everything Jed would do.* And of course Jed was right: what woman wouldn't be intrigued at the chance to find out how the menfolk act when there're supposed to be no females around?

I found out. At first the men were highly amused at having a woman there and under those circumstances. They alternated between trying to shock me—treating me like a man—and being overly gallant. As a matter of fact I suspect that many of the jokes that were started and stopped with a "Oh,

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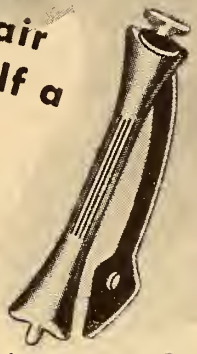
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"But tonight I'd like to find a case of Pepsi-Cola under the bed."

I can't tell that—I forgot there's a lady present—" were put on just for my benefit to make me realize what devils they were.

But gradually they began to take me for granted. After all, this was their big night once a week and they weren't going to let me change the order of their plans.

For instance, there was the fiendish torture called "table topics." Everyone present at dinner was supposed to be able to get up at a second's notice and declaim intelligently on any topic that was suggested. I drew the OPA. Luckily for me, as I got my shaking knees under me and rose to my feet, that was an alphabet agency I could claim to know something about. Hadn't I held the fort in my rented apartment all the time Jed was away?

I upheld that now-defunct organization in glowing terms. I painted a tearful picture of what would have happened to helpless war wives without its rigid protecting controls. I declaimed on its virtues and mourned its passing.

And sat down to find myself right in the midst of a fine little argument. Naturally there were those there who disagreed with me, but I didn't mind. At least, these men weren't treating me now like a frail, secluded flower who knew nothing of the harsh world outside. They were actually *arguing* with me! It was my first feeling of success . . . of equality.

From there we adjourned to the "Bucket of Blood," as they had dubbed it, though its prosaic, rightful name was the "Whizz Inn."

I've had a cocktail now and then, but this standing-up-at-the-bar, one-foot-on-the-rail was a new thing for me. And I committed a grave social error, one that almost smirched my name and Jed's. I heard the men repeat the silly little phrase "well, is she ever coming up for air?" and then look with obvious purpose at me, but it didn't dawn on me for a long time what they meant. Until, suddenly, shocked, I realized. Jed—or rather me, Elsa—was supposed to order a round. Take my turn at buying one "all around." Hastily I covered up my slip and manfully called for the bartender and redeemed myself.

Jed swears it was one-thirty in the morning before I got in. *Staggered in,* was his expression. But that is untrue. Nervous as I was to start with, I certainly wasn't going to complicate matters further by befuddling my head. I stuck to cokes. As I told him, if I was taking his place I might as well set him a good example! And it was only twelve-thirty when we came in—Cecil and I—the bar closed up at twelve!

But it did my heart good to find him sitting up for me. Now he knows how it feels, waiting.

Meanwhile, there was Jed with the house and a child on his hands. I got an hour-by-hour account of his trials every night, so I can report fairly truthfully.

Monday wasn't too bad. He attacked the housecleaning in a chin-up, fighting mood and he did a workmanlike job. Jerry, who had hardly had much time to get acquainted with his father since his return from overseas, was fascinated at Jed's being home. (In fact, he announced after the third day that the arrangement suited him fine and I could go out every day and leave his daddy at home!) He just tagged around after Jed all that day and was delighted when his father pushed a dust-cloth into his hands and told him to get busy. And what's more, Jerry did!

When I came home that night dinner was perfectly cooked and perfectly served. Hamburgers, macaroni, salad, green peas and ice cream!

And on Tuesday night, the night I was out with the "boys" at the Toastmasters, Jed really did himself proud. Never one to do things half-way, he had determined that part of a housewife's job was entertaining, so he would entertain. He asked my mother and his father (his mother was away) to dinner.

I will never live that down. To hear them all talk, there never was such a Lucullan feast prepared or more grandly served. Steak, he gave them! . . . and potatoes, vegetables, jello and cake! And he refused my mother's offer to help with the dishes or put Jerry to bed. That was his job, he airily informed his guests.

Oh, as far as Jed was concerned, this housewife's racket was a cinch.

But he forgot that a house, once dusted and cleaned, doesn't stay that way. He forgot there are matters more complicated than running a sweeper in running a house. He never realized that phones ringing and doorbells pealing can wreck the best-organized time-budget.

Wednesday was Black Wednesday for him.

It started out badly with the sight of all those soiled clothes in the hamper waiting for him. He had fed Jerry and me and shooed us off, one to the office and one outside to play. He had sorted the clothes and put the sheets and miscellaneous white things into the washing tubs before he even dared to think about his own breakfast.

And it was while he was gulping his first cup of coffee and watching the

toast slowly turn to golden brown, that he first learned about telephones.

Ours rang and he hurried to answer it. The neighbor who was calling was merely anxious to see if there was anything she could do to help Jed and how were things going, anyway, and did he know that the corner market had soap on Wednesdays, usually, and there was a sale at so-and-so's, and on and on. Jed learned right then and there that calls at home are not conducted in the short crisp way of a business office, not if you want to keep neighbors and friends.

When he finally put down the receiver the toast was burned. It was sending up black clouds of smoke in the kitchen.

He burned his hand getting it out. He picked up his coffee cup—it was stone cold. The words that filled the kitchen then could only have been appreciated by another Seabee.

And then the doorbell sounded. Jed had completely forgotten that this was the day the Truth or Consequences people were sending a photographer and a reporter over to see him.

Martha Curry, who is right-hand-woman to Ralph Edwards, told me afterwards that she never saw a funnier sight than Jed standing there in the doorway, an apron covering his bare chest and pants, a harried, drowning look in his eyes.

And they had no sooner got his wits collected and explained what they wanted, than he gasped a short—"oh, my gosh!" and tore off into the kitchen again. They could hear muttered cursings and sounds of splashings and it was more than their curiosity could abide. In they went—and found poor Jed, bare-footed, pants rolled up, trying frantically to turn off the water in the tubs. Neglected, they had overflowed and poured down onto the floor.

Of course, he tries to tell me now that their interruption was an unusual occurrence and not the kind of thing that I could ordinarily expect to complain about. But, as I point out, if it isn't a photographer it's just as apt to be a newsboy collecting for the evening paper or someone trying to sell something. And he certainly can't blame Martha Curry's visit for the wilted flowers she saw that day in the living room.

It went on that way all day. More of his friends and many of his business associates had heard of his new role in life, and called him constantly . . . cooing in the phone that they had just heard of a new recipe he simply *must* try! or urging him to run right down to some store where they had seen the cutest little doilies on sale!

Came me and nightfall and neither Jed's dinner nor his temper was of the best.

Thursday was the Fourth of July and a holiday for the both of us. If this had been an ordinary week Jed would have insisted on our spending the day having fun and he would have helped me with the few necessary chores—the making beds and cooking lunch and washing dishes. So I don't think it was cheating for me to reverse things and pitch in and help. We went out for dinner.

Having had a breathing spell, Jed whipped through the Friday morning duties in record time and then he and Jerry went out for a spree. The rest of the household routine shifted for itself, but when I pointed this out to Jed, he countered by saying that his duties included the care of his child, didn't they? And how could he care properly for him when he just turned him out into the yard and dashed out every few minutes to check up on him? And I had to admit he was right—how many mothers like myself regret the little time we actually have to *be* with our children!

So the two of them went for a ride all afternoon, ending up at the Elks' Hall, where Jed is a member.

Little Jerry loved it. Being treated like a man, hearing man-talk, being in a man's world. The smell of pipes and cigars, the bottles of soda-pop, the utterly fascinating sight of long, green tables where big white balls clicked and rolled as the men pushed them with those long sticks. And having his father with him for the whole day!

But they were back in time to cook dinner, though I understand it meant Jed's throwing his hat on the chair as he sprinted for the kitchen and the fastest rattling of pots and pans ever seen.

That was, actually, our last day of being contestants. Saturday the office was closed and I was home, so it would have been unfair for Jed to have to play the game longer than I.

Ralph Edwards agreed with us and also agreed that we had both fulfilled our parts of the bargain. So back we went onto the program that Saturday night and told about our experiences.

As we told them, somehow the hard parts, the trials and tribulations—my embarrassment at the Toastmasters'—Jed's experiences with burning toast and ringing doorbells and overflowing washing machines—all seemed to dissolve into just plain fun. The audience seemed to feel the same way and they laughed with us.

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But Ralph Edwards wasn't satisfied. "Didn't the experiment prove anything?" he asked. "Have you two been able to figure out once and for all whose job is the hardest—the man's or the woman's?"

Jed looked at me and I looked at Jed. And we knew what each was thinking. *Whose job was the hardest?* Thankfully Jed had turned the house back to me—but *still*—there had been that wonderful day with Jerry! And me—I would miss that heady feeling of respect I had earned in the office—and—yet—it wasn't taking a man's place I wanted! And I *had* missed Jerry!

Ralph Edwards must have guessed by our faces. "Oh, so you won't talk, eh? You're going to keep it all to yourselves. Why, you owe it to humanity to give us the answer—think of all the newlywed's quarrels you could stop and the marriages you could save—" but he was laughing as he said it. He knew the problem was one the Ostlings couldn't solve for the world.

"AND now for your prize for being two very fine contestants," he went on. "With the compliments of Truth or Consequences, you have reservations at the Timberline Lodge at Mount Hood, Oregon. You will fly up and back and, personally, I want to hope you have a grand time!"

I can never describe fully how wonderful that whole week at Timberline Lodge was. We flew, as Ralph Edwards promised (and that feeling I had when the plane first took off was really the worst of my whole "consequence". I hadn't told Mr. Edwards how scared I was of flying!). But it was soon over and I found I had almost enjoyed the trip. The hotel turned itself inside out for our comfort and the name of Ralph Edwards and Truth or Consequences was the magician's open-sesame that gave us everything we had ever dreamed of in the way of luxury. We ate—and did we eat!—we slept late—we skied—we went for long walks in the snowy mountain paths.

In trying to sum up that week when Jed was I and I was Jed, I can only say it was grand while it lasted. I had a chance to prove to myself that I was still capable of holding my own in the world outside my front door. Through the publicity we gained over that first interview on the radio program, I had the triumph of selling some of our beautiful Mexican tiles. Inquiries came from all over the country. I also had an order for a basketball goal from Kankakee, Illinois.

If for no other reason, the week was a success because it gave four-year-old Jerry a real chance to be with his father. Children of men who served in the war have a distorted idea of the role of fathers. Although Jed had been back for six months, he was still not the all-essential person to Jerry that I was . . . he hadn't had the chance to step inside the circle that to Jerry was *family*. But now that is changed. And our little boy has a new concept of a daddy who not only comes home from work to play with him for a little while, to kiss him goodnight and play with him on Sundays—but a parent who feeds him, scolds him, trains him, is interested in him.

And—getting back to the subject of whose job is what—leaving out the question of hardest, or most desirable, or most satisfying, or longest—one thing was proved and this time to Jerry as well—housework, darn it! is still the most *disagreeable!*

Springtime Magic

(*Continued from page 55*)

medium flame until gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly (2 or 3 minutes; but do not boil). Pour into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve with a garnish of raw or cooked vegetables. If desired, chill gelatine mixture until thickened and fold in 1 or 2 cups diced celery or any other diced salad ingredient.

CHICKEN TIMBALES

1½ cups diced cooked chicken
¾ cup finely cut celery
1 tbl. finely cut pimiento
2 tbls. finely cut green pepper
2 tsps. grated onion
1 tbl. vinegar
¾ tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
1 envelope Quick Method Gelatine
3 bouillon cubes
2 cups water

Combine meat, vegetables, and seasonings and let stand. Combine gelatine, bouillon cubes, and water in saucepan. Heat over medium flame until gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly (2 or 3 minutes). Remove from heat and chill. When slightly thickened, fold in meat and vegetable mixture. Turn into individual molds and chill until firm.

BAVARIAN DELIGHT

1 envelope Quick Method Gelatine
4 tbls. sugar
Dash of salt
2 egg yolks
¾ tsp. vanilla
½ cup whipped cream
2 cups milk

Combine gelatine, sugar and salt in saucepan. Add milk and egg yolks; stir to blend. Heat over medium flame until gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly. (Do not boil.) Chill until slightly thickened. Add vanilla, fold in whipped cream. Turn into sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Serve topped with fresh fruit sweetened to taste.

GRAPE JUICE CUBES WITH CUSTARD

1 envelope Quick Method Gelatine
2 tbls. sugar
1¾ cups bottled grape juice
1 cup custard sauce

Combine gelatine, sugar and grape juice in saucepan. Heat over medium flame until gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly (2 or 3 minutes; do not boil). Turn into 9x5x3-inch loaf pan and chill until firm. Cut into ½-inch cubes, using sharp knife which has been dipped in hot water. Arrange alternate layers of cubes and sauce in sherbet glasses.

EASY ICE CREAM

2 tsps. Quick Method Gelatine
½ cup sugar
Dash of salt
2 cups milk
1 cup whipped cream
1 tsp. vanilla

Combine gelatine, sugar, salt and milk in saucepan and heat over medium flame until gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly (2 or 3 minutes; do not boil). Remove from heat. Chill until slightly thickened, fold in cream and vanilla and turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator (setting control for coldest freezing temperature). When partially frozen, remove from tray, beat until fluffy. Then return to tray and freeze 30 minutes, stir, then freeze until firm (3 to 4 hours).



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Some Things Are Better Forgotten

(*Continued from page 29*)

making an effort to recover her blunder—too much of an effort. "They're gorgeous, Terry—"

With as much self-possession as if he had been in his own home, Jud took the bowl from my hands, seated himself on the davenport between Mother Burton and Louise. "These things are interesting when you study them," he agreed. "Each one of these designs means something. Now, the Indians in our part of Arizona—" He went on to explain the patterns to them, oblivious to Mother Burton's glacial stiffness, to the amusement that began to glimmer in Louise's eyes at each unfamiliar turn of his speech.

LATER, after they had gone, after the guest room door had closed upon Jud, and when Stan and I were alone in our own room, I sank, weak-kneed, to the bench before my dressing table. Nothing awful had happened; Mother Burton hadn't openly snubbed Jud, and Louise hadn't openly laughed at him, but I'd been afraid that at any moment they'd been about to. The evening had been a strain. I was almost trembling, and there was a tight, nervous expression on Stan's face. He was undressing in silence, jerking off his coat, his tie.

"I hope," he said finally, "that Clarke's girl gets in tomorrow."

"I'm sure he hopes so, too." Then I pressed my lips shut tight. I hadn't meant to let myself go, not by a word.

"You're not being fair, Terry. I think that Mother and Louise acted very well under the circumstances. You've got to admit that it's an awkward situation—"

But it didn't have to be awkward. That's what angered me. The Burtons could have been pleasant to Jud, could have made him feel welcome. And they might have, in spite of Aunt Lavinia, if they had considered him their equal. The plain truth of it was that they were afraid that Aunt Lavinia would arrive and discover a nobody in their midst—a ranch boy who'd come East to meet his farm-girl sweetheart. Of course they didn't want Aunt Lavinia inconvenienced, and neither did I—but they'd have felt very differently about it had the inconvenience been something of a distinguished personage.

I dared not say anything. I was too angry, and hurt. It wasn't just that Stan's disapproval cut—it was that sometimes he seemed to find it easy to disapprove of me. My hand shook as I picked up my hairbrush, and as if at a signal Stan crossed over to me. He sat down beside me, took the brush from my hand, laid it on the table. His arms cradled me close; he pressed his face against my hair. "Sweetheart—Terry, darling, don't worry. Everything will straighten out."

And then I did cry, a little, over his bent dark head, when he couldn't see. They were tears of release after strain, of a poignant, aching happiness. Stan and I might have misunderstandings over superficial things, but when feelings ran deep, we were together. So long as that was true, little quarrels didn't matter; the Burtons didn't matter.

And in the morning, it did seem as though everything was straightening out—beautifully. Jud had a call from

the hotel: a wire had come saying that Mary would arrive on the noon train. And, at the breakfast table, Jud's social stature increased enormously when young Brad came to spend the morning with us. Introduced to Jud, he regarded him gravely, then asked, "You're from Arizona? Are you a cowboy?"

"Sort of," said Jud. "My Dad has a ranch out there, and I help run it."

Brad's eyes brightened. "You've got horses?"

Jud nodded. "Cow ponies, mostly. We've got a couple nice saddle horses, though. Mine's a Palomino."

Brad took a step forward. "Do you wear chaps?"

"Have to," said Jud, "in brush country. You'd get all tore up if you didn't."

Brad moved still closer. "*Guns?*" he asked.

Jud grinned. "We carry guns on the range sometimes. Can't tell what you'll run across . . . snakes . . . maybe an animal gets hurt and has to be shot . . ."

Brad drew a quivering breath, and switched his line of questioning. "Do you like airplanes?"

"Pretty well," said Jud. "I flew during the war."

"You weren't a—bomber pilot?"

"That's exactly what I was—B-29. How'd you guess?"

BRAD smiled beatifically and surrendered. He had found a two-fold hero—a cowboy and a bomber pilot in one. "I've made lots of model planes," he said. "And I ride. Terry rides with me. She's good."

The two of them were together for the rest of the morning. At noon Jud, much against Brad's protests, went to meet Mary's train. A little later Stan came home from work. "Aunt Lavinia come yet?" he asked.

"No," I answered. "And Jud's gone to meet his girl." We grinned at each other. I added, "I told Jud to bring her back here for lunch if she cared to take the time."

"Fine!" said Stan heartily, and then his smile faded as his eyes went past me to the window. "There's Jud now," he observed. "And—hasn't the girl got a suitcase with her?"

I peered over his shoulder. "Just an overnight case," I said uneasily. "She probably wants to freshen up a bit." But even then I knew.

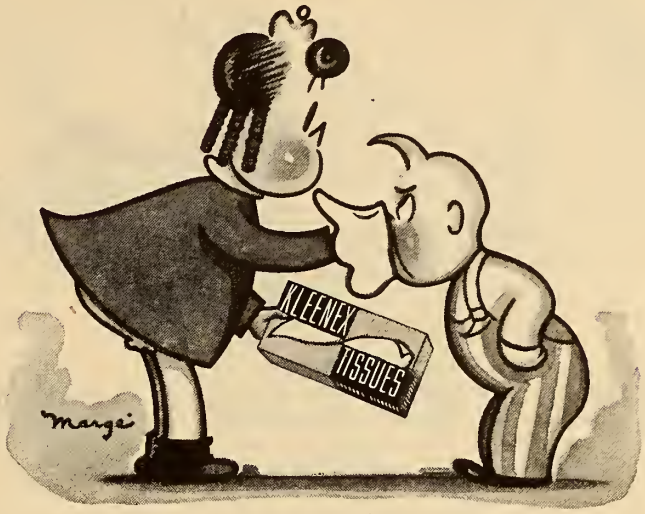
I liked Mary Suddeth immediately—a tall, apple-cheeked girl in WAC uniform, who had nice, intelligent eyes, and very little to say. She grinned at young Brad, said "How do you do" to Stan and me, and "Thank you" to my offer of the little downstairs powder room. When she'd left us, Jud turned to me, his eyes anxious, his drawl thicker than ever in his earnestness.

"Ah know it's stretchin' your hospitality," he said, "but Ah wonder if Mary could have my room for tonight? The hotel is still full, and Ah just *cain't* ask her to stay any old place after that long trip. Ah'll turn up some place for myself. You see, we called her aunt from the station, and she won't be able to come after us until tomorrow. And there isn't a bus line within ten miles of the farm—"

I dared not look at Stan. But I felt him freeze, felt the refusal rising to his lips. "Of course she can stay," I said quickly, in a tone of bright desperation. "And don't worry about a place for yourself. We can make up a bed in the den—"

Brad whooped. "You're going to

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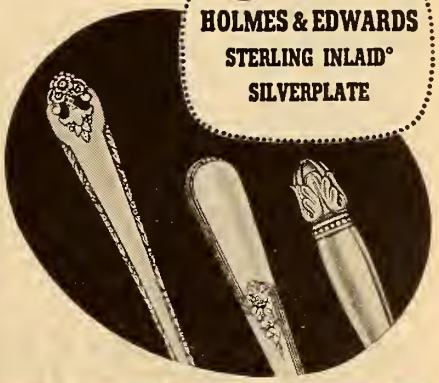
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stay!" he shouted. "You're going to stay—"

It was the worst possible moment for Marion to arrive. But come she did, sauntering up the walk. "Hi! Is my son ready to come home for lunch?"

"I don't want to go home!" Brad cried. "Mother, Jud was a pilot, and he's a real cowboy—"

"So I see," she murmured. Behind the lazy fringes of her lashes her eyes glinted. Marion could laugh at a person and yet appear to be laughing with him. "Brad, darling," she said, "you can't possibly stay. Terry has company enough—"

MARION stayed only a few minutes, but she had her effect. She ignored Mary completely, spoke to Jud in a faint but perceptible imitation of his own drawl, and managed to make devastatingly clear what she thought of the situation. "You're wonderful, Terry," she said to me. "But then, of course, it's just like you. You couldn't ask your friends to hunt up a tourist home, although there *are* a number of them in town . . ."

We had planned that Mother Burton and Louise would have Saturday supper with us. But just at supper time the telephone rang—it was Louise, calling to say that Mother Burton had a headache and that they wouldn't be able to come.

Slowly, I went back to the dining room, where Mary was counting out silver and Jud and Stan were placing chairs around the table. So Marion had talked to Mother Burton and Louise . . . otherwise how could they have known that Mary and Jud were with us?

"Oh, say!" Jud exclaimed, when I told them not to set for Mother Burton and Louise, "that's too bad. I wanted Mary to meet them—"

"Yes," said Mary, "it is too bad." Her clear gray eyes met mine for an instant.

Stan said nothing, but his silence was damning. My friends, it said, were keeping his mother and his sister away from our house. Later that evening when we were alone in our room, we quarreled about it, bitterly.

"It's a good thing Aunt Lavinia didn't come today," he began. "If she had, we wouldn't have had a place to put her."

I tried to keep my temper. "She'd have the guest room," I said evenly, "and Mary would have the couch downstairs."

"Nice for Aunt Lavinia," said Stan.

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"I didn't *choose* to invite them. But since they were here and had no place else to go, I couldn't turn them away. The tourist houses are as crowded as the hotel, you know that. And anyway—" my voice began to shake with the pressure of hurt and anger— "when I married you, Stan Burton, I understood that your home would be my home, and that you'd welcome my guests as I would welcome yours."

"Of course it's your home," he said impatiently. "But you don't show too much consideration for the family."

There it was again—the family. And the poisonous part of all the trouble was that the family included Marion, who hated me. Whenever the Burtons and I differed, Marion was there, highlighting the difference, twisting it to my disadvantage. Before she had come this afternoon, there had been strain and awkwardness, but that was all. Now we were divided into two camps: my friends . . . Stan's family . . . And there was no escaping her. She was Brad's mother, and Brad was Stan's son . . .

"Nor they of me," I said. "It wouldn't have hurt your mother and Louise to put in an appearance at supper this evening."

"I don't see why they should have. When you invite every Tom, Dick and Harry—"

I DIDN'T say anything more. I didn't dare. I would have regretted the words the rest of my life. I lay rigidly beside Stan in the darkness, thinking miserably that little quarrels did matter—when your husband took sides against you.

Churchbells woke me, faint in the distance, sweet as the April morning. *Easter* morning—Easter everywhere, I thought, except in our house. Stan's face was grim and set even in sleep. We had planned to go to early services together, but I had no thought of waking him now. What would be the good of the service and the lilies and the hymns, if Stan and I were going to sit stiffly beside each other in the pew, with antagonism and resentment in our hearts?

I got up and went to the window, saw Mary and Jud in the sunlit garden. It occurred to me that it would be a good place to serve them breakfast. They would undoubtedly enjoy eating by themselves, and it would save a strained foursome at our own breakfast table later. I went downstairs, prepared a tray, and started out with it. And then, half way across the lawn, I stopped. Jud and Mary were talking—arguing.

"These people!" Mary was exclaiming angrily. "Don't you realize that they don't want us here? Terry is grand—but she's certainly working under difficulties. Stan is stuffy, and I'm sure his mother didn't come to dinner last night simply because we were here. And that woman yesterday—that Marion—didn't you realize that she was making fun of you?"

Jud grinned. "But honey," he said mildly, "maybe I am funny. And after all, we're guests—"

"Unwelcome ones. And they show it by mocking you, acting as if you were a freak escaped from the circus. And you won't stand up for yourself—that's what makes me furious! Maybe—" her voice caught—"maybe I don't know you as well as I thought I did, Jud

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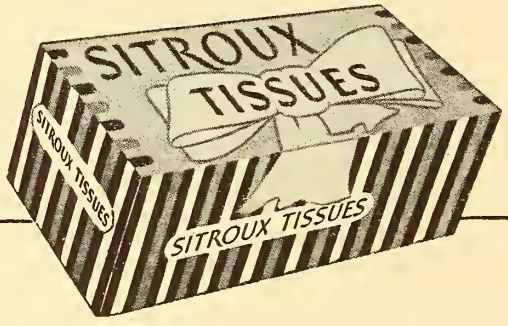


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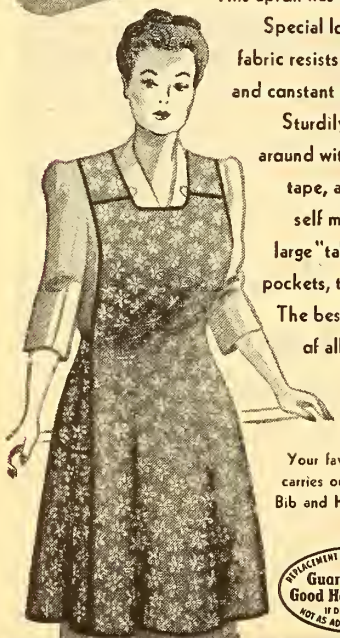
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Clarke. Maybe we ought to wait—"

Jud's grin faded. He shot to his feet. "Now see here—!"

Oh, no, I thought, not another quarrel. There were hard feelings enough in the house. I went forward with as much commotion as I could, brushing noisily against the mock-orange, and the spat was over. But it bothered me, and I was determined to do what I could about it without apologizing for the Burtons. Mary herself gave the opportunity. She came into the living room while I was dusting, and asked, "Terry, isn't there something I can do to help?"

"Not a thing," I said. "I'm only sorry I haven't more time to spend with you. But we're expecting company—"

"I know," said Mary. "Aunt Lavinia. She's my aunt, too."

I straightened, staring at her. "But the Burtons," I said. "They didn't—"

"RECOGNIZE me?" she finished. "They couldn't be expected to. They've never seen me until now—or heard of me, either. You see, Aunt Lavinia isn't really related to me, but she and my mother were dear friends. My own relatives brought me up, but Aunt Lavinia's always kept her eye on me. I stayed with her in Florida one winter before I went into the Service, and she sent me through Miami University. Probably that's why," she added thoughtfully, "she never spoke of me to the Burtons. I mean, she didn't want them to know that she was paying my way through school."

"I see," I said, but I didn't really. I was still trying to digest this new information. "Does Jud know that your aunt is the Burtons' Aunt Lavinia?"

Mary shook her head. "No. I didn't realize it myself until I got off the train and found that he was staying with you instead of at the hotel. I haven't told him—and I see no reason for you to tell the Burtons."

"Oh!" I cried, "But—" I stopped, flushing. My own disappointment was a revelation to me. Until then, I hadn't realized that all the while Mary was talking, I'd been counting on smoothing things over with the family by telling them who she was.

"Please," said Mary. Her voice was gentle, but there was iron behind it—and in the look in her eye.

"I don't see why they shouldn't be told," I hedged.

"And I don't see why they should. I wish you'd promise not to, Terry."

I promised, although I felt like a traitor. Mary's personal history was her own, and I had no right to betray her confidence, but I could foresee Mother Burton and Louise at the dinner table—and they would come today not only because dinner on Easter Sunday was a tradition in the family but also because Aunt Lavinia would surely arrive at some time this afternoon—could foresee more coolness toward Mary and Jud. And Aunt Lavinia—I quaked at the thought of her knowing how Mary and her fiance were being treated.

I had no time to worry about it. The house must be put in order; a dinner worthy of the giant Easter ham must be prepared; pots of tulips and Madonna lilies must be stripped of their crepe-paper-and-ribbon wrappings and placed in glazed pottery jars. Jud's gifts, the Indian rug and the bowl, presented a problem. I tried removing them to an upstairs room, felt guilty, and afraid that Jud might be offended; finally, desperation and de-

fiance in my heart, I left them where they had been—the rug draped over the arm of the sofa, and the bowl in plain sight on top of the piano.

And, after all, it proved to be more pleasant than I'd dared to hope. We were out on the lawn for a while before dinner, and all was peaceful. It's true that Mother Burton tended to look through Jud and Mary rather than at them, and Louise looked frankly incredulous when Jud said "Ah might could" instead of "I may," but nothing more distressing happened. Mary said little, as usual; only I was aware of her cool and measuring glance traveling from Stan to Mother Burton to Louise and back again.

It was after dinner, when Marion brought Brad to the house, that trouble started. I'd been hoping—praying—that she wouldn't stay, that she would elect to spend the day with her husband. But she evidently had no intention of missing Aunt Lavinia; she settled herself comfortably in the living room with the rest of us.

"So nice to see you again, Miss—ah—Sutton—and you, Mr. Clarke," she said sweetly. "I practically promised Brad that you'd be here. He was so afraid you might be gone, and I kept telling him that Terry wouldn't dream of letting you leave on Easter." Her eyes fell upon the Navajo rug and the bowl—almost gleefully, it seemed to me. "Something new, Terry?" she asked. "I don't believe I've seen those things before."

"Yes," I said out of a dry throat. "Jud brought them—"

"I GUESSED as much." She fingered the rug, gazed reflectively at the bowl. "Remarkable," she murmured. "A breath of the Old West, right here in Dickston! Just what we need! We're really so terribly provincial . . . as a Dickston native, don't you find it so, Miss—um—Seldon? Of course," she observed, "life on a farm may be less confining—"

This was too much for Jud. Oblivious as he seemed to be to thrusts in his own direction, he had stiffened at her first mangling of Mary's name. All the easy affability gone from his expression, he leaned forward, but before he could speak, something else happened. Something important.

It happened silently, swiftly, in an instant. Mother Burton and Louise and Stan looked at Marion, and at each other, and at me, and in that fraction of a second their thoughts were as clear as if they had spoken them aloud. This is our own snobbery, they said, only more obvious, more deliberate. A soft pink dyed the fine dry whiteness of Mother Burton's skin.

"I agree with you, Marion," she said. "We are provincial, shamefully narrow—sometimes, I'm afraid, far more so than we realize—"

"Sometimes," Stan put in, "past all bounds of common decency." I shrank from the look he gave Marion. Whatever his private feelings, Stan's courtesy never deserts him. It would be a long time before he forgave her for being rude to a guest in his house.

Marion looked startled; then she laughed. "Well, really—" she began. I was glad that the doorbell rang, glad of the excuse to leave the room. I wasn't worried any longer about Jud and Mary. Mother Burton and Stan were doing their best to apologize to them, and they both knew it. But Marion, cornered, was capable of saying anything, doing anything.

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old woman in starchy black silks, bent like a question mark so that the shoulders and the head with its sharp, hawk-like features were carried far forward. Her chauffeur handed her her cane; she grasped it in a hand as work-worn and dirt-seamed as Jud's own; stretched her free hand toward me. "You're Terry," she announced. "Pretty thing, aren't you? I understand that my niece and her young man are here. How did that happen?"

"It's a long story," I began—but I had no time to tell it. With the aid of her cane, Aunt Lavinia moved amazingly fast. We reached the living room just as Marion was addressing Jud in a broad exaggeration of his drawl. "Wal, naow," she was saying, "Ah might could do that—"

I think that in that moment Aunt Lavinia knew everything that had been going on. "Well, Marion," she snapped. "I'm surprised to find *you* here! Should think you'd want to be with your husband on Easter Sunday. And Mary—" She already had her arms around Mary, was pressing her thin, lined cheek to Mary's smooth round one. "I'm sorry I couldn't get here yesterday. But I've been gardening, and you know my rheumatism . . . How have you been enjoying yourself?"

"GETTING acquainted, Auntie," said Mary.

"*Auntie!*" repeated Mother Burton and Louise in one breath. Marion said nothing. She was obviously past speech. But her face was slowly turning a dull, painful red.

"Don't tell me," said Aunt Lavinia, "that you didn't know Mary. Eleanor Whiting Suddeth's daughter—Eleanor was my dearest friend, and president of the DAR over in Freeville—"

"Oh," said Mother Burton faintly. "*That* Suddeth—"

"Never mind," said Aunt Lavinia. "Time flies, and people forget—" And she actually patted Mother Burton on the shoulder—briskly, affectionately, as if she had been a little girl in pigtails! She kissed Louise and Stan, and then, as if she had been saving the best for the last, she reached up to hug Jud, stooped to shake hands with Brad. Brad was too excited to mind his manners.

"Is Jud going to stay with you, Aunt Lavinia?" he demanded. "Can I come out and see him?"

"I'm sure you can—" She looked up sharply as Marion moved forward and placed a possessive hand on Brad's shoulder. "Thank you for bringing him," she said. "Now run along. I'm sure you're anxious to be home. We'll return Bradley this evening."

Never had I expected to see Marion accept a dismissal, but this time there was nothing else for her to do.

I escaped to the kitchen, and in a moment Stan followed me. He said not a word—just put his arms around me and held me close and hard.

"Darling, I'm sorry—"

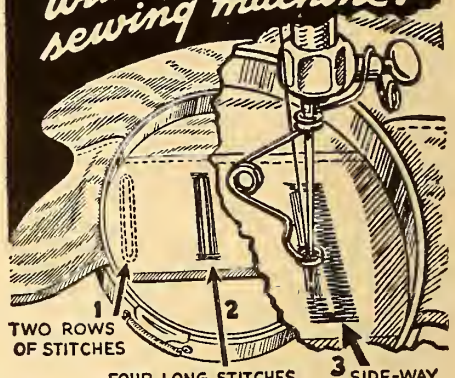
I put my hand over his mouth. "Don't say anything. It's best forgotten—"

And for a moment he didn't say anything—just kept his arms around me and held me protectingly. Then he began to laugh—sheepishly, but it was laughter.

"What's funny?" I asked, although I felt like laughing, too—with relief, and the sheer delight of being one with him again.

"Nothing," he said. "Only—Oh, Terry, whatever would the Burtons do without you?"

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FREE 14 KT. GOLD WEDDING RING

A gift of lasting memory, genuine diamond in 14 Kt. gold ring and engraved gold wedding ring, for lifetime satisfaction. An honest $22.50 value. Specify size. Send $14.95 money order or pay postman on arrival $14.95 plus postage. Wear rings 1 week on money back guarantee. We pay all taxes. Order today.

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Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....

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Address.....

For Better Living

Antiques for Everyone

(*From page* 56) where prices are far below the dealers' shops—for other pieces to keep them company.

One auction netted her a stunning marble-topped chest of mahogany veneer, its brass handles delicately fashioned in the form of French ladies. A coffee table seemed impossible to achieve, so Tony designed one, using an old gold-framed mirror which she had mounted on short curved legs.

Toni didn't always find just exactly what she wanted the first time she looked for it. For instance, she set her heart on a Spanish chest to match the bed, looked and looked for it without success, and finally, when she had abandoned the search temporarily and was concentrating on something else, came across the very chest.

Basic Fact

(*From page* 57) long sleeves, a round neck, a tricky red leather over-the-shoulder belt which threads through a waistline pocket. With low-heeled shoes it is the perfect costume for the girl on the job. Yet the same dress, with a white eyelet embroidered bertha, white gloves, high-heeled pumps and bag of suede and a black cartwheel hat makes one of the smartest play-time costumes anyone could wish. And that is Mary's number one suggestion—plenty of collar and cuff sets. The important thing is to have enough so that there is always a set ready when you need it—and an extra set at the office ready to snap on for that spur-of-the-moment dinner date. For the extra-frivolous moments, why not a starched pique tie-on bustle with a matching halo hat?

Don't, Mary advises, envy the girls whose accessories always match or contrast their dresses or suits so attractively. Use your ingenuity and your courage and make some of your own. There are patterns galore for hats and bags, belts and gloves. If you feel that making a pair of gloves is too much to start with, try the simpler trick which is to cover the cuff portion of a pair of wash gloves with plaid material, first basting it into position, then using an applique stitch. If you think you can never make a hat, then refurbish one with small saucy bows of the same plaid. The first thing you know, you will be making accessories as if you had had years of experience.

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FULL COLOR PORTRAITS

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then... Just a quick, easy recomb and you're softly feminine for gala dates . . . coifed to charm.



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FREE!

"Professional Hair Styling at Home" Tip-Top booklet tells how you can arrange these 2 becoming hair styles — *and 10 others.* Packed with helpful hints, pictures, and easy-to-follow instructions.

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No longer need women feel the constraint of a "monthly harness" of belts, pins and external pads. When "those days" appear on the calendar she can use *Tampax* for sanitary protection and avoid all worry about bulges and ridges and revealing edge-lines. For Tampax is *worn internally* and that's the secret of a success which has swept the country among progressive women.



Tampax is doctor-invented and made of pure absorbent cotton contained in dainty disposable applicators. Insertion is easy and the Tampax when in place is invisible and unfelt. No odor, no chafing, no disposal problem. For Tampax contains *only one-fifteenth the bulk* of the older forms of protection!

Prepare for next month! Buy Tampax now at drug or notion counter. Choice of 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax provides new comfort and freedom. *You can even wear it in tub or shower.* Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Do Some Figuring

(*Continued from page* 45)

you came home last time—no one around here recognized you."

"Didn't they?" I asked, in careful surprise—as if I didn't remember!

"Well," Peggy continued in a studied voice, "I guess I was meant to be fat like this. But, gee, I'll never get a date for the senior prom unless I do lose some weight," her voice trailed off in a wail of despair.

"Never get a date"—her words switched on a light way back in my memory department and suddenly I was back in high school in that very town. How I'd longed to be popular like Jerry who lived down the street. I would have given all my worldly possessions (and they weren't many at that time) to have had "coke" dates at the corner drugstore, with boyfriends to squire me to the Saturday football games and the dances in the gym, boyfriends who would make me feel that good times and "belonging" were as much my rightful heritage as that of other girls. I would even have gladly settled for just *one* beau. I finally did acquire one when I was sixteen but it was pretty lonely sledding until then.

"LOOK, Peggy," I said in sudden inspiration. "Let's you and I have a nice, long talk. I can't tell you specifically how to reduce because you will have to go and see your doctor for that, but I *can* tell you that you needn't feel as though it's a hopeless problem. I'm sure if you really want to, and will work at it, you can do a very good job of streamlining yourself."

Then I was telling her, sitting there in the thick, soft grass in Mom's front yard, how all my life, even before Peggy could remember me as her neighbor, I had had a figure similar to that of a plump pigeon. Maybe I wasn't quite that bad, but 51 lbs. is a lot of excess baggage. Come to think of it, that's more than they allow you to take on an airplane, isn't it? Anyway, even for a 5 foot, 7 inch gal like myself it was enough over-weight to give me a bad inferiority complex, one that kept me home from dances—I still haven't learned to dance—and from dates and from having friends as I should have had. The only compensation, and I certainly didn't recognize it as such then, was that I had more time to spend on my music than I would have had otherwise.

But the point I tried to make clear to Peggy was that all my life I had accepted my bulky contours as a necessary evil—something I was born to endure. It wasn't until two years ago, after I had won the place I'd always wanted in the radio world, that my manager, Mike Nidorf, convinced me that something *could* be done about it. Mike's advice has always made sense to me and that, plus a few other reasons which I will go into later, finally forced me to pick up a phone and make a doctor's appointment.

Yes, that's right. A doctor's appointment is your first step. Peggy wasn't very pleased at the thought but I persuaded her not to try any dietary fads or exercise routines no matter how well recommended, without first consulting her doctor. There may be a physical cause for your over-weight which, if remedied, will be your biggest help in reducing.

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

In my own case, the doctor prescribed thyroid. Apparently, without being aware of it, I had always had a thyroid deficiency because I am now at my normal weight—135 lbs.—as compared to my former 185 lbs. But you couldn't convince my mother that I am healthier and better off than ever before. You know how mothers are! She thinks I'm ready for the grave and if she had her way I would be gorging this very minute on apple pie and hot biscuits to gain it all back.

The next step, as I told Peggy, is to realize that the whole process of reducing is going to be a most unpleasant one. Then, when those first real hunger pangs get underway you won't, in despair, reach for a chocolate bar. For there will come a time when you decide that if you can't have the kind of food you're craving, you just won't eat anything—you'll smoke a cigarette instead. Don't overlook that danger signal. You just can't afford not to eat what they tell you to for a prescribed diet is always carefully figured out as to the exact amount of vitamins and calories your body needs and it won't allow for any eliminations or substitutions. If you try any, you'll find yourself with a sick tummy, a bad headache and an all-round good case of illness.

My prescribed diet was the usual one in which sweets, starches and fats are taboo. Here is a day's sample menu:

BREAKFAST

Fruit juice, poached or soft-boiled egg, one piece of toast with butter, black coffee (no sugar or cream)

LUNCH

Piece of lean meat, roasted or boiled but never fried; salad without dressing, fruit for dessert and a glass of milk

DINNER

Same as lunch, with the addition of a cup of clear soup and one vegetable. You may, if you prefer, have tomato juice in place of the soup. One slice of bread with butter is allowed for dinner or, if you prefer, at lunch; only two slices of bread a day are permitted.

When you get hungry during the day (which will be most of the time) nibble on raw carrots, celery or radishes.

Your weight loss may be much slower or faster than mine. It took me only eight weeks to trim down to 135 pounds, though it seemed at least a year. The first few weeks I lost 5 pounds a week—the shock to my system was so great—then two pounds, sometimes only a pound and a half, a week. Remember, that the last fifteen to twenty pounds is much harder to take off than the first and that even after you are down to a normal size, it will take considerable time to stabilize your weight. By stabilizing, I mean reaching the point where a dish of ice cream, when you want it, won't send the scales soaring. It took me from six to eight months to arrive at that stage. Now, if I want a dish of ice cream, or even a bowl of chili and beans—Number One on my list of favorite foods—I can enjoy them without worrying. Most of my friends consider my present food fare a diet but I've become so accustomed to it that I never give it a thought.

I don't eat breakfast except on the days that I broadcast as I'm one of those go-to-bed, get-up-late people who operate best on from nine to ten hours sleep. The days I breakfast, it is only orange juice and coffee. My lunch is generally a sandwich. Then

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ADA LEONARD, famous stage beauty

Instantly . . .
make YOUR lips more thrilling!

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. At better stores everywhere $1.



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Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12¢ (2¢ Fed. tax) for each.

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1 gal. . . 79¢ 2 gal. . . $1.55
Slightly Higher West of Rocky Mts.



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FRENCH DRY CLEANER

For Hard to Remove Spots!
NEW! RENUZIT SPOT AND STAIN REMOVER
Fruit, Chocolate, Lipstick, Grease and almost all other oil and water soluble spots!

for dinner I have what I want—most often a good thick steak, a salad, rolls and dessert.

Peggy was none too happy as she listened to my current menu—apparently, she felt that by now I should be able to have lemon pie for lunch and dinner if I wanted it. Hopeful that there must be an easier way, she asked me about exercise. I had to admit that that is an alien subject to me. I imagine, however, that exercise taken consistently would undoubtedly help you to reduce but the truth is that I have never in my life done anything more athletic than walk. Even when I was in school I avoided sports as diligently as mathematics. Oh, I managed to get by in my studies but music was, and still is, the only thing in which I was really interested and which I could ever do well. Mother had always determined that her four girls should have the opportunity, which had been denied her, to study music. I started piano when I was three and when I was six was busy organizing concerts with neighborhood talent to which the admission was the huge sum of one nickel.

ODDLY, though I was shy and timid about everything else, I could sing or play before an audience without suffering too much. I had simply spent so much time practising that I *knew* I could do it. That reminded me of Frank Sinatra and I had to tell Peggy about the time he and I were singing on the Tommy Dorsey program. Frank was still comparatively unknown then but he had every confidence in his own future. "You wait, Jo," he used to say, "I'm going places." With Frankie, that wasn't and isn't conceit. He just knows that he's good—through no particular credit to himself; he just is. When, in 1941, I, too decided, to go out on my own, Frankie was there for my first solo to give me a pat on the back and an "I knew you could do it." He's a real person.

Peggy's wide-eyed approving look was silent endorsement of my words about Frankie-boy. Coming out of her Sinatra-filled dream she began querying me further as to the reasons for taking the drastic step of dieting (I could see plainly that she thought drastic a mild understatement for doing without chocolate sundaes) and did I really think it had been worthwhile?

To answer her first question I must go way back to my first singing job. That was right after high school graduation when I joined my two older sisters in a trio—they had been singing over the radio for sometime. Next, there was a stint with the Pied Pipers, then with Dorsey's band, following which Johnny Mercer gave me the biggest opportunity I had yet had, a chance on the Mercer Music Shop. It seemed that whenever my career came to a standstill someone was always there to help me up to the next rung—and nothing much was said about my weight.

Not, that is, until I made my second personal appearance at the Paramount in New York and some of the critics were most uncomplimentary about my well-cushioned contours. To add to my troubles, the GIs were writing me for pin-up pictures. I sent them—but with misgivings. I definitely wasn't the pin-up type and that hurt, too, because from those GI letters they had evidently conjured up quite a dream girl. But the last straw came when motion picture companies began mak-

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ing tentative overtures—provided, of course, that I rid myself of considerable surplus flesh. It seems that the camera puts a good ten pounds on everyone. That goaded Mike into action and he stopped needling me in favor of a simple order "to go see what could be done."

As to Peggy's query as to whether it was worth it, I can answer with all my heart that it was—a thousand times over. In so many ways—to be able to buy a size 14 instead of a size 20 dress, to be able to wear sweaters and skirts, to see the look of surprised incredulity on the faces of my friends when they saw the new me—these were only a few of the happy moments that repaid a thousandfold.

ONE of the biggest thrills of my life came one summer afternoon when I walked into my apartment overlooking Central Park in New York. Dad was arriving from the coast that afternoon but, due to a broadcast, I was unable to meet his train. As he was to see me for the first time since my transformation from an ugly duckling, I dressed so carefully—a sophisticated upsweep for my hair, a green linen dress whose lines gave me credit for a better reducing job than I had done and, of course, dark glasses which I always wear when I got out in the sun. As I opened the door I saw Dad standing at the window talking with my sister. He half turned and observed me with casual interest as I walked across the room. At first, his lack of welcome was like cold water flung in my face, then I realized—he thought I was a friend of Chris's, my older sister who lives with me as companion and secretary. I walked to within a few feet of him before he knew; suddenly I was in his arms, laughing and talking. I'll never forget how proud and happy I was that day.

My Dad, incidentally, has always been my idea of the most wonderful man in the world. He and mother moved from Gainesborough, Tennessee, to Coalengo, California, a boom oil town when Chris and Pauline, my two older sisters, were babies. Dad became a wildcatter, working on the oil rigs and later was promoted to driller which, as you may know, takes plenty of brawn and skill. I lived for those times when he would take me with him on his towers—the oil man's name for shifts. The oil field, lighted with the flares of waste gas and throbbing with the steady rhythm of the oil well pumps, was to me a place of enchantment. Perhaps that's one of the strong holds California still has on me.

But how did I get on the subject of oil fields? Oh, yes, I was convincing Peggy that a severe reducing regimen is worth the effort. And all I can say, over and over, underlined, italicized and capitalized, is that, in so many different ways, it *is* worth it. Your whole physical system will tone-up. Improved health and vitality will give clearer texture and color to your skin, new sparkle to your eyes and added life and lustre to your hair. I may sound like an advertisement for an iron tonic but it's all true.

With that as a starting point and with a figure to be proud of—rather than ashamed of—you'll have an inspiration to dress with more care and dash and to be better groomed. You'll naturally want to set that figure off to the best advantage possible so first thing you know you're hard at work on every trick of dress and makeup which will play-up your good points and

shop-along

with ELLEN CHANIN



SHOPPING can be so satisfying when we find products of good value — and we have three to recommend this month.

★ ★ ★ ★

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A Second Look

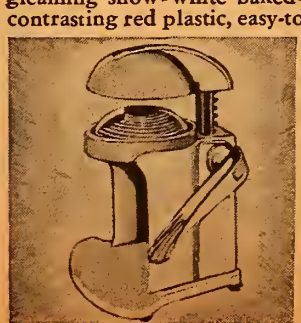
There are two kinds of pedestrians: the sky-lookers, the pavement-gazers. Being pavement-gazers ourselves, we recently spotted a pink feather too small for any use, a lone earring of no value . . . *and* a lesson of great value. The smartest feet on the avenue wear beautifully shined shoes. Having noted — we profited, and now belong to SHINOLA'S "Shine Your Own" clan. It's an easy-to-use polish and its multiple blend of oils *protects* as well as polishes by preserving and adding to the natural oil of the leather. Insist on SHINOLA, in paste or liquid, all colors.



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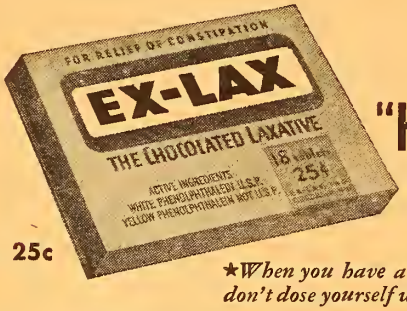
Do you have to FORCE your child to take a laxative?

DOES YOUR YOUNGSTER rebel at the laxative you give him? Do you have to *force* it down his protesting little throat to get him to swallow it?

That's such needless, old-fashioned punishment! Today, millions of considerate mothers give their youngsters Ex-Lax! And how the children go for that delicious chocolate taste of Ex-Lax. They just *love* it!

Most important, Ex-Lax is a laxative that parents have learned to trust! It does its work thoroughly and effectively, yet *gently* too! Not too strong, not too mild, Ex-Lax is the "Happy Medium"...a happy solution to the laxative problem for grown-ups as well as children.

No wonder Ex-Lax is America's favorite family laxative—*used by more people than any other laxative.* Last year alone, over 40 million boxes of Ex-Lax were sold! As a precaution, use only as directed.



10c and 25c

The "Happy Medium" Laxative

★*When you have a cold—and if you need a laxative—don't dose yourself with harsh purgatives. Take Ex-Lax!*

VETO Colgate's Amazing New Antiseptic Deodorant, Checks Perspiration, Stops Odor—Yet is Doubly Safe!



Only VETO Contains DURATEX, exclusive new safety ingredient! Veto is different from any other deodorant... Does *not* rot clothes. Safe for any normal skin. Stays moist in jar, never gritty, rubs in easily. Use *doubly safe* Veto regularly to guard daintiness—and to check perspiration, stop underarm odor *safely.*

DOUBLY PREFERRED!

Registered Nurses who have tried Veto prefer it almost 2 to 1 over any other deodorant, according to a nation-wide survey.



APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS—Better Fabrics Bureau

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TO QUIET DOWN THOSE JUMPY NERVES THAT HAUNT A HECTIC DAY, I SIMPLY TAKE SOME MILES NERVINE BEFORE I "HIT THE HAY"



Do you sometimes come home from work with nerves on edge, feeling cranky and irritable? Do you find it hard to sleep after a trying day? Then why not try Miles Nervine? It can ease your tense, jumpy nerves and induce restful, refreshing sleep.

MILES NERVINE

is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Buy Miles Nervine at your drug store. Effervescent Tablets 35c and 75c. Liquid 25c and $1.00. Caution: use only as directed.

MILES LABORATORIES, INC.
ELKHART, INDIANA



MILES NERVINE

minimize your bad—which we all have.

My hair is one of my good points—or so I've always been told as it is naturally curly and referred to by kind friends as red-gold, rather than just plain red. My answer to frequent queries as to how I keep it in condition can be summed up in three points: brushing, scalp massage and frequent, thorough shampooing. Brush your hair till your arm is tired and your hair shines. Before and after a shampoo massage your scalp well. This will also work wonders at night because massage stimulates the scalp and loosens up those tight nerves which are the cause of so much scalp and hair trouble.

Although a fairly smooth skin has also always been one of my assets (despite a generous sprinkling of freckles) when I started cutting out starches and sweets my skin became so much fresher and clearer that everyone remarked about it.

AS for clothes, you'll find that now a whole new world of style and color is yours for the asking. Where before you had to be oh, so careful to find things that slenderized—black, mostly, and straight simple lines—now you can deck the new you out in becoming colors and flattering, feminine styles.

I'm a true Californian in that I stick very closely to the casual type of sport clothes, comfortable flats and no hat—all my friends say that they always know when I'm going away because that's the only time I ever wear a hat. I had always had a frustrated desire to wear sweaters and skirts so now I practically live in them—and never tire of them. Of course, I do go in for good-looking, form-fitting black dresses and high heels for my broadcasts. I guess you wonder why black when here I've just been telling you that you can wear other colors once you reduce, but the fact is that with my coloring, black is my most becoming color.

I'll never forget one of my first broadcasts after my renovating job was complete. There were two GIs sitting in the very first row, all shined up and resplendent with their campaign ribbons and medals. They kept nudging each other and exchanging significant glances as I came out on the stage and I knew I was getting the good old once-over. When my last song faded away and the control man gave the off-air signal, the two GIs were the first on the stage to speak to me.

"Gee, Miss Stafford," said the younger one, who looked about nineteen, "we never missed a broadcast of yours when we could help it, all the two years we were overseas. I used to tell my buddy, here, that the first thing I was going to do when I got back to the States was to come and see what you looked like in person. And, gee, you're just as pretty as I imagined you."

Well, believe it or not, I consider that about the nicest speech any man ever made to me, and it made up for every minute of those hunger-filled days.

My strongest argument I saved to the last—how much a good figure can do for your popularity stock with the opposite sex. In fact, you'll find that your appearance and the confidence you have in that appearance, will influence every phase of your life for the better—your career, your relations with other people and, of course, your romance. Although there is no special person in my life at present, I feel I am better equipped to handle romance

when it does come because I now believe in myself, which is all-important. Peggy here offered the suggestion that I am probably hard to please where men are concerned, but that isn't true. I haven't any special qualifications to which my dream man must measure up other than that he must have sincerity and a sense of humor. And he will more than likely be a musician or connected in some way with the music world because every man I've ever dated much has been.

Just as I was finishing off my views on romance to Peggy—she is such a flattering little listener with her avid attention that you ramble on before you know it—my closest companion came rushing around the corner of the house and into my arms. He's a golden-haired, six-months-old cocker spaniel by the name of Mike and as he's the first dog I've ever owned you can imagine that he holds a very special spot in my life and affections. (Yes, you've guessed it. He's named for my manager who gave him to me.) The pup and I soon discovered we like the same things—people, walking, curling up in front of the fire with a good book. There is, I'll have to confess, a slight discrepancy in our tastes in books as I prefer Thurber and Mike likes authors whose books have a somewhat heavier, more edible stock. Peggy and Mike were old friends on sight and she was a little more receptive to his ardent love-making than I am. His muddy paws make such strange designs on clean clothes I have learned to temper my affection with caution. But not Peggy—she was busy rubbing his cold nose against her cheek when she made her momentous decision.

"I guess, Jo," she said firmly, "if that's all there is to it, I can do it. When do you think I should start?"

"Not," I said, with equal firmness, "till tomorrow. Today we're having chili and beans. I made up a whole kettle after dreaming about it for months back in New York. Let's go."

So Peggy and I, with Mike watching, ate chili and beans and more chili and beans. Which all goes to prove my point—that dieting needs a firm will. Or does it? I'm afraid I left Peggy wondering. But, wondering and questioning aside, if it so happens that you're carrying extra poundage around with you, why not face it squarely? Dieting, like all forms of discipline, is a tough regimen to put yourself on. There will be times when it won't seem worth it. But you want to keep the picture of your goal before you. Isn't that slim, attractive person worth a little sacrifice now? And how did Peggy's own weight problem turn out? I don't know because she's not through with her program yet, but she's started. And good luck when you try.

DUFFY ain't there . . .

But **ARCHIE** and all the others are in

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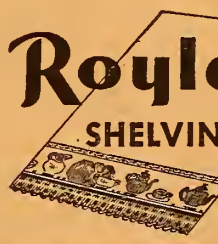


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BLONDES!
lighten hair safely



this easy home way

With New Home Shampoo Made Especially for Blondes

This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Called BLONDEX, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights. Safe for children's hair. Get BLONDEX at 10c, drug and department stores.

New SAFE "Touch-up" Rinse Washes Off Like Make-up

When you finish with your BLONDEX shampoo, use BLONDEX GOLDEN RINSE to add the lustrous touch of golden color so often needed. Not permanent—washes off as easily as make-up. Costs little. Sold everywhere.

NEW OUTLOOK ON LIFE
since I learned about
THIS HIGHER TYPE
Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Easier—Daintier—More Convenient



Greaseless Suppository Gives
Continuous Medication For Hours.
Stainless—Leaves No Odor!

There has long been an urgent need of a higher type method for intimate feminine cleanliness. One that would be *effective* yet *absolutely safe* to tissues, easier and daintier to use and not offensive to a woman's delicate feelings.

Thanks to Zonitors—you've got it! And here's why Zonitors are being so enthusiastically used among America's more intelligent and higher type women:

Positively Non-Irritating; Non-Smarting

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and *continue to do so* for hours—assuring you *hours* of *continuous* medication. Positively *non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous.*

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Zonitors actually destroy offending odor. Help guard against infection. They are so *effective* they immediately *kill* every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE Zonitors kill every *reachable* germ and keep them from multiplying. Any drugstore.

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Introducing

BEN GRAUER

BEN GRAUER is looking for a city in Guatemala. It's not a romantic dream, but a project that the busy announcer intends to set in motion as soon as he can spare the time, and as soon as he finds out where he can get an Army surplus Beechcraft. A keen student of archeology, Ben has made several trips south of the border. On one of them he spied from the air what he believes to be an ancient Mayan city. Ever since, it's been his cherished plan to form an expedition, go back to Central America, and bring forth whatever treasures his own private discovery has to offer.

Until then, Ben continues as the familiar voice that brackets many programs: NBC's America United, Home Is What You Make It, Supper Club, Symphony of the Air, and others. To English-speaking audiences all over the world, he's "the Voice of America," the official narrator for the Department of State's Office of International Information and Cultural Affairs (O.I.C.) series of films, which project the American scene for people in other lands.

Born in 1908 on Staten Island, Ben migrated with his family when they decided Morningside Heights in Manhattan would be closer to the center of things. His career grew along with his education. It began at eight, when he was sent to one of those Saturday afternoon dancing-and-manners classes where little boys are taught that there are pleasures in life more rewarding than scaring little girls with worms. Ben attained such a degree of suaveness that he caught the eye of a motion picture representative who visited the school, and was one of a group selected by him to take part in a film production. He performed so creditably that he was engaged for regular work.

He was, for instance, the original Georgie Bassett in the first movie of "Penrod." He remembers working with Carlisle Blackwell, Theda Bara, Pauline Frederick and another juvenile of the time—Madge Evans. He had a part in Griffith's film "The Idol Dancer," and starred in "The Town That Forgot God."

It was right after his graduation that he veered from the greasepaint and the cameras to the newer field of radio. Two hours after his first and only audition at NBC he was decorated with a contract as a full-fledged announcer.

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

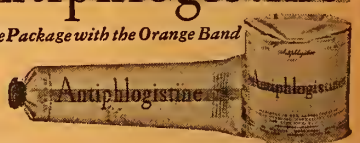
SIMPLE CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL IRRITATION
SIMPLE SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES
BOILS

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also reduces swelling and relieves pain due to a boil, simple sprain, bruise, or similar injury or condition and limbers up stiff, aching muscles. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at your drug store NOW.

Antiphlogistine

The White Package with the Orange Band



GIVEN AWAY



Sterling silver ladies ring in new lovely pattern, set with brilliant white stone. **Given** for selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each, ramitting tha $1.00. **Order 4 salve** by 1c post card. You can sell the salve in a few hours. (Will mail ring and 4 salve **NOW** if you send $1.00 with order.)

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Sufferers from tbe torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itcb, and other itch troubles are praising cooling, liquid **D. D. D. Prescription.** This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D. D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

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Borrow $50 to $300.00

Need money? No matter where you live you can borrow **BY MAIL** $50.00 to $300.00 this easy quick *confidential* way.

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IT IS EASY TO BORROW BY MAIL! Completely confidential and private CONVENIENT MONTHLY PAYMENTS

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EMPLOYED MEN and women of good character can solve their money problems quickly and in privacy with loans **MADE BY MAIL.** No endorsers or co-aigners. We do not contact employers, friends or relatives. Convenient monthly payments. Send us your name and address and we will mail application blank and complete details **FREE** in plain envelope. There is no obligation.

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ONLY $1.94

SEND NO MONEY

As long as our supply lasts you may obtain one of these handsome simulated diamond rings for only $1.94. The stone is flashingly brilliant, approximately 1-carat size and set in the HEAVY "prosperity" mounting. Choice of yellow gold color effect or white gold color effect. If you wear one of these rings your friends will surely think you are "in the money," for it is hard to tell this ring from a genuine diamond costing many times more. Be the first in your neighborhood to wear a "prosperity" simulated diamond ring. Looks like a million. SEND NO MONEY. Just send us name and address and ring size. Pay postman $1.94 plus postal charges. If you send $2.00 with order we pay postage.

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Wear ring 10 days. If not pleased return and get your money back.

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selling Magic Needle Threaders. World's fastest seller at 10c. A necessity in every home. Women buy on sight. Over 100% profit for you. No money or experience required. We trust you. 50 sent Postpaid on 5 days' approval. Start earning now. Write at once.
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Noreen SUPER COLOR RINSE

Noreen glamorizes, highlights and lusterizes all shades of hair with Abundant Color... Beautifies white and gray hair. Blends in the unwanted gray in mixed gray hair. NOREEN Colors are TEMPORARY... are intended to wash out at the next shampoo. 12,144,866 NOREEN Rinses were used last year. Ask for a NOREEN Rinse at your beauty salon or buy an 8-rinse carton at drug or dept. stores.

14 GLAMOROUS SHADES

★ For trial in your own home, send 10c (to cover cost of processing your request) and sample rinses will be sent to you FREE: Name hair color, or send hair sample and state your hair color problem. We will select and send to you appropriate NOREEN shade, and advise solution of your particular hair color problem.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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Say Goodbye to DIM-OUT DAYS

If you "dim-out" certain days on your calendar—if you give up things you like to do—Chi-Ches-Ters Pills may brighten your month. They give welcome relief from cramps, headache and nervous irritability of functional menstrual pain due to muscular contraction. Take them a day or two in advance and say "yes" to that invitation.

ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS CARRY

CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

50 CENTS AND LARGER ECONOMY SIZES.
FREE—Illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mailed in plain wrapper.

Write: CHICHESTER CHEMICAL COMPANY
Dept. O-4 Philadelphia 46, Pa.

Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page 43*)

hours. So I started to work immediately making a living for myself and baby. After I had been working a few weeks I met an inspector where I worked, who was very handsome. He asked me for a date, and after that we were together constantly. I took him to the rooming house to see Janet and told him all about my past. He loved her immediately. He also said he loved me that much more because I told him the truth. When Ed asked me to marry him I knew that Life Could Be Beautiful, and that God was indeed good to me to give me a fine husband and father for our child. Janet went to our wedding when she was eleven months old. After that my husband had me stop working and give all my time to the care of Janet and the house work.

My husband's parents say there is no use in bringing up the past, the present is what counts. My own parents have finally forgiven me and I'm not ashamed to face the world anymore. I think I have at last paid for my sin and that God was just in guiding me to find the only man I could ever love enough to be his mate for life. My husband adopted Janet and now she is really and truly ours.

Mrs. O. P.

No Desert Is Lonely

Dear Papa David:

Years ago I married and my first home was out in a small mining camp in western Arizona. We were forty-seven miles from a railroad, there were just seven white women in the camp, my husband was cashier of the new bank, and we pioneered truly, living in a tent. Indians and Mexicans were our neighbors.

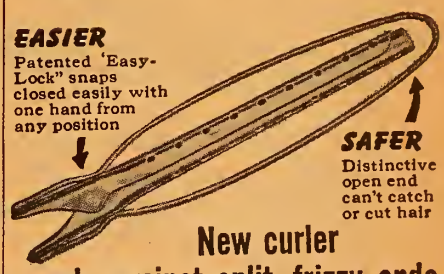
I had been a nurse for ten years previous to my marriage, and to say I was lonely and heartsick is putting it mildly. I spent my days pitying myself and making life as miserable as possible. I had read much of the beauty of the desert, but I was too blind to see it, so I just looked through the darkened windows of my soul and saw gloom.

Then a terrible thing happened, a plague broke out in all its fury. Little children died like flies, and the two doctors could not diagnose the disease. I worked over those little ones tirelessly. I forgot time and place as I watched them pass away one by one. I used my wedding dress to line goods boxes in which to place their little forms. My Christian husband and I stood at their little graves, with the open Bible and read of that Home where little children play on the streets, in a land tearless, and eternal. I received the tearful thanks of those parents for my labor of love, and more children kept dying. Finally I begged the mine superintendent to take a tiny girl to a large city 178 miles away. Through a long night we passed the old black Arizona craters going sixty miles an hour, the little child on my lap nearing death's door with each mile. At last we arrived at the hospital, and the child was treated by experts who found the cause to be copper poisoning in the water they were drinking. We sent the word back, water was hauled in, and death at once was forestalled.

No longer did the desert seem dreary to me. I solicited money to build a

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New curler guards against split, frizzy ends

No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" curlers "baby" brittle hair-ends, treat them smoothly, gently—thanks to the unique "open-end" feature. No wonder your hair looks so lovely, so soft, so natural, so becoming!



Get a whole set of these new, safer curlers today

Gayla "EASY-LOCK" CURLER

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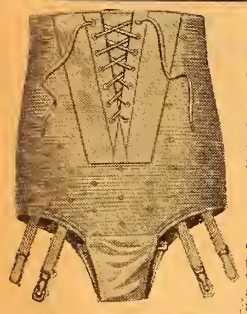
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Does a bulging tummy make you look years older than you really are? Are ordinary girdles uncomfortable to wear...do they fail to flatten out your abdomen the way you want? Then here at last is the answer to your problem! TUM-E-SLIM, the wonderful new health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel like a "Slim Sixteen".

So why go on day after day with a tired back that needs posture support to bring relief? Why look droopy and beyond your years because your mid-section bulges and your clothes don't fit right? Read below why TUM-E-SLIM brings you vital control where you need it most . . . how it helps to "harmonize" your figure to more stylish lines . . . why it's so comfortable to wear. And remember, you can have a TUM-E-SLIM sent to you to wear on FREE TRIAL. See our offer in the coupon.

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LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING TUMMY

TUM-E-SLIM has a built-in front-laced panel. Adjust the laces to your own greatest comfort. Your tummy is lifted into shape, flattened out . . . yet you feel truly comfortable.

NATURALLY CONTROLLED S-T-R-E-T-C-H

TUM-E-SLIM is made of two-way S-t-r-e-t-c-h wonder cloth—it stretches as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

HEALTHFUL, ENJOYABLE FIGURE CONTROL — *ALL DAY LONG!*

You can wear TUM-E-SLIM all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front-laced panel brings you perfect personalized fit. The design of TUM-E-SLIM is based on scientific facts of healthful figure control. Made by experts of quality materials. Comes with detachable crotch of rayon satin material; also 4 detachable garters. (Remove garters when not wearing stockings.) Color: Nude. All sizes. Only $3.98 in regular sizes. Sent on Free Trial. Give measurements asked for in coupon below.

FREE "Magic" Plastic Laces. For your extra added comfort you get a pair of Plastic laces that stretch gently as needed. Try them in TUM-E-SLIM instead of regular laces. See which you prefer.

JUST PUT IT ON— PRESTO! *You look INCHES SLIMMER...you feel wonderfully COMFORTABLE*



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Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a TUM-E-SLIM. I will pay postman $3.98 (plus postage) (sizes over 38, $4.98) with the understanding that this payment is only my evidence of good faith and is not to be considered a final purchase unless I decide to keep the garment. In 10 days I will either return TUM-E-SLIM to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

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school for those little dark-skinned children, and found that I had too much to do to ever again think of self. Out on that lonely desert, Life Became Beautiful.

Mrs. R. P.

The Greatest Blessing

Dear Papa David:

I came home from the war terribly frustrated and embittered with life. I had lost faith in mankind, myself, the future—and everything. My friends and relatives kept remarking on the way the war had changed me and this gave me a complex, which later turned to pitying myself. That was fatal! The more I pitied myself, the weaker I became until finally I had no courage left to fight for freedom from my unhappy obsessions.

One day, I heard that one of my war buddies had just gone through another operation on his leg. It was his fifth operation since he was wounded and left for dead in the Battle of the Bulge, nearly two years ago. Another buddy asked me to go along to the Veterans' Hospital to see Jim and, although I shrank from seeing more of the misery brought on by the war, I liked Jim so much that I went.

We found Jim in great spirits. His leg was in a heavy cast from his hip to his toes and it would be several weeks before the doctors could tell whether the operation had been a success. But Jim had faith! He laughingly showed us how he could wiggle his toes—"I haven't been able to wiggle them for nearly two years," he said. In a more serious mood, but not a despairing one, he said that if this operation were a failure, then the next one would mean amputation. "I'm still going to be a doctor," he said, "I'll only be thirty-three when I get through medical school."

In a bed near Jim's, there was a patient who looked too young to have been in the war. "He's nineteen," Jim told us, "and the happiest fellow in the ward." I went over and talked with him and couldn't help noticing that he was minus one arm and one leg. But he wasn't worrying over anything—except that he couldn't go home for Christmas. He even had plans for the future—he hoped to make his fortune as manager of a hotel back home. Such wonderful hope!

Something happened to me in that hospital. I left there counting my blessings. Here I was, all my limbs in good shape and should have been enjoying one of the greatest of all blessings—good health. I had a good home, loved ones, friends who had stood by me, a small job with opportunity for advancement, and a girl who loved me in spite of the way I had neglected her.

I couldn't sleep that night for counting my blessings. I thanked God that the war is over. I realized for the first time that I should be helping to build the lasting peace. I counted my blessings as an American, living in the most wonderful country on earth.

L. W.

Someone For Aline

Dear Papa David:

We have an adopted son and people often say, "Oh, you were so good to take a child and accept the responsibility when you didn't have to." We know that they mean well and think nothing of it. You see, we know that we were just lucky to get our child and there was no goodness involved. We did it to please ourselves.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

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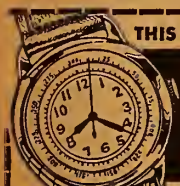
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However, Papa David, I do want to tell you about an adoption that should restore everyone's faith in humanity. I doubt if I could have been big enough to do what this woman did.

Miss Smith was a teacher in a small town. She was bound by all the unwritten laws assigned to all teachers and she lived a life completely free of public criticism.

Aline was a child who never had a dog's chance to be good. Her mother left her father to live with another man. The father did not want Aline and the mother did not, either. No one wanted her. She was a pretty child but her way of living gave her too much worldly knowledge to be acceptable in a close-knitted elementary school.

No one made Aline attend school regularly and no one cared so she was in the fifth grade when she was twelve. She was sent to the principal's office constantly for having said something about sex. There was no solution to her problem since there was no real home to appeal to.

Before Aline's thirteenth birthday her mother accused her of being too affectionate with her step-father and asked the local authorities to send her to a reform school. There was no real charge and it was not considered the right thing to do. The mother would not let her live at home so she was carried to the county jail to just wait until something happened.

Miss Smith passed by one day and Aline called to her. She said, "Please just talk to me. I am so lonesome."

To make a long story short—Miss Smith became interested in Aline and accepted the responsibility of her care. Everyone warned Miss Smith that she would rue the day and they reminded her over and over that she could never change the child from the delinquent she 'naturally was.' That decided it for Miss Smith. She legally adopted Aline and then moved to another section of the state. Before she moved, though, everyone felt a little softer toward Aline and it was a miracle what her foster mother had done for her. For the first time in her life someone loved Aline and she responded to that love as a flower looks to sunshine.

Mrs. A. D.

"You're Always Here"

Dear Papa David:

About two years ago my health broke and my doctor advised me to move to the country to get rest and fresh air. Although the housing situation was bad, we were very fortunate in renting four large rooms on the second floor of a fine old farm house. An elderly widow owned the place and she occupied the first floor. A school bus stopped each morning to pick up my son and take him to a school. So after a few weeks of fixing and repairing, we had a lovely apartment to move into.

We fell in love with the country immediately and also with our rural neighbors. We were hardly settled when they began dropping in, bringing gifts of fresh bread, or homemade pies and cookies. And whenever they butchered, we had enough fresh meat to last a week. They were swell but quite different from our city neighbors. But then everything was different now. Instead of staying up half the night, playing cards, going to parties, and night clubs, etc., we stayed at home, popped pop corn, listened to the radio, and went to bed at ten o'clock. On Sunday we attended the little country church and although this



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was a new experience for us, the members welcomed us with open arms. Not only that, but they began to invite us to their homes for Sunday dinner.

And so for over a year we three were very happy. In fact, it seemed like living in a heaven on earth but I began to spoil it all. It began when my husband had to stop work on account of an injured back. By the time he was able to return to work our savings were gone and we were deeply in debt. After this it seemed that no matter how hard we tried we just couldn't get ahead. To make matters worse I began to envy my sisters and also to long for my old city life. You see, my sisters had married men who had very wonderful positions and they gave my sisters everything money could buy. It seemed they had everything while I had nothing.

THE result of all this was that I got such a case of self-pity that everyone around me began to suffer and I began to neglect everything. Soon our neat little home was a mess. I made it quite plain to the neighbors that I felt I was superior to them. I called them hicks and forgot their kindness and generosity. Our meals were concoctions scrambled together in less time than it takes to write about it. I spent the biggest part of my time in a rumpled housecoat and my hair would go uncombed for days at a time. I forgot that the Bible states a cheerful heart is a good medicine and I nagged constantly. When my husband started to lose interest in me I thought he was tired of country life and was only sticking it out on account of my health. I didn't blame his lack of interest on my appearance or actions, but I thought if he was tired of me I would step out of his life. Funny, but instead of planning to return to the city, I planned suicide.

Our landlady was going to spend a few days with a cousin and I would be alone in the house and could carry out my plans perfectly. She left on a Wednesday and on Thursday morning I was up long before daylight. I put my husband off to work and for the first time in months, I kissed him goodbye. After he left, I washed my hair and put it up in pin curls, got my son off to school, and then started to clean the house. Somewhere in my befuddled mind I must have had some spark of self respect left because I didn't want anyone to see the place in its present condition. By three o'clock however I had it pretty well straightened up. As my husband got home at four-thirty I would have plenty of time to bathe, write a note, and turn on the gas. I was just slipping my best dress over my head when I heard an automobile stop. I never had any weekday visitors anymore and so I rushed to the window just in time to see the school bus pull out and my rosy-cheeked son running around the house. He came into the house as happy as a lark because there was a teachers' meeting and he was dismissed two hours earlier than usual. Then really noticing me he said, "Gosh, Mom, you look like a movie star. Is it your birthday or something?"

Then as I handed him a glass of milk, he looked up at me and said, "You know what I like best about the country? No matter what time I come home you are always here."

Well Papa David, that was several months ago and I'm still here waiting for him and his daddy each night. Only now I meet them each night in



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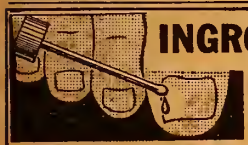
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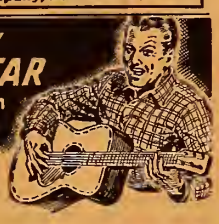
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a crisp house dress, with a smile on my face. The house is once more spotless and a good meal is awaiting them. Our neighbors act as though nothing ever happened; they're grander than ever. We are such a happy threesome. Although money is as scarce as ever, I've found that it's usually the things money can't buy that make life beautiful.

K. E. K.

"If You Need A Friend"

Dear Papa David:

On a bleak winter day I landed on the northern coast of Maine to take charge of a small country pastorate.

As we neared the church, the old deacon with whom I was riding pointed to a well-kept house and said, "There is a man living there of whom you must beware. If you have any dealings with him he will cheat you in one way or another. He is a horse trader and a cheat, and he has a very bad reputation in this part of the country."

It was some months before I met that man, whom I call F. R. He passed me one night as I was walking home from town; by then we both knew each other by sight. He asked me if I cared to ride with him, and I got into his sleigh and as we rode along he told me that he had just bought some baked beans and brown bread in town and said there was a bakery there that prepared them just to his liking.

Suddenly he turned to me and asked: "Have you any baked beans for tonight?" I told him that I did not, whereupon he stopped his horse and said: "Well, you should have baked beans and brown bread on Saturday night, and I want to go back to town and get some for you and your family."

I could not persuade him otherwise, and we both went back to town and he bought the beans and brown bread and presented them to me. Beans never tasted better in my life than those, for more reasons than one.

Another day as I came home in the afternoon I found a burlap bag full of potatoes and a box of very fine smoked herring leaning against my door. I had no idea where they came from for about a month, when one day F. R. asked me: "Did you get the potatoes and fish all right?" He had left them.

A very pressing financial need presented itself while I was there and I needed some money at once, so I inquired about a loan of one hundred dollars and no one knew of any one who could help me unless it was F. R. I was practically forced to go to him. Whereupon he took his check book and wrote out a check for one hundred dollars, refusing any kind of security or papers, telling me to take my own time to pay it back.

When the time came for me to leave that part of the country I had just enough money to meet my expenses and pay back the hundred dollars I had borrowed, so I went to F. R. with the money. He took it out of one hand and put it back in my other hand, saying, "You have done a work here that I never could do, and I appreciate it and I have never intended to let you pay back that money; take it and do some good with it for other people."

Six months later, in a new field, I broke down physically, from overwork, and I went back to the old field for a short visit. When I again met F. R. who inquired all about me and my family, he insisted that I bring my family to his house for an indefinite vacation, until I was well again. This touched me very deeply, for I had no money and did not know where to go to re-

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cuperate, but I took him at his word and we moved into the finest front room in his home, and we ate at his table. His wife was an excellent cook, and soon I began to feel well again.

He took me to the leading doctor in those parts and told him to give me a thorough examination, and to do everything he possibly could for me, and to send the bill to him, and not to let me have one cent of expense for medicine or service.

When fully recuperated, I said goodbye to F. R. He shook my hand and said, "I want you always to remember one thing: If ever you need a friend or any help, if you ever need any money, or know of any way that I can assist you, I want you to send me a telegram at once, and no matter where you are I will be a friend to you."

For thirty-five years those words have lived in my mind—"If ever you need a friend."

F. W. R.

A Sincere Prayer

Dear Papa David:

Indeed, I found out today what you mean by Life Can Be Beautiful. I know, from seeing with my own eyes, a heart-broken mother so happy that the only outlet she could find was in the deep, relieved sobs that came from deep down within her inner being, and the wild tears that ran crazily down her face. From seeing a small bit of a ten-year-old girl clasp her thin little hands, lift her sightless eyes, and all unconscious of the people around her say a sincere prayer, "Thank You, God." There, I saw life in its most humble, most unaffected beauty.

Mrs. F.'s husband is a bed-ridden invalid. Never will be about. She, herself, has only ten per cent vision in one eye. A little ten-year-old daughter is entirely blind. A son, that was the main support before the war, is a patient in a government hospital. The family's only income is a $45.00 a month grant to the blind, and $50.00 from the Aid to Dependent children.

Last week, Mrs. F. had just received the family's subsistence checks, and she started for the grocery store, feeling her way along in her groping way, with the strap of her bag over her arm. Suddenly she felt the bag tugged from her arm—dropping her cane, she reached out to grab it, but it was gone, and she heard the running footsteps of the purse snatcher.

She realized instantly what had happened, and screamed for help—but it was too late.

However, her plight and sad story was written up in the paper. In less than twenty-four hours the relief started coming in to the paper, to be given to the family. Today, it was my pleasant duty to be appointed messenger to take the contributions to the saddened family. When I saw that worried mother holding that three hundred dollars close, close to her face, I wasn't ashamed of the tears that blobbed over and out of my own eyes.

One man from Chicago sent seventy-five dollars. Two other checks for the same amount came by air mail, smaller donations were pouring in. And—today, verily, I am a happier and more humble person than I have ever been in my life.

I found there were people in the world that will fly to the help of the unfortunate—that they will give and share. I was reminded that we are the common brotherhood of a common fatherhood, and that that Father did not preach "Love One Another" in vain.

E. G. H.

Just Ordinary Things

Dear Papa David:

When I was born, my parents thought they had a perfectly normal little girl. At the age of three, my grandmother noticed that my eyes didn't act or look right. I was taken to the doctor and it was discovered that my eyesight was so poor that I was nearly blind.

As I grew older, naturally I began to see the difference between me and other children. There were so many things I couldn't do, so many times I was humiliated or embarrassed because of mistakes I'd make.

I went to doctors all the time I was growing up. Nature wouldn't permit an operation and glasses couldn't be fitted. At the age of twenty-one I was married. During the next year and a half, I never read a book, or threaded a needle, or did anything that was close work in front of my husband.

Then one night, I was fooling around with a miniature telescope and discovered I could read quite far away with it. For the next few days I carried that little lens with me wherever I went and used it constantly.

Finally, my husband suggested my going to see the eye doctor again. I did, and came out of the office singing! My eyes had changed in such a way that I could finally be fitted with glasses. On the way home, I said to my husband hopefully, "Maybe I'll even be able to drive a car."

A month later, I got my glasses, and in another two weeks went to work on my first real job. I had to go to work just to see how it felt to be as capable as other people. No more mistakes, or knowing that other people could do a better job. I never had so much fun in my life. There is nothing I like better than driving a car.

In the next year and a half my glasses were changed three times. My lenses are very thick but who cares?

Mrs. W. L. K.

Not A Thing Apart

Dear Papa David:

Not for all the rice in China, where I was stationed with the Air Corps, would I have given up another birthday party for my little girl. But there being a war on, needless to say I had no takers.

I was in the Canal Zone, her first birthday, that time of rattles and soft, woolly animals. Her second birthday I was in Brazil and missed out on the pull toys and picture books that make a little girl's eyes starry, and now I would be too far away to see her take her doll babies for a ride in that repainted doll buggy of her dear mother's. And all because I was off here fighting for some kids I did not know from a Chinese dialect.

While walking, I was snapped out of my deep bitterness and resentment, by the "DingHow" greeting of not one, but two grinning small Chinese boys. They indicated they would put a grand shine on my shoes if I would be good enough to rest them on their homemade shoe shine boxes.

Well, I divided my business and consolidated my thinking. These shoe shine boys reminded me of others like them in New York's busy Madison Square, that small green in the Berkshires, that park in New Orleans, that corner in Los Angeles. And I suddenly knew, as long as these two in China were vulnerable, no child was truly safe in my own country.

So what a small thing was my contribution, one more birthday party away from my little girl. Before I re-

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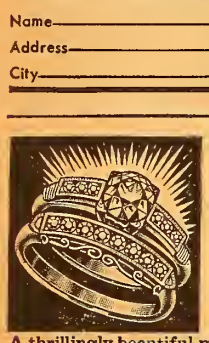
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turned to the States, I was to miss another). As my shoes brightened, so did my spirits. And needless to say I tipped them much more than the dimes I usually made my limit.

This birthday I will be with my little girl, and when we sing "Happy Birthday to You" I shall again be reminded of this, that her happiness and mine are not a thing apart from that of all other people's.

T. H. F.

Life Can Be Fun!

Dear Papa David:

Someway life never went just right for me. It had a habit of taking wrong turns, rushing down blind alleys, and staying just in advance of me, so that all I got was a handful of expensive tail-feathers, now and then.

In school, in order to wangle passing grades, my nose was buried so deeply in a book that I couldn't get my eyebrows over the edge. We were poor, and my clothes weren't right. This soured me. Classmates took a look at my double-edged disposition, and made friends in some other direction.

There was a fine young fellow, in later years, who threw himself away on me. He let me spend five years breaking his heart. Finally he was drafted and went to fight the Japs. He gave up then, and I never did know what became of him.

Then either a set of bad tonsils or a naturally sulphuric-acid temperament really took it out of me. Within a year, I had two attacks of acute rheumatic fever. The family was afraid I wouldn't recover. I was afraid I would. I lost. I did.

But a too-long burdened heart said, "Ouch!" and goofed off . . . it now could afford me no more than three or four hours of activity a day. Squalling for once didn't cure it. All my poor mother's scurrying around, my dad's anxiety, didn't help. Like a pain-crazed animal, I snapped at everyone that came near.

A couple of ex-service brothers were a little more realistically grim.

"Hit a brace!" howled the ex-lieutenant. "I can tell a gold-brick a mile off." I wept.

One day a young widow friend visited me, while her eleven-year-old boy played outside. I noticed for the first time a peculiar stiffness in her step.

"Yes," she said, "the doctor's afraid it's some sort of paralysis. It seems to be creeping up my legs." At my look of horror, she went on with a smile, "Rickey says he'll look after me."

Someway the shocking thing opened my eyes. I began to read the stories of my friends. The girl whose husband was a beast. The child-loving couple who had had four still-born babies. The grandmother left alone and forgotten by her family. And yet these people could laugh and love life.

Then I surveyed my own family scene. The intense shroud of gloom. The unhappy voices, the air of no-hope. All, I realized, the appalling by-product of my own snarling personality.

I set about to remedy it. The next day my mother got an invitation to spend the week-end with an old friend.

"Of course, go," I told her. "The boys will help me keep house, and you'll be surprised at our independence."

She was uncertain, but a stunned family rallied nobly to join in the chorus. I will never forget her face as she turned to me to say she would go. It bore a peculiar look. Later, I puzzled it out. It was peace.

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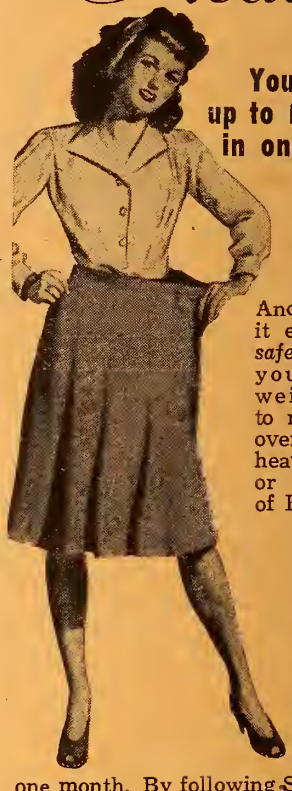
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My father's face wore a new look, too, but I recognized that. It was a smile.

Since then, I have made an everyday determined effort to behave like a human being. My family seems to think I'm succeeding, and—I'll let you in on a secret—I feel like a human being.

Two big brothers can be a lot of fun—especially if they're with one all the way. And they've been with me—and for me—all the way since then. Mom and Dad—for them, I say, "Thank God."

Miss G. M.

The First Step

Dear Papa David:

I never knew my parents. I didn't even know who they were or anything about them because the records of the orphan asylum where I lived during my childhood didn't say anything about my early history except my name and age. I grew up in the orphanage and hated it every minute. Not that anyone there was cruel or anything, it was just that there wasn't any time in the over-worked lives of the orphanage matrons to give us any of that personal attention kids have to have to be happy. I was so starved for love that all I could do was substitute hate for it.

It was even worse when I was older and got sent to the high school in the town. Up 'til then I had gone to classes right in the orphanage, but it was decided that they should give me this chance because I was considered an awfully good student. I felt as though everyone was making fun of the two hand-me-down sweaters and skirts I wore rather than wear the ugly checked uniform dress of the asylum and that wherever I went everyone was whispering that I came from the asylum. When any of the students made friendly advances I thought they did it out of pity and I was cold and unfriendly.

One day everyone in the class was all excited about a party being given by a girl named Dina who was the prettiest girl and very popular and whose parents were well off. I think I hated Dina more than anyone else because she seemed to have everything that I wanted. So when she came up to me that same afternoon to ask if I would come to her party, I made a nasty remark about not being able to accept because I couldn't decide if I should wear my sky blue pink silk dress or my velvet dress to the party. Dina looked at my well-worn skirt and sweater, and she turned all colors of the rainbow and said "oh" in a sort of funny way. The next day when we came to class we were all surprised to find queer little invitations on our desks. They were written on funny brown paper like paper bags, and invited us to Dina's indoor picnic party! There was a p.s. that said, "You'll be sorry if you don't wear your old clothes." I looked across the row at Dina and she returned my look and I knew in a flash that she had changed her plans for my sake to save me pain and embarrassment and to get me to come to her party. It hadn't been pity; she must have really liked me for myself, which was something I had never thought possible. It gave me a queer wonderful feeling. It was the most beautiful moment of my life.

That was many, many years ago, Papa David, but there have been many more such moments ever since. Not that I became a sweet and sunny person all at once, but I took the first step when I went to Dina's party and each

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step after that became easier and easier until by and by instead of being ashamed of my background I was proud because I had risen above it. And there came the time when the happier moments came more often than the unhappy ones.

Mrs. E. G.

Overflowing With Joy

Dear Papa David:

It was a dreadfully cold day on the fourth of November, 1938. Very early in the morning the first snow of the season began to cover the beloved playground of the old country home. Even though I was little more than a child I realized that our fuel supply was completely exhausted. I also knew that it would be several days before we could possibly get fuel. My father was dead and there was only my small brother and aged grandfather to depend on.

The day grew more ghastly by the hour. A strong wind sprang up, blowing the snow. I stood by a kitchen window and wondered what we must do. As I gazed out over the snow-covered acres God must have heard my silent prayer. Beyond the meadow at the edge of the forest a stately old beech tree shattered to the ground. All the family bundled up and rushed out to view the wreckage. We stood by the old tree happily elated that at last we had plenty wood for heat. It wasn't long before we had gathered a supply of wood and were settled comfortably by a warm fire in a nice warm room our hearts overflowing with joy.

As I sat there watching the firelight brighten up the room and the faces of my loved ones, I gazed into the glowing embers and thanked God for a lovely fire that made life very beautiful once more. I still remember the joyous laughter of my old grandfather and the gracious smile upon my mother's face.

Miss V. M. M.

Better This Way

Dear Papa David:

I had a good position in the government postal service, liked it immensely, was happily married and had a daughter two years old. Apparently there could be nothing but the brightest kind of a future for us.

Then, one day, I became ill. The doctor who attended me pronounced the ailment endocarditis.

After many months I was able to be about a bit and attempted creative writing as a means to gain a livelihood. There was plenty of paper available but postage was rather scarce. However, I did manage to obtain stamps once in a while and they paid the fare on my various stories, articles and bits of poetry, which traveled to the eastern magazines only to return with terse rejection slips, but I doggedly plugged away.

Then one day my daughter became ill. After a few days of uncertainty it was finally discovered that she had that dreaded disease, "poliomyelitis." To her pitiful pleas to "rub the pain out of her feet" both my wife and myself responded many, many times each day and night.

Then when all medical aid in our little town was exhausted we took her to a children's hospital in a large city where, after many months' stay, we were informed that an operation would be performed on her right foot—this after a previous one in which a cord was cut. We went to the city and brought her home.

Then came the school days. Her right leg was entirely useless but with the aid of a hip-length metal brace it was possible for her to walk although with great difficulty. By sheer force of will power and determination she was able to complete her studies in high school and also the State University where the faculty attempted to discourage her on account of her physical condition. Her main subject was journalism.

After her school days were over she showed me, one night, an article she had written. It was good. In fact it was very good. Anyway that's what a large national magazine thought. Her very first try she landed in it! A full page, with illustration. I had tried to crack that magazine for over twenty-five years and none of my effusions had ever been printed therein. What I had desired for so many years my daughter was able to obtain with but a single try. Not only that but she has repeated again, again and again.

I like it better that way.

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Mr. C. McC.



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When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—*the brand named most was Camel!*



RADIO MIRROR

May
25¢



DINAH SHORE

Full Color Pictures — When a Girl Marries

Just One Cake of Camay for Softer, Smoother Skin!



MRS. JOHN WILLIAM COURSEN
the former Marion Reid of Valley Stream, N.Y.
Bridal portrait painted by SANDOR



It's lovely to look at—thrilling to touch—the clearer, softer complexion that comes with your *first cake* of Camay! So change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions; reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother skin!

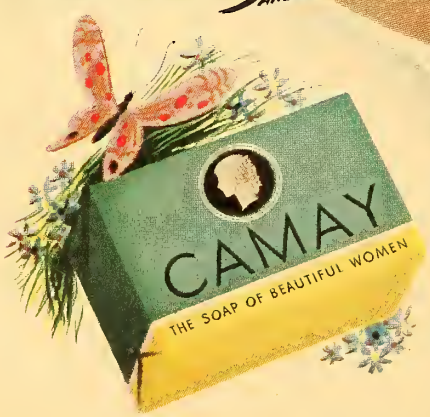
WITH THE COURSENS

A mutual interest in auto racing helped to bring engineer Johnny Coursen and lovely Marian together. They went often to a speedway in a New York suburb. But races couldn't compete with Marian's fair-skinned beauty for Johnny's attentions! She uses Camay for her skin!





Now the Coursens have a home in Connecticut, and Johnny vows he'll build a closet just for Marian's hats. She has dozens—and her young-bride complexion looks lovely with every one. Marian pledges: "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Why don't you? Follow directions on wrapper.



"He loves you NOT... he loves you NOT..."



GIRL: Oh, it's *you* again! Well, it so happens I was just seeing how many petals—

CUPID: Sure. Sure. Of course.

GIRL: I was up to five—

CUPID: Pardon me for suggesting—but wouldn't it be more fun to fool around with *orchids?* Okay... then start *gleaming* instead of *glooming* at men! Break down and use your *smile!*

GIRL: My *smile?* You don't know what you're saying! Sure, I brush my teeth—but my smile's like a storm-cloud. People run for cover—

CUPID: I bet you see "pink" on your tooth brush.

GIRL: Yes, and *red* when I look at you... you—

CUPID: Look, my little petal-picker, forget *me* and pay attention to that "pink." Because it's a warning to *see your dentist at once.* Let *him* decide what's what. He may say it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."







GIRL: And a set of headlights for my smile?

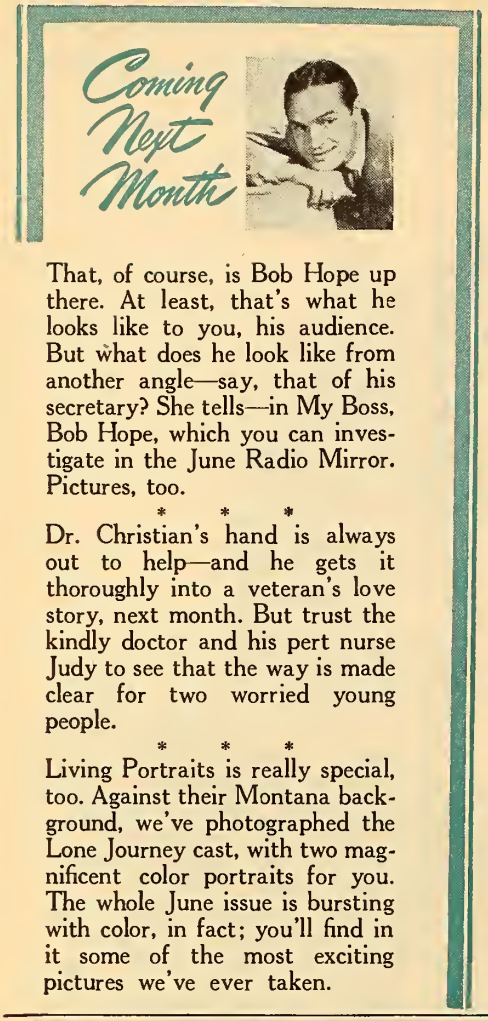
CUPID: Listen, goon, a bright smile depends largely on firm, healthy *gums.* Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, take his advice... and you'll be started on a smile that'll have *men* picking petals off daisies!

Ipana 

and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

R M



That, of course, is Bob Hope up there. At least, that's what he looks like to you, his audience. But what does he look like from another angle—say, that of his secretary? She tells—in My Boss, Bob Hope, which you can investigate in the June Radio Mirror. Pictures, too.

* * *

Dr. Christian's hand is always out to help—and he gets it thoroughly into a veteran's love story, next month. But trust the kindly doctor and his pert nurse Judy to see that the way is made clear for two worried young people.

* * *

Living Portraits is really special, too. Against their Montana background, we've photographed the Lone Journey cast, with two magnificent color portraits for you. The whole June issue is bursting with color, in fact; you'll find in it some of the most exciting pictures we've ever taken.

MAY, 1947

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Doris McFerran, Editor
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Marjorie Wallace, Assistant Editor
Frances Maly, Associate Art Director





Berry Kroeger

BERRY KROEGER is a tall Texan, reminiscent in appearance of Orson Welles and a junior edition of Charles Laughton. And, in further resemblance, he too is a first-rate actor. Broadway has noted him in Nunnally Johnson's "World Full of Girls", "The Tempest", and "Therese", with Dame May Whitty, Victor Jory and Eve LeGalliene. His radio jobs are many: Big Sister, Inner Sanctum, The Thin Man, Grand Central Station, Bulldog Drummond, and now the new NBC Feature Assignment.

Berry belongs to that small group of actors in radio who are characterized by their ability to portray any type of a role, from a cultured villain to a romantic mid-western physician.

Fifteen years of work in radio have polished up this versatility; Berry can handle a fireside comedy, major tragedy or an international crisis with equal ability. He did his first broadcast in Texas, then went to California for more broadcasting and further dramatic study at the Max Reinhardt School.

Son of a Southern Pacific roundhouse foreman, and of a mother whose forebears come from Newcastle, England, Kroeger is a master of scores of dialects and accents, domestic and imported. Texas left no marks on his natural speech, nor did it make an outdoor man of him. His favorite sport, he says, is "Coughing for exercise."

Like many an actor working in radio, Berry likes the theater as a vehicle. He has even written himself a play—a two-character psychological drama called "August Reckoning."

Unlike many a radio actor, however, he's in the theater currently playing the role of the romantic poet, Chartiers, in Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine," starring Ingrid Bergman.

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That blouse will catch more than the eye, Chick!

When underarm odor clings, men don't. So play safe with Mum

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

Yet how quickly it can play false to your charm if it snags underarm odor. On guard, then, with Mum.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, yes. But you still need to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor. That's why smart girls use Mum.

Mum

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

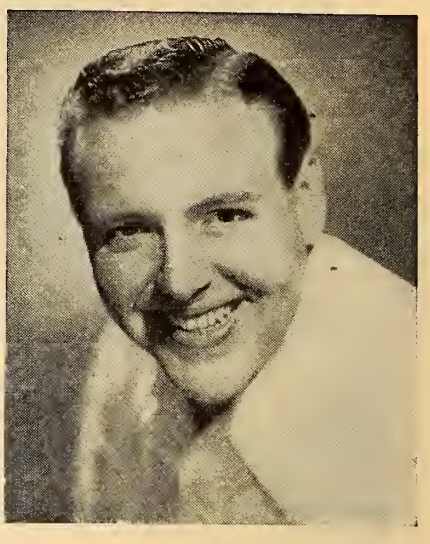
Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. • • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Largely Thomas



This is Frazier Thomas, two hundred and fifty pounds of naturally skilled comedian.





Bull's eyes and high kicks are made simple for Morning Matinee audiences.

HE can still pull a rabbit out of a hat or analyze a movie in detail, but Frazier Thomas' present career is making people laugh. "My size helps," he says, but on the scales along with his 250-pound frame goes a high skill at spotting humor plus fifteen years of experience in show business.

It's really not "ad-libbing" when Frazier convulses a WLW Morning Matinee audience with some no-script reply to Ruth Lyons. It's the result of years of experience traveling coast-to-coast as a prestidigitator and lecturer on Invading the Occult. It's the result of hundreds of features and articles, many of them syndicated, which he's been writing since high school days. And it's the natural skill of a naturally skilled comedian who has been at WLW since 1941.

Frazier is m.c. on his own On The Carpet show, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 A.M., EST, on WLW. On that program, though he reads from a script, he upbraids some unwitting WLW performer each day for a fictional air boner, while parrying the verbal thrusts of announcer Paul Jones.

On Housewarmers, Mondays at 11:30 P.M., EST, Frazier presides over a light musical and variety show. On Star Parade, Fridays at 7:30 P.M., EST, he's the half-serious commentator on the American scene.

Twenty-nine-year-old Mr. Thomas is a sentimentalist about his Indiana home, Rushville, though he and his mother live in Cincinnati. As jovial off-mike as behind it, he numbers his friends in the hundreds. Essentially social, he nonetheless lists reading as his favorite hobby.

His ambition, he says, is "to be a well-liked and well-known entertainer" and judging by the thousands of laughs and letters that come his way, Frazier Thomas has fulfilled that ambition.



"I'll never go back there again!"

"No, never!" muttered Mrs. Jackson.

"But, Alice! Your hair looks lovely! What is wrong?"

"That girl—that's what's wrong!" Mrs. Jackson fumed on.

"What girl?"

"Why, the one who did my hair! Honestly, it's trying enough to have to sit for hours under a hot drier, but it's downright agony to be overcome by a breath that is, to say the least, off-color!"

"Oh, that's it!" said Mrs. Gage. "Well, I can't say that I blame you. That girl ought to be fired!"

And the girl was fired! This is just another random instance of how costly halitosis (bad breath) can be in business; Mrs. Jackson lost her temper . . . the girl lost her job . . . the shop lost a profitable customer.

How Dare You?

When the penalties can be so great how dare you take a chance on offending others when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a wonderful precaution against halitosis. Almost immediately this delightful antiseptic makes breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. Get in the habit of using it night and morning, and between times, before any close contact with others. It gives you a wonderful feeling of assurance.



While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Missouri

Before any date be careful about your breath . . .

Use LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



Facing

EVER since inventor Marconi made an entertainment miracle out of the ether, radio has given birth to one phenomenon after another. And not the least of these is Hildegarde—the continental who comes from Paris via Milwaukee.

If precise producers wince when Hildy "fluffs," the audience thinks it's utterly charming; it hasn't deterred Hildegarde from spellbinding dowagers in the swank Hotel Plaza Persian Room or gum-chewing sales-girls as she signs her latest Decca recordings in a bustling department store.

What if serious musicians worry about the familiar affectations . . . the overlong lace hankie, the pizzicato musical accompaniment as she flitters around the microphone, the arduous piano style? Hildegarde smiles sweetly, checks her bank book and her press clippings, and remembers the old slogan, "Every knock a boost."

Hildegarde is a personality, but behind this personality is still another one. It's the kind that prefers anonymity and belongs to shrewd, showwise Ann Sosenko. Trilby had Svengali; Kate Smith has Ted Collins; and Hildegarde has Ann Sosenko.

Without the faithful devotion and ability of Ann Sosenko, Hildegarde might be just another promising child prodigy who failed to make the big time. But carefully exploited, gowned and managed, Hildegarde conquered every medium, every audience from Paris to Peoria.

"The tougher the assignment, the better we like it," Miss Sosenko once confided to a friend.

Best proof was the challenge of radio. In 1934, an advertising agency was seeking a new radio personality. Several names were suggested, including Hildegarde's. Even then, her name was magic in theaters and cafes.

The agency men were hesitant. Did Hildegarde have to be seen to be appreciated? Could radio capture a personality that basked so effectively in Hattie Carnegie gowns and baby blue spotlights? Following one of those interminable agency meetings, like the one Mr. Wakeman made famous in "The Hucksters," the decision was made to try Hildy out. As her vehicle, they selected a quiz, Beat The Band.

Beat The Band beat the summer slump, but Ann Sosenko had a bigger and better idea. "If we could capture the atmosphere of the Persian Room, then Hildegarde could really emerge as a radio star!"

Hildegarde and Ann went to work and came up with a new program. Only



Hildegarde

whose programs (on Sunday nights at 9, CBS) are always gala, whose guests (above, Cliff Edwards; below, Victor Moore, Tallulah Bankhead, John Conte) enjoy themselves as much as her audiences—and who is always within scenting distance of the roses that have been named for her.

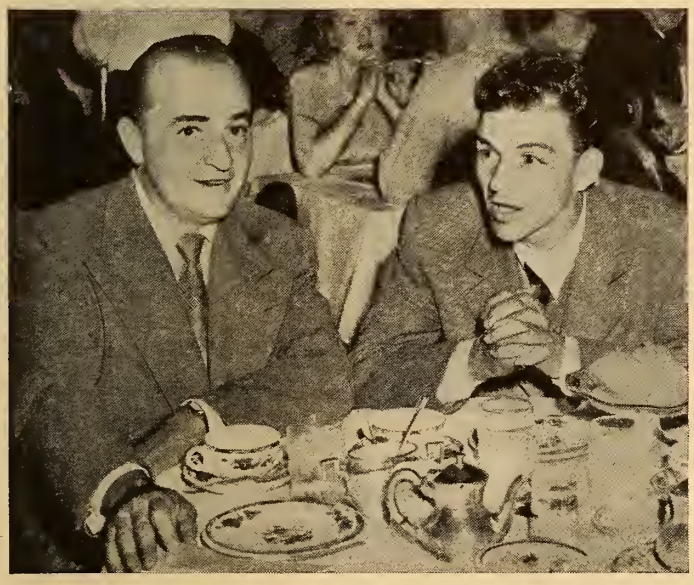


the Music

By KEN ALDEN



Robert Merrill is a very willing Sunday funnies-reader for all the neighborhood small fry.



Freddy Martin, Frank Sinatra share a table and the latest music world news over a late cup of coffee.



Anita Ellis sings on the Red Skelton show, Tuesday nights on NBC.

a network ban stopped the pair from actually setting up wine and food in the studio. But the illusion was perfected and the show clicked as a war time replacement for Army-bound Red Skelton. Now sponsored by a soup company, the program is one of the air's best-established variety shows.

The glamorous star of today is a far cry from the 16-year-old Hildegarde Sell, who as a Milwaukee high school girl worked part time in a silent movie house playing a tinny piano accompaniment to the cinematic emoting. And few would recognize in today's Hildegarde the one-time gawky Dutch dialect comedienne of vaudeville. Instead of custom tailored gowns, Hildegarde wore gingham, and a pig-tail hairdo instead of her present sleek coiffure.

Shortly after that, two important breaks came to Hildegarde. She caught up with her first admirer, Ann Sosenko. She beat out 400 other aspirants for a London nightclub job. The London engagement was mildly successful. Next came a booking in a small Parisian cafe, Club Casanova. Parisians didn't break down the bistro's doors to acclaim the energetic American. But at the last performance, King Gustav of Sweden dropped in.

Next day, Hildegarde and Ann were a discouraged pair. They counted their francs, figured they could get back home if they cut down.

"That gloomy morning in Paris, we had a breakfast between us," Ann recalled, "but Hildy got most of it, because there's so much more to feed in tall Hildy."

Never again did the pair skimp for food. The Club Casanova boniface was searching Paris for them. Not only did he want them back, but Sweden's monarch insisted on seeing the charming American. It was Hildegarde's first command performance. Thanks to that royal recognition, the rest of the road to success was on a red carpet.

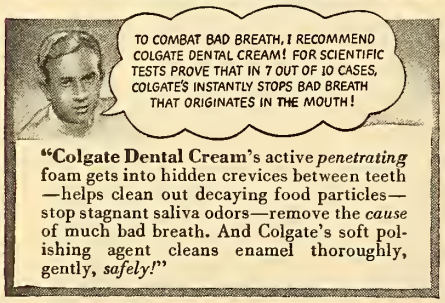
News of this Swedish patronage reached London and that city's Ritz Hotel booked Hildegarde to sing at the Duke of Kent's wedding. Hildegarde became the toast of cockneys and kings. As the money came in, Ann poured it back into promotion and publicity, glamorous gowns, costly arrangements.

The investment paid dividends. The Dear from Milwaukee had them cheering throughout pre-war Europe. When she came back to the United States, it was in the nature of a triumphant homecoming. Every hotel, theater and cafe competed for her. When Hildegarde debuted in the swank Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza, she was an overnight sensation. Since that time, the singer and the smart supper room have been inseparable.

Recording contracts, big theater engagements, testimonials, fashion salutes followed. When radio became belatedly aware of this box office bombshell from Wisconsin, millions more joined the

No Male... Either!





"Colgate Dental Cream's active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth —helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently, *safely!*"







Family party at the CBS microphone one Sunday: Randy Bob and Hoagy Bix visited their dad, Hoagy Carmichael, just at 5:30 when he went on the air.





Here's To Ya, 2:30 Sundays, CBS, brings Phil Hanna's baritone to listeners. Lovely soprano Hollace Shaw is on Saturday Night Serenade, CBS.

Hildegarde fan club after each show.

Hildegarde's personal life is one filled with shopping tours, art gallery visits, and a working schedule that leaves little room for purely social activities. Last season even Hildegarde's rugged constitution and vitality succumbed to cold germs, but she's back in form with more bounce than ever. To date, Hildegarde has found little time for serious romancing. Between rehearsals, conferences, broadcasts and nightclub appearances, there's no room left on the Hildegarde calendar for so leisurely a lad as Cupid.

At present, Hildegarde is experiencing stiff competition, broadcasting opposite Walter Winchell. The newsboy's rating record is high. But this doesn't necessarily faze the Milwaukee thrush. Like wireless, she's here to stay.

* * *

Woody Herman's success as a west coast disc jockey has interested other bandleaders temporarily without bands and now there's talk that Harry James, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey are seriously considering following in Woody's wake.

* * *

When Sam Donahue, the young sax-tootin' maestro, was in bell-bottoms as conductor of a U. S. Navy band, he and his service outfit made a series of V-discs which were favorites with shipmates. One of these discs came to the attention of Johnny Mercer, who was so impressed with it that he signed Donahue to a Capitol recording contract while Sam was still in the Navy. The Donahue V-disc that so impressed Mercer was "My Melancholy Baby," and now it's Donahue's latest phonograph recording.

* * *

As predicted here, young Mel Torme is well on the way to stardom. He headlines the Springtime Copacabana night club floor show.

* * *

At this writing, both Dinah Shore and Ginny Simms are waiting to see if their radio options will be picked up for next season.

* * *

Don't expect Margaret Whiting to return to the Eddie Cantor show next season. Insiders say the popular vocalist wants a show that will give her more opportunities to sing. Incidentally, Margaret might wed Hollywood agent George Gruskin.

* * *

Kate Smith's noontime broadcasts with Ted Collins switch to Mutual from CBS sometime in June. She will be cooperatively sponsored.

* * *

Zinn Arthur, who before the war was a successful orchestra leader, is now a professional photographer, specializing in photographing—guess what—bandleaders.

* * *

The outstanding success of the film, "The Jolson Story" has, of course, created terrific demand for Al Jolson in radio work. But the 60-year-old

singing star has turned down a number of offers to date. A millionaire, Al doesn't want the strain of meeting a radio deadline each week.

* * *

The reason you don't hear the juke box hit, "Huggin' and Chalkin'" on NBC is that the network has banned it as "vulgar."

* * *

Unless NBC gets some more sponsors for the show, Fred Waring's morning programs will be dropped.

* * *

Vaughn Monroe has confided to intimates that his ambition is to get a big time movie contract. He has hired a high powered movie publicist to help him attain his goal.

* * *

One of radio's best known singers is getting a complete overhauling, teeth, glasses, nose, haircomb, in an effort to further his career.

* * *

Frank Sinatra's pistol-packin' and sudden interest in the West Coast pugilistic racket can't be purely coincidental. Sinatra fans who were worried lest rumors that The Voice would not sing in his next MGM flicker turned out to be true, can breathe easier. Frankie denied the whole thing. "Are they kiddin'?" he asked.

* * *

Despite Bing Crosby's increased listener rating, don't be surprised if The Groaner shifts to live broadcasts next season instead of the current recorded series.

* * *

Despite a baker's dozen of successful business enterprises, Horace Heidt thinks of returning to active bandleading.

* * *

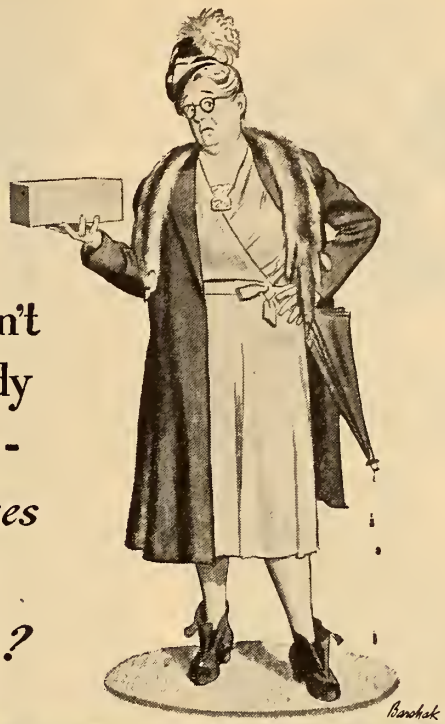
The highly successful "Finian's Rainbow" show score with the original Broadway cast may not be recorded by Decca due to a contractual tussle between the producers and star Ella Logan. The Scotch lass is being dogged by illness just at the time of her greatest triumph.

* * *

Artie Shaw is having great fun introducing his newest bride, Kathryn "Forever Amber" Winsor to off-the-beaten-path restaurants. I saw him in the



Germaine Sablon debuts on famous brother Jean's program, on CBS. GIs have heard her in Paris and London.



Why didn't somebody tell me - *All tissues aren't Kleenex ?*



Not on your life they aren't! bellowed Uncle Mayhew. Fine thing!—I'm sneezing my head off and my sister brings me plain *tissues.* If you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, I wish you had this sniffle-sore nose! It says there's *only one* Kleenex!



Bess, you alarm me —snapped Cousin Cynthia. Surely you know better than to confuse Kleenex with other tissues. Very unfunny—when I *depend* on Kleenex so. Listen. My *skin* knows there's not a tissue on earth just like angel-soft Kleenex!



Buck up, Auntie! said Teena. Bend an eye at the real McCoy — the one and only Kleenex! See that box, how different it is? How it gives with the tissues — one at a time? Neat feat! Only Kleenex can do it! What's more . . .

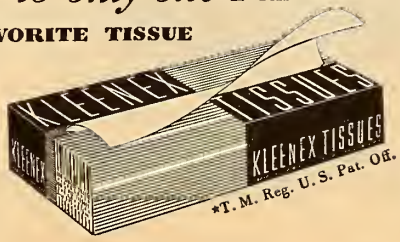


Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps or weak spots? 'Course not! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you just know Kleenex has super *softness.* And are those tissues *rugged!*

Now I know... *There is only one KLEENEX**

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE





*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



That Bandbox Look

isn't come by accidentally, Lamby . . . You achieve it only by paying close attention to the little details of grooming . . . The prettiest hair-do, for instance, can go limp around the edges fast —if you don't anchor it with Bob Pins that have a Stronger Grip. And that means DeLong Bob Pins.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They're made of high-carbon steel so they can't slip and slide and they keep their snap and shape indefinitely.



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

R M BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS SNAPS PINS HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES SANITARY BELTS

New Records



RECOMMENDED By KEN ALDEN



BUDDY CLARK:
Again hits the bullseye with a disc double header as he sings "Glocca Morra" and "If This Isn't Love." (Columbia.) Georgia Gibbs does an equally fine job with the former tune. (Majestic)

FREDDY MARTIN:
Plays a brace of dance versions of classics by Tchaikowsky, Grieg, in a style that made him famous. (Victor Album)

RAMBLER TRIO:
String swing stuff with "Guitar Boogie." On the reverse is "Beaty Steel Blues" featuring guitarist Cecil Campbell. Unusual discing. (Super Disc)

PHIL MOORE:
Able Negro pianist, assisted by a rhythm group, swings out "Ain't Misbehaving" and "Mood Indigo." (Black and White)

AL JOLSON:
Again demonstrates why he has been America's greatest entertainer for three decades as he sings out "The Anniversary Song" and "Avalon." (Decca)



MORTON GOULD:
Lush string versions of such standards as "Holiday For Strings," "Surrey With the Fringe," and "Stormy Weather." (Columbia Album)

BOBBY DOYLE:
A fine new singer with two nice new melodies, "Love Is a Random Thing" and "That's the Beginning." (Signature)

ETHEL SMITH:
The best popular organist moves hands and legs effectively on two Latin American favorites, "Breeze and I" and "Rancho Grande." (Decca)

PERRY COMO:
Shows off his pipes pretentiously on "Song of Songs" and the timeless "Easter Parade." (Victor)



STAN KENTON:
Current boisterous bandsmen have a calypso, "His Feet Too Big For De Bed," but you can forget the slow "After You" on the back. (Capitol)

WOODY HERMAN:
Now that Herman has disbanded his fine group, here's a last chance to collect an album of the best tunes of his famous grand-slam unit, the Woodchoppers. Pay special attention to "I Surrender Dear" and "Pam." Red Norvo is on the vibes. (Columbia)

MILDRED BAILEY:
The too often neglected singing star does a pair of oldies, "Lover Come Back to Me" and "Sundown." (Majestic)



FRANKIE CARLE:
Reliable dance tempos, spelled by the piano, in "Too Many Times" and "We Could Make Such Beautiful Music." Daughter Marjorie sings the vocals. (Columbia)

LES BROWN:
Revives "In My Merry Oldsmobile" effectively and adds a ballad, "Beware My Heart," on the reverse. (Columbia)

JOHNNY MERCER:
Reliable record rambling with a likely hit, "Movie Tonight," and the cute "I Do Do Like You." The Pied Pipers pipe in. (Capitol)



Villanova Restaurant, New York, favorite retreat for musicians, ordering a gargantuan repast for the lady.

* * *

Don't you think Hollywood should tell the moviegoers when another singing voice is used in place of the star's? Many people assume it's really Jeannie Crain chirping in such films as "State Fair" and "Margie," when it's really some anonymous radio canary. Girls like Louanne Hogan and Nan Wynn have dubbed in for film stars for years without any recognition.

* * *

Now it's Glenda Farrell who is recording kiddie records. Her album is called "Buzzy Bear and Penny Penguin" in case you're interested.

* * *

Add another fine name to the growing list of excellent instrumental groups. It's the 25-year-old Page Cavanaugh Trio and they're in a class with the King Cole and Joe Mooney outfits.

* * *

Passengers aboard the SS Aquitania may not know it, but they are hearing daily musical concerts over the ship's loudspeaker system by courtesy of Gene Hamilton, ABC announcer and commentator. Gene donated several of the symphony recordings and "Lower Basin Street" records out of his private collection to the chief steward of the Aquitania, who has been a friend of his since they studied voice with the same teacher several years ago.

* * *

Burl Ives is our idea of a real troubadour. Not only does the music he sings spring from deep in the life of the people of our country, but he has that magic ability to pull others into the spirit of his performance. When Burl was doing a vaudeville date in Louisville, Kentucky, every show was stopped and turned into a community singing bee. His audiences joined him in going through his seemingly endless store of folk songs and ballads. After the first couple of shows, people even came prepared with harmonicas and everyone got into the act. Incidentally, Burl, whose contagious singing spreads his fame even among those who profess not to understand "what people see in that old stuff," is waxing plumper and happier in new-found prosperity.



Fred Robbins stacks platters for his Columbia Record Shop, which is heard on Saturdays at 10 A.M., EST.



Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips

Woodbury *Beauty-Blended* Lotion is actually 2-lotions-in-1

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS • RICH IN LUXURY LANOLIN

It's love at first touch—when you smooth new Woodbury Lotion on your hands. So rich. So luscious. So *different*. It's a beauty blend of softening *and* protective ingredients. Actually 2-lotions-in-1.

1. A softening lotion—lavish with luxury lanolin—that helps bring hands endearing *natural* softness.

2. A protective lotion that helps "glove" hands against roughness, redness, drying, wind-and-weather chapping.



This very day let new Woodbury Lotion bring you softer hands, satin-smooth elbows, shoulders, legs. Delicately fragrant. Never sticky or greasy. At drug and cosmetic counters. 25c and 50c (plus tax).

Free! **MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE.** Your own hands will show you the wonderful difference in Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion.

Mail to BOX 45, CINCINNATI 14, OHIO

(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.) (536)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER AIDS TO LOVELINESS

What's New



Once upon a time, Don Wilson, Kenny Baker, Jack Benny and Sam Hearn were all together on the Benny show. But see—they're still friends!



Guest Joan Edwards cheers contestant Major Lester Hansen on as he prepares for a Truth or Consequences grilling by M. C. Ralph Edwards.



Red Barber, CBS Sports Director, broadcasts at 6:30 daily.

By DALE BANKS

THERE'S always some new wrinkle turning up. Now word comes to us that name guest stars on radio programs are tired of income tax headaches. Many of them are resorting to the barter system in getting paid for their guest appearances. Instead of the usual—usually pretty high—monetary fee, a good part of which inevitably ends up in the coffers of the Treasury Department, stars are accepting the product being plugged, which can range from an automobile to a generous supply of foodstuffs. And there's always soap.

* * *

Champ Joe Louis has found himself yet another interest. Now, he's studying folk songs in a serious way, getting his stuff from none other than Burl Ives, that champ of balladeers. Louis met Burl at a recent Sister Kenny Fund Drive in New York and that started it all.

* * *

Before Paul Whiteman gets through with his job as musical director for ABC, he'll pretty nearly have perfected the art of music broadcasting. Pops is now employing a musician-radio engineer in the control room during certain important musical airings. It's Milton Cassel's job to cue the network engineer as to exactly when various instruments and ensembles raise their "voices." Before this, the director of the show, whose talents seldom included the ability to read a conductor's complicated score and who was also busy with other program problems, performed

from COAST to COAST



It's Maisie for glamor, as played by Ann Sothern on CBS, Fridays.



Frank Morgan, as The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy, sets a rugged pace for fellow-actors Sara Selby, Sara Berner, William Johnston.

this job. Often that accounted for microphones being tuned up just a second too late, or too soon, knocking the music off balance for those familiar with it. Pops is proving to be a lot more than the musician he was credited with being. He's turned into a real executive type—the inventive, creative kind.

* * *

A tale we like is the one about the Baldwin shoemaker, who changes by night into the local operatic impresario. Mike Della Rocca closes his shoe shop at six each evening and steps into another world. He studied music in Italy. But, when he came to this country some 20 years ago, he had to go to work to make a living for his family. Keeping the opera in top place in his mind, he saved money. Then, by borrowing extra cash from a finance company, he had enough to produce his first opera. He also used the auditorium of the Baldwin High School and hired artists from New York.

In 1929 Baldwin saw its first opera, "The Barber of Seville." Every ticket was sold, except 25, which Della Rocca kept for high school music students. Since then, all his performances have been sell-outs with people coming from all over Long Island to hear them. Baldwin has become the smallest town in the world to have its own grand opera.

Della Rocca's wife and three children help him. They prepare programs, sell tickets and act as ushers.



Otto Kruger, Anne Baxter, Paul Muni joined talents on a broadcast of This Is Hollywood, Hedda Hopper's CBS show.

CRIMES ON FILE



Myron Wallace reads a thriller to Maggie and Mike.



Flamond and Sandra add some data to the crime file.



Patricia Dunlap, who plays Sandra.

CLICK . . . click . . . click . . . goes the typewriter. "A new file card, please, Miss Lake," says a voice. The Crime Files of Flamond is on the air over WGN, Chicago.

Flamond has been opening the files of his confidential investigations to the listeners of WGN each week since January 4, 1944—files that tell the stories of the anxieties of persons in all walks of life.

Flamond's adventures are not the rough-and-tumble, machine-gun blast, sock-'em-in-the-jaw type of drama. Most of his clients are average citizens who seek his aid in solving their problems. They are worried—they fear for their own safety, for the life of a friend; they want an explanation of some foreboding set of circumstances, some strange behavior on the part of an acquaintance.

Flamond, like very few fictional detectives, is not a lone wolf. When a crime is committed, he welcomes the police investigation—even calls the cops himself. But by the time they arrive, Flamond usually has the solution and, more frequently than not, the confession.

If, half-way through a Crime Files of Flamond dramatization, the listener wonders how it will come out, he's in the same state as show's author. George Anderson, who stepped from the advertising business to writing mystery scripts literally overnight, says, "I don't think much about plot outlines and solutions; I just type away. I figure if I haven't got the goods on someone by the third-from-last page, the listeners won't either. In that case, the story's no good and I start over."

Flamond is portrayed by Myron Wallace, who originated the role three years ago, took twenty-six months time out to serve as communications officer with the Seventh Fleet, and returned to the studio wearing the Philippine Liberation Ribbon and two battle stars.

The Wallace daily schedule goes like this: mornings, he breakfasts with visiting celebrities as he interviews them on WGN's Famous Names program. Afternoons, he announces ABC's Sky King, narrates the same studio's Fact or Fiction show, then goes on CBS and spins yarns as the story teller on Parade. Evenings, he becomes an actor, unraveling crimes as Flamond and assumes the villain's cloak for his role in Columbia's The Whistler. Before knocking off for the day, in the very late evening he relays world events on NBC's program, Myron Wallace and the News.

The Wallace household consists of Myron's wife, Kappy, a four-year-old son, Peter, and two dogs, the boxers, Maggie and Mike. A seven-day radio schedule leaves no time for vacations, so last summer saw the purchase of a cabin cruiser. From then on, at 1:30 every nice afternoon, Wallace, Kappy, Peter and the two boxers hurry down to Lake Michigan, chug out a few miles and, promptly at three o'clock, return to port.

Flamond takes over once more, Miss Lake types another card. Sometimes it seems that she would rather call her boss by his first name. But no one knows it.



Helen Forrest

SINCE she began singing, Helen Forrest, of CBS's Dick Haymes Show, has been rhyming moon with June to the accompaniment of three different bands and bosses. . . . Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman and Harry James.

She had her first professional engagement at the age of seventeen, singing spot commercials over Station WNEW in New York. She used a different name for each program.

The night she opened her first solo starring engagement at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles stands out as her most exciting experience. Dick Haymes, Harry James and Betty Grable, Carole Landis, Phil Silvers and Martha Raye all turned up backstage to wish her luck. Each of them made an appearance with her on the stage.

Helen Forrest was born in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Her mother was a famous concert singer in Russia. Helen did not have a formal musical education, but began singing when she was just out of babyhood. She got her first job as vocalist when Artie Shaw discovered her singing at a Washington, D.C., night club, where she had been booked originally for two weeks—and stayed two years.

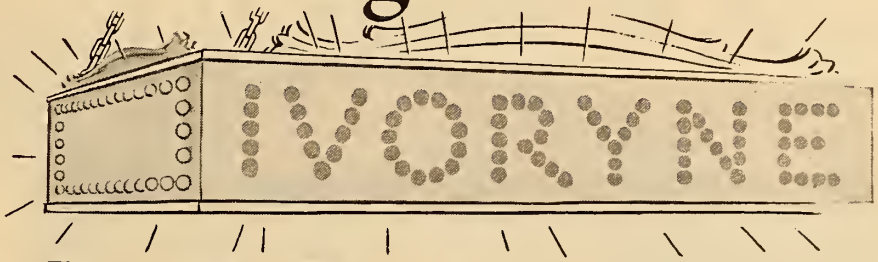
Benny Goodman also competed for Helen's services, but Shaw won out. Helen sang with the Artie Shaw orchestra for two years, then joined Goodman. Oddly enough, she was with Goodman two years and later with Harry James for the same length of time.

Miss Forrest has appeared in several pictures with James, including "Private Buckaroo," "Springtime in the Rockies," "Bathing Beauty" and "Two Girls and a Sailor," and had a featured singing role in the Hal Wallis production, "You Came Along."

For her success as a top songstress of the day, she credits her manager, Bill Burton—the man who calls himself "The little manager of big people." Burton, who also manages the sensational singing star Dick Haymes, took Helen from a $200 a week salary with Harry James to a $3000 a week contract at the famed Roxy Theatre in New York.

Now Helen, who is a charming blonde, five feet one and weighs around a hundred-and-ten pounds, has an exclusive recording contract with Decca and is heard regularly as the chanteuse on Dick Haymes's show, over CBS.

The Delightful Gum



that helps keep your smile *Sparkling!*



Attractive popular women everywhere are known for their sparkling, gleaming smiles. That's why so many women are turning to IVORYNE. For only IVORYNE has the famous extra ingredient, calcium peroxide, which releases newborn oxygen as you chew. Refreshing, purifying oxygen helps sweeten your breath and brighten your smile. Look to IVORYNE . . . for the sparkle it brings to your smile.



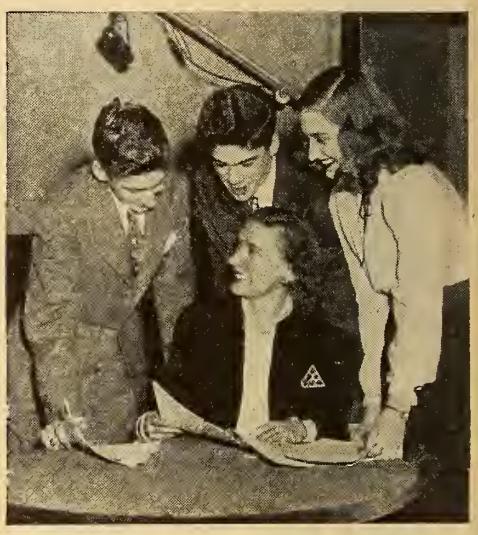
Busy LADY



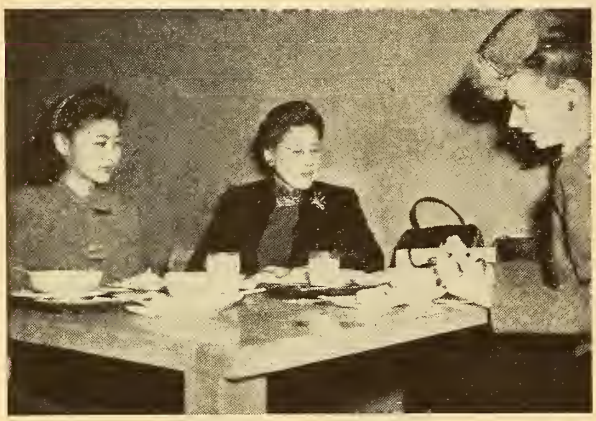
Mrs. Victoria Corey, who has been made Educational Director of KDKA.



Students participate as School of the Air brings something new to classroom study.



A script for Youth Looks at the News is gone over with members of Mrs. Corey's Youth Class.



Pearl Suiying and Mary Sung New lunch with Mrs. Corey; later she chats with Frank Nipp, head of the Chinese Information Service at the United Nations Conference.



EVER since she joined the KDKA staff back in 1942, Vickey Corey has been one of Pittsburgh's most active women, but in January, when she became Education Director of the World's Pioneer Broadcasting Station, she became the busiest woman in radio.

At the conclusion of the war, Mrs. Corey became assistant to Mr. White and became identified with Youth Looks at the News, The KDKA School of the Air, and the special KDKA Sunday 4:30 P.M. program, in addition to many other special public service broadcasts.

KDKA disproves the old belief that radio won't touch controversial issues through Mrs. Corey's Sunday broadcasts. During this choice period, programs are developed to crusade against intolerance and to fight discrimination against any of the minorities that live and work in this busy tri-state area; that go to bat for the veteran; that combat inflationary trends; programs which seek to shake, shove, or shame every listener into recognition of citizenship's responsibilities.

Mrs. Corey spent seven weeks at the UN conferences, writing daily reports, weekly newsletters and preparing material for special broadcasts. The newsletters were mailed to educational, civic and religious leaders and were used in various schools throughout KDKA's area.

Her transcribed material was used on KDKA during various public service periods, and after her return, information and material she gathered was made the basis of eleven broadcasts on the conferences and the problems the United Nations face.

And to all of these activities another must be added—that of a housewife, making a home for her daughter, Lee, Pennsylvania College for Women student, and her husband, Robert W. Corey, who is in government service.

Her spare time is devoted to a hobby. She collects quaint old maps. But that's the extent of her collecting, possibly because of her grandmother's warning, long ago:

"Never be tied down by possessions."



★ So fashion-fresh—this newest Cutex shade. A ripe rosy red that shines up to Spring's new styles. Tipping "APPLECART" upon their pretty fingers. Young America is ready for anything this season. Same way with new Cutex "PIPPIN," another new come-hither color!

Remember, *new* Cutex contains a specially developed ingredient. Tests* prove it wears longer, dries faster than even higher priced polishes. See for yourself what a difference it makes! See how it wears and wears and wears!

Shhh! Rumors are flying about a new Cutex idea . . . for Cutex, the originator of matching lips and finger tips, is preparing a new harmonizing lipstick that'll open your eyes! Watch for it soon.

* * *

**Tests made in our own research laboratory by one of the foremost nail-polish chemists in the country.*

Barbara Stanwyck

In Erich Maria Remarque's

"THE OTHER LOVE"

An Enterprise Production



For that Smooth Young Look

Which shade of Pan-Cake for You



IF YOU ARE A BLONDE
with medium skin, be lovelier with Cream No. 2 Pan-Cake; if skin lacks color, Cream-Rose Pan-Cake.



IF YOU ARE A BRUNETTE
with medium skin, added glamour is yours with Cream No. 2 Pan-Cake; if skin lacks color, Natural-Rose Pan-Cake.



IF YOU ARE A BRUNETTE
with olive skin, look your very loveliest with Natural No. 2 Pan-Cake; if skin lacks color, Natural-Rose Pan-Cake.



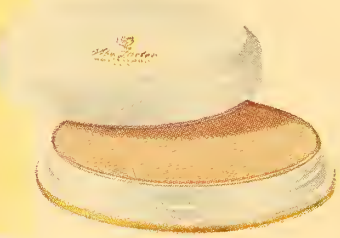
IF YOU ARE A REDHEAD
with fair, creamy skin, dramatize the beauty of your coloring with Cream No. 1 Pan-Cake; if skin is freckled, Cream No. 2 Pan-Cake.

(For a Sun-tanned effect, Tan No. 1, Tan-Rose or Tan No. 2 Pan-Cake)

CREATE A NEW COMPLEXION WITH

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

A new beauty secret is revealed to you. The key to thrilling new loveliness is contained in the chart shown here. Select from it your shade of Pan-Cake Make-Up to harmonize with your own individual colorings...Then see for yourself how just a few seconds with "Pan-Cake" will amaze you with a make-up that stays on for hours without retouching...You will be delighted, too, with the softer, smoother, younger look it gives your skin...And "Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults...and the exclusive formula safeguards your skin against sun and wind which often bring drying, aging signs tomorrow. Try "Pan-Cake" now for new glamour today, for a lovelier tomorrow.





Color Harmony Make-Up
"PAN-CAKE" • POWDER
ROUGE • LIPSTICK

*Pan-Cake...Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Max Factor • Hollywood

Far From Home

In our January issue, the editors of RADIO MIRROR brought you the tender story of two young people who had separated and who found their way back into each other's arms at Christmas time. The story, related by Dr. Preston Bradley, who conducts the Hymns of All Churches Program, told how these two unhappy lovers were brought together through the influence of a lovely hymn we sing during the yule season.

When publishing this story, the editors asked you to tell of your own experiences of this kind—true stories of moments when a hymn influenced your life. RADIO MIRROR promised to buy the letter that seemed to tell most effectively of such an experience.

Now, all of your letters have been received and read. Our thanks for the wonderful response, and for the many inspiring stories you told.

The letter which was judged as the best of those sent in was written by Marion J. Clifford, of Kingsport, Tennessee. In her letter, there is a message for every one of us of tolerance, of understanding, of the rewards of brotherhood. It is a true story of simple, unquestioning faith that Mrs. Clifford tells.

Dear Sirs:

Our first assignment as missionaries was Kingston, Jamaica.

While we were there, an earthquake took the lives of eighteen hundred persons. Torn with grief and fear, people were racing through the streets, searching among the debris and dead bodies for their lost loved ones. When darkness came, fires broke out and lurid flames pierced the skies. A rumor had gone around that a tidal wave was expected, and the whole city became a bedlam of hurrying folk seeking shelter at the race course, a place they thought might prove a refuge.

People of all classes going the same way—rich and poor, residents and tourists, Negroes, Catholics, Protestants. But creed, color and class meant nothing. We were all on a level—the earth our floor, the sky our roof, waiting for the worst with fear on every face. The noise of a ship being grounded on the rocks, the roar of a lion escaped from the circus, the earth rocking under our feet—these caused a panic indescribable.

Piercing cries, howling mobs, little children clutching our skirts . . . some of us nursing our babies, our garments stained with blood from injuries we'd received. . . . Negroes moaning, crying "Judgment Day come!", some praying "Lord have mercy" and others asking "Where is God—does He care?"

Then came a distant sound. An old Negro mammy, in a broken, trembling voice, had started to sing. In a few moments others joined in, until hundreds of voices were lifted in singing:

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene. One step enough for me.

We had no music; there were many discords. We sang over and over to God, knowing He heard, and a miracle had been performed. Out of the chaos came peace instead of fear, and a Faith which is stronger today because of that experience.

Yours very truly,
MARION J. CLIFFORD

Listen to Hymns of All Churches on April 14th, when *Lead, Kindly Light* will be sung by the choir for Mrs. Clifford and for all of us who have read her inspiring story. Hymns of All Churches is heard every Monday through Friday, 10:30 A.M., EST, over ABC stations.

REMEMBRANCE

Out of the past, Rosemary Dawson's mother brings the story of a once-in-a-lifetime love

I SUPPOSE that I should have been happy when Philip Vane fell in love with Rosemary. He is the sort of man every mother wants for her daughter—a good person, with a sound, happy spirit and an alive, interesting mind. He comes of a good family, has a job with a brilliant future. He could give her companionship and security—and if anyone knows how much those things mean, I do. Having had all too little of them myself, I want them all the more fervently for my girls.

And yet, the night Rosemary brought Philip home with her and I realized that he was in love with her, I was dismayed and uneasy; I couldn't resist doing all I could to discourage him. Perhaps I was wrong. I'll try to tell what happened objectively, in my own words but as nearly as possible the way Rosemary told it to me. On a rainy Saturday night this spring Rosemary and Patti went to the movies. I stayed at home. Jim—Dr. Jim Cotter, our dear friend for many years—had called, sounding lonely, and I'd invited him to spend the evening with me.

The movie was over a little after nine. As the girls paused in the lobby to put on their raincoats, Rosemary heard her name called. She looked around, saw plenty of people she knew—Springdale being a small town and half the population addicted to the movies of a Saturday night—but none of them seemed to be trying to get her attention.

"Funny," said Patti. "I'm sure someone called you."

"I know—" Rosemary frowned. It was queer, because she hadn't recognized the voice—a man's—at all. And since Bill had gone, everything unexpected carried a threat, and a hope that was almost less welcome for the small chance of its being realized.

They moved on. At the sidewalk someone called, "Rosemary," again, and touched her arm. She turned. A strange young man was smiling down at her as widely, as warmly as if he had known her all her life. She stared up at him, sure that she didn't know him, and yet there was something about his eyes, his smile—

"What luck!" he exclaimed. "The one person I wanted most to see in Springdale—and I run smack into her! And—this isn't Patti!"

Patti drew herself up to her full five-feet-two. She didn't find the young man's astonishment flattering. Also, she wished to make it clear that the Dawson girls were not used to being approached by strangers on the street.

"Really—" she began in her most grown-up, icy tones. But her devastating speech was cut short. Rosemary remembered who the man was even as he was saying, "Don't you remember me? I'm—"

"Philip Vane!" she finished. And then she wondered that it had taken her so long to recognize him. It's true that she (*Continued on page* 91)

This is a new Rosemary story, written exclusively for Radio Mirror; it will not be heard on the air. The program Rosemary is heard Monday through Friday 11:45 A.M. EST, on CBS. Rosemary is played by Betty Winkler (center, page 21); Mother Dawson, by Marion Varney; Patti by Elaine Rost (left, page 21



"Rosemary!" Philip said. "The person I wanted most to see. And Patti, too!"



Come and Visit

A home of their own, and time to live in it—that was always the Biggest Dream of all for Joanne and Dick

By PAULINE SWANSON

It's safe for Skipper to examine the miniature stagecoach, if his Dad's handy. And if, from another corner of the room, Joanne, with half-asleep Pigeon on her lap, can watch them both.



TO Dick Haymes, success has always been synonymous with having a home of one's own.

In his hungry years when he was trying to get a start as a singer—and he will tell you himself that they were good and hungry—he dreamed of the home he and Joannie would have one day as other men dream of the skyscrapers they will build, or the books they will write, or the oceans they will travel. It was the Big Wish, the goal that Dick says made "the whole race worth while."

He has it now, his success and his home. And if it weren't for the clamor the public has set up to hear his voice on the air, to see him in the movies, to buy his records (and don't get him wrong, he's not complaining about the clamor) he would never want to leave the three fenced acres in sunny Encino, California, where all the people and all the things he loves most in the world are concentrated.

It's quite a place, the home that has magically materialized out of the stuff of Dick's dreams and the rewards of his success. And its importance as the center of Dick's own personal universe, as his own personal stabilizer is apparent ten

JOANNE and DICK HAYMES



For their children, and for themselves, Joanne and Dick Haymes envisioned a real home. Nothing less would do, because for so many years they'd had to put up with something less: with hotel rooms furnished in "modern;" with temporary quarters decorated by people they never saw, who never saw or cared about them. "Some day," they promised each other, "we'll have the kind of house we want." That's what they have, now, a house full of lovingly-chosen things; a house that's fun to live in, and fun for Skipper Dick and Pigeon Helen to grow up in.

Your Thursday Meeting with Dick Haymes is heard on CBS each week at 9:00 to 9:30 P.M., EST.

Come and Visit JOANNE and DICK HAYMES

minutes after you've crossed the threshold of "the big house" and collapsed—as you are immediately invited to do—in one of the big, squashy chairs in the living room.

The "big house" is not so big, although roomier than the other "houses" which have sprouted up about the place. It was the only building on the property when the Haymeses bought it, a traditional California ranch-type bungalow, one story, built in a U around an open terrace. The Haymeses haven't done much to the white clapboard exterior as yet. The interior, however, has been completely re-done and is strictly Dick's conception of home.

It is not surprising to his friends, who know how he recoiled after his years in the band business from the cold impermanence of hotel rooms and furnished apartments, that Dick borrowed liberally from the past in decorating his new home. Colonial America—America before the steam-engine, before the industrial "know-how" which made Grand Rapids and neuroses—was this country's home-iest era, and Dick and Joanne have filled their new home with wonderful original pieces of that period culled from the antique shops along the East Coast—old, worn pine tables and desks, green-shaded student lamps, nostalgic (*Continued on page* 80)



Food-time is no problem when a five-year-old

Belle will belong to Skipper, as soon as he's big enough to manage her.





and a three-year-old practically live outdoors.

When Rufus won't, he won't. That's because he's a goat with a mule's soul.



Some folks call Dick Haymes a star. Not Pigeon and Skipper. They know he's their Dad!



The Strange Romance of EVELYN



In the peaceful time before the advent of Aunt Edith, Evelyn and Gary share a happy moment on the terrace of the Winters home in New York. (The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters was conceived and is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert; it is heard Monday through Friday at 10:30 A.M., EST, over CBS.)

WINTERS

Radio Mirror tells, in pictures, of the dilemma that the lovely CBS heroine is striving to solve



1. Evelyn's Aunt Edith has been out of touch with the Winters family for more years than Evelyn can remember. So her arrival at the Beekman Place house unsettles the routine Evelyn and devoted housekeeper Maggie are used to. But she seems charming, and they welcome her warmly.

IN the lovely old house on Beekman Place, in New York City, where Evelyn Winters lives with her housekeeper, Maggie, a frightening situation recently developed. It all began with a letter from Edith Winters Elkins, the sister of Evelyn's dead father. She was coming East, and Evelyn responded with a sincere invitation: Aunt Edith was to make the Winters house her home until her affairs were settled. Welcoming Aunt Edith, Evelyn is unaware that a bomb is entering her peaceful household. (In these pictures, as on the air, Evelyn is played by Toni Darnay; Gary by Karl Weber; Edith by Helen Claire; Maggie by Kate McComb; Jinny Roberts by Mary Mason; Charlie Gleason by Ralph Bell; Cleve Barrington by Vinton Hayworth; Janice King by Flora Campbell; Robbie DeHaven by James Lipton.)



2. But—what's this? Evelyn's prepared to make her guest happy, but not at all prepared to find furniture rearranged, and orders given to Maggie as though control of the household had passed to Aunt Edith! More, Edith can't get on with Maggie, who's very dear to Evelyn. A slight tension begins to make itself felt.



3. Feeling that her aunt, as a member of the family, deserved to be made as comfortable as possible, Evelyn had mentioned that Edith might use the Winters charge accounts. "But I didn't expect this deluge!" thinks Evelyn worriedly as she accepts the endless packages.



4. "This," Evelyn decides, "is bad." So, as with all important problems, she takes it to her guardian, playwright Gary Bennett. She's deeply in love with Gary, but, till recently, so was actress Janice King; and though he's confessed now that he loves Evelyn, she's afraid it's "on the rebound."



5. But Gary's counsel still guides her. And he doesn't like the Edith situation either. "I'll be around tonight," he promises. "Perhaps I can help." Much comforted, Evelyn returns home only to make a discovery that sends her angrily to confront her aunt with a day-old message.



6. "Oh, yes," Edith says airily. "I forgot." "Forgot!" exclaims Evelyn. "It's a message from Pierce, a man I was engaged to. He went overseas yesterday, and wanted to say goodbye to me—and you forgot!" Frightened (or shamming) Edith falls into hysterics; Gary arrives in time to carry her upstairs.



7. "You're right to be worried," Gary tells Evelyn. "Better check with your lawyer right away." But in the meantime, knowing Evelyn needs relaxation, he takes her to a performance of his play "Abigail," in which her best friend Jinny Roberts appears. After theater Gary's manager, Charlie Gleason, joins them for a party Evelyn tries to enjoy.



8. But in the restaurant they've chosen for their after-theater supper, they meet Janice King and her new husband, wealthy Cleve Barrington. Many years ago, Gary loved Janice. When his plays made him famous, she began to find him attractive—till Cleve came along. Now Evelyn wonders: has Gary turned to her because he cannot have Janice?



9. Unhappy over Gary, worried about Edith, Evelyn finds no comfort in her next day's conversation with lawyer Jonathan Colby. In fact, her worst fears are confirmed. Edith has enough legal claim to the Winters house and money to put Evelyn in a dangerous position. "There's not too much left," Colby warns Evelyn. Rather stunned, she realizes she had better find a job. But—what can she do? "Wear clothes!" she answers herself. And Madame Beloit agrees! So Evelyn has a job modeling in the elegant Fifth Avenue shop where she has bought many of her own lovely things. And the very first day. . . .



10. . . . is more fun than anything's been for some time. Not only the work—Evelyn likes that, and Madame says she's going to be "vondairfool". But there's also, suddenly, debonair, wealthy Robbie DeHaven, who notices her at work, invites her to dinner that very night, and seems determined to make himself an important part of what Evelyn begins to think may be a totally new—and quite exciting—life.

Alcohol and

In a recent series called You and Alcohol, the Columbia Broadcasting System brought before listeners some startling figures about drinking in this country, together with medical science's newest ideas about proper treatment of those who drink to excess. RADIO MIRROR *believes that the vitally important information contained in these discussions of the problem of drinking should be made known to as many people as possible. The editors, therefore, asked Bill Rogers, of CBS, to summarize for our readers what he learned during his assignment as the announcer on You and Alcohol.*

I KNOW people who drink. I drink myself. You probably drink, too. But it never struck me as any problem. But when Dr. E. M. Jellinek, introducing the series, posed alcoholism as a problem, and when the figures on drinking began to emerge, I realized that problem was absolutely the word.

The best way to impress these figures on you is to give them point blank. Let them shock you, as they did me.

In this country, some fifty million people are alcohol users. That's *two thirds* of the adult population. That figure includes all kinds of drinkers, from the occasional, social drinker to the very sick, compulsive drinker. Out of these fifty million, about three million people can be classified as excessive drinkers, people who drink too much for their own good. Finally, among the three million are about 750,000 who are problem drinkers, that is people for whom drinking has become a serious illness.

Now, maybe 750,000 alcoholics out of a population of 140 million doesn't sound like much. But look at it this way. 750,000 sufferers from alcoholism is fifty percent more than the known sufferers from Tuberculosis. And look at the campaigns that have been put on to fight that disease! Then remember that these sick people have families. That spreads the problem out a bit. And, just to add weight to these figures, you have to keep in mind that there is no way of judging just how many of the plain social drinkers will slip, with time, into the excessive, or even compulsive drinker class.

I'll come back to compulsive drinkers, later. To help them, you have to understand them. You have to understand a lot about alcohol and its effects on the body and mind. You have to unlearn—as I found I had to—many notions about alcohol, myths, really, when examined in a scientific manner.

If you were asked whether alcohol was a stimulant, I'll bet you'd answer, "Of course." You're dead wrong. Alcohol is a depressant.

Here are the scientific facts, based on extended research and countless, accurate tests, too numerous to list here. Alcohol does give you an immediate, physical kick. As soon as it hits the stomach, it starts being absorbed by the blood stream and being transformed into energy and heat. But the blood can't transform it into energy as rapidly as the circulatory system carries it through the body. Alcohol which reaches the brain—and it does in a minute, or so—acts as a depressant, slowing down the functioning of the brain. Hundreds of tests prove that.

Still, you may argue, you know that a drink makes you feel better. That may be true, for three reasons. First, there's that physical kick. Then, there's suggestion. You think you're supposed to feel picked up after a couple of drinks, therefore you behave as though you were picked up. And third, because it's a depressant, alcohol relaxes you a little and eases some anxieties, mainly because you can't worry so much about something you can't think about too hard, or too clearly.

There's nothing wrong with taking a drink now and then to "pick you up," as long as you understand that it's all an illusion. You're all right, as long as you know you've imbibed a little more energy, so you don't *feel* so tired and *seem* to be doing things much faster, *while actually you're doing everything more slowly.* Even small amounts of alcohol cloud your judgment,

Drinking: minor pleasure or major problem?

YOU



By BILL ROGERS

announcer on CBS's recent series, You and Alcohol

so that you may actually think you're moving faster and thinking better than you really are. But you're still getting some relaxation and that's good for anyone, once in awhile. The trouble begins when you start turning to alcohol too often and kidding yourself too much about its effect on you. That can lead you into the excessive drinking class.

Excessive drinking affects the health, too. One effect is nutritional. Excessive drinkers usually have very poor appetites. In such cases, it isn't the alcohol that causes the physical damage. Various deficiency diseases set in, due to the lack of important foods and vitamins. Organs like the liver and the brain also react to excessive alcohol. But the physical damages made by drinking have been painted often enough and in scarey enough fashion not to need going into here.

Excessive drinking affects the drinker socially, too, and in ratio, it affects society. The drinker is unstable, unable to hold down a job, unable to carry out his responsibilities. His behavior is erratic and often dangerous to himself and to others.

Everything that's true of the excessive drinker is true of the chronic alcoholic, or compulsive drinker, only more so. Excessive drinkers are able to control their drinking. They may go on the wagon at intervals. Or they may only go off on binges once in awhile. The compulsive drinker cannot control his drinking. He can never drink in moderation. And, although he may want to stop drinking very much, he is unable to stop without help.

It used to be thought that compulsive drinkers were just weak-willed, immoral, stubborn sinners. Another myth was that drinking was hereditary. Science is rapidly exploding these myths, too. The truth is more complex.

Compulsive drinkers are very sick people. They drink for many psychological reasons, like insecurity, fear, maladjustment to society and frequently for physical reasons, these being some bodily, functional differences which make it impossible for them to handle alcohol. They are sick people, quite aside from any deteriorations that may have set into their systems due to drinking. *They are people who were sick, mentally or physically, before they started drinking. Drinking is only a symptom of their illness.*

As for heredity, science finds that alcoholism is not inherited. But many of the physical and psychological peculiarities which may lead to drinking can be inherited. Therefore, the child of an alcoholic may have some of the basic instabilities which later may lead to alcoholism in him. Besides, a compulsive drinker is not a good parent. That in itself is sometimes enough to produce a maladjusted child and maladjusted children can easily grow up to be compulsive drinkers in turn, for their own reasons.

Too many of us have made the wrong diagnosis in the past. We've jumped at the idea that So-and-So would be all right, if he'd just stop drinking. Now, science tells us that it's more likely that So-and-So would stop drinking, if his basic illness were cured. But old ideas die hard. There are still too many people, even doctors, who cling to the myths and try to cure alcoholics by trying to make them stop drinking first. Nearly always this is impossible and the sick man is abandoned because "he has no will power and doesn't want to be cured." And another human being is lost as a useful social person.

Obviously, something (*Continued on page* 108)

How much do you know about it?



THIS BROADCAST

By JIM DUNCAN
as told to Eleanor Harris

He tells his own story in a last look backward, then faces a happy future, thanks to We, The People

"Due to the program, too, I met my future wife."



IN the thirty-two years of my life I can safely say that literally everything has happened to me. I've been sentenced to life imprisonment for murder; for twelve years I've been serving my sentence; and now—at last—I'm out on parole. Also, my body has been used five times as a guinea-pig for the study of deadly diseases . . . and that's not all!

Now, thanks to being on a radio program for a few minutes—I am beginning a whole new life. All because of a brief appearance on We, the People, I have started a thriving jewelry business; I am making my home in Ketchikan, Alaska; and I shall soon have a wife. The girl in question has already promised to marry me.

Those are large statements I just made. But they're all true. The only way to explain them is to tell what happened—beginning with the killing of which I was accused.

It was the kind of melodramatic scene you expect to see in a movie. When it happened I was an eighteen-year-old who had lived all my life in the seaside resort town of Point Pleasant, New Jersey. The Duncan family was Irish and big. I had two sisters and two brothers, and we all went to Parochial school. But I left studies behind at the end of grammar school. I was too busy helping Dad run his fishing boat, and being a caddy at the local golf club. I was a pretty fair golfer, and by the time I was seventeen I was assistant to George Jacobus, president of the Professional Golfers Association. I was doing all right, too. If a certain adventure hadn't happened one night in 1933 I might be a good golfer today.

In 1933, you remember, Prohibition was still going strong. Well, our house was right on the Manasquan River, and this night I was wakened up at about 4 A.M. by a lot of disturbance on the water outside—three rum-running boats bringing liquor down from Canada were stuck. Hastily they threw all their cases of whiskey overboard. I waited just long enough to realize what the uproar was all about. Then I got out of bed, grabbed some clothes, and dashed outside. By morning, another guy and I had dredged up 300 cases of whiskey from the water . . . and a few days later I was rolling in money. I'd sold part of the liquor to the golf club members, and I'd sold some of it back to the rum-runners. As a result, the rum-runners offered me a job piloting one of their boats. I was eighteen, I knew boats, thanks to my father's job as a fishing boat captain, and I snapped up the offer.

GAVE ME A New Life



"Everything's fine now. I've got a girl, a job, a place to go, and a new friend—Milo Boulton, M.C. of We, The People."
We, The People is heard at 10:30 P.M., EST, every Sunday evening over stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

For three months it worked fine. Also, I was respected—not despised—for being a rum-runner. Wasn't everyone going to speakeasies? Didn't the Coast Guard get a dollar for every case of whiskey landed on the New Jersey coast from Canada? (The Captain of the Coast Guard was eventually tried for this and sent to the federal penitentiary.) I was making lots of money and having the time of my life. Anyway, it was easy: the big boats anchored off the New Jersey coast; then I'd bring the whiskey in to shore on a speedboat. I unloaded it at the public docks of Manasquan late at night, where big trucks (false labeled "A. & P.") picked up the cases.

All of that happened like magic up till one particular night. That night I was piloting my speedboat down the dark river as usual. We passed as usual under a low bridge. But this time nine men were hiding on top of it; and they jumped down as our boat passed below—they were hijackers trying to steal our cargo of whiskey. A free-for-all went on, during which most of our men were thrown in the river. In the general scuffle one of the hijackers was shot and killed . . . and for that murder, three of us were sent to prison. We were convicted on circumstantial evidence . . . the very evidence which, years later, was to parole and eventually pardon me.

But enough of that. The fact is that on July 18th, 1934, I was sentenced to life imprisonment—a day that happened to be my nineteenth birthday, ironically enough. Even more ironic: a few weeks later, Prohibition was repealed!

So, at nineteen, I was a lifer starting my term in New Jersey State Prison, with 2,000 others. Until you've lived in a (*Continued on page* 74)

"Gwen and I will be handing out cigars any day now for Donna's wedding. After all, she's four months old!"



We know We're

By DONALD O'CONNOR



"I had to get at it—I had to—I had to!"

CHINNING your way (and I don't mean that as a pun!) up the radio ladder isn't so tough if—but that's a big *if*—you have someone like my wife, Gwen, to give you a boost on each new rung. (And it certainly helps to be working with a fine artist like Ginny Simms on her Friday-evening shows over CBS every week!)

Gwen has been told she looks like a cute Dresden doll, but not by me. Looks are too deceiving. "Cute" is a much over-worked word anyway, and a doll is someone guys whistle at—not someone like Gwen who designed and practically built our San Fernando home by herself; who can and does criticize my comedy performance every week with a know-how of what is funny for radio and what isn't that I can really appreciate; who plays chess

Donald O'Connor is heard every Friday night on the



"Kid stuff, people said. But we knew it was the real thing."

Pictures by Jasgur

A boy in a hurry—that's Donald.

Who else could marry, head a family

and become a star . . . at that age?

Lucky



"Whose turn is it to go see if the baby's up?"

for amusement; and who considers being mother to our four-months-old Donna a fine, absorbing job.

I'm not trying to say that Gwen, at nineteen, is a settled-down matron. When we do dress up and go out for an evening—which isn't very often—she looks just like a kid on her first date. She still has a passion for hot fudge sundaes and for wearing old blue jeans rolled up to her knees when she works out in the garden. She's so little and so cu— *yai! I almost said it myself!*

She calls me "hurry-up Donald." She says that when she met me and I was sixteen and under contract at Universal, with starring roles, that I had confessed to her I was worried I was getting nowhere! Of course, I was an old-timer, having (*Continued on page* 83)



"I like old foreign cars you can't get parts for . . ."

Ginny Simms Show, at 9 EST on the CBS network.

Between the Bookends

BLIND GIRL AT THE FLOWER SHOW

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

"This one is pink, and this one white." They led
Her, walking quietly, and her pale fingers
Flicked over sunny petals, like bell-ringers
Holding the echoes after the notes have fled.
"This is a yellow rose, and this is a red."
"I know, I know! These are the beauty-bringers
Wherein all loveliness of Springtime lingers;
You need not name each hue for me," she said.
"How else?" they asked. "What can you
know of these,
Unless we tell you?" Her hand was as sure
Upon the flower as though God guided her,
And we who watched could fall upon our knees,
Seeing so little, when all Spring was spilled
Into one white small hand with glory filled.

—Audrey Wurdemann

Little Things

The mystery in living is this:
That the world sometimes hangs on a kiss;
That a word has the dower of infinite power,
And a glance can eternalize bliss.

—Helen Rosley

OF SUCH

Stolid little Polish girl
Weeding onions on her knees.
Endless rows of green and black,
Black and green. It's all she sees.

Twinging muscles, aching back,
Hunger, after frugal meals,
Body caked with sweat and grime,
Weariness. It's all she feels.

Dolls and puppies, clean, white clothes,
A swing. A playhouse in the trees.
Stolid little Polish girl,
Weeding onions, dreams of these.

Mildred Sheff

The Bee

If truth were known about a bee
He isn't busy hoppily.
For when the weather's wet
He'll fret.
And when the weather's warm
He'll swarm.

As for his general disposition
Just you be sure of the position
He'll assume
And give him room.

For there is just one certain thing
One end can sting!

Helena K. Beachom

IRONY OF FATE

I've discovered the perfect man, at last,
The kind who has haunted these dreams of mine,
A man with a future as well as a past,
A debonair darling, downright divine!

But there isn't a trace of a wedding plan,
My mind doesn't reel in a jubilant whirl,
Because, alas, the perfect man
Is looking for a perfect girl!

May Richstone

ALL SEASONS IN ONE

April is in my mistress' face,
And July in her eyes hath place.
Within her bosom is September,
But in her heart a cold December.

—Unknown

CAN YOU BLAME HER?

At keeping a secret, Milady
May often seem inept;
But either it wasn't worth keeping
Or it was too good to be kept!

—Thomas Usk

The sounds and scents of Spring steal into most of this month's poems



By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

SONNET

Must you confuse the seasons of the year
For me, until I cannot tell the date?
Not that it matters—winter cold and drear
Might just as well come early as come late,
If it must come at all. I sang "Noel"
In April when you brought your shining gift
Of love, and autumn that I knew so well
Has often seemed like spring, and any rift
In our sweet song made summer bleak. It seems
I do not give a hang for what should be,
As long as I can have my silly dreams
And match my passion to yours tenderly.
If you should go . . . it would be such a bore
To know the seasons rightly, as before.

—Toni K. Noel

AU PRINTEMPS

White lilacs bloomed at my door today.
(Heart, do not drop those tears!)
Copper suns and green winds have a debt to pay—
Swift were the passing years.

There was a lad who was tall and straight.
(Heart, you had locked your door!)
But a memory alone cannot compensate
Loves that will come no more.

So long as the lilacs bloom in spring,
(Heart, will you ne'er forget!)
There is always the pain, remembering,
Always the old regret.

—Jean Holbrook

Futility

When all the dew has turned to dust
And every sea is dry;
The river beds gray, cracking crust;
Tears still will fill my eye
For that lean hag, self-starved, steel-stayed,
Who thought to hold her mate;
Then lost him to a wench who weighed
A hundred-ninety-eight.

Maude Krake Backlund

O Promise Me

Oh promise me, that same day you and I
Will take our love together to same sky
Where we can be alone and faith renew,
And find the hallows where those flowers grew,
Those first sweet violets of early Spring,
Which came in whispers, thrill us both and sing
Of love unspeakable that is to be;
O promise me! Oh promise me!

—Clement Scott

RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.



From the editor's chair, Dinah previews her Radio Mirror story. Careful attention to grammar, too—there's a degree from Vanderbilt University concealed in the lady's past.

Dinah is

Covering the Cover Girl: home is where Dinah's heart is . . . in spite of the heartbeat in her songs



Straight out of a horror-tale are Peter's false teeth—but what she can't see won't hurt her!

EIGHT years ago last Thanksgiving, a hungry twenty-one-year-old girl sat in her tiny room at the Barbizon Hotel for Women in New York City. She was counting the few pieces of silver in her purse, and she was both broke and bewildered. She had found out that the old slogan "she was poor but neat" was an impossibility. If you were poor enough, the Lord knows you couldn't be neat—your clothes were spotted, your stockings full of unsightly runs, and your shoes were run-down at the heel.

She tossed the pieces of silver back into her bag and reluctantly wrote out a telegram: *"Dear Daddy please send me enough money for a Thanksgiving dinner. Yours with love, Dinah."*

This was Dinah Shore. (Whose father, horrified over his daughter's unsuspected poverty, sent her a great deal of money—which she dipped into only for a good meal. The rest she kept for luck.)

Now, would you like to know what the same Miss Shore was doing eight years later—on last Thanksgiving Day? All right: she sat at her own dining-table in her own country house in California. At the end of the table sat her handsome husband, George Montgomery. Between them were the faces of their best friends—William Holden, Brenda Marshall, Cobina Wright, Jr., Palmer Beaudette, Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll.

But the subject uppermost in her mind was still the same . . . food.

"What do you know?" she said proudly at the end of the meal. "You people didn't eat a single thing that George and I didn't raise right here on the ranch—the turkey, the potatoes, the pumpkin in the pie—everything!" What's more, she'd cooked it her-

Delightful

By

ELEANOR HARRIS



Two senses of humor worked as one, when Van was Dinah's guest.



The Dinah Shore program, with Peter Lind Hayes and Robert Emmett Dolan's orchestra, is heard each Wednesday at 9:30 P.M. EST. on CBS.

The people who build the show: producer William Wilgus; writer Abe Burrows; comedian Peter Lind Hayes and Dinah herself; and a guest. This time Van Johnson got the invitation.

self. But only because she had told her cook to take the day off for a little private thanksgiving!

Yes, the little girl from the South had conquered the North (and West) more thoroughly than General Lee had ever dreamed. To be exact, her voice has conquered six continents. On this one she has won every female singers' popularity award going—and inspired a few new ones. She is now the star of her own show, Wednesday nights on CBS.

You might call her story "From Nothing to Everything in Eight Years." Take a look at the record. During the war the Armed Forces named these items "Dinah Shore" in her honor: a bridge in France, a Liberator and a Flying Fortress that bombed Berlin, an amphibious tank that led a mission at Leyte, a beach on Long Island, a cargo ship plying the war waters of the Pacific. In the peace, three flowers have been named after her—a rose in Connecticut, an iris in Tennessee, and (recently) a new variety of chrysanthemum whose name was chosen by the National Association of Florists. She was also the first woman to be given the Distinguished Service Award by the American Legion. (*Cont'd on page* 98)



The famous rendezvous where Duffy ain't welcomes one and sundry

ONE thing is pretty certain, in an uncertain world—when Duffy's Tavern opens for business each Wednesday night at 9, EST, on NBC, Duffy won't be there. But Archie—Ed Gardner—will. Even off the air, Gardner lives Archie's life. Every phase of the program bears his mark: he helps concoct situations; he works with the gag writers, translating the jokes they have written in English into the peculiar idiom which is Archie's alone. So who cares about Duffy? His Tavern's in reliable hands. Archie and his crew (Miss Duffy, Finnegan and Eddie the waiter) have built up a good, steady trade. The customers keep coming back!



Finnegan, Eddie, Miss Duffy, Archie himself (Ed Gardner) and Director Antony Stanford rehearse with John J. Anthony, a recent Tavern guest.



"A man, says



Miss Duffy (Sandra Gould)

Duffy's Tavern is heard on each Wednesday night at 9 EST, over NBC



Eddie (Eddie Green)



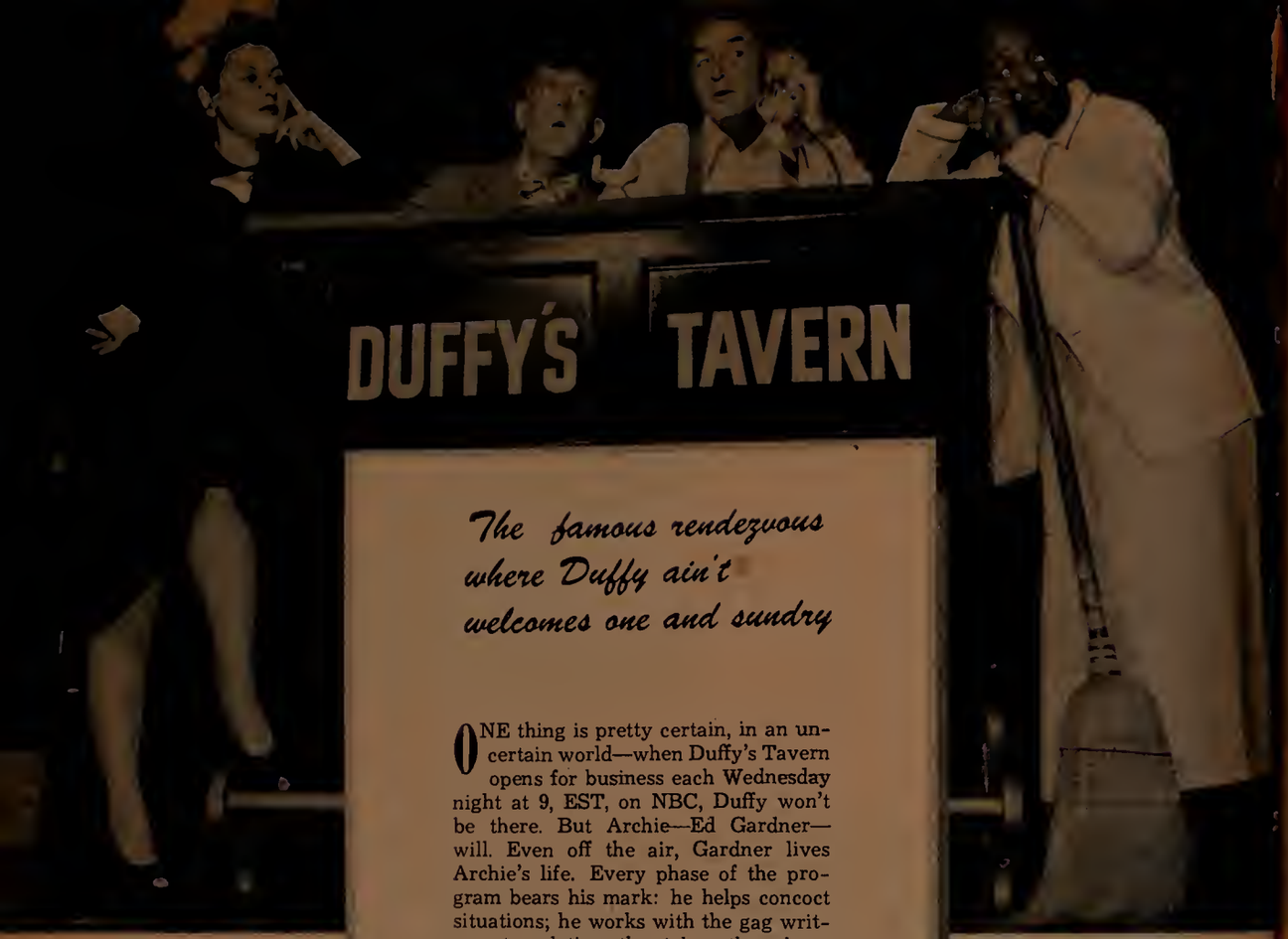
Finnegan (Charles Cantor)



Miss Duffy." is on his way in. I can sense it."



"Sweep under there, Eddie, and I die an old maid!" warns Miss D



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Miss Duffy (Sandra Gould)

Duffy's Tavern is heard on each Wednesday night at 9 EST, over NBC



Eddie (Eddie Green)



Finnegan (Charles Cantor)



"A man, says Miss Duffy, is on his way in. I can sense it."



"Sweep under there, Eddie, and I die an old maid!" warns Miss D

Women are

So says a veteran quizmaster, who is qualified as few men are to make,



By
PROFESSOR
QUIZ

BEFORE I begin, let me make it clear that my wife did not unduly influence me in the writing of this article—in which I intend to sing the praises of the female of the species, particularly the housewife. I don't mean to pretend that I'm different from the average man. My wife, of course, has a hand in everything I do and I'd be lost without her at my broadcasts and personal appearances. Even if you can't see her, you can depend on it that, like most wives, she is somewhere behind-the-scenes. But—she does not hang over my shoulder when I write.

All joking aside, I want to place a laurel wreath on the brow of the housewife, although I know she'd have better sense than to wear the fool thing. In my experience as a quizmaster, which dates from 1936 when I originated the first quiz program, she is the one who most often gets the applause and walks off with the cash. Doctors, lawyers and school teachers, on the other hand, don't do so well, and I sometimes think of

Wiser

and support, this dangerous statement

them as they go home, their ears ringing with the imagined taunts of their patients, clients and pupils.

In all the quizzes I have conducted throughout the country, in big cities and small towns, among people with large and small incomes, with college degrees and no formal education of any kind, the housewife has usually revealed herself as a veritable reservoir of information. The professional man who competes with her invariably agrees with the fellow who said so long ago, "Woman is man's confusion" (she would probably render the quotation in the original Latin). I don't have to prod my imagination very hard to picture Dr. Einstein, muttering in feeble defense that he *did* evolve a theory of relativity, while Mrs. Smith tells her cheering cohorts in the audience what he didn't know—that Mexico has more pyramids than Egypt.

THE most recent example that comes to my mind is the broadcast from Charlotte, North Carolina, where a sixty-eight-year-old housewife, competing against a college student, a lawyer, a secretary and a bus driver, was the winner. She had a good retentive mind and knew how to use effectively the information she had acquired. Just as a sidelight, I want to tell you that the bus driver won second place in this contest.

School teachers, both men and women, and lawyers, on the whole, get the worst marks. There's a reason for all this, of course. For the school teacher, the preservation of her own authority is most important. In the classroom, to which she is more accustomed than the stage where she faces me, she must show her pupils that she's the boss or she won't hold their respect for very long. And when she takes part in a quiz contest, the idea that her pupils may be listening gives her a feeling that she's "on the spot." She can see her pupils laughing if she flunks a question and it doesn't help her to think clearly. Furthermore, she is more accustomed to asking than to answering questions.

As for the lawyer, he gets his practice from people who think he's smarter than they are—and he usually is as far as the technicalities of the law are concerned. But he may not know that "leave them alone and they'll come home" refers to Bo-Peep's sheep, or that a member of the lowest class at West Point would be called a "plebe." He may have to shake his head and mumble "I don't know," he may reveal himself as a complete ignoramus. Thoughts like this are enough to make him completely useless when he confronts the microphone.

Another way of putting it is that lawyers and teachers are accustomed to choosing the field of combat. They usually make the decision on the subject to be discussed and, if they're capable, they've given the matter some thought so that they're familiar with every phase of it. It is rather disconcerting when they face me with the realization that I will choose the question on any subject that pleases me.

We must remember too that professional people are usually specialists who concentrate on one subject. (*Continued on page* 112)



Dr. and Mrs. Earl always work together on program plans. Though the Professor's lady is not exactly a housewife, he regards her as further proof of his theory about women.

Professor Quiz (Dr. Craig Earl) is on the air each Saturday night at 10:00 P. M. EST, on stations of the American Broadcasting Company.



LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

OUT OF THE FOG

Dear Papa David:

In the country school, which I attended as a little girl, public health nurses were unknown, and, perhaps as a consequence of this, my extreme near-sightedness was not discovered until I was nearly twelve years old.

My family had no knowledge of this condition and I had never thought to tell them because—well I guess I thought everyone saw the world through a soft fog just as I did. Oh, I knew that others seemed sometimes to notice details which I missed, but in my childish mind that was because they were smarter than I, quicker and more observant.

"Star light, star bright!" some child would chant as we sat out on the grass on a summer evening. "Star light, star bright! First star I see tonight!" and each of us would make a wish. I always pretended I saw the star too because I didn't want them to think me dull. In school it was the same way. Frequently I had to guess at examination questions because the writing on the blackboard was a confused blur.

I didn't realize that poor vision was at fault, and often at night my pillow would be soaked with tears as I prayed for intelligence to read the questions as other children could. Poor stupid me! My report cards always had a sprinkling of red marks which my kind-hearted parents brushed aside by saying, "You're just a little slower than the rest. Some day you'll catch up. Wait and see."

Then the winter before I was twelve the miracle occurred, the lovely, wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten miracle! A visiting relative, who was quite near-sighted, took off her glasses and placed them on the table. One after another each of my brothers put them on, clowning and cutting up. When it came to be my turn, I slipped the glasses into place, started to make a grimace at the others and then stopped as though frozen. Cousin Alpha's lenses were not the proper correction for me yet through them I could see things I had never dreamed of seeing. Hands and numerals on the wall clock stood out boldly. A pattern I had scarcely noticed appeared with amazing clarity upon the kitchen wallpaper. The faces of my family became

Who can foresee the moment in which life will become beautiful?

more than familiar pink blurs—I could distinguish changes of expression in the faces of my brothers, the twinkle in Mother's brown eyes.

I nearly flew to the window. Never before had the scene from here been more than a haze. Now I could distinguish the barnyard animals standing out clearly against the snow. I saw the old oak tree by the granary, the hired man loading up a basket of cobs, the milk house with its half-open door, and the row of milk pails drying in the winter sun. Two grey kittens and Spotty, our old dog, followed Dad from the barn to the machine shed.

"Mother," I cried. "I want glasses just like Cousin Alpha's!" Then I told her what I had just experienced and she promised that I could go to town the following Saturday to have my eyes examined.

It took another slowly passing week before the glasses were ready but at last the day came. Dr. S. slipped the bows behind my ears, handed me a pink wiper and a shiny black case, and I marched out of his office, whole and complete, happy and reborn. For many days after that I almost resented the time I had to spend in sleep. I wanted to utilize every precious moment just looking and looking. And when I proudly brought home my next report card with its row of "A's" softening the sting of the earlier red marks, I realized with a surge of thankfulness that life can indeed be beautiful!

Mrs. O. F. B.

For this letter, Mrs. O. F. B. has received RADIO MIRROR'S hundred-dollar check. Fifteen-dollar checks have gone to the writers of the letters that follow.

NO LONGER MEANINGLESS

Dear Papa David:

I was born in China. Although my parents were missionaries, I never knew what it was to be poor. Even the salaries paid to missionaries are enough for servants in China, who work for two or three dollars a month and their food, and so, although our home was simply furnished, I always had my "amah," my devoted nurse, to look after me and take me about.

My parents were far too busy with their labors to pay much attention to me. I played about with the children of the Chinese servants until I was old enough to go away to a boarding school for the daughters of missionaries.

When I had been out of school only a year or two I married an Englishman who was working in Shanghai for a well-known international business firm. To compensate him for his exile, he was very well-paid, and we were able to live in a manner that would seem wildly luxurious to most Americans.

Used as I had always been to servants, however, it did not seem unusual to me that we should have a dozen at our beck and call. We had two children, a boy and a girl. Each had an amah, and I hardly saw them except to look in at them at bedtime, or now and then to take them shopping or visiting friends with me.

I spent my days in idleness, rising late, and after a leisurely breakfast, driving out to shop or gossip with friends. In the afternoons and evenings we played bridge and danced. My friends were all Europeans and Americans, who formed a tight little society that kept itself rigidly aloof from the poverty and drudgery of the Chinese people.

I soon forgot the days of my childhood, when I had played with the Chinese children and learned to speak their language, while my father and mother labored to save lives and souls among the poor.

In 1941 my daughter Diana was fourteen and my son Ronald was ten. We could no longer ignore the real danger we were in if we stayed in Shanghai, as the war news grew worse and worse. Many of our friends had already left for safer territory. Diana was growing fast, and the climate made her alarmingly thin and languid.

The summers are unbearably hot and oppressive in Shanghai. When Diana fainted in school one day, the doctor said we must make every effort to get her away before the hot weather. We found ourselves forced to sail on a Japanese boat to Seattle.

A few months later we were able to re-enter the United States from Canada, and make a home for ourselves within commuting distance of New York. But what a difference in our way of living! We soon found that my husband's salary would not even enable us to meet expenses. There was no question of servants. For the first time in my life I had to wash and iron and cook, and I think I did it very badly. Diana cried when she found that she would have to wash dishes and mend her own (*Continued on page* 100)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $100 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If there is such a memory in your life, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay one hundred dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, fifteen dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Magic may lie hidden in as commonplace a thing as spectacles

Special kind of Wife

By DAN SENSENEY

Some secrets, Linda and Danny knew, are made to be told. They wondered only about the time for telling

"YOU SEE," Helen said, "we're—married." She hesitated before the word, as if it were so strange and wonderful that she hardly dared pronounce it, and her hand crept to find and hold Tony Grey's, for reassurance.

"Married!" Linda Grogan gasped, and Dr. Daniel Grogan, Linda's husband, said the same word in a different, less dismayed, tone.

Helen and Tony both nodded, looking shy and proud and a little bit frightened, but most of all, happy. "We went across the state line to Higden five days ago," Tony said, "and were married by the justice of the peace. You're the only ones we've told—the only ones we *can* tell."

Linda's first instinctive emotion, as her surprise died away, was pity. A secret marriage—concealment and deceit, the constant dread of discovery, the feeling that every moment they had together was stolen—Helen Calthorp and Tony Grey deserved better of life than this! They deserved to be able to stand before the whole world and say, "We love each other" without shame or fear. But even as she tried not to let her pity show too plainly in her face, she reminded herself that for these two secrecy had been the only solution.

"Well!" Danny said. "This calls for a celebration!" and departed to fetch glasses and port wine from the kitchen. Danny's reaction to a marriage, even a secret one, was direct and uncomplicated. "You finally did it," he exulted as he came back into the room. "Good for you!"

"It was all my doing, really," Helen said. "I talked Tony into it."

Tony lifted her hand, palm upward, to his lips. "She didn't have to talk very hard," he said. His thin student's face sobered. "Though I knew it was a dirty trick to play on Aunt Margaret—"

"Dirty trick, nothing!" Helen rushed to his defense, her blue eyes flashing. "You know perfectly well, Tony, the only reason Mother suddenly decided to send you to medical school was to try and separate us!"

How often, Linda wondered, had old people tried desperately to keep young ones apart—and failed, as Margaret Calthorp had just failed? Millions of times, probably, since the world began.

But Mrs. Calthorp had been asking for trouble when she brought Tony Grey to live in the same house with her adopted daughter Helen. All her money, plus a lifetime of getting her own way, couldn't keep two attractive youngsters who were constantly thrown into each other's company from falling in love. Particularly when Mrs. Calthorp's own peculiarities had done everything possible to awaken Helen's sympathy for Tony, her sense of fair play.

Everyone in Centerville knew that Mrs. Calthorp had never treated Tony well. He was her nephew, her dead sister's son, and when he was fifteen Mrs. Calthorp had brought him to live with her and Helen, whom she had adopted as a baby. The difference in Mrs. Calthorp's attitude toward the two children was obvious from the first. Helen had hand-made clothes and plenty of pocket-money, while Tony wore the same cheap suit until it revealed an awkward expanse of wrist and ankle—or later, after he'd stopped growing, until it was threadbare. And Tony's pocket-money came either from the odd jobs he found for himself or from Helen, who used to give him some of hers when she could persuade him to accept it, which wasn't often.

Aunt Sarah, Linda's stepmother, said that Margaret Calthorp was the kind of woman who talked a lot about her duty to her fellow-man but hated to perform it. Thinking back, Linda

This is a new story in the lives of Linda and Danny, written especially for Radio Mirror. Linda's First Love is not a network program, but can be heard on many local stations. For a list of them, turn to page 73. Linda is played by Arline Blackburn, and Danny by Karl Swenson.



From the security of their happiness, Linda and Danny drew wisdom to help others.

realized that Aunt Sarah was probably right. Mrs. Calthorp had adopted Helen of her own free will, but Tony had been forced upon her by his parents' death. As a result, she loved Helen and resented Tony.

She had always had great plans for Helen. Helen was to attend an eastern college, she was to travel in Europe, she was to marry brilliantly. She went, docilely enough, to the eastern college, because at the time she was supposed to go Tony was already in the state university, working his way through; but the war came in the way of the European tour, and as for marrying, there was only one person Helen had ever even thought of marrying, and that person was Tony.

Now she said, still defiantly, "When Tony got out of college last spring, Mother had no intention of helping him to go on through medical school. There was the most awful row when he told her he wanted to. She said she'd done all that she was going to do for him—you'd have thought, to hear her talk, that she had paid all his expenses through the university, when really Tony earned all the money himself! I got so mad—all my life she's spent money on me as if it were water, but when it was a case of doing something really constructive, like helping Tony to be a doctor, she said she couldn't afford it! And you know yourself," she appealed to Danny as he poured the wine, "how important it is for Tony to be a doctor!"

Danny grinned. "Once—when Tony used to come out to the orphanage and help me take care of the kids there, just for the love of it—I'd have said it was the most important thing in his life. Now I guess it's taken second place."

"You're right there, Danny," Tony agreed, but Helen shook her head.

"I don't want it to take second place," she declared firmly. "I want it to be first, and I'll be second. That's the way it *has* to be."

There was a little silence, and Linda felt a lump in her throat. "After only five days," she said softly, "you're a real doctor's wife, Helen."

"HERE," Danny said, "don't discourage the girl, Linda," and they all laughed, but by the quick glance of love and gratitude he had given her, Linda knew that Danny understood and agreed. It was right that for a doctor his profession should always come above everything else, and if Helen realized that—as Linda did—she and Tony would find happiness together.

That is, they would if they were allowed to. At the moment, they faced separation for another six months. This was the last night of Tony's mid-year vacation; tomorrow he would be returning to medical school, and on Helen would fall the burden of living with her mother as if no marriage existed—accepting dates that Mrs. Calthorp considered suitable, pretending interest in clothes and bridge and visits to Mrs. Calthorp's friends.

"Can Tony write to me in care of you, Linda?" Helen appealed, and Linda smiled.

"Of course," she said. "Your mother would scalp me if she found out about it—but then, I guess Danny and I became accessories after the fact as soon as you told us you were married."

"You're not sorry we told you?" Tony asked quickly, his deep-set brown eyes troubled.

"Indeed we aren't!" Linda assured him warmly. "We're delighted."

"We wanted to tell someone," Tony said. "At least—I did. I guess because my conscience bothers me," he added with a wry grin. "I know it's as Helen said—Aunt Margaret's sending me to medical school just to keep me away from Helen. She kept insisting she wouldn't give me a cent until she began to suspect that Helen and I were in love."

"I can't figure out how she guessed, either!" Helen exclaimed. "Tony's so honorable, he'd never ask me to go out with him because he knew Mother didn't approve. And I was afraid Tony didn't care for me, he was so distant— Oh, it was awful!"

"I expect Aunt Margaret could see more than we gave her credit for," Tony remarked. "Anyway, all of a sudden she changed, and agreed to pay my tuition and expenses. And—well," he said, coloring, "the fact remains that whatever her reasons, she's *still* paying them. That's why my conscience bothers me for having married Helen."

"Pooh!" Helen said. "It's no more than right that she should. You're her nephew, her own sister's son. If it comes right down to it, she has more responsibility to you than she does to me. You're related to her, but she only adopted *me!*"

"For which I'm very glad," Tony said. "If you were

"A man has to want to be a doctor,



really her daughter we'd be cousins—and then she'd have a good reason for not wanting us to marry!"

"Oh! I never thought of that!" Helen exclaimed, and looked so shocked and horrified that they all laughed.

Tony finished his wine and stood up. "We'd better be going," he said. "It'll take me quite a while to get back to the house. Helen will have to drop me downtown, then drive on home alone while I walk. That's so we won't come in together—Helen's supposed to be visiting you people by herself, and I've gone to a movie." There was obvious distaste in his voice, although he tried to make a joke of the situation.

STANDING in the doorway, watching them go down the walk to Helen's car, Linda slipped her arm through Danny's, pressing it close against her side—silently grateful for her own secure happiness.

"Poor kids!" she said softly, and was amazed when Danny echoed her. His heartiness in Helen's and Tony's presence, then, had been a pose, and he understood the difficulties they faced as well as she did. "I might have known," she thought. "I might have known."

"But they'll come through all right," Danny added. "Tony's a good boy, going to be a great doctor someday, and Helen—well, the old lady did her best to spoil her, but she hasn't succeeded."

Many times, in the next few weeks, Linda remembered those words of Danny's. Helen played her part with a gallantry Linda hadn't suspected she possessed. In public, she was unchanged. If, coming to the Grogans' to see if a letter had arrived from Tony, she found Daisy Keppelmeister or Aunt Sarah or Linda's father there before her, she was ready to sit down and gossip and chat with perfect self-possession until the other visitor was gone. Only then, with Tony's letter in her hands, would she drop her casualness, devouring what Tony had written with avid, hungry eyes. Afterwards she would fold the letter carefully in its original creases, tuck it back into the envelope, and put it with all the others which she kept in a drawer of Linda's desk.

"I'd love to take them home with me," she said wistfully, her hand lingering on the pile. "But Mother might find them. I don't dare chance it."

"Helen," Linda asked once, (*Continued on page 68*)

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"A man has to want to be a doctor, Mrs. Calthorp," Danny said. "And a doctor's wife is special, too."



In Living Portraits

When a Girl Marries

For better, for worse: these are the words Joan Davis' heart remembers



HARRY DAVIS, a lawyer, is a kind, approachable person, anxious to make the best possible life for young SAMMY, baby Hope, and his wife Joan. But his very kindness has brought sorrow upon his small family: because he is unable to resist any appeal for help, Harry has become involved in a tragic series of circumstances leading to his arraignment on a charge of murder—a crime of which he is innocent. (played by John Raby)

JOAN DAVIS was a pampered, wealthy girl when she fell in love with Harry eight years ago. Since then, Joan has matured into a wise, human person. The Davis farm in Beechwood is a gathering-place for many friends—friends whose loyalty will be tested during the tragic weeks when Joan, standing staunchly by Harry, realizes how helpless even great love is in time of trouble. (played by Mary Jane Higby)



JOHN HACKETT, Irma's general handyman, is sensible, middle-aged, very fond of Irma and her children. Aware that Irma's protection of Steve Skidmore will mean more trouble for everyone, he has tried to persuade her to tell where Skidmore is.
(played by Joe Latham)





MRS. DAVIS, Harry's mother, has a close, affectionate relationship with Joan. On her intelligence and understanding Joan has learned to rely for help in many a confused situation.
(played by Marion Barney)

When a Girl Marries is heard Monday



LILLY is one of the best friends Joan has. Cheerful, dependable Lilly is maid, cook, general confidante at the Davises'; Joan can call on her for any kind of help.
(Georgia Burke)



through Friday at 5 P.M. EST, on NBC.

IRMA CAMERON, Joan's neighbor, is a widow with two children. In love with the missing Steve Skidmore, she steadily refuses to reveal his whereabouts because of his evident serious implication in the murder for which Harry is being tried.
(played by Jeannette Dowling)



PHIL STANLEY, the man who was left behind when Joan fell in love with Harry, is a devoted family friend. He co-owns, with Irma, the farm on which she lives.
(played by Michael Fitzmaurice)



KATHY CAMERON, Irma's daughter, who is being sent to school by Phil, has a sixteen-year-old's crush on the wealthy bachelor. Kathy's beauty is the basis of her ambition to be an actress.
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Fresh and fragrant—the season's first yield

Because it's Spring

Radio Mirror for Better Living

ONE of my favorite stories is about a woman who lived in the country, whose city friend invited her for a visit in the spring, saying that after the long hard country winter she must be in need of a rest. The country woman declined the invitation. To be sure, she said, she was tired, so tired that she didn't feel equal to anything more strenuous than sitting on the ground and watching a crocus bloom. But, she added, seeing the crocus come into flower could be such full compensation for the winter's hardships that she wouldn't miss it for anything.

I have always felt a sympathy and kinship for that woman, for much as I enjoy the winter and its rigors I feel that watching flowers and fruits and vegetables bursting into new life is one of the most satisfying and heartening experiences that we can know. Even in the city the change is marked. Every market is a picture of color appeal and this month's recipes will show you how to bring out the utmost in taste appeal in Spring's tender young fruits and vegetables.

Golden Rhubarb Pudding

1 lb. rhubarb
½ cup sugar
1 cup orange juice
1 package vanilla pudding
2 cups milk

Wash rhubarb, discard leaves and coarse bottom portions and cut into 1-inch slices across (1 lb. makes 3 cups). Combine with sugar and orange juice, bring slowly to boil, then reduce heat and simmer until it forms a rich sauce. Cool.

Combine milk and vanilla pudding and cook as directed on package. Turn into individual molds and chill. Unmold and serve with the Golden Rhubarb mixture as a sauce.

Rhubarb Aspic

1 package quick-method gelatin
½ cup sugar
½ cup water
1 lb. rhubarb, as purchased (12 oz. cleaned)

Place gelatin and sugar in saucepan. Mix thoroughly. Add water and heat until gelatin is dissolved, stirring constantly; do not boil. Add rhubarb, washed and sliced as in preceding recipe. Cook 5 minutes. Turn into molds and chill until ready to serve. Unmold and serve as a delicious accompaniment for cold meats, such as Roast Beef or Lamb.

Dill Potatoes

Use new potatoes. Scrub well and cook in boiling salted water to which fresh dill has been added. One dill stalk, including root, will flavor 12 small or 8 medium potatoes. When potatoes are tender, drain and rub off skins. Turn into hot serving dish, add Dill Butter Sauce and serve at once. New potatoes cooked with dill are fine for salad, so it is a good plan to cook a few extra ones.

Dill Butter Sauce

4 tbls. butter
1 tbl. minced dill (stem and leaves)
½ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper

Melt butter, add dill and seasonings and heat all together over low flame for 1 to 2 minutes.

Peas and Scallions

3 or 4 scallions
2 tbls. butter
1 cup boiling water
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
2 cups shelled peas

Wash scallions, cut crosswise into half-inch slices, using both white and green sections. Sauté lightly in butter (2 to 3 minutes) but do not brown. Add boiling water, sugar and salt, then add peas and simmer until peas are tender.

Scallions and Cabbage

Follow recipe for Peas and Scallions, using, instead of peas, one small to medium head of new cabbage, cut into serving portions. (*Cont'd on page 73*)

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, and Sunday nights at 6:30 EST, when Kate Smith Sings. Both programs heard on CBS network.

Quick Tricks



There's polish—nail polish—on your fingers, and possibly on your toes. Well, why stop there? Edith Arnold, of CBS's Crime Doctor, proves that both colorless and vivid nail lacquers are odd-job-performers without equal around the house, with many a small miracle of mending or decorating to their credit.



HEAR Edith Arnold on CBS Crime Doctor and you think she is the hardest boiled gun moll you would ever want to meet—or rather, want to avoid meeting. That's good acting. See her, and you think of Alice in Wonderland dressed by Schiaparelli. That's her red-gold hair, clear skin and candid eyes, plus her inherent style sense. This ingenuity is apparent in a lot of little things she does to keep things in good order and moving smoothly. Take the matter of nail polish, for instance. To hear Edith tell it, there is hardly anything she can't, and hasn't, repaired or refurbished with nail polish or polish overcoat, and she doesn't see how people managed to keep house before it was invented.

"Metal buttons and costume jewelry were the first things I used it on," she said. "Everything I wanted to keep shining I coated with colorless polish, and I painted the under sides of clips and bracelets with it to prevent their leaving dark marks on my clothes and skin.

"Just about the time I discovered that many service men had taken a tip from their girl friends and were using colorless polish to keep their buttons and buckles from tarnishing, I discovered that colorless polish makes a fine cement for fastening labels or mending small pieces of costume jewelry, so from then on I mended my own instead of waiting for someone else to do it."

Having gone that far, discovering new ways to use polish became a kind of game with Edith and here are some of the things she has done with it. Coated the dark portions of two-tone shoes to prevent smearing them with white polish when cleaning the white sections. Coated the tips of shoelaces to prevent fraying. Repaired scuffed leather (shoes, bags, gloves, book covers, etc.) by fastening the scuffed portion back into position with polish, then brushing over the repaired portion with more polish. Covered small bandages with colorless polish to keep them clean and smooth.

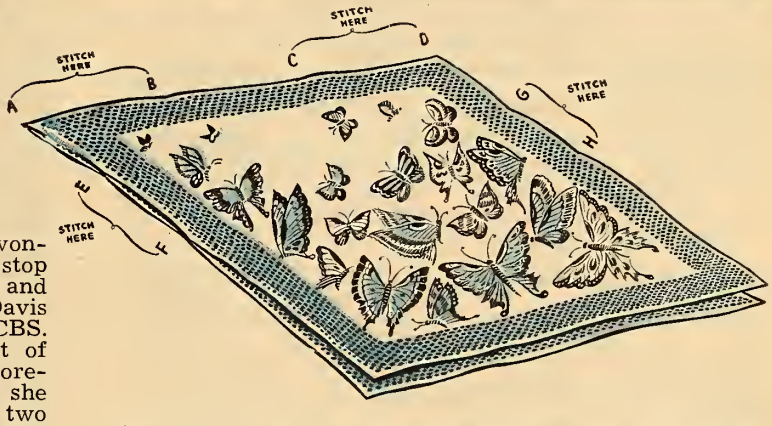
The rose-decorated dressing table set is an amplification of the fruit-labeling idea. Roses cut from paper are pasted onto a green glass cologne bottle, an imitation ivory powder box and a tin box which originally was a pre-war container for tea balls. Similarly, a design could be cut from drapery or slipcover fabric. One advantage of this decorating trick is that when you change the color scheme of your room polish remover will remove such small appliques and leave the surface ready for new effects.

Colored polish, as well as colorless, Edith pointed out, has more uses than the one originally planned by the manufacturer, and one use is to add to the gaiety of a party. If you are the hostess, mark each guest's glass with his or her name or initials. If you are hostess or guest, cover barettes, combs and glasses frames with the same polish you wear on your nails. Next day, polish remover will restore everything to its utilitarian appearance.

FOR Mother's Day



Under the encouraging eye of her mother, comedienne Joan Davis, young Beverly Wills manipulates two scarves into a smart blouse for Mother's Day presentation. Beverly needs no help, either; her pattern (see sketch) is so simple that the most inexperienced dressmaker can turn out a blouse any mother—or any daughter—would be proud to wear.



THANKS to Beverly Wills, you girls who have wondered what to give mother on Mother's Day can stop worrying. Beverly is the daughter of Joan Davis and Si Wills, star and writer, respectively, of the Joan Davis Show which is heard at 8:30 Monday evenings over CBS.

Beverly gave the matter of Joan's present a lot of thought. It had to be both pretty and useful and, moreover, she was determined to make it herself, for she knew that would endear it to Joan. Some ideas met two of the requirements, but had to be discarded because they didn't meet the third. And then finally she hit upon the perfect solution—a tunic blouse made of matching scarves. It is so attractive and useful that some of you will want to duplicate mother's gift for yourselves—and you can do so, whether you are skilled at sewing or not, because making it, as Beverly says, is just about the easiest thing you can think of. Here are the directions, step by step, as Beverly followed them.

First select two matching scarves with a well balanced design. Beverly chose scarves with an off-white background, a border of small brown polka dots and a center design of butterflies—all shapes and colors of butterflies.

Second, place the right sides of the scarves together and, third, with a running stitch, sew the edges together at the top (along the lines from A to B and from C to D on the chart below), drawing the thread tightly enough to form a little fullness over the shoulders. Do not sew along the top from B to C but leave an opening there large enough for the blouse to be pulled on over the head. Shoulder pads will keep the fullness in position and make the blouse fit smoothly over the shoulders.

The blouse may be worn as a full tunic or half tunic. For the half tunic, arrange the scarf at the back so that it forms smooth folds at the waistline, draw the ends around under the arms and knot them together at the center front, adding a pin or clip to give a finished appearance.

For a full tunic, back and front, a fourth step is necessary. Sew the sides together from a point just under the arms (allow sufficient room to give the arms full play) to the waistline (lines E to F and G to H on the diagram). Add a broad belt to hold waistline fullness smartly in place and don't worry about such details as hems or raw seams for the scarves come already hemmed, which takes care of such matters.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
8:45				
9:00		People's Church	White Rabbit Line	News
9:15	Story to Order			Renfro Valley Folks
9:30	Words and Music	Tone Tapestries		
9:45				Johnson Family
10:00	Bible Highlights	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Circle Arrow Show	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00	Design For Listening	Bible Institute	Fine Arts Quartet	Wings Over Jordan
11:15				
11:30	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	World Front News	Pilgrim Hour	F. H. LaGuardia	Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	String Orchestra	As Others See Us
12:45			Raymond Swing	
1:00	America United	Married For Life		People's Platform
1:15			Melodies To Remember	
1:30	Chicago Round Table	Juvenile Jury	Sammy Kaye	Time For Reason
1:45				Howard K. Smith
2:00	Robert Merrill	Warden Lawes	Dr. Danfield	Weekly News Review
2:15	Frank Black	American Radio Warblers		
2:30	James Melton	Bill Cunningham	National Vespers	"Here's to Ya"
2:45		Veterans' Information		
3:00	Carmen Cavallaro	Open House	Warriors of Peace	N. Y. Philharmonic
3:15				
3:30	One Man's Family	Crimes of Careless-ness	From Hollywood	
3:45			Samuel Pettingill	
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	Are These Our Children	
4:15				
4:30	Pattern in Melody	True Detective	Green Hornet	Hour of Charm
4:45				
5:00	NBC Symphony	The Shadow	Darts for Dough	The Family Hour
5:15				
5:30		Quick As A Flash	David Harding	Hoagy Carmichael
5:45				William L. Shirer

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Those Websters	Drew Pearson	Ozzie and Harriet
6:15			Don Gardiner	
6:30	Bob Burns	Nick Carter	Greatest Story Ever Told	Kate Smith Sings
6:45				
7:00	Jack Benny	Mysterious Traveler	Court of Missing Heirs	Gene Autry
7:15				
7:30	Fitch Bandwagon	California Melodies	The Clock	Blondie
7:45				
8:00	Edgar Bergen	A. L. Alexander	Detroit Symphony Orch.	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	Fred Allen	Special Investigator		Crime Doctor
8:45		Official Detective		
9:00	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	Exploring the Unknown	Walter Winchell	Hildegarde
9:15			Louella Parsons	
9:30	American Album	Double or Nothing	Jimmie Fidler	Eddie Bracken
9:45			Policewoman	
10:00	Don Ameche	Gabriel Heatter	Theatre Guild	Take It Or Leave It
10:15		Show		
10:30	Meet Me at Parky's	Latin American		We the People
10:45		Serenade		
11:00	News			



Richard LeGrand

—whom you know as Mr. Peavey, druggist friend of The Great Gildersleeve, prefaced Hollywood with many years in vaudeville, stock and the New York theater.



Mitzi Gould

—for whom 1947 holds two tenth anniversaries—one for marriage, one for radio. Mitzi is Gail Nolan on the Hop Harrigan program, MBS, weekdays at 5 P.M., EST, and makes frequent appearances on True Detective, House of Mystery and It's Up to Youth. She is a native New Yorker and married to another one, Walter Pick, radio attorney. Their favorite dream is of a house on three acres—just off Times Square.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45	Reveille Roundup			Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandairs			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmstead	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Hymns of All Churches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Club Time	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Easy Does It	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Coast Guard on Parade	At Your Request	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	Jackie Hill	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Conference Calls	Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Women in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Hollywood Tour	Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John MacVane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs	Local Programs	In My Opinion
6:30				Red Barber Sports
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Vincent Lopez	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Carolyn Gilbert	Henry J. Taylor	The Lone Ranger	Bob Hawk Show
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Cavalcade of America	McGarry and Mouse	Lum and Abner	Inner Sanctum
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Casebook of Gregory Hood	Sherlock Holmes	Joan Davis
8:45				
9:00	Telephone Hour	Gabriel Heatter	Dark Venture	Lux Radio Theater
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Victor Borge	Guy Lombardo	Sammy Kaye	
9:45				
10:00	Contented Program	Fishing & Hunting Club	Doctors Talk It Over	Screen Guild Players
10:15			Joe Mooney Quartet	
10:30	Dr. I. Q.			Sweeney and March



Betty Barclay

—was selling Sammy Kaye's records in a music shop in Macon, Ga., when she decided that some day she would be the vocalist with his band. Today she is appearing with him on both Sunday Serenade and So You Want to Lead a Band, over the ABC network. She admits that it took several preliminary jobs with other name bands and her singing of "I'm a Big Girl Now" to put her where she wanted to be.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45	News			Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		
9:30	Clevelandairs			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmstead	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	HymnsofAllChurches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Naval Academy Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	U. S. Navy Band	Jackie Hill	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet	Merv Griffen		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Women in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Hollywood Tour	Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Joey Kern's
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John Mac Vane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade To America	Local Programs		In My Opinion
6:30				Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orch.	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30		Arthur Hale		American Melody Hour
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Milton Berle	Scotland Yard	Lum and Abner	Big Town
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	A Date With Judy	Adventures of The Falcon	Boston Sympnony	Mel Blanc Show
8:45				
9:00	Amos and Andy	Gabriel Heatter		Vox Pop
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Fibber McGee and Molly	American Forum	Rex Maupin's Orch.	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:45				
10:00	Bob Hope		Hank D'Amico Orch.	One World Flight
10:15		Vic Damone	Hoosier Hop	
10:30	Red Skelton	Dance Orchestra		Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpteers
8:45	Reveille Roundup			Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00			My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	HymnsofAllChurches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Easy Does It	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny]
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Marine Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches In Melody	Jackie Hill	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club	Hollywood Tour	Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness			Hint Hunt
4:30	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	
4:15	Stella Dallas	The Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John Mac Vane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs		Word From the Country
6:30				Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orchestra	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Carolyn Gilbert	Cecil Brown	Lone Ranger	Ellery Queen
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Dennis Day	Crime Club	Lum and Abner	Jack Carson
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	Great Gildersleeve	It's Up To You	Willie Piper	Dr. Christian
8:45				
9:00	Duffy's Tavern	Gabriel Heatter	Paul Whiteman	Frank Sinatra
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	What's the Name of That Song	Pot of Gold	Dinah Shore
9:45				
10:00	Frank Morgan	Did Justice Triumph	Bing Crosby	
10:15				
10:30	Kay Kyser	Author Meets Critic	Henry Morgan	Information Please



Clifton Fadiman

—became m.c. of Information Please in 1927, while in the midst of his active career as editor, book reviewer and critic. He still cracks his verbal whip over the experts on this program on Wednesday nights at 10:30 EST on the Columbia network, but says that if ever a question of cheese comes up he will switch to the receiving end; fine cheeses and wines are a hobby of his and he might "stump the experts".

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	HymnsofAllChurches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		The Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Navy Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	Jackie Hill	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Powers Charm Show	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartette	Merv Griffen		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Hollywood Tour	Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Joey Kerns
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00				Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America			In My Opinion
6:30	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Vincent Lopez	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Grand Marquee	Arthur Hale		Mr. Keen
7:45		Inside of Sports		
8:00	Aldrich Family	Mark Warnow	Lum and Abner	Suspense
8:15			Erwin D. Canham	
8:30	Burns and Allen	Count of Monte Cristo	America's Town Meeting	F. B. I. Peace and War
8:45				
9:00	Eddie Duchin, Eddie Foy, Jr.	Gabriel Heattor		Dick Haymes
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Jack Haley with	Hour of Song	That Was the Year	Crime Photographer
9:45	Eve Arden			
10:00	Abbott and Costello	Family Theatre	World Security	Reader's Digest Radio Edition
10:15				
10:30	Eddie Cantor	I Was A Convict	Ralph Norman	That's Finnegan



Nancy Gates

—took the well-worn trail from Texas to Hollywood when she was only fifteen and headed of course for the movies. To the surprise of many she forsook the successful beginnings of a film career to devote all of her time to radio and takes her dramatic roles most seriously. Currently she is heard as Vicky Wendell on Masquerade, weekdays at 2:27 P.M., EST on the National Broadcasting System.



Howard Duff

—struggles to appear as hard-boiled as he sounds when he plays the private detective of The Adventures of Sam Spade, a creation of Dashiell Hammett which is heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System on Sunday evenings at eight o'clock, EST. He's from Bremerton, Washington, and had spent six years with the Seattle Repertory Theater, including Shakespeare, before he turned his talents toward radio.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45	Reveille Roundup			Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	HymnsofAllChurches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Easy Does It	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Campus Salute		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	Jackie Hill		Big Sister
1:15			Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Hollywood Tour	Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs		
6:30				Red Barber, Sports
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orchestra	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Carolyn Gilbert	Henry J. Taylor	Lone Ranger	Sparkle Time
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Highways in Melody	Burl Ives	The Fat Man	Baby Snooks
8:15		Holly House		
8:30	Alan Young	Leave It To The Girls	This Is Your FBI	Thin Man
8:45				
9:00	People Are Funny	Gabriel Heatter	Break the Bank	Ginny Simms
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Waltz Time	Bulldog Drummond	The Sheriff	Durante and Moore
9:45				
10:00	Mystery Theatre	Meet The Press	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant
10:15				
10:30	Sports			Maisie

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
9:00	Percolator Party		Wake Up and Smile	CBS Morning News
9:15				The Garden Gate
9:30	Camp Meetin' Choir	Rainbow House		Renfro Valley Folks
9:45	A Miss and a Male			
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Betty Moore	Barnyard Follies
10:15				
10:30	Archie Andrews	Jackie Hill	Junior Junction	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45				
11:00	Teentimers Club	This Week in Washington	Elizabeth Woodward	Let's Pretend
11:15			Johnny Thompson	
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Say It With Music	Piano Playhouse	Adventurers Club
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	W. W. Chaplin	Pro Arte Quartet	Texas Jim Robertson	Theatre of Today
12:15	Consumer Time		Tell Me Doctor	
12:30	Home is What You Make It	Flight Into the Past	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Bands For Bonds		Grand Central Sta.
1:15				
1:30	Veteran's Aid	Symphonies For Youth	Fascinating Rhythm	County Fair
1:45	Elmer Peterson			
2:00	Your Host is Buffalo			Give and Take
2:15			Local Programs	
2:30	The Baxters	Dance Music		Country Journal
2:45				
3:00	Nations' Orchestras	Our World of Music		Cross Section U.S.A.
3:15				
3:30		L. A. Symphonic Band	Local Programs	Treasury Band Stand
3:45				
4:00	Doctors Then and Now	Sports Parade		Matinee at Meadowbrook
4:15				
4:30	Names of Tomorrow		Local Programs	Adventures in Science
4:45				Of Men and Books
5:00	Nelson Olmsted	For Your Approval	Tea and Crumpets	Philadelphia Orch.
5:15	Art Mooney			
5:30	Edward Tomlinson			
5:45	King Cole Trio	Jan August and His Piano Magic		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Rhapsody of the Rockies	Cleveland Symphony	Jimmie Blair	Bill Shadell
6:15			Chittison Trio	Once Upon a Tune
6:30	Boston Tune Party		Harry Wismer	
6:45	Religion in the News		Labor U. S. A.	Larry Lesuer
7:00	Our Foreign Policy	Hawaii Calls	It's Your Business	Waitin' For Clayton
7:15			Song Spinners	Jean Sablon
7:30	Curtain Time	News and Sports	The Music Library	Vaughn Monroe
7:45		F. H. LaGuardia		
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Famous Jury Trials	Hollywood Star Time
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Scramby Amby	I Deal in Crime	Mayor of the Town
8:45				
9:00	Roy Rogers	Mighty Casey	Gang Busters	Your Hit Parade
9:15				
9:30	Can You Top This?	Thrilling Stories	Murder and Mr. Malone	
9:45				Saturday Night Serenade
10:00	Judy Canova	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz	
10:15				This Is Hollywood
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	



Jack Barry

—the twenty-eight-year-old bachelor who has the temerity to go on the air each Sunday afternoon at 1:30, EST, with the five youngsters of Mutual's Juvenile Jury, a program which he originated. Barry also has to his credit the finding during the past year of an average of more than one hundred apartments a month for veterans, through his appeals on the Daily Dilemmas program on Station WOR.

Recommended Listening

Those contretemps which make the flesh creep and the hair stand on end are naturally as popular in radio, where the suspense or horror can be garnished with sound effects, as they are in movies or between the covers of the vast numbers of mystery books that are bought each week. Here's a sampling of a radio week spent hand in hand with your favorite detectives—or a few careful steps behind them.

All times are EST, and all are evening programs.

* * *

Monday-through-Friday: Work through the days, fifteen minutes at a time, with Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot (played by Harold Huber, who really looks like the famous Belgian), and wind up on Friday with the solution safely tied up and the male-factor facing justice. You haven't done it—Poirot has—but the effect is just as good (CBS, 7).

Monday: McGarry and his Mouse (MBS, 8) is about all the trouble a meddling policeman can get into (played by Roger Pryor). The Mouse is an affectionate term for the girl friend, who is sometimes called on to be more lion than mouse.

Casebook of Gregory Hood (MBS, 8:30 EST) has Elliott Lewis as an ingenious solver of knotty puzzles. Each case is closed within the half hour.

The Lone Ranger (ABC, 7:30) is more an adventurous half hour than a mysterious one, but it certainly belongs on the listening schedule of those who like to live dangerously—by radio. (Also heard Wednesday and Friday.)

Sherlock Holmes (ABC, 8:30) speaks for himself—has been doing so for many years now, that there can be few fans who don't know where to find him on the dial. Nigel Bruce is indefatigable as Watson, and the new Holmes, Tom Conway, is a very worthy stepper into the boots of Basil Rathbone—sounds quite like him, too.

Dark Venture (ABC, 9) sweeps the faithful listener from nineteenth-century London to the most complex, uncharted territory the twentieth century has to offer—the human mind. These are psychological studies in violence and deterioration—particularly noteworthy and effective are the musical backgrounds.

Inner Sanctum (CBS, 8) opens its familiar creaking door for a half hour of pleasant terror. Your Host Raymond sees to it that no listener escapes without appreciating to the full the multiple horrors with which this program generally abounds.

Tuesday: Scotland Yard (MBS, 8), a documentary-type mystery, is closely followed on the same net by Adventures of The Falcon (MBS, 8:30). It's James Meighan, familiar from many daytime roles, who bears the brunt of The Falcon's troubles both in love and in crime.

Wednesday: Triple choice, this midweek night. There's Mr. District Attorney (NBC, 9:30) for crime-does-not-pay angles; The Crime Club (MBS, 8); and Ellery Queen for twisters with surprise endings (CBS, 7:30).

Thursday: Adventure with the Count of Monte Cristo (MBS, 8:30). Then, in rapid succession on CBS, there are Mr. Keen (7:30) and his lost persons; Suspense (8), among the most spine-chilling offerings on any air; Crime Photographer (9:30), is none other than Staats Cotsworth, another familiar daytime friend.

Friday: Mystery Theater (NBC, 10); Bulldog Drummond (MBS, 9:30), another sleuth who first earned his keep—and audience—between the covers of books; and two Dashiell Hammett creations on two different networks: The Fat Man (ABC, 8), and his running-mate, The Thin Man (CBS, 8:30).

Saturday: Famous Jury Trials (ABC, 8), life-like courtroom drama which spins backward over the crime; and Murder and Mr. Malone (ABC, 9:30.)

Sunday: Good listening straight through the evening. Nick Carter (MBS, 6:30); Special Investigator (MBS, 8:30); The Clock (ABC, 7:30); and on CBS, Sam Spade (8) and Crime Doctor (8:30).

Thus ends the week—and, perhaps, the listener as well.

Fridays at 10 P.M. EST, on CBS, M.C. Tom Howard cracks the whip over George Sheldon, Lulu McConnell, Tom McNaughton, all ignorant.



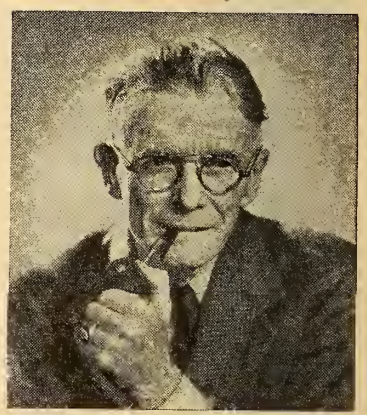
IT PAYS to be IGNORANT—PAYS

By RUTH HOWARD HOWELL

The writing Howard, daughter Ruth.



The comedian Howard, father Tom.



EVERY time I am introduced as the writer of It Pays To Be Ignorant I am the immediate target for one of two questions. (a) What is it like to be a woman gag-writer or (b) how did you get to be a woman gag-writer? To question (a) my answer is that being a woman gag-writer is just like being a man gag-writer except for one distinct advantage. Truck drivers whistle at you.

Looking back . . . and shall we not say how far back? Looking back, I don't see how I could have missed seeing gag-writing as a career looming up ahead of me like a huge black cloud with a silver dollar lining. My childhood was spent in the gaudy, noisy and thoroughly delightful atmosphere of vaudeville and burlesque theaters and stuffy but bright theatrical rooming houses, usually presided over by a cheerful buxom woman who was once an actress and who produced faded yellow clippings and dim photographs of herself in arty poses when she was young, slender and often beautiful, to prove it. My father was . . . and is . . . Tom Howard a comedian with a pretty lofty reputation as a prolific comedy writer himself.

At the age of eight I had to give up my life as a gay playgirl and go home to my grandmother in Philadelphia in order to catch up on my education. But, at fourteen, I was back in the trouping world I loved.

It was then that I came down with a severe case of adolescence. I decided it was time I made good on my own. First I yearned to be a dancer . . . then a singer of low, throaty ballads . . . then a dramatic actress. I tried all three in the order named. A short but varied career which failed utterly in its intent . . . namely to land me in Hollywood.

Having exhausted the various means of achieving stardom in the theater short of becoming an acrobat or a Swiss Bell Ringer, I now turned a speculative eye towards radio. But not, if you please, as a gag writer. I launched myself on a radio career as, of all things, a woman commentator. The girl who scarcely knew what a kitchen looked like was now telling eager housewives how to keep batter from sticking to the pan, how to stretch one pound of butter into two and how to keep the moths out of wool bathing suits. What's more, I was enjoying every minute of it. Simply wallowing in domesticity. I wallowed in Utica, Syracuse, Albany, Boston, New Haven, Chicago and finally, New York. It was while doing this program that the first inkling of my eventual downfall to gag-writing took place. I began teasing the girls a little between household hints and finally resorted to unabashed punning and gag-making. The girls liked it. The men liked it even better and and I soon found myself in the appalling position of doing a woman's program for men. This might have turned into disaster had I not with the first, last and only true wisdom of my life picked this moment to fall in love. New Haven was the scene of this delightful turn of events. My late husband, Bob Howell, was the commercial manager of the local radio station on which I did what was now a cross between a household program and an old time minstrel show.

One day while he was cleaning out his desk drawers and I was being an interested spectator, he brought out a crumpled sheet of yellow paper on which he had typed the outline for "a quiz show to end all quiz shows" . . . "a quiz show with a board of experts who are dumber than you are and can prove it." This, of course, was what finally emerged as It Pays To Be Ignorant. I snatched it, crammed it into an envelope and sent it to my father, who, embellishing it with a few new ideas of his own, turned out a script.

Pretty soon Bob was collecting royalties for his idea of It Pays To Be Ignorant, (now on CBS, Fridays 10 P.M. EST) but this failed to satisfy me. I saw no reason why we shouldn't go to New York and write It Pays To Be Ignorant. Bob protested that he had never written a comedy program before. Neither had I but I refused to let such a minor detail stand in our way. So we came to New York and started writing comedy. At the time of Bob's death a year and a half ago, we had a show on three major networks.

In the past year and a half, although I am now writing alone, I still manage to balance two or three programs in the air . . . or should I say on the air . . . In fact, at one point, I was writing five comedy shows a week which is something of a record and something of a strain!

New! Blush-cleanse your face – *for that lovely engaged-girl look*

See it give *your* skin:

—an instant clean, refreshed look

—an instant softer, silkier feel

—a lovely blush of color

You'll see results tonight—with this new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

You blush-cleanse—Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it over your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

You blush-rinse—Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing—your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action softens, loosens dirt and make-up—helps *free* your skin! *Every night*, this full blush-cleansing. *Every morning*, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's!



Claire Dunham says—"A blush-cleanse with Pond's gives my face a clean-glowy look"

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

Miss Claire d'Arcis Dunham, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Thomas Dunham of "Meadowmount," Warrenton, Va., is engaged to Charles Ranlet Lincoln of Washington, D. C.

Descended from many distinguished Virginians, Miss Dunham has inherited their charming air of aristocracy and ease.

There is a glamorous bewitchment about her dark, dark eyes, her exquisite sensitive mouth, her cream-smooth complexion and lovely look of mindful chic. "I really enjoy caring for my face the new blush-cleanse way with Pond's," she says. "It makes my skin look *especially fresh* and *soft*."

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look! Get a bountiful 6-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream today!

CLAIRE'S RING—it is antique French, with 14 diamonds deep set at regular intervals in the pure gold band

Among the beautiful women of Society who use Ponds

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE — LADY DOVERDALE

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.

MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR — THE LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN

THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON

MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD, JR. — MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III



Diamonds and Pond's—flashing emerald-cut, marquise, classic round diamonds!

INFORMATION

Step right up and ask your questions; if we don't know

INFORMATION BOOTH is the part of RADIO MIRROR for which you readers are responsible. The Editors of RADIO MIRROR are delighted with the stream of letters which come in from you concerning radio and radio personalities.

Each month we'll select the questions we think you would be most interested in knowing the answers to. Watch Information Booth for the information you want; it's possible that someone else may have asked the same question a little before you got to it. If you don't find your answer here, watch the mail; for either on these pages or by personal reply we'll answer every letter that comes to us accompanied by the box on page 65. Write to Information Booth, RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., and attach the box.



Cheer Brentson

NEW ROLE

Dear Editor:

Can you help me? Sometime ago I bought a song magazine which had a picture of Cheer Brentson on the cover and I have been wondering if it was Cheer Brentson, the radio actress. Where did she go after she left Ma Perkins and what other programs is she on? I sure am glad you have an Information Booth for us radio fans.

Miss F. M. V.

Vineland, N. J.

Since we have not been able to find a copy of the song magazine, we don't know whether the cover girl was radio's Cheer Brentson or not. We suspect it was, though, because Cheer is a very versatile girl indeed, as witness her Amelia Jamieson in Woman in White, Fay Perkins Henderson in Ma Perkins, and Joan Greenman in the recently terminated Guiding Light. Soon, perhaps by the time you read this, she will put her career in mothballs, pack her eighteen months' old son under her arm and trek with her ex-Navy husband, Robert N. Smith, to Indianapolis where he will go into business.

FLYING HIGH

Dear Editor:

About two years ago there was a show on CBS called The High Places. I would like to know why it left the air so abruptly. I would also like a picture of the star of this show, Bud Collyer.

Miss P. F. S.

Baltimore, Md.

The High Places has been off the air for such a long time that we were unable to track down the reasons for its leaving, but your favorite, Bud Collyer, is hitting the high places these days as Superman, and also shares M. C. honors with Bert Parks on Break The Bank. Here's his picture—reprinting it here, incidentally, is the best we can do, because we don't send out pictures of radio performers.



Bud Collyer

IT'S UP TO THE M. C.

Dear Editor:

I expect to visit New York, during which time my hope will be to attend such radio shows as Break the Bank, Winner Take All and Double or Nothing. Naturally, I would like to be chosen as one of the contestants and I would appreciate very much an idea as to how they are chosen. I have never been to one of these shows and any assistance you could give would be very welcome.

Mrs. E. W.

Tampa, Fla.

There just isn't any assistance that we or anyone else can give you in getting on one of these programs. The reason—contestants on these programs are chosen at random by the master of ceremonies. Your chance of being selected is just as good as, and no better than, that of the person sitting next to you. If you think it over we believe you will agree that a planned system of choosing contestants would rob these shows of the spontaneity which is such a large factor in their popularity with you and hundreds of other listeners. However, if you attend the broadcasts in New York, you'll have as good a chance to be a contestant as the next person. In requesting tickets for the programs, write to "Broadcast Tickets" in care of the network on which the program is heard, New York City, New York. Be sure to give your return address, and state plainly when you will be in the city, so that tickets for the proper dates can be sent to you.

IT'S THE WHISTLER



Maurice Copeland

Dear Editor:

I think your new feature Information Booth will be a huge success. You know the average person does a lot of wondering about the "he" or "she" on any story, and is now able to ask questions and be enlightened by your reply. I would particularly like to know about folks who play in The Whistler; would like to see pictures of the cast and the director and producer since they are also very important. I've heard much good comment on this mystery program. People like eerie stories and I know many other folks would enjoy full particulars.

R. I.

Chicago, Ill.

We're glad you like Information Booth—we'd like to thank you and all of the many, many other readers who have had nice things to say about our new feature. Now, about The Whistler—all parts in this program are played by free-lance actors and actresses; that is, there are different players in each week's program. Here is a picture of Maurice Copeland, who very often plays leading parts on this program. The director of the show is George Allen, who also is the producer. There are many excellent mystery programs on the air—we're glad you enjoy them. Stories on some of them are scheduled for future issues of RADIO MIRROR—*watch for them. And for a quick look at what a whole week of listening offers in the way of the "eerie stories" you—and so many others—enjoy, turn to* RADIO MIRROR'S *Recommended Listening, on Page 61.*

??BOOTH



Jack Barry and his brood of Juvenile Jury children are heard Sundays on MBS.

the answers we do know where to find them for you

BUSY ACTRESS



Lesley Woods

Dear Editor:

I would like to know who plays the part of Audrey Roberts in Rosemary. I believe she is also in The Romance of Helen Trent and she was Elaine in Portia Faces Life. I think she does some splendid acting.

Mrs. A. G.

Mill Valley, Calif.

Lesley Woods is Audrey Roberts in Rosemary and you are quite right about her playing Elaine in Portia Faces Life. She is also Tember Adams in The Romance of Helen Trent and Ann Williams in Crime Photographer.

KNELL FOR TWO FAVORITES

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me if The Guiding Light and Barry Cameron have left the air? I have watched the newspapers and RADIO MIRROR without seeing any mention of either. If they are on some other station, please let me know time and station. I listened to both of them every day.

Mrs. F. H. M.

Whitehall, N. Y.

We are sorry to tell you, and the many other people who have asked about these popular programs, that both of them are off the air. At the same time, we should like to answer several other readers, who have asked whether Life Can Be Beautiful has gone off the air. It has not, although it has been taken off several local stations—readers who have asked this question unfortunately live where the program cannot now be heard.

For those who have asked about Linda's First Love, Hearts in Harmony, Mary Foster—these are transcribed programs, which, while played on many local stations, are not heard on any network. This means that many of our readers can't hear them, and makes it difficult for us to give them the place in RADIO MIRROR *which we, and those who can hear them, feel they deserve. However, you'll find in this issue a story and pictures on Linda's First Love. We're going to do the same thing for the other two in future issues, so be sure to watch for them.*



Dorothy Kilgallen Kollmar

KOLLMAR KULT

Dear Editor:

A little over a year ago I started to listen to Dorothy and Dick Kollmar and like them so much I have gotten other people to listen and they won't miss them. I wish you would put a picture of them, with the children, in RADIO MIRROR.

Miss M. C. H.

Bethlehem, Pa.

We agree with you that Dorothy and Dick give a very stimulating and entertaining show. There are many such fine programs and we wish we could cover them all, but this we can't do because, since they are not carried by any network, many of our readers can't hear them.

JUNIOR MISS

Dear Editor:

Would you kindly send me a radio program that is suitable for a four year old girl? Not having another child in our family I'm not familiar with any radio programs for children. I have purchased RADIO MIRROR but none of the names of programs mean anything to me, so I thought maybe you could help.

Mrs. W. J. S.

Aurora, Ill.

For very young listeners there is Smilin' Ed McConnell and His Buster Brown Gang, heard twice on Saturday—10:00 A.M., EST, over MBS and 11:30 A.M., EST, over NBC. Also on Saturday, 11:00 A.M., EST, over CBS, is Let's Pretend, in which a group of talented youngsters act out children's stories. On Sunday at 1:30 P.M., EST, MBS broadcasts Juvenile Jury which is proving popular with adults as well as with children. In addition, we suggest that you get in touch with your local broadcasting stations to see whether there are juvenile programs aired for your area only.



Albert Alley

PERFECT PILOT

Dear Editor:

I have been a reader of your magazine for quite a while and enjoy it very much. I searched the pages for many an issue in hopes of seeing a picture of one of my favorite actors, Albert Alley. Could you possibly publish a story about him and some pictures of the cast of his Hop Harrigan show? And also a few vital statistics of Mr. Alley?

Miss M. D.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Just as soon as we can manage it there will be a story about Albert Alley. Meanwhile, here are a few of the vital statistics. Although he is only twenty-eight, Albert rates as a radio veteran since he started on the air thirteen years ago as one of the youngsters in Let's Pretend. His description of himself is "About five feet ten, with a complexion that runs to brown." He is married and the father of a twenty months old daughter and he is a licensed pilot which last makes him, for our money, just about perfect for Hop.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—Sometimes, in spite of all our efforts, a request-letter is mixed in with other mail—and we don't want that to happen any more than you do. So, will you help us by clipping this box and attaching it to your Information Booth letter? That way we'll know at a glance that you're an information-seeker, and we'll be able to give much quicker service on answers—either by printing your letter on these pages, or by an answer delivered through the mail. Important: No letters can be answered or considered for Information Booth unless accompanied by this box.

Better LOOK NOW

It's done with mirrors—
that perfectly-turned-out look

By MARY JANE FULTON



Two for a side-view.



Slip showing? Blouse rising?



Most important of all—last look.

THE trick to looking smooth from all angles is to see yourself as others see you—from the back and side views, as well as the front. That's what Joan Tompkins, who plays Susan Wells on CBS's David Harum program, believes. She always gives herself a final mirror checkup before going out. With the aid of a hand mirror, she looks to see if her back hair is as neatly and becomingly arranged as the front and sides, and her stocking seams are straight—not pursuing a dizzy course up her pretty legs. It's the details, like a slip showing, a crooked skirt, a blouse which needs tucking in, an uneven hemline, open seams, rain-and-mud-splashed stockings, which may create for an otherwise smartly groomed and dressed woman the impression that she doesn't take the pride in her appearance that she should.

Joan doesn't have a full-length mirror in her New York apartment. But she does very well with the one hanging over her dressing table. It gives her a pretty all-inclusive look at herself. She believes in having daylight bulbs in dressing table lamps, and in the bathroom.

Joan is careful to clean up spilled powder, and hairs, from her dressing table or the washbowl. Like most men, her husband would not like seeing such carelesss traits about the woman he loves.

If you haven't a full-length mirror in your home, try hanging a fairly good-sized one from the molding by mirror cords, so that it tips outward at the top. Then when you walk a few feet away from it, you get a full view of yourself. Be sure, too, that a strong enough light is thrown on it so that you can see, and correct, every unflattering detail about your appearance. Remember, it's the last look that wins second looks!

Hollywood inspired

Woodbury

Fiesta

...saucy, spirited new powder shade named for the technicolor hit picture "FIESTA"



Rose-sparkle for your skin! Wear Fiesta, spirited new powder shade that warms and livens your skin to breathless new beauty. Blended first for Fiesta's dazzling Star, Esther Williams, this enchanting Woodbury shade is color-right for YOU! Luscious rose-rachel—disarming, disturbing! A Woodbury-Wonderful shade that stays *color-fresh*. See its loveliness on you! For free "try-on" sample, mail coupon below!



Woodbury Matched Make-Up

with Woodbury Fiesta *film-finish* Powder you also get Fiesta Red Lipstick and Rouge . . . all 3 in the dollar powder box—only $1.00

"Try-it" sizes of Fiesta Film-Finish Powder... 8 other Star shades... 25c, 10c. All prices plus tax.

Esther Williams

starring in

Metro·Goldwyn·Mayer's

"FIESTA"

That glow-of-roses on her skin? It's *yours* . . . with Woodbury Fiesta.

Free Sample! **FIESTA POWDER... *so beautifying!***

See Fiesta's sparkle on your skin! Send for free Woodbury Powder Sampler (contains eight other flattering shades), plus Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print name, address clearly. Mail to Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Dept. 312

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

(Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.) *Paste coupon on penny postcard, if you wish.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which had her permanent at the beauty shop?)



Miss Ella Wigren, the lovely Toni twin, says, "No one at the party could tell our permanents apart — *can you?*" (See answer below.) "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni twins.*"

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely

TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No trick at all to give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. And you'll be delighted with results. Deep, wonderful waves — heavenly soft and natural-looking. Easy to manage, too, because your Toni Home Permanent is frizz-free from the start.

Toni works like a charm on any kind of hair — even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And the permanent is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 permanent — or your money back. Try Toni today. See why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. Just ask for the Toni Home Permanent Kit at your drug, notion or cosmetic counter. Ella, the twin with the Toni Home Permanent, is the one at the left above.

DeLuxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers	Regular Kit with fiber curlers	Refill Kit complete except for curlers
$2.00	$1.25	$1.00

All prices plus tax



Toni

HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE

R M

A Special Kind of Wife

(*Continued from page* 49)

"is it worth it? Suppose your mother *did* know you and Tony are married? She couldn't separate you."

Helen raised her eyes from the letters, and now there was no gaiety in them at all, and no life. "No, she couldn't separate us," she agreed. "Nobody can do that—now. But she could stop helping Tony go to school. And rather than have her do that—I'd give up Tony by myself, of my own accord."

There was a moment's silence, and then Helen shook herself. "Ooh!" she said, forcing a laugh and becoming once more the girl most people in Centerville saw. "Let's not talk about such things."

IT seemed to Linda, though, when two or three weeks had passed, that Helen's carefree pose was becoming more strained and less convincing. Several times, even when others were present, Helen sat silent and withdrawn, absorbed in her own thoughts and coming to with a start when someone addressed her and then making up for her abstraction by talking very rapidly and rather meaninglessly. Linda said nothing, thinking that she might be imagining things, until Aunt Sarah asked her one day:

"What's the matter with that Calthorp girl? One minute she hasn't got a word to say for herself, the next she's chattering away like a barnyard chicken."

"I don't know," Linda said. "I hadn't noticed." But the next afternoon when Helen came in she was glad that they were alone. She let Helen read her letter, and then she said quietly:

"Helen—is anything wrong?"

She saw Helen's fingers, holding the letter, contract once, sharply. Helen turned her head and gazed out of the window.

"I don't know," she said at last. "But I think so. I—maybe I'd better consult Danny. Professionally, I mean. And not," she made a pitiful effort to recapture her old impudence, "because I'm sick, either. Because I'm altogether too darned healthy."

"Helen!" Linda cried, all the fears she had stifled for the past week making themselves heard in her voice. "Oh, I hope not!"

"I hope not, too." Helen took a deep breath and squared her shoulders. "Well—I needed this push to do what I knew I had to do, sooner or later. Is Danny in?"

"Yes—in his study."

"I'll be back." Helen went down the hall, and Linda heard her soft knock on Danny's door.

It seemed an endless time before she returned, with Danny behind her, but by the clock on Linda's desk it was only ten minutes. At sight of their faces, she knew. Helen was pale, and Danny was tugging at the point of his chin, an infallible sign that he was distressed.

"Linda," he burst out, "for Pete's sake talk to this girl! She's going to have a baby, and she refuses to tell anyone she's married!"

"How can I tell anyone?" Helen demanded wildly. "You know what will happen if I do. Mother will go straight up in the air—she'll cut off all her support from Tony and make him give up school. And I won't let that happen—I just won't!"

"But Helen, dear," Linda tried to keep her voice steady and calm, "there's—there's nothing else you can do except

tell the truth now. Or at any rate, very soon."

"I don't have to say anything at all." Linda realized abruptly that Helen, for all her rigid self-control, was on the verge of hysteria. "Let Mother think what she pleases—let the whole town draw its own conclusions. I've gone out with lots of boys—"

"Helen!" Linda seized the girl's arms. "You don't realize what you're saying. Think of the scandal—the way people will talk about you. Or if you won't consider yourself, think of the suspicion that will fall on every boy you've been seen with!"

"I don't care about them. I don't care about myself. I just won't give Mother a chance to hurt Tony." Helen went lax in Linda's arms and her head fell forward. "I won't, I won't!" she repeated.

Danny came and took Helen from Linda, helping her to a chair. He gave Linda the merest shadow of a headshake, indicating that for the moment, at least, it was better not to insist. "We'll figure out something," he said kindly. "Right now, I want you to rest."

Helen clutched at his hand. "And you mustn't let Tony know, either," she pleaded. "You won't—promise you won't! Because I know what he'd do—he'd quit school the minute he heard and come back to take me away. Oh," she sobbed, "it was my fault to begin with! I should never have talked him into marrying me—I shouldn't have let him see I loved him so!"

"We won't tell anyone at all," Danny promised. "Not Tony nor anyone."

Gradually Helen became calmer, and at last she pulled herself upright in her chair. "Well," she said, "I'd better be getting home. I don't want Mother to start having suspicions at this point—wondering where I am, and why I'm late coming home." She stood up and glanced at herself in the mirror, murmuring wearily, "Goodness, if I don't look a fright."

"COME into the bedroom and wash and use some of my makeup," Linda urged, and when they had left Danny she added with all the assurance she could muster, "Now don't worry, darling. Danny and I will put our heads together and see if we can't think of something. Maybe you could go away somewhere on a visit—"

"Without Mother?" Helen said. "Fat chance." But some of her old spirit was back in her voice, and Linda was glad to see that she did a thorough job of repairing the damages of her recent tears.

"You don't think she'll do anything foolish?" worried Danny when Helen had left. "Anything—well—foolish?"

"Of course not." Linda was brisk, pushing her own dread into the background of her mind. An impulsive girl, cornered by circumstances, might turn to suicide . . . But no, Linda rebuked herself, Helen wasn't that kind, she was too young and vital to throw her own life away. Still, some way out of the problem must be found, and soon, before Mrs. Calthorp's keen old eyes perceived that anything was wrong.

"Danny," Linda offered, "you've attended Mrs. Calthorp when she was sick, and she likes you. Couldn't you talk to her?"

"And have her throw me out of the house?" Danny asked gloomily. "Did you ever hear of anyone who was able to talk to Mrs. Calthorp and persuade her into something she'd already set her mind against? No, I don't dare risk it, honey. I'd just be spilling the beans, without accomplishing anything."



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"I suppose you're right," Linda agreed, and there the problem remained, no nearer solution, for that day, and the next and the next, and for a full week.

Linda went about her usual daily routine—helping Aunt Sarah make a new dress, listening to Daisy's chatter, shopping and cooking and cleaning—but her thoughts were with Helen in the gloomy old Calthorp house. Helen came in each afternoon for Tony's letter, but there was a hard, defensive surface to her manner which forbade Linda to mention the baby. It was better, Danny had warned her, not to discuss her predicament with Helen unless Helen herself mentioned it first.

It was a week of heavy rains. Day after day, the skies emptied their endless load of water on the earth, until gutters ran curb-deep and the river was swollen and angry. Danny was kept on the run treating an epidemic of colds and influenza, and grumbled that Centerville needed at least two more doctors, that the load was too heavy for old Dr. Crater and himself.

He was out on calls when the news of the train wreck came. At once, he called Linda. "It's that cut two miles west of town," he told her. "Apparently the rains loosened a section of the bank and a few tons of dirt fell on the tracks just before the Comet came along. I'm going right out."

"Oh, Danny!" Visions of tangled, smoking wreckage, of helpless people caught there, rose in Linda's mind. "Is it a bad wreck?"

"Nobody knows yet. If anybody calls me, tell 'em I'll be back as soon as I can. 'Bye, darling."

"Goodbye." Linda hung up, hoping that there would be no emergency calls while Danny was out of reach; that was the usual time for them. But the afternoon passed and the telephone was obligingly silent. Linda was switching on the lights in the room and thinking that Danny should be back at any moment, when at last it rang.

"Linda?" Helen Calthorp's voice was tight with anxiety. "Can Danny come over right away?" Linda caught her breath, automatically connecting the call with Helen's condition, but it wasn't that. "Mother just slipped on the back stairs and fell," Helen went on, "and I think her ankle's broken."

"Oh, what a shame! And Danny isn't here right now—there's been a train wreck, and he had to go help. He ought to be back soon, though."

"But what shall I do, Linda?" Helen asked. "She's lying on the floor, in terrible pain. I expect Dr. Crater's down at the wreck too."

Linda thought quickly, and in the back of her mind an idea formed—not really an idea, yet, only the beginning of one. This *could* be the unforeseen heaven-sent opportunity . . .

"I'll leave a message for Danny and come right over myself," she said. "We can make her more comfortable, at least."

Two minutes later, Linda had called Aunt Sarah and gotten her promise to come over and answer any further telephone calls, and was hurrying through the rain-drenched streets. A broken ankle, she thought. Well, maybe so, but long experience as Danny's wife had taught her that the majority of ankles diagnosed as broken by those who suffered them, turned out to be merely sprained. Not that she had any intention of telling Mrs. Calthorp so.

Helen, looking distressed and harried, answered her ring at the heavy front door of the Calthorp house. "Thank goodness you've come," she exclaimed. "I've done what I could for her, but I was afraid to move her very much." She led the way to a small hall in the rear of the house where Mrs. Calthorp was lying on the floor, her back resting on a pillow against the wall. Her face was pale, and a frown of pain creased the skin between the eyes.

"Oh," she said in petulant disappointment at sight of Linda. "I hoped it was the doctor."

"Dr. Grogan is down at the train wreck, Mother," Helen explained. "I told you—"

"I know, I know," Mrs. Calthorp cut her short. "Well, I hope he comes soon." A twinge of pain made her clench her teeth.

"Do you suppose we could get her upstairs to bed?" Helen asked.

Gravely, Linda shook her head. "I don't think we'd better try. A broken ankle can be a nasty thing, and it might hurt her too much." She knelt down beside the injured woman. "Which one is it?"

"The right," Mrs. Calthorp said faintly. "I was coming down from upstairs when I slipped and fell the last four or five steps."

Linda made a helpless gesture. "I do wish," she mourned, "that there was something I could *do* for you. But I simply don't know— Did you try to get

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Dr. Crater to come?" she asked Helen.

"Yes. But he's at the wreck too."

"It *would* happen just now!" Linda said. She bit her lip, thinking. Suddenly she brightened. "I know one thing we can do! Have you any aspirin in the house?"

Mrs. Calthorp's black, thin-lidded eyes snapped. "Aspirin!" she snorted. "There's nothing wrong with my head, Linda Grogan, and at the present time I am not running a fever—although I expect I will be, if I'm left lying here on the floor much longer!"

"I know, Mrs. Calthorp," Linda stammered in confusion. "I—I thought, since aspirin is a pain-killer, and can be taken safely—"

"It'll take more than an aspirin pill to kill *this* pain!" Mrs. Calthorp assured her tartly. "Merciful heavens, what did you come over here for, if you can't do anything but stand around and wring your hands?"

"I'M awfully sorry." Linda's unaccustomed humility made even Helen look at her in surprise. "But in a case like this only a doctor is any real use, you know. Of course," she added doubtfully, "I suppose I could try a compress—but then, if I did, and it turned out to be the wrong thing, I'd never forgive myself."

"Thank you, but I'll do without." With an air of long-suffering resignation Mrs. Calthorp closed her eyes again.

The next hour was endless. Twice Mrs. Calthorp asked for a drink of water; the rest of the time there was nothing for Linda and Helen to do but stay near her and wait. It was with a sense of immense relief that Linda heard the doorbell and, a moment later, Danny's voice.

Calmly and capably, he took charge of the situation. He felt Mrs. Calthorp's ankle with gentle hands, nodded, and said, "Right. I don't think it's broken, Mrs. Calthorp—just sprained. Now I'll help you get upstairs—" He broke off, staring down at Mrs. Calthorp's slight form, wondering for the first time why Linda and Helen hadn't lifted her and made her comfortable. "Linda—" he said, and stopped, because there was something in Linda's face, an urgency, an unspoken message.

"It seemed so long before you came, Danny," Linda said quickly. "You can't imagine—I felt so *helpless*—"

"Did you?" Danny said in a thoughtful voice. "Yes. Well—up we go!" He bent and lifted Mrs. Calthorp easily, and there was a faint smile on his lips. Because now he understood what Linda had been trying to tell him.

Upstairs, he laid Mrs. Calthorp on her bed, instructed Helen to undress her, and prepared a hypodermic needle. "You run along and have a cup of coffee," he said to Helen when she had finished. "And make one for me. That wreck was a mess. Nobody was killed, but Crater and I had our hands full for awhile with broken collar-bones and cracked ribs." Helen left the room, and Danny rattled cheerfully on as he bared Mrs. Calthorp's arm for the injection. "That's the trouble with not having enough doctors in the community—when there's an emergency you're apt to run into trouble. I'll be glad when Tony gets his degree and comes back here to practice, and so will Crater—he was telling me only this afternoon that he's anxious to retire, but his conscience won't let him, just now. I suppose," he asked, as if struck by a sudden thought, "Tony *will* come back here to practice?"

"I have no idea," Mrs. Calthorp said stiffly.

"Well, he'll be useful no matter where he goes. I've meant to tell you for some time, Mrs. Calthorp, what a fine thing you are doing in sending that boy to medical school." Danny beamed at her. "You are doing more than simply helping your nephew, you are performing a service to the community. To the nation." Somewhat to his own surprise. Danny discovered that although his first intention had been merely to flatter Mrs. Calthorp, he meant what he was saying. "We haven't enough good doctors in this country. We probably never will have. But—thanks to you—we'll have one we might otherwise have missed, in Tony."

Mrs. Calthorp stirred uncomfortably on her pillow. She looked, Danny thought, as if she were suffering the embarrassment of someone receiving praise she didn't deserve.

"A man has to *want* to be a doctor, you know," he said. "It isn't the kind of job everyone would pick out for himself—up at all hours of the night, never able to plan ahead, no social life. And a doctor's wife!" He shook his head. "She has to be a special kind of woman, just as the doctor has to be a special kind of man. She has to put up with late meals, being wakened by the telephone at three in the morning, having to walk out of a movie just when it's getting exciting, often hardly seeing her husband for days on end— And she has to act as if she liked it, never complain, never lose her temper." He picked up Mrs. Calthorp's wrist, laying his fingers on her pulse. "She has to be a woman like Linda," he said. "Or like Helen." He didn't look at Mrs. Calthorp's face.

Mrs. Calthorp lay very still until he had dropped her wrist. "Helen?" she said at last. "What are you hinting at, Dr. Grogan?"

"I'M not hinting," Danny said simply. "I'm telling you that your daughter has the qualities of compassion, cheerfulness, generosity—to mention a few of them—that would make her happy as the wife of a doctor. If, that is, she loved him."

"You mean my nephew," Mrs. Calthorp said.

"Yes."

"I suppose," Mrs. Calthorp's voice had some of its old imperious diginity, "that Helen has been telling you and Linda that she fancies herself in love with Tony, and that I disapprove. Well, I do. I disapprove heartily, but—" she hesitated, and when she resumed she no longer appeared so sure of herself—"perhaps I am mistaken. If—if when Tony has finished his medical studies he and Helen still wish to be married, I—shall offer no objection."

Danny took a deep breath. "That's too far in the future, I'm afraid," he said. "You see—they're married already. And sometime in the summer, Helen's going to have a baby."

Mrs. Calthorp didn't move. Her face was rigid, her eyes wide and unreadable.

"Helen was afraid to tell you," Danny said. "Not for what you might do to her, but because she thought you would immediately cut off your support from Tony—ruin his chances to be a doctor. I think she would have done—almost anything—rather than have that happen. And that's why I say she was meant to be a doctor's wife, just as Tony was meant to be a doctor."

Slowly, as he watched anxiously, Mrs. Calthorp's face relaxed and lost its frightening stoniness. She closed her

eyes. "I think that injection you gave me is taking effect," she murmured. "Will you ask Helen to come up, please? I—I'd like to talk to her before I go to sleep."

Danny, looking down at her, saw that her lips were, suddenly, gentle. "Right away," he said, and went out into the hall to call Helen—sure that what Mrs. Calthorp intended to say was something Helen wanted to hear.

CURRENT LIST OF STATIONS FOR LINDA'S FIRST LOVE

WGST—Atlanta, Ga.
WCHS—Charleston, W. Va.
WBBM—Chicago, Ill.
WLW—Cincinnati, Ohio
WTAM—Cleveland, Ohio
WBNS—Columbus, Ohio
WBTM—Danville, Va.
WJR—Detroit, Mich.
KFPW—Fort Smith, Ark.
WOWO—Fort Wayne, Ind.
WOOD—Grand Rapids, Mich.
WIRE—Indianapolis, Ind.
WDAF—Kansas City, Mo.
KARK—Little Rock, Ark.
WHAS—Louisville, Ky.
WIBA—Madison, Wis.
WMC—Memphis, Tenn.
WSM—Nashville, Tenn.
WMBD—Peoria, Ill.
KDKA—Pittsburgh, Pa.
WDBJ—Roanoke, Va.
KMOX—St. Louis, Mo.
KWTO—Springfield, Mo.
WBOW—Terre Haute, Ind.
WSPD—Toledo, Ohio
WAOV—Vincennes, Ind.
KFH—Wichita, Kansas

Because It's Spring

(*Continued from page 55*)

Spinach in Sour Cream

2 lbs. spinach, cooked and drained
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. nutmeg
½ cup sour cream

Chop the cooked, drained spinach and place in saucepan. Combine remaining ingredients and stir into spinach. Heat through and serve at once.

Wilted Lettuce

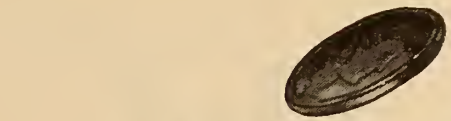
1 medium head garden lettuce
2 slices bacon
2 tbls. vinegar
1 tsp. sugar
Pinch pepper
2 or 3 scallions

Wash and drain lettuce and break as for tossed salad. Dice bacon and cook slowly until crisp. Pour off all but 1 tbl. bacon fat, add vinegar, sugar and pepper and simmer together about 1 minute. Pour dressing over lettuce, add scallions which have been cut into paper-thin crosswise slices, and toss to wilt the lettuce. If preferred, use butter instead of bacon and drippings. This is a good way to use the coarse outer leaves of lettuce.

Spring Platter

1 bunch asparagus, cooked and drained
1 bunch baby beets, cooked and drained
French dressing
Cold boiled or baked ham
Sour cream mayonnaise

Marinate asparagus and beets (separately) in French dressing for 1 hour before serving. To serve, place asparagus in center of platter. Surround with slices of ham, alternating with beets. Pass sour cream mayonnaise, made by blending three tablespoons prepared mayonnaise with 3 tablespoons sour cream, stir in ¼ teaspoon mace.





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Fels-Naptha Soap

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R
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This Broadcast Gave Me a New Life

(*Continued from page* 33)

prison you can't possibly conceive of what it's like. I discovered one important thing right away—prison salary is 10c a day. This isn't enough to keep you in cigarettes, so, if you're ambitious, you devise some method of creating a hobby that may prove profitable. All "Hobbywork" is done in cells after the regular day's work. Few men are that ambitious.

The others I quickly divided up into three groups: the lazy guys who just won't work for extra money; the sympathy-getters who whine in letters home for extra money; and the "snobs"—bank robbers and embezzlers who have stolen big dough and refuse to stoop to petty money-making. I was astonished at how much money the ambitious few could make—plenty of lifers I met were earning good incomes by the items they made in prison and sold outside.

I DEFINITELY wanted to be one of the ambitious ones. Time passes more quickly if you're busy. For instance, I built a boat model of the Normandie, complete with deck-chairs and lights, that took me a year to do—which I wound up presenting to a visiting priest as a gift. In the end I settled down to making plastic jewelry. It paid off. During the war I organized 135 other prisoners to work under me making up my designs of plastic bracelets, compacts, napkin rings, paper cutters, pins—and as a result we all made money. Several of those lifers working under me put their kids through college on what they made, and paid for their wives' operations. Our big market was Alaska, you see, and our big customers were the boys in the Army and Navy.

But that wasn't my only way of keeping busy. I edited a prison magazine, "The Viewpoint." And, of course, I volunteered for the Army medical experiments. As bad as prison life was—I did manage a few laughs out of it. Partially that was due to my friendship with a fellow Irishman, Warden John L. O'Hara, one of the swellest wardens who ever lived.

Yes, for the last few years there, I had a three-man cell to myself and I had everything that's forbidden—a radio, a pet cat, a nice rug on the floor, a night-light, a concealed stove—fact is, I hated prison food, and in the last eight years I was there I ate few meals I didn't cook myself inside my cell.

I'd built a small radio, starting with a coal crystal and a sewing needle. Most prisoners make themselves one, and keep it hidden under their pillow. How else can they get any news from the outside world? All we were allowed to read were our home town weeklies and the Christian Science Monitor, which we borrowed from the prison chaplain. Anyhow, I built myself a radio. Then, inside its cabinet, I concealed a stove—made from an iron stolen from the laundry. On this stove I cooked food I bought from the commissary, or got with bribes from the kitchen cooks.

One night I'll never forget. I had two juicy chops cooking on my stove inside the radio, and their smell was coming out the loudspeaker. The Warden came down the corridor with

some visitors and stopped short at my cell door.

"What's that I smell? Smells like meat cooking," he said sharply.

I tried to crack wise. "Oh, I got Leon and Eddie's on the radio—you smell the food from their restaurant," I said.

The guests laughed, but he didn't. For that I got ten days locked in, which means with no yard or movie privileges.

Sometimes, luckily, I could wisecrack my way out of any penalties. Like one time when I'd carefully put my mattress against my door so the keeper couldn't see in, and I was cooking coffee. Coffee is one of the ironies of prison life—they sell you a pound of it in the commissary, but if you're caught cooking it they penalize you. Anyhow, I was making coffee in a pan, held over a twisted-up Saturday Evening Post—which, with Collier's, is the best magazine to burn in prison, because it makes the least smoke and smell. Under the burning magazine I had a bucket of water to catch the ashes, so they wouldn't blow out under the door.

Well, I was making the coffee when the keeper came to a stop outside my door. He couldn't see in because of the mattress, but he sniffed loudly and called in, "Hey, Duncan—what're you cooking in there?"

"I'm not cooking," I lied hastily. "I'm killing bedbugs."

The keeper was unimpressed. "Smells like coffee to me," said he.

I called back, "These bedbugs come from Brazil."

CALL it corny, but the keeper burst out laughing and went on his way. And I enjoyed my coffee, with my cat.

The way I got that cat is typical of the way prisoners finagle things behind the backs of the authorities. There was an old "outside" plumber I knew, and one day he told me proudly about how his Angora cat at home had given birth to a litter of kittens recently. I wanted one of those cats! I offered him a bribe of a couple of my plastic bracelets to get one in to me . . . and the very next day he brought me a tiny black Angora cat in his lunchbox.

I was so glad to get that cat! Right away I started calling him "Pet," which became his name. And of course I started hiding him whenever the keeper came by my door. About a week after I'd owned him, I made it easier to hide him forever—by mistake. Another outside worker had smuggled me in a quart of rye whiskey, in a hot-water bottle. (This, tied around his waist, "gave" when he was frisked while coming into the prison in the morning.) Well, I sat up, late at night, drinking my whiskey alone; and finally I thought, "I'd like to drink with some one, and there's no one to drink with but the cat." So I poured some whiskey into his milk.

Well, he lapped it up, and then began staggering around the floor and falling down. He was drunk. I finally put him to bed for the night in my hat. But we kept on drinking together until that whiskey was gone. It took four days—and by that time Pet was stunted for life. He never grew any bigger. He was six inches long, and just about as round as he was long. As a result he was very simple to hide in an emergency. Finally, of course, everyone knew I had him; even Warden O'Hara, who gave out word not to kill Pet. Why, when Pet got sick once, O'Hara had him

Driving West... Girl meets Love



At the Grand Canyon —"Who's been following who?" I wanted to know. *"Whose hands are soft as silk?"* you said. *"Worth going a thousand miles for."* . . . Such attractive hands! Most likely, she uses Jergens Lotion.*



In California —*"Better give in, sweet,"* you said. *"You'll never lose me while your hands are so soft."* . . . They always can be, with help from Jergens Lotion.

Whose hands feel even smoother, softer now? Yours can. Thanks to wartime studies, Jergens Lotion is now even finer. Protects even longer.

Look—two ingredients in postwar Jergens have such skin-smoothing, softening skill that many doctors use them. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). None of that oiliness; no stickiness.

**Hollywood Stars prefer Jergens hand care, 7 to 1.*



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

FREE

YOUR CHANCE to see that Jergens Lotion is now even finer.
Mail coupon today for gift bottle. (Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)
Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Please send my gift bottle.

Dept. 156

*Name*_____ *State*_____

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(Please print name, address plainly.) (Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only)

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

a drain on energy—a damper on charm!



Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

How do you appear to others? Are you tired-looking and listless? Is your face pale? Have you lost charm along with the vitality you once had?

Such effects often come from a blood condition. You may have a Borderline Anemia, due to a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency. Your red blood cells may be too puny and faded and weak to transmit full energy to your body, leaving you pale, weary. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—have this Borderline Anemia.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

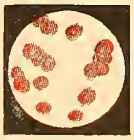
When your color is fading—your energy too low—due to this common blood condition, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells to healthy color and size—to help restore your usual vigor. Of course, continuing tiredness and pallor may be due to other conditions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high," to help restore your natural color! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

*Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency

BORDERLINE ANEMIA
why it can make you
TIRED • PALE • LISTLESS



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast
TABLETS



sent to the infirmary until he was well again!

Well, those are some of the gayer sides of prison life. There were grim sides, too. One of them is the Death House, which happened to be about 30 feet from my cell window. The cinder path to it led directly under my window. Often I could hear the witnesses walking past my window on their way to watch an execution.

ONE execution in particular had us all upset. The guy in question was an 18-year-old kid, and (we were all convinced) innocent of the murder he was accused of. It was one of those filling-station hold-up cases, and, as it turned out, four years after he was dead the real murderer confessed.

Anyhow, many an afternoon before his execution I had seen his nice-looking mother and sisters walk into the death house to see him—and then I saw them carried out again. I *loathed* the strangers who would come to watch that kid die. Well, the night finally came. When the execution was over, a keeper began leading the visitors back past my cell door. They looked in, saw some of my plastic bracelets lying on the bunk in plain view, and began raving about them.

Right away, the keeper was all smiles. He let them into my cell, introduced me and said, "I'm sure if you'd like to buy some, Jim'd sell."

I said nothing. Usually I sold anything to anyone, and sometimes I gave things away free, if the visitor looked kind of pinched for cash. But this time my mind was made up.

"How much do you want for five of these bracelets?" one of the death-watchers asked.

Then I finally spoke. "They'll be $100 apiece," I said. They didn't like it. The keeper tried to make me be fair in my price. Finally they left without (of course) buying anything. The next day the keeper sent for me and continued the argument. But I stuck to my price. Not one of those guys who'd come to watch that kid die bought a one of my bracelets.

That's what I mean about prisoners being able to revolt in their own quiet way. But they can also cooperate—and they certainly did during the war. In our prison, working three shifts a day like any defense plant, we turned out thousands of sailor pants, canteens,

KENNY BAKER.

his family, his home,
and his trailer all come
under a

Full Color

Spotlight in the
JUNE ISSUE of RADIO MIRROR
on sale Friday, May 9th

stretchers, splints, tent poles and shoes, to name a few of the items. A lot of us longed to fight and sent a petition to Washington asking if we might exchange the "stripe" on our pants for one on our shoulder. When that was rejected, we organized a Blood Bank that gave 51,162½ pints of blood; and a Skin Bank that is still running, with 26 volunteers giving skin whenever requested. And, finally, we were able to really cooperate. We volunteered for the Special Research Project conducted by the Army Epidemiological Board—or, in other words, we volunteered to be guinea pigs in finding the cures for four deadly diseases.

Not all of us volunteered, though. Sixty percent of the prisoners at New Jersey State are sex criminals—men who sexually maltreated women, other men, children, or even animals; these are the human lice who are shunned by every other inmate. We all despised them to the point of refusing to even let them wait on us in the commissary. We crowded them off the handball courts and the baseball diamond; they were completely isolated. It was interesting to me that *not one* of them volunteered for the Army medical experiments.

But 246 of us did. I was the only one who volunteered for all five of the experiments—which is why the Army gave me an individual citation. I was given sleeping sickness, African sandfly fever, yellow jaundice (infectious hepititus), and dengue fever—with which I was infected twice. Result: I lost 25 pounds and all my teeth . . . the teeth because of a jaw infection due to the yellow jaundice. However, my set of false teeth works okay. So does my false blood—several times I've had all my blood drained out and replaced by new blood.

BEFORE we were subjected to the diseases, we all had to sign papers absolving the Army of any responsibility for our deaths or for any crippling results of our illnesses—one fellow did die, and another is a cripple for life due to sleeping sickness. During the course of each illness, we were given no medicines at all so that we could tell the doctors every symptom we felt . . . after all, the advantages of human guinea pigs over the real McCoy is that humans can talk! Sometimes we didn't tell our symptoms, we screamed them—but I'm glad I did it all the same. Because the project was successful. Cures were found for all four diseases. That meant that untold thousands of soldiers' and sailors' lives were saved; and to prove it we got crates full of grateful letters from mothers, sweethearts and the soldiers and sailors themselves—these last with remarks added by the military censors, like "Keep up the good work, guys!"

That's all we needed. We were proud of what we'd done. And we were all convinced of one thing: if only doctors all over the country would use prisoners for guinea pigs, answers to nearly every medical problem would be found. Polio and cancer could be studied and cured at a fraction of expense by asking prisoners to volunteer. After all, many a prisoner longs for a change in his routine. What's he got to lose if he's up for life, anyway? And most of all think of the men in the death house. They'd volunteer almost to a man.

But enough of that.

One night last June, back in my cell after my latest session in the infirmary, I was typing out a piece for "The Viewpoint" when I was stopped cold by



Use FRESH and be lovelier to love

Lovely to know . . . that you can really rely on *Fresh*. *Fresh* contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science!

Lovely to use . . . creamy *Fresh* stays smooth . . . never greasy, gritty or sticky . . . doesn't dry out.

And gentle . . . *Fresh* contains a patented ingredient that makes it gentle to skin, safe for fabrics.

No wonder . . . more and more women are switching to *Fresh*.



FRESH is approved by the American Medical Association for advertising in their publications.

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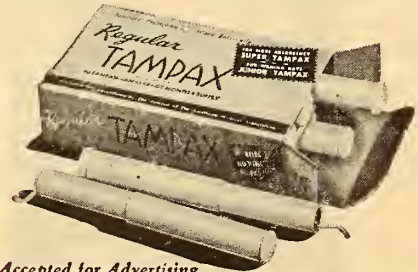
How young is 26?



WAIT a minute, you 26-year-olds! Take a look into the minds of those nineteen-agers you see all around you. They think you're a million years old. *You* wore saddle shoes at 19 and probably didn't even use Tampax—that monthly sanitary protection that sells more in college towns proportionately than in other places. . . . Yes, time moves ahead, but it's not too late to keep up your young ideas!

Please note, then, that Tampax was invented by a doctor for *internal* use by women during those "hateful days" which you know only too well. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax comes in slim one-time-use applicators. No belts, pins or external pads. No odor, no chafing, no edge-lines to show through. Very dainty and trim — easy disposal. Wear it in tub or shower if you want to!

Tampax gives you new confidence and reduces the mental strain at such times. At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies — Regular, Super, and Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

hearing two inmates calling from cell to cell on the gallery above me.

"The Board of Pardons paroled only one lifer," yelled one.

"Who was that?" shouted the other.

"Duncan," came back the answering yell.

I sat tense and unable to write a line for another hour, until I heard the great news officially. Paroled—after 12 years! The idea of freedom is a mixed one to a prisoner, though. For years he has been fed, housed, and clothed; he has had no decisions to make. Also, he's become "important" in the barred world in which he lives. Many a man going outside into the world again had been paralyzed with fright over the problems ahead of him. I hoped that wouldn't happen to me.

But I needn't have worried about Jim Duncan, thanks to a host of new friends who suddenly came to me.

It was all due to a letter my sister wrote to the We the People radio program. She sent them the Army citations I had gotten for being a medical guinea pig, and she told them my history—my life sentence, my parole, my jewelry business. They sent for me a day after they got her letter. And I, in a brand-new suit (as hard for me to buy as for the vets just out of the Army) showed up and was on the program.

As a result, everything in the world ironed out for me. While I was appearing on the program, the president of a costume jewelry company was driving in from Long Island—with his car radio turned on. He heard the program—and learned that now I had no place to design jewelry or make it. Instantly he sent me a telegram care of CBS, offering me the use of his laboratory and factory in Providence, Rhode Island, and telling me to call him at his office in New York.

Because of his offer, I was able to design new jewelry to offer Alaska. All the military and naval stations there are heavily manned once more; so I'm off for a new life there—supplying a novelty company in Ketchikan, and going to work for the monthly magazine "The Alaska Sportsman." This last opportunity is thanks to another friend, Emery F. Tobin, who owns the Alaskan Publishing and Alaskan Specialties Companies. I had made his acquaintance through correspondence and sales while I was still at Trenton.

Meanwhile, We the People had more far-reaching effects. Three Marines on the program with me sold plenty of my jewelry for me in their home town of Philadelphia—they'd had dengue fever and knew what it was like, they said. I got thousands of interesting letters from radio listeners, coming to me from as far south as Mexico and as far north as Nova Scotia. I got back into my golf stride, playing golf many Sundays with two new golfing friends straight from We the People—its m.c., Milo Boulton, and its publicity man, Warren Gerz.

And I also met my future wife. That was again due to We the People, although it happened two weeks after the broadcast. I was swimming at Point Pleasant with a friend. Together we went to a little sandwich joint on the boardwalk for lunch. There were several other people in there eating, and one of them was a girl whose looks I can only describe as "okay." Her name, I learned later, was Vera Lee. The owner of the place began telling the other customers I had been on We the People, which led to everyone in the place talking to me—including Vera.

That was several months ago. Since that meeting we've done a lot of talking. I know her history—she's 29, and her parents were Russian. She was born and brought up in Brooklyn. Most important: she knows mine. No one can tell her anything about me now. But none of that matters. What matters is that she and I are going to be married as soon as my affairs are settled in Alaska. I sincerely hope that my pardon will have come through by that time, too.

So that's it, as well as I can tell it. I'm starting a whole new life. And I owe it all to my new friends made through appearing on a radio program —after twelve years of having had to listen to radios secretly! And you know who's celebrating my luck with me? Ex-warden John O'Hara—who left his prison job four days before I left, and who now owns a sporting goods store ten miles from where my family lives in New Jersey!

That's my story. Could I ask for anything more?

chuckles . . . laughs . . . roars!

As Dennis Day puts a dizzy new twist in his life —and gets all tangled up in it!



Tune in the big
SURPRISE BROADCAST of
"A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DENNIS DAY"

Hear it and howl!

NBC, WED. APRIL 23

Eastern Time	Central Time	Mountain Time	Pacific Time
8 P. M.	7 P. M.	10 P. M.	9 P. M.

Don't miss the entertaining story on Dennis Day in the current May TRUE STORY magazine!



The gift that's a promise of Lovelier hair

Jewelite
by Pro-phy-lac-tic

• No tribute to Mother could be more gracious than a gift of Jewelite by Pro-phy-lac-tic. Jewelite Brushes, Combs, and complete Dresser Sets, styled in the most beautiful of plastics, are available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, as well as in diamond-clear crystal. And every Jewelite Brush has bristles of long, resilient Prolon (finest of synthetic bristle) to help burnish the hair and bring out every natural highlight.

Jewelite, sold at good brush departments, is a product of Pro-phy-lac-tic, makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Look for the name Jewelite on the box.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*



The unique Jewelite Roll-Wave Brush has wide-flaring bristles trimmed in a curve to conform to your scalp. Helps provide healthful stimulation. Individual brush, $4.00. Dresser set, above, $12.00.



Jewelite Combs and other lovely Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Combs for men and women are designed for perfect combing. Available in a wide variety of styles and colors. 15¢ to 50¢.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Quite a difference here! One of these summer wash dresses costs $17.95 . . . and the other, $45. More than twice as much!

But the interesting thing is that both dresses look equally crisp, fresh and appealing—because they've been starched with LINIT*!

You'll find LINIT Starch gives a fresh, smooth, soil-resisting finish to all your things. Get a package today. Follow the easy directions on the box.

It's the shell pink dress that cost $45.



. . . ADDS THE *"finishing touch"*

*LINIT IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. ©C.P.R. CO., 1947

LINIT is the smooth, penetrating starch that makes cotton *look* and *feel* luxurious as linen. Use LINIT to restore the charm of a fabric's original finish—for curtains, blouses, accessories, children's clothes, men's shirts. In fact, *all* your washables.

Come and Visit Joanne and Dick Haymes

(*Continued from page* 25)

old rockers. These pieces, with their mellow, rubbed woods, are combined with strictly modern, sink-down-deep upholstered things—big chairs covered in lemon yellow and scarlet, sofas nubby with quilted chintz—to make for perfect comfort.

"I don't care if you don't think it's smart," Dick tells you right off. "Joanne and I lived in so many smart—and phony—places the first couple of years we were married that we're much more interested now to see if our friends think the furniture will stand up under abuse."

"Put your feet on the table," Joanne adds, "then we'll know you feel at home."

SHE tells you, without joking, however, that it's Dick's house, the way he wanted it—and she loves it.

"We really feel we *live* here," she says. "And it's not just because there's no nasty landlord to come and demand the rent."

There is a lived-in *look* about the house—Dick's reading glasses spread across the page of "Anna Karenina" where Dick stopped reading when the doorbell rang, the empty record album on the table, and the records which should be in it piled casually on top of the phonograph.

There is a lived-in *feel* about the place—about the casual way the maid brings drinks and sandwiches for any number of unexpected guests at any odd hour without looking startled, about the telephone on the very long cord which Dick carries from room to room and answers, usually, himself.

The "big house" is Dick's and Joanne's own, and it makes up in a thousand cheerful comforts every day for the thousand one-night stands in dreary hotel rooms which Joanne put up with in Dick's band-singing days because she believed in Dick and his future, in his dream of home.

The other half of the Haymes family—Richard (Call Me Skipper) aged five, and Helen (Call Me Pigeon) aged three—when not under foot in "the big house" are happy to receive visitors in their own personal castle, "Liza's Nest," named for a succession of Lizas in Pigeon's doll collection.

The "nest" was an aviary before the Haymeses moved in. Dick had the contractors tear it down to the foundation and start over. It now has an enormous playroom, with all the furniture scaled to Skipper-size, bedrooms for Skipper, Pigeon and "Nooney" (Mrs. Estes, their nurse), commodious bathrooms and a kitchen and—outside—a fenced-in playyard in which Dick has installed every kind of play gadget he could find, swings, merry-go-rounds, airplanes, slides, teeter-totters, automobiles—the place is a miniature amusement park.

Within the confines of the nest and its environs, the children make their own laws, and live their own lives.

"We don't tattle-tale," Skipper tells visitors proudly. It is obvious Pigeon gets by with plenty.

"We *always* wash our hands before supper," Pigeon—who is still pretty much on the physical plane—adds as an afterthought.

Dick and Joanne think children have a right to do what they like with their

own things, and to learn for themselves. As, for instance, the day that Skipper decided he wanted to try running his new electric train down the slide. He was terribly eager, Dick said, to see what would happen—but afraid at the same time of the consequences.

"He was rather hoping I would tell him not to try it."

"Look, Daddy," Skipper called out, "the engine is going down the slide." He stood poised on the top step, the engine in his hand while Dick—without comment—came as requested, to "look."

"*Should* it go down the slide, Daddy?" Skipper wanted to know.

"I don't know," Dick said. "It's *your* engine."

After another moment of dubious deliberation, Skipper let the engine go. It catapulted to the bottom and landed in a heap, minus one rod and one wheel.

Skipper looked a little sick, Dick recalls.

"Oh, my goodness," was all he could say, "the train had a wreck, didn't it?"

IT was too bad, his father had to admit, but a wreck was exactly what the train had had. And that is what happens when small trains go down large slides, a fact Skipper will never forget—having discovered it for himself.

Skipper and Pigeon are very happy as proprietors of their own personal house, but it is Dick's pride in the place which is really touching.

"When Joannie told me years ago we were going to have a baby," he recalls, "I had to send her home to mother. We couldn't afford a furnished apartment—and you know how hotels are about babies. Joannie sterilized bottles in one of those New York railroad kitchens, washed diapers in the bathroom and carried the baby to the park every day for his sun bath. She didn't complain once, but I swore then that she would never have to do it again.

"It is bad enough to drag a wife through the rigors of the band business," Dick feels, "but it's no life for a kid." He wrote to Joanne then that he would give this business one more try, and then "if I couldn't make a go of it I would stop trying—and do something useful like driving a truck. I was sick of being a half-baked crooner who couldn't even support his wife and son."

The one more try did the trick as everyone knows by now, so well that when Pigeon arrived two years later, mother and baby had everything, including Daddy on hand to pace the hospital corridor. Now Dick's career is on very solid ground, and "the best" the young singer wanted for his family from the start can take unusual shape in such peculiarly Haymesian fancies as "Liza's Nest."

A great deal more of interest is crowded onto Dick's three acres than the "big house" and the children's "nest." There are the usual Hollywood signs of success—a swimming pool and playhouse—this one for the grown-ups—a professional tennis court, a barbecue and, since Dick Haymes is only slightly less sentimental about his horses than about his wife and children, an ultra modern stable and a sizeable work-ring.

Dick has, in addition to six beautiful riding horses, a $10,000 stallion called Thunderbolt, Belle, a three-year-old filly he is breaking in for Skippy, a bumptious goat named Rufus, and—well, and Matty Mae.

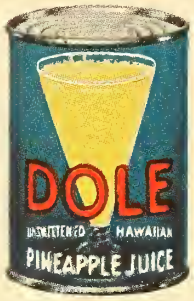
Dick bought Matty Mae as a colt a





take life easy with PINEAPPLE

All fun . . . no fuss! Meal-fixing is just that when you reach for Dole Pineapple—Chunks, Crushed, Sliced, or Tidbits. And here are ideas for using them from Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist.

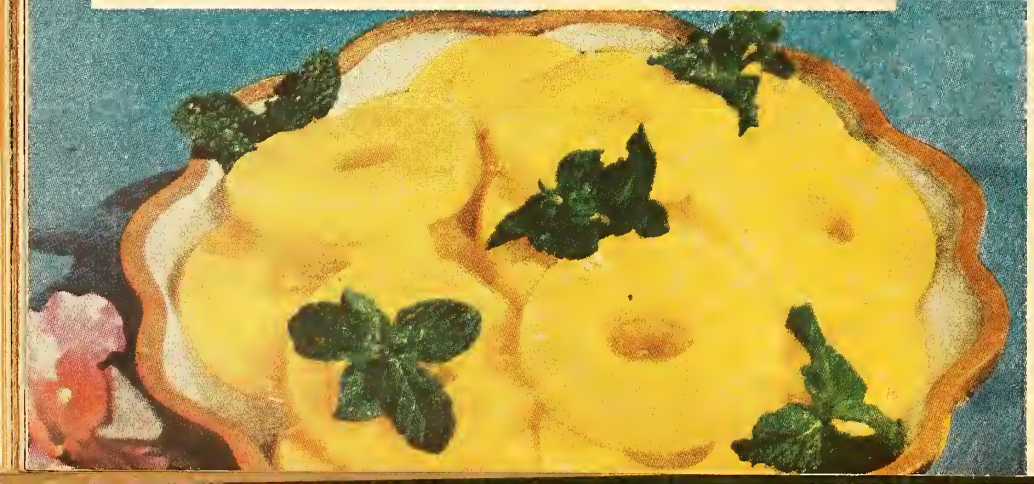


CHUNKS. *Dunk Chunks in grated cheese or coconut. Serve Chunks at breakfast, or for a quick dessert.*

CRUSHED. *Top a simple custard, or a scoop of ice cream with Dole Crushed. You'll say, "mmmmm . . . GOOD!"*

SLICED. *No dessert . . . no salad? Be carefree . . . with Dole Sliced, either can be ready to serve in a jiffy.*

P.S. Pour a tall, cool glass of Dole Pineapple Juice for a pleasant time-out, any time of the day.



year ago, hoping to have a handsome mount for Pigeon when his daughter was ready to ride. But poor Matty Mae is a horse of another color.

"All she does," Dick sighs sadly, "is eat."

Until he had horses of his own Dick believed—as most people do—that owning a stable was one of the prerogatives of the idle rich. He has changed.

"If you work them," he says now, "you can't be idle, and if you feed them you won't long be rich."

Dick's horses have provided moments of high excitement for the neighborhood. One Sunday morning soon after the Haymeses—and their horses—had moved in, fire broke out in a corner of the new stable. Dick tore out of the house in his pajamas to let the terrified animals out of their stalls.

"They all raced off to the next property," he said. "Brad, the stable boy, and I put out the fire in ten minutes. Then we spent the rest of the day trying to get the horses back."

Every morning, unless he has an early studio call, Dick shows up at the stables and takes one of the horses for a work-out in the ring, usually with Skipper or Pigeon "up front." Skipper and Pigeon, as a matter of fact, are apt to show up wherever their Daddy is—with their life-preservers if Daddy goes for a swim, or with their little noses pressed through the fence if Dick and Joanne come out for a few sets of tennis. On good days—which Dick insists are all but three out of the 365 in the San Fernando Valley—the whole family spends most of the day out of doors in the sun, with lunch served picnic-fashion on the grass whenever Skipper—who has the most insistent appetite in the group—says it's time.

PUNIER success than Dick Haymes's has been known to turn the heads of many a young actor. But Dick hasn't a chance of turning into a stuffed shirt.

For one thing, he has competition in his own family. Joanne is in movies now, too—and as a discovery of Howard Hawks, who last launched Lauren Bacall, has a very good chance of being a star on her own.

Also, with his pixilated children as audience and levelers, Dick is in no danger of getting grandiose ideas.

Skipper goes bellowing about the house from morning until night—imitating his father's vocalizing, off key.

Pigeon pesters her father with repeated requests to "talk ugly like Randolph." Randolph is a very nasty bear in the children's bedtime story book, and of much more interest to Pigeon than any movie star. Besides how can Dick be a movie star? Everybody knows he's her daddy.

Things are much quieter after the children — and the horses—are asleep. Then Dick and Joanne sit by the fire and play their records or read, or entertain any of their circle of friends who drop in.

There is always something to eat. If Milton Berle is there—and he often is—there are card tricks. Milton is a sharpie with the cards, and Joanne knows a trick or two herself, having played a belle of the old west in her first movie.

Bill Burton, Dick's business manager, drops in frequently. So do his secretary and the McCords (Bob McCord is his stand-in).

Bill Burton says Dick will make a million dollars in 1948. But what is a million dollars to Dick? He already has everything he wants.

We Know We're Lucky

(*Continued from page* 35)

had my first movie role at thirteen—so maybe I was justified in thinking I was getting into a rut. But she claims I just have an impatient nature.

I guess maybe that's because I can't seem to find a comfortable niche in any one profession and be satisfied to stay there. My family, who were headliners in vaudeville—"The O'Connor Family"—pushed me out onto the stage in front of the footlights when I was eleven months old. And when I did the *Black Bottom* they would permit no baby wabblings. They had a real scorn for second-raters and they drummed ambition into me . . . so much so that being lucky enough to be a movie star at sixteen only seemed to me to be a jumping off step—not the realization of that ambition. In the Army for two years when I was eighteen and then I got the radio bug. And I had it bad. I talked it over with Gwen and she was sure I could make it—but that's when she began to tease me about being in a hurry.

"You'd better watch out, Donald," she says now, solemnly. "If you don't hurry up you're going to be a complete failure in life. Here you are twenty-one years old—and what have you got to show for it?"

Well, for one thing I've got Gwen and Donna.

I USED to get so bored when guys at Universal Studios would pull pictures of their kids out of their wallets and show them around and brag about what Junior said that day or how he had his first tooth now. I was sure Gwen and I were going to be *adults* about our baby. But you can't tell me that any other child ever had a smile as big as Donna's or looks as wonderful as she does when Gwen dresses her up and puts that pink ribbon in her hair and when she tries to talk—!

Gwen sympathizes with all of my ambitions. But there's one she says has her baffled. She can't understand why I want to be the youngest grandfather in radio.

It isn't so much that I want to be—it's just that I have a hunch I *will* be. Donna's too pretty to grow up to be an old maid and if she runs true to form and follows her parents' example and marries young—well, by the time Gwen and I are still under forty, it's a cinch I'll be handing out grandfather's cigars to my radio audience. (Provided—sponsors willing—that I *have* a radio audience.)

Gwen was just pushing fourteen and I was barely sixteen when we first met and fell in love, back in 1942.

Her dad and my mother were very understanding but, naturally, to them it looked like puppy love. "Kid stuff" the people I worked with on the movie lot scoffed. But they were wrong. I don't blame them for their complacent attitude, but they were wrong and we knew it, even then. We knew it was the real thing.

I think our very reluctance to actually set our first date, after we had been introduced, was because both of us felt subconsciously that it would mean the end of casual dates with the other kids we'd been running around with, and the beginning of something serious for both of us. I know I never wanted so badly to take a girl out—and never stalled so long in tracking down a telephone number. And when I finally did



Cereal Story with a Happy Ending



Ah! Check-up Day! And the doctor says baby's perfect from those tiny pink toes to the top of his head. What's more—he's ready for cereals. That's where Gerber's come in.



Millions of babies start on Gerber's Cereals—thrive on them all *through* babyhood. Gerber's taste so good . . . are so finely strained . . . so easy to swallow. Pre-cooked, ready-to-serve. Easy on *mother*, too!

Just add formula or milk to the amount of cereal doctor advises. Gerber's mix to a smooth-as-cream texture with warm *or* cold formula or milk—right in baby's bowl.



Hooray, he likes it ! Happy Day!



ROTATE GERBER'S Strained Oatmeal, Cereal Food, Barley Cereal. All contain *added iron, calcium* and *B-complex vitamins!* FREE SAMPLES of all 3 special baby cereals! Write to Gerber's, Dept. W5-7, Fremont, Mich.

NATIONAL BABY WEEK
April 26 to May 3.
"Give your baby the right start in life."

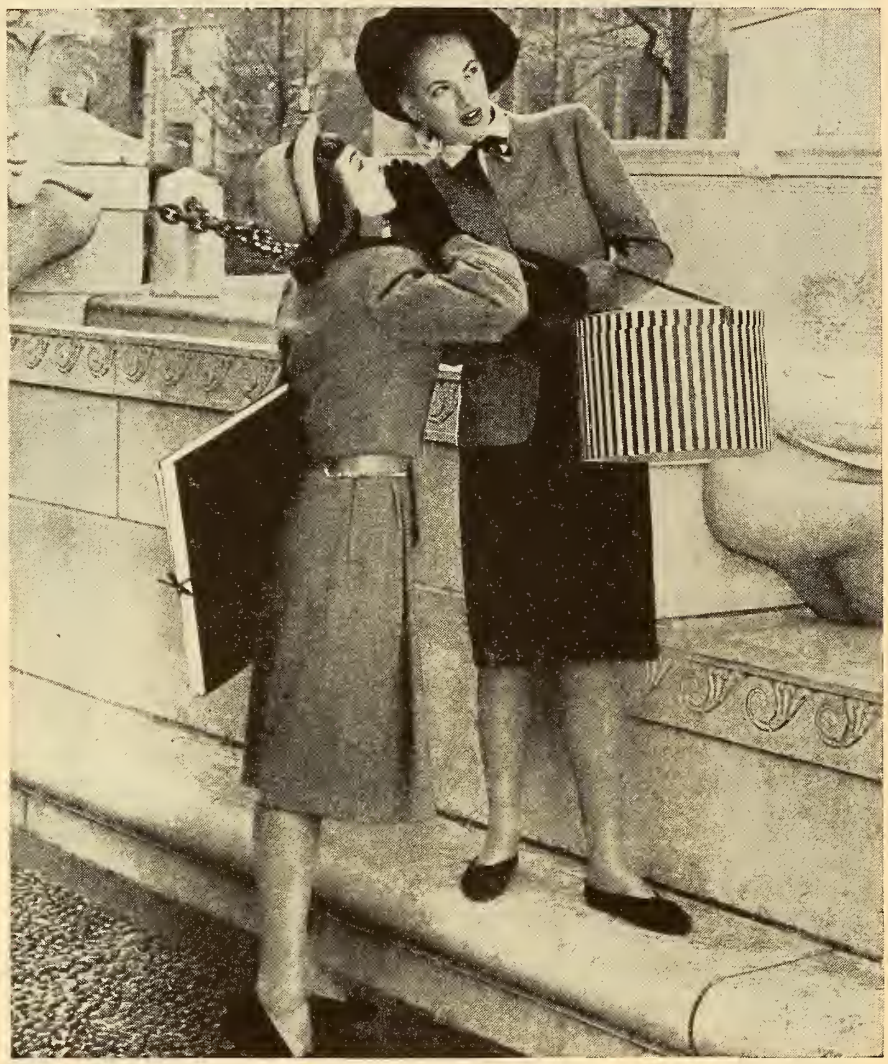


Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods

3 CEREALS • 18 STRAINED FOODS • 13 CHOPPED FOODS

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How much freedom can a career girl enjoy?



102 OUT OF 127 MODELS, ARTISTS, WRITERS REPORT NO CHAFING WITH FREE-STRIDE MODESS

Bright young careerists—girls to whom freedom of action means so much—have made a smart discovery for you!

Girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin tested a new, improved napkin, *Free-Stride* Modess. *Object:* To see if it gave freedom from chafe.

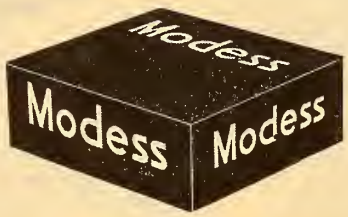
The answer: 102 out of 127 reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess!*

The secret of chafe-free comfort so many girls found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges.*

Free-Stride Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges *don't* chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield and a sealed-in deodorant to keep you confident. On sale everywhere *now.* Product of Personal Products Corporation.



Walk with comfort! Try the new Free-stride Modess!

call her, she began by saying she was free any night and when I tried to make it definite—ended up by putting off our date for over two weeks!

If it hadn't been love at first sight with Gwen, do you think she would have ever given me a second look—considering the initial glimpse she had of me? How would you like to see your prospective boy-friend making a dummy of himself?

It was at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood where Ken Murray puts on his year-after-year show called "Blackouts." Gwen's father was the musical director for the show and that's why she happened to be present that rehearsal day.

My being there was purely accidental.

I was out of show business by that time and under Director Charles Lamont's guidance at Universal Studios. He had given me the chance to play myself—a teen-age, gangling kid who could sing and dance and be funny in the way a kid *is* funny, naturally. They had given me main leads in pictures like "The Merry Monahans," "Top Man," "Follow The Boys," and "Chip Off the Old Block." And then they'd given me stardom. So I was a busy guy, hopping from one set to another and making *eleven pictures* in one year.

BUT what you learn backstage in vaudeville you don't forget and one of the lessons is that you never let down a fellow trouper in trouble. None of us makes our way unaided; I have good reason to be grateful for the help other people have given me.

So when a frantic SOS telephone call came from a woman who had been a friend of ours in vaudeville—a woman who had a comedy act that needed a human "dummy" stooge—I agreed to help her. She was trying out for a spot in the new Blackouts revue and her "dummy" partner had failed to show up for the rehearsal. I went with her that day cheerfully enough—but—

Imagine me up on a stage acting out the part of a human Mortimer Snerd, in front of the prettiest girl I had ever laid eyes on!

There I was—my face dead-pan and dopey—my eyes popping out of my head—my mouth opening and closing like a guppy fish as I followed the cues . . . and down in the first row of seats, sitting with Ken Murray and Mr. Carter, the musical director, is *the* girl! I really suffered. I hadn't expected to perform before anyone except cast and director, since this was a rehearsal, and the agony I went through wondering what kind of an impression I was making on that pretty little blonde girl with the blue ribbon in her hair!

It was a shock to her, too! She had seen me in a few pictures and she had an idea I was a pretty sophisticated young man. Seeing me in the role of a dummy revised some of her ideas, but, strangely enough, it seemed to make her like me. Are all women funny that way?

She was only fourteen and she looked it, with her hair bouncing around on her shoulders and her baggy sweater and short skirt and bobby socks, but I remember the way her eyes brushed mine across those footlights and then glanced quickly away. It was a brief glance, but not a casual one. And, at the end of the act, when I tore across that stage and down the steps and through the aisle to get an introduction from her father, I somehow knew she was expecting me.

But, as I said before, it was weeks

before we really had our first date. And even then I got cold feet and dragged another guy around with us to our movie . . . thinking, I suppose, that that would show Gwen (and myself) how unimportant that date really was.

It didn't prove anything except that from that night on I was completely nuts about Gwen. Only once in all of our years of going together did we have what even seemed like an misunderstanding.

Gwen likes to tease me about it, even now. The other day we were sitting together in the playroom at home, listening to a recording of the last week's radio show. (We do it that way for Gwen—she has nervous butterflies in her stomach if she comes to see the show or listens to it as it comes over the air. As she says, that's her husband cutting up capers with Ginny Simms and Don Wilson and Frank de Vol—not just a man she's heard about. Only she knows the laughs that come over the air from the studio audience mean the difference between a flop and a success; only she knows the time and the effort that went into the preparations for the breezy gags that sound so relaxed and off-the-cuff. She can't take it, sitting in the audience, watching and worrying for us.)

We were lounging there and listening, and then she began.

"Don-ald—remember that time you were jealous? When you saw me out with another boy?" She has a way of putting her head on one side and wrinkling up her nose when she's teasing.

"Me jealous?" I snort. "You're dopey—oh, yeah, I remember—that once. But so were you—you didn't like it at all when we bumped into each other that night and you saw I was with another girl."

"Oh, pooh. I knew she was just an old friend. You should have seen your face when you realized I wasn't sitting home crying my eyes out." Gwen has a giggle that really gets under your skin. "You were so dramatic the day before when you folded your arms and told me, sternly, that you were getting too serious and it must all stop. Let me see—you were seventeen then. And all you were cross about was because I told you I was going to be home one Saturday and you came over and I wasn't there and you wouldn't believe I was out with my mother."

"Well—were you?" Now maybe I'd get to the bottom of that story!

That giggle again. "I'll never tell."

I shut up. Not that I was sulking,

it's the house

that Charlie built. But he

lets the BERGENS live there

So Come and Visit the

EDGAR BERGENS

in the

JUNE ISSUE OF RADIO MIRROR

on sale Friday, May 9th

NOW YOU CAN GET FAMOUS

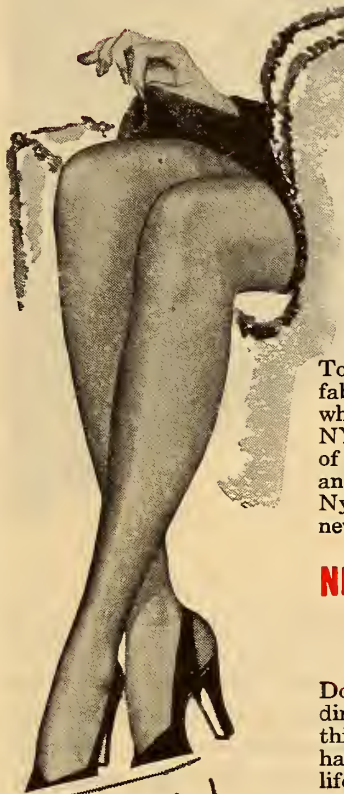
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First Quality—Guaranteed Perfect





3 pair FOR $4.35

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- **45 GAUGE**—*Sheer Beauty*
- **FULL-FASHIONED**
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To assure the fairest possible distribution of these fabulously flattering hose to thousands of women who have waited so long for genuine ADMIRATION NYLONS, we have taken the tradition-breaking step of offering them by mail. Every pair perfect . . . radiantly clear, sheer 45 gauge . . . long-wearing DuPont Nylon from top to toe in ADMIRATION'S glorious new **Sun-Glo Spring Shade.**

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Get in on this Once-in-a-Lifetime Opportunity NOW!

Don't delay! Mail your order today. Get your hose direct from our great mills by return mail. Remember, this is the *first* time these beautiful Admiration Nylons have been offered by mail. It is truly a once-in-a-lifetime chance that may never come again!

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Send me ..... packages of genuine new all nylon, full-fashioned, 45-gauge ADMIRATION NYLONS, 3 pairs to the package, on your absolute Guarantee of Satisfaction.

My size is 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½

(Draw circle around size)

I agree to pay postman $4.35 for each package of three pairs, plus small postage charge.

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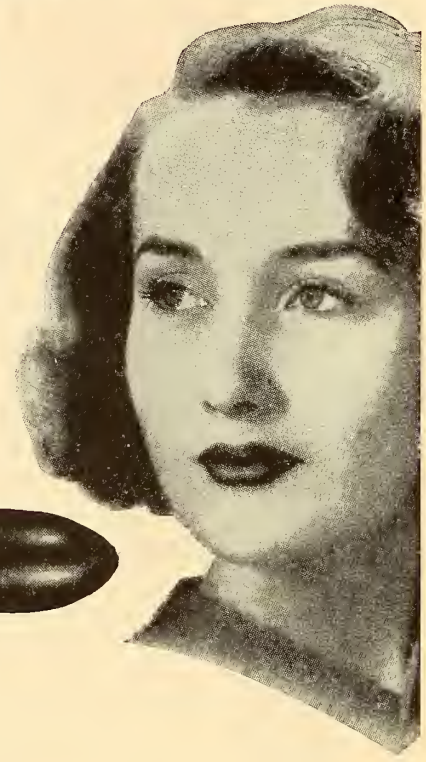
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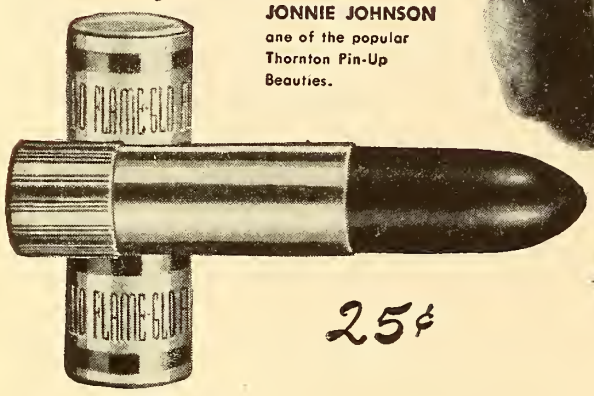


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Beauty Secrets of the Pin-up Girls



JONNIE JOHNSON
one of the popular Thornton Pin-Up Beauties.



25¢

KEEP KISSABLE WITH Flame-Glo LIPSTICK

How do they do it? Dashing here, rushing there...but always alluring every second of the day or night! Want to know their beauty secret? It's *Flame-Glo,* of course! What *other* lipstick keeps lips lovely so *many* hours longer? Where else can you find such radiant, shimmering lips — never a blurry edge, always water repellent? Yes, it's *Flame-Glo* and *only* Flame-Glo. In eight smartest shades, glorified by a new metal case you'll adore!



NEW
FLAME-GLO *Kissable Skin* CAKE MAKE-UP

So many Flame-Glo fans asked for a perfect cake make-up in tones to blend with the lipstick . . . so here it is! Keeps your complexion softer, lovelier, more radiant, conceals blemishes. Only 25c.

AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

mind you, but there are some things a guy can't put up with.

"Donn-nald? Mad at me? Let's go in and take a peek at the baby—she must be waking up by now."

So what are you going to do? How can you stay sore? She can drive me crazy one minute—and wind me around her little finger the next.

Besides, I guess she's had plenty to put up with on my account. Anyone who could take my jalopies and all the trouble I've had with them in her stride, the way Gwen has, must really care a lot for me. If there was any monotony in our courtship it was the time after Gwen and I pushed my old broken-down Fords up Hollywood Boulevard when they've stalled in the middle of the street.

I like old cars I can tinker with and I'm always buying them cheap and about to fall apart. Or else some odd foreign-make car that you can't get parts for and no garage mechanic can understand.

THE second date Gwen and I had—this time we were alone!—I took her to Chinatown for a chop suey dinner. Even though I was working at Universal Studios, I was still on an allowance from my mother for spending money and that night, between us, Gwen and I ate up every penny in my pocket. So when we came out and found the jalopy with a flat tire, we just stood and looked at each other in dismay.

No tire jack in the car. No money to rent one or for a deposit on one at the nearest garage. No streetcar fare. Not even a nickel to phone her dad and explain. We could walk home, of course, but it was well over ten miles and I could just imagine what her dad would say when we strolled in at dawn!

"Having trouble?"

We turned around and there was a soldier. A couple of years older than I was—eighteen at least, because he was in uniform. But before we could answer, he went on. "Aren't you Donald O'Connor? I saw you in a picture one night called 'This Is The Life.' Need help with that tire?"

I explained the situation and he just took over. This is what I mean about people being so swell to me—that soldier not only loaned me the money to rent the garage tire jack, but he also insisted on sticking around and helping me put on the spare. And yet he was four hours late, by the time we finished, getting to see his wife whom he hadn't seen for over a year.

Why? Well, it seemed there was a scene in "This Is the Life" that he thought was very funny. Not just funny—something that was right out of his own experience when he had gone to his first party and suffered his first social embarrassment.

It's a simple little scene—no lemon pies thrown, no slapstick, no fantastic situation. But have you ever, at a party, eyed the cherry in the bottom of your glass of lemonade, almost hidden under the chunks of ice and wondered how you could possibly fish it out with only the help of two limp, spindly straws? Maybe because so many people have suffered this same kind of mounting, stubborn frustration over little things, was why it appealed to me when I was doing it and to this soldier who watched it.

Imagine a kid at his first forbidden nightclub, sitting self-conscious and alone at a ringside table, surrounded by sophisticated and amused people, trying

desperately—while his collar chokes him and his cowlick begins to ride up—to be as amused and sophisticated and poised as they are—yet, even more desperately wanting that elusive cherry at the bottom of the glass.

Is it proper for him to eat it at all? He looks covertly around the room, but that doesn't help him. Slowly he raises it—the cherry—along the side of the glass with the aid of the straws, only to have it collapse and slide down again under the ice. Quickly he looks around to see if anyone has been watching . . . satisfied he has been unobserved, he tries again, tilting the glass to let the cherry slide out; surreptitiously trying to swallow ice and cherry, too, and finding it impossible; looking around the room again; attempting a man-of-the-world unconcern and boredom as if completely unaware that two of his fingers are frantically dabbling down inside the glass *trying to get that cherry!*

I learned a lot about comedy from Charles Lamont's masterful direction of that scene. And I learned a lot more hearing the soldier talk about it—a lot that's helped me in radio. It isn't always the most carefully contrived bit of acting or the sarcasm or the wisecrack or the dialect comedy that makes for humor and brings out what we call the "boff"—the laugh that rocks the walls of the studio. It's the simple, natural, ordinary situations that any guy or gal could find themselves in and that really hits home. Gwen watches for those things today—she is expert on detecting false build-ups or gags that are completely out of my character.

I'VE never forgotten that soldier or what he taught me. We corresponded for years, even while he was overseas and I was in the Army here.

Early in 1944 three important things happened to me. I was inducted into the Army. I proposed to Gwen. And just before these two events, I did some guest appearances on the radio. Of the three, the most nerve-racking was facing that microphone.

I had expected the Army greetings since I was now eighteen. And I had no doubt about Gwen's not accepting me—we had had an "understanding" for a long time. Even our parents had given over thinking it was just puppy love and they, too, took our marriage as inevitable. Though I doubt if they wanted it quite so soon.

No, it was the radio appearance that scared me.

I had taken to motion picture acting from the stage with hardly a change of pace or a skipped heartbeat. It didn't seem so very different from what I had always done—singing, dancing, doing comedy turns since I was just able to walk. But there was something frightening about speaking over airwaves to an unseen audience and knowing that every second on the air was timed so that no joke could be repaired if it fell flat, and there would be no retakes as there were in the movies, where a director could order a scene done over and over before he would let the cameras roll.

When I went into the Army I gave a radio career not a second thought—not even a first. My future, I thought, would be in motion pictures when I came back. I had no intention of improving on my nodding acquaintance with the airways.

Besides, I was a bridegroom. Radio was unimportant.

It happened this way. Gwen and I

LEADING CUTTERS AND DECORATORS CHOOSE FEDERAL GLASSWARE



Exclamation point of any occasion

The hostess who thoughtfully places lovely, gleaming glasses — and the ingredients for filling them — within easy reach of *all* hands, is bound to appreciate the admiring "Ohs" and "Ahs" that pay tribute to her good taste and judgment.

There's no doubt about it, beautifully cut or decorated tumblers *are* the exclamation point of any occasion — and the chances are that they bear the Shield Ⓕ of Federal.

Luxury-quality tumblers by Federal are *first* choice of leading cutters and decorators. *They* know that the matchless color, clarity and brilliance of Federal tumblers make a perfect base for lovely cutting or decorating.

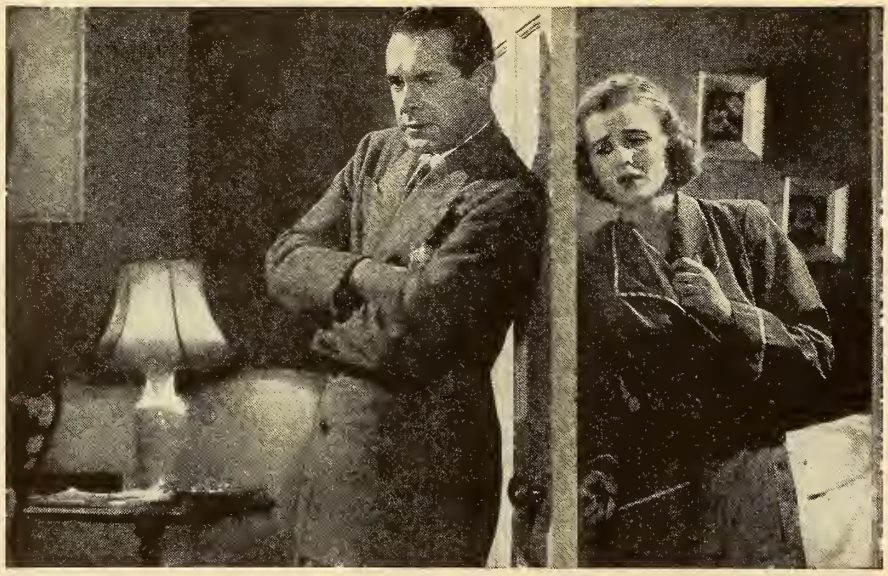
When you buy glassware, in department stores, gift shops, variety or convenience stores — look for the Shield Ⓕ of Federal. It's your assurance of luxury-quality unsurpassed — *at the price you wish to pay.*

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ADDS DISTINCTION TO YOUR DAILY SERVICE



"My husband became a grim stranger . . ."

Could this grim-faced man be my once gay, loving husband? What had *I* done to change him so? . . . Well, it seems I'd been careless in trusting to *now-and-then* care in my feminine hygiene. "A sad mistake made by all too many wives," my doctor told me. Then he recommended using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"He's my own man again now"

My own devoted husband is back again, now I'm faithful to my doctor's advice. No more *careless* feminine hygiene, with "Lysol" so easy and economical to use. It's far more effective than salt, soda or other homemade solutions—a proved *germ-killer,* cleansing thoroughly yet gently. I always use "Lysol" for douching...and it *works* beautifully!

Many Doctors Recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene . . . for 6 Reasons

Reason No. 1: POWERFUL, PROVED GERM-KILLER . . . "Lysol" is a *true germicide* of great germ-killing power. This power is *not reduced* by age or exposure to air.

Note: Douche *thoroughly* with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant *always!*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

had planned to be married on my first furlough because by that time, we figured, she would be of age and we could have a proper wedding with our respective parents' blessing. But a friend of mine, who was already GI and older and wiser in Army ways, cautioned me that I had better not wait until I was sent to camp. There might not be a furlough after induction or for a long time afterwards. So we eloped.

We had to go to Mexico because of that little detail of Gwen's not being of age. We knew her father wouldn't say no, but it might take time to persuade him and we didn't have that much time.

As Gwen says now—now that it's funny in retrospect—it wouldn't have been natural or right for us to have a wedding without car trouble. But this time my jalopy outdid itself in being difficult.

HALFWAY to Mexico and Tia Juana a wheel came off. It was night and the sudden California chill that comes with the going down of the sun penetrated our bones as the three of us—Gwen and myself and Alan Kirk, our best man—worked to get it back on. Grease came off on my hands and I wiped it, naturally on my clothes and so, naturally, the others got it on their clothes, too. So when we finally got the car rolling again and pulled into Tia Juana at five o'clock in the morning we looked more like a roundhouse gang than a wedding party.

And then the transmission stuck.

Five o'clock in the morning. No one awake; no one, that is, except an old tamale seller on his way to work. And he didn't speak English. He didn't understand "Justice of the Peace." He shook his head over "garage." And went on his way probably firmly convinced that all Americanos were crazy people who wanted answers at five o'clock in the morning.

So, grimly, Alan and I went to work again on the car and this time we fixed the transmission literally with a fingernail file and bobby pins. By the time we finished the sun was up and people were astir and some kind soul pointed out the office of the Justice . . . and our wedding trip had cost me seventy-five dollars!

It didn't matter, any of it—the money or the cold or the grease or the unpredictable car—because we were in love. And if you ask Gwen now about our wedding she always says, and means it, "It was *beautiful*!" I was going away into the Army and we had the feeling that getting married right then was like giving a hostage to fate, pledging our faith in a future together.

Classified as a pilot in the Army Air Corps, I was all set to complete my basic Flight Training and had passed the first hurdle toward winning my wings, when that program was suddenly completely disbanded. It was a blow to me that I never became a pilot and never got overseas. Somehow, the Army brass decided they wanted me entertaining troops, so I was shifted to bolstering morale of the Army forces here at home—with my own morale at its lowest ebb. They gave me a free hand to decide pretty much for myself what the entertainment should be.

It was here that I faced the terrors of radio and licked them. I had to write my own radio program, announce it, act in my own scripts, sing, and at the end of the program sign myself off. I was even my own "special effects" man, clapping two books together to simulate the closing of a door, pouring sand over

a tin plate to sound like rain on a roof.

I became a part of radio, just as I had been born a part of the stage and motion pictures.

And when the war was over and I came back to Hollywood, I found I had a real hankering to be close again to a microphone. My agent hustled me out on a personal appearance tour almost as soon as I got out of my khaki shirt, and I should have been happy. Audiences didn't seem to have forgotten me; the pictures I had made before I went into the Army were still playing at movie houses; Gwen was with me on the stage and she had just whispered to me of the impending visit of the stork. It looked like the beginning of another "O'Connor Family" act.

I should have been completely satisfied. Compared with most ex-Army guys I was a lucky Joe. But there was that restlessness in me—that feeling of wanting to be in radio.

The real break came when Bob Hussey, talent scout for a large advertising agency, came to me with an offer to try out for the comedy spot on the new Ginny Simms show. There were other comedians—wonderful guys and top-notch in the profession, trying out, too . . . Billy de Wolfe, Danny Thomas . . . so I wasn't sure I had a chance.

I went on the air, once, as guest performer. Then there was a wait of several weeks as the others took their turn.

WHEN the news came that I had been finally picked for the show, I don't know who was more excited—Gwen or me!

So now I seem to be a permanent fixture on the program, kidding around with Ginny and Don Wilson and Frank de Vol and The Sportsmen—Bill Days, Max Smith, Marty Sperzel and Gurney Bell—getting them in and out of tight situations, taking them for fictitious rides in a fictitious car that manages to fall apart just about as often as my own cars actually do.

Even now cars are a problem with the O'Connors. Gwen wails that I have *two* cars and she has only one, but still I'm always using hers. Can I help it if the parts to mine are usually strewn all over the driveway?

But outside of our car trouble and a little argument over who is to manage the budget, Gwen and I never quarrel. Why should we? We know we're lucky—I'm doing the work I like, we have each other and our home we've always wanted. And Donna. The never-failing, wonderful miracle of Donna.

I owe Gwen a lot, too. She taught me to have fun and "be my age." Up until the time I had met her I had taken life pretty seriously. I was "hurry-up Donald."

At three-and-a-half years old I was a full-fledged member of our stage troupe, the "O'Connor Family." My father hadn't lived to see me join the Family—except for that baby *Black Bottom* dance—but the actor who replaced him was the only one in the act who was not a real O'Connor. All the others—my mother, my older brother Jack and his wife and daughter Patsy—worked hard to carry on in the theatrical world the proud name that my father had begun. We were an act that theater managers and booking agents everywhere recognized as tops in show business.

This show business was in my blood. Before I was four I was tap-dancing and singing duets of the popular songs of

STUBBORN FILM ROBS YOUR SKIN OF *Half its Beauty!*



You can't see or feel this stubborn film . . . and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it

BUT

once you try this treatment you will instantly see and feel the amazing *difference!*

JUST ONE TREATMENT with unique Lady Esther Cream shows how much clearer, fresher, *younger* your skin can look!

Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, caused by your natural skin oils mixed with cosmetics and dirt.

You can't see or feel this stubborn film. That's the danger! You think your skin is clean, when it isn't.

Ordinary cleansing fails to remove this stubborn, invisible film. Day after day, it clings . . . dulling the true freshness and beauty of your skin . . . encouraging blackheads and blemishes!

Here's the safe, sure way to get rid of this stubborn, clinging film!

1. Smooth over your face and neck my unique Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off thoroughly.
2. Immediately . . . and this is the important part . . . apply Lady Esther cream a second time. Wipe it off.

This second cleansing, with Lady Esther, really removes that stubborn film. Now your skin is really clean!

Instantly, you see and feel the difference! Your skin looks so much clearer, fresher, younger! It feels so much softer, smoother. Now, your skin has a real chance to build new loveliness.

My Cream is Unique!

The very texture of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different . . . so soft, so effective. And remember . . . every time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most: 1) *cleanses thoroughly;* 2) *softens your skin;* 3) *helps Nature refine your pores;* 4) *and leaves a perfect powder base.*

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today. Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on your skin!



Lady Esther

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1929 with my brother. Not until 1938 when I signed with Universal did I manage any kind of formal education, and maybe that's why, today, I read everything I can lay my hands on. Still, my education wasn't completely neglected. I consider I absorbed my three R's in practical fashion. Tours and one-night stands are a wonderful lesson in geography; arithmetic comes easy to a troupe that shares its budget worries; and there was always time for books, backstage, or a chat with a much-traveled fellow-trouper. Of course, history as learned there might have a slight bias—dates were more apt to recall bookings than battles.

LIKE any other kid, I had my heroes. But they weren't the baseball coach or the Boy Scout leader . . . they were show people whose talents I admired and who "worked" the same circuits we did. A fellow named Jack Benny. A young married couple who could talk, even then, of nothing but the importance of radio . . . George Burns and Gracie Allen. And Milton Berle.

And all the time I was in a hurry. I wanted to be as great an acrobatic star as my father had been years ago when he was Ringling Bros. principal leaper, hurdling over elephants and high barriers. I wanted to sing and dance as well as my mother. She too, had been with the circus and it was there she met John "Chuck" O'Connor and married him. I'm almost certain, so great was their professional pride, that they wouldn't have given each other a second look, if each hadn't been tops in their field. Mother was a bareback rider, dancer, singer and trapeze artist —so you see I had something to live up to.

In 1938 fortune reached out and tapped me on the shoulder, in the person of Director Wesley Ruggles of Paramount, for a part in "Sing You Sinners," as Bing Crosby's kid brother. It was a good thing it happened then because I was worried that here I was thirteen—and getting *nowhere*.

Gwen's childhood had been different —yet not so different she couldn't understand what made me the way I am. Through her father, who was a musical director for motion pictures and for the Blackouts, she knew show business. But she'd also had the background of a home and going to school and kid parties and sodas at the corner drug store and all the things I had missed. These she shared with me.

Now at our house we have made our adjustments. The stage made me a late stayer-upper so Gwen, too, has learned to like going to bed late and sleeping late in the mornings. But outside of that, she's taught me a few things, too —things like hobbies, and our battles at chess, and regular meals, and friends who drop in and are welcome at any time. A nice way to live, we think—for the three of us.

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Remembrance

(*Continued from page* 21)

hadn't seen him since school days—but he was a memorable person. The Vanes had moved away from Springdale when Philip was a freshman in high, but even by that time he had distinguished himself. Honor student, athlete, president of the freshman class, president of almost everything in every class ever since she could remember. And yet, he hadn't been the kind of student who deliberately sets out to gather every award offered. He'd been a thoughtful, quiet boy, rather shy, with a thin, freckled face and wide, bright blue eyes.

Rosemary offered her hand, and Philip held it as they both talked at once.

"... haven't seen you since ..."

"... high school ..."

"... must be—"

"Ten years. Do you remember—"

"I'm getting wet," said Patti thinly.

They both laughed, and turned contritely to Patti. "This is Philip Vane," Rosemary said. "You can't be expected to remember him—"

"But I remember Patti," Philip said, grinning. "She was knee-high to the kitchen stove, and she was crazy about dolls."

Patti flushed. She's in high school now, but it wasn't so long ago that she was still playing with her beloved old dolls—secretly, of course. She wouldn't have had even her special chums, Birdbrain and Tommy, know about it for the world.

PHILIP said, "Isn't there some place we can go to get Patti out of the rain—and where we can talk? My car's right around the corner—"

"So is the Sweet Shop," said Rosemary. "That's where Patti and I usually go after the movies."

He looked down at her quizzically as they started off. "You and Patti— Aren't you married, Rosemary?".

She still hasn't learned how to answer that question. She was married to Bill Roberts—will always be married to him, in her heart. But in the eyes of the world Bill is not her husband. The shock of knowing it is still fresh. She can't talk about it to outsiders. But Philip deserved some sort of answer.

"I—well—" she floundered.

"Engaged, then?"

"Oh, no. I'm not engaged."

She missed the look on his face, the sudden buoyancy that came into his walk, his voice. But she remembered them afterward. It was as if at that moment he had suddenly found the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. "How about Patti?"

"She's in high school," said Rosemary. "Facing down the same set of teachers that we had. Do you remember Miss Evarts—"

Patti half-skipped a step or two ahead of them, deaf and disinterested. There aren't many years between the two girls, but a reunion with a friend of Rosemary's schooldays was—well, as remote to Patti as a reunion between a pair of Civil War veterans. At the Sweet Shop she was met by her friends and promptly joined them. Rosemary and Philip didn't miss her. They were deep in reminiscence. Philip, who had been away from town for so long, remembered more of their old friends than Rosemary did. But then, that was like him. Nothing had ever touched him lightly, even back in school.

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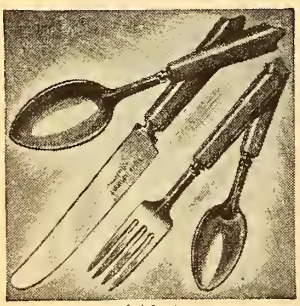
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(Adv.)

Talk of himself he dismissed in a few brief sentences. His family was still living in Chicago, where they had gone after they'd left Springdale. He had been with the Engineers during the war, was now consultant for an American firm in Capetown, South Africa. He had come home on vacation, and had this week driven his mother down to visit her sister, who still lived in Springdale.

"You've been here a week!" Rosemary exclaimed. "I wish you had come to see us." As she spoke, she realized that there was no real reason why he should have. They hadn't been close friends at school; when she had seen him outside, it had always been with the crowd.

He looked down, intent upon stirring his coffee. "I wanted to," he said, "a lot. But—well, it seemed so long ago—"

She misunderstood. "But we're in the telephone book," she protested. "We're out on the Newtown Road, now—it's a cute little house. We aren't hard to find."

He smiled, an odd, half-rueful smile. "I suppose. I wasn't thinking of that. It was more that I was afraid to—"

"Afraid!" Bewildered, she searched his face. "Whatever do you mean?"

Again the half-smile. It spread to a twinkle that was not all amusement. He changed the subject. "You know," he said, "I had a terrific crush on you, all through school."

She was startled. Then she laughed. "No, I didn't know," she said. "Why, I don't believe we ever exchanged two words that weren't about school or some school activity."

"Maybe," said Philip. "But I remember those words—every one, I think. I remember once back in the grades I carried your lunch box home for you. You wouldn't let me carry your books, too. Said it wasn't fair for a boy to take the whole load, even if it was polite. And once I wore a coat and a tie on a picnic when all the other fellows were in shirtsleeves and old clothes. And you came up to me and said, 'Oh, Philip, don't you look nice!' You weren't just trying to make me feel better, either. I walked on air for weeks after that. My mother knew how I felt about you. When I'd come home looking glum, she'd say, 'Well, I see Rosemary wasn't at school today.'"

Rosemary was touched, and a little, unaccountably, afraid. Philip was speaking of his schoolday love with amusement—but it was a very gentle amusement, as if it had been something very precious to him . . . as if it might still be as precious, now he was grown.

"*I* never knew about it," she said.

"I know it," said Philip. "I could sit and look at your profile all through class, and you'd never know I was in the room. But I thought the world was coming to an end when we moved away from Springdale. The only way I knew to keep it going was to get through school and get a job and get rich and come back and marry you." He lifted his coffee cup in a toast, smiled at her over it. "You see, you were a good influence. I finished school in record time and won a scholarship, all because of you."

She could laugh again, now that he was laughing, too. "I notice you *didn't* come back to marry me."

His laughter faded. "No," he agreed. "By that time I was beginning to look back upon it as a kid's dream, and real life was catching up with me. There was college, and the war . . . But I didn't forget you. You became a standard, an ideal—and no other girl I ever met measured up to it. That's why I was half-afraid to look you up when I came back here this week. I should have known better, but after all, it had been ten years, and people change—and I didn't want to be disillusioned."

"Are you?" She wanted to snatch back the words. They were coy; worse, they were an invitation to the very thing she was afraid of.

He said, "No." The single syllable was more eloquent than a thousand avowals. Immediately he became business-like, as if a decision had been made and he must act upon it right away. "I'm driving back to Chicago tomorrow night," he said. "Monday I leave for New York, and then I go directly to Capetown for another year. I'd like to see you—"

He was building plans—around her. That's what it was, no matter how casually friendly he sounded. She had to stop him, and the only way to do it was to tell him about Bill. Philip deserved the truth.

"But I am married," she said. "I mean, I was married to Bill Roberts. He came here after the war to stay with Dr. Jim—you remember Dr. Cotter. I didn't know—*Bill* didn't know—that he was already married to Audrey Roberts, and that they had a daughter, Jessica. You see, he'd been wounded, and he was—still is—suffering from amnesia."

With what he said then, Philip reserved for himself forever a place in her heart. "Oh, the poor guy," he said softly. And then, a moment later, "He

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knows now? He's been able to . . ."

Rosemary nodded. Her throat felt tight, her tongue stiff and thick. "He knows now. But the other part—the time between, with me—has blanked out. He doesn't remember that we were ever married. He—loves me. He trusts me. He's asked me to look after Jessica. His wife isn't—isn't—"

Her voice failed her, but there was no need to try to say more. Philip's eyes had never left her face; she sensed that he knew everything it was important to know—her helping Bill in his fight for his daughter, Audrey's shallow, irresponsible, conniving soul. And he looked stricken—not for himself, for the blow to his own hopes, but for Rosemary.

"I'm sorry," he said finally, "for what happened—and for bringing it up. I crowded you—"

"It's all right," she interrupted. "I didn't mind telling you. I'm glad I saw you tonight, Philip."

"Then I'm glad, too." His eyes held hers, and again she felt that she had said too much. But it had been the flat truth, nothing more. She was relieved that he pushed back his coffee cup, became casual and practical. "How about rounding up Patti?" You'll let me drive you home, won't you?"

"I'd have asked you to if you hadn't offered," Rosemary smiled. "Mother will be so pleased to see you, and she simply won't believe that you've turned up again after all these years."

And when Rosemary and Patti walked into the house with Philip, I was pleased to see him—at first. It was always interesting to see the man a little boy has become, and there was nothing about Philip to stir disappointment. The freckles and the shyness were gone; otherwise he was very much as one would have expected him to be. And anyone who had known him as a youngster would have expected a great deal.

Jim was still there when Philip and the girls came in. We hadn't had a gay evening. We get along well always; usually an evening together is relaxing and stimulating. But tonight the trouble that weighed both our houses had brought our spirits low, and somehow we had been unable to find the right words to cheer each other. Philip's coming did it for us. The three of them entered the living room together, Philip towering behind the girls. Jim had started to rise; seeing Philip, he stopped half way between chair and standing position, and stared. I stared, too. We both have good memories for faces; we knew that we'd seen the man before. But where—where? . . .

Patti burst out laughing. "Oh, Rosemary, look at them!" she cried. "They look just the way you did when you saw him!"

"Why," I said, "I believe it's little Philip Vane!" And then everyone laughed. Little Philip's six-feet-plus dwarfed the rest of us.

He came forward, holding out his hand. "Golly, it's good to see you again, Mrs. Dawson! You look just the way I've remembered you. And you, Dr. Jim—Mother and Dad talk about you so often—"

I don't know when it was that I guessed that he might be in love with Rosemary. Little things told me—the almost anxious care with which he helped her remove her coat, the glances he kept darting at her as if to reassure himself that she was really there, in the same room with him, the way he listened to her most casual word, so attentively that everyone else must stop talking and listen, too. And Rosemary—well, she looked not exactly different, but as if she had been shaken out of herself a little, as if the horizon had suddenly receded to reveal lands she hadn't known were there.

Jim saw it, too. I saw his eyes traveling inquiringly from Rosemary to Philip, saw the thoughtful, speculative expression upon his face. Later, when Patti went upstairs and Rosemary accompanied Philip to the door, Jim and I were left alone. For a moment we were silent, each of us occupied with the same set of thoughts.

Then Jim said hesitantly, "It was good seeing Philip again, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I said, thinking of the new-horizons look on Rosemary's face, "it was."

Another silence. "Too bad he's leaving Monday," said Jim.

I looked at him sharply. "Jim Cotter, you're not by any chance plotting?"

"I am not," he said quietly. "But I can wish for good things to happen. You know that I love Bill Roberts as if he were my own son. But I can't help facing facts. And the fact is that Rosemary may go all of her life, hoping without hope, because of Bill. These single-hearted women, Susy, they're magnificent, but . . . " He shook his head in mixed pity and distress and wonder.

I smiled at him. I was one of those he shook his head over. It's no secret that Jim has been wanting me to marry him for years—has held out to me the very things that Philip might offer Rosemary. And yet, dear as Jim is to me, I've been unable to bring myself to accept him; I have too little to offer in return.

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"I've no regrets on my account," I said softly. "But Rosemary . . . After all, I have my children, Jim. Rosemary has—nothing. It's true that she's had Jessica, and she may have her again. But even that can prove heartbreak in itself. She loves Jessica so much. If she should become even more attached to the child, and then lose her for good—"

I stopped as the hall door swung open slowly, in ghostly silence, as if moved by an unseen hand. In a sense, it was. Philip must have opened the outer door, and the inner one had been set in motion by the draft. Rosemary's voice and Philip's came to us, low but clear.

"But it isn't fair," she was saying, "when you've just one more day in Springdale—"

"But that's exactly why I want to spend it with you," said Philip. "You'd make me very happy, Rosemary. It would be a favor—"

He must have shut the outside door to continue the discussion, because the hall door swung to again. Their voices were cut off.

JIM said something—I don't know what. It was then that I began to be uneasy about Philip's return to Springdale. I was thinking of the fragment of conversation we'd overheard, of how gentle his tones had been. Too gentle. Too careful. It was as if he were addressing a sick person.

That night, when I was getting ready for bed, Rosemary came to my room and told me all that had taken place earlier in the evening. It was strange to hear her talk about a man other than Bill. Bill was her whole life; it hurt to see the change in her now that her interest had been superficially, momentarily deflected. As she told me about the meeting outside the theater, and Patti's indignation when she thought they were being picked up; she seemed almost like a little girl again, coming in from play with some long tale about one of her little friends. Her voice was quick with interest, her face animated, carefree—until she came to the part in which she had explained to Philip about herself and Bill.

"He's asked me to spend the day with him tomorrow," she finished. "He wants to drive to the country and have dinner at the Eaves—you know the place, Mother—"

I knew the place, and I made a mental note that Philip knew how to choose a setting. Tomorrow, if sunlight followed tonight's rain, the old inn would be a bower of apple blossoms; there was a park and a little stream, a covered bridge, a waterfall.

"Are you going?" I asked.

"I said I would. I had a good time tonight. Seeing Philip again, and talking about school, and all the people we used to know was like—like a vacation from myself. The only reason I didn't want to go is that I think Philip likes me—I mean, more than I could ever like him. But he understands about Bill. He knows that there couldn't ever be anyone but Bill."

I wondered. Philip was sensitive and understanding, but he was in love. And when one is in love, it is all too easy to see things as you want to see them. I didn't sleep well that night. I was disturbed, and the worst part of it was that I couldn't put my finger on what was bothering me. I lay staring at the shadows on the ceiling, seeing instead the protectiveness of the gesture when Philip held a chair for Rosemary, seeing the way he sat watching her, the tenderness that came into his eyes when



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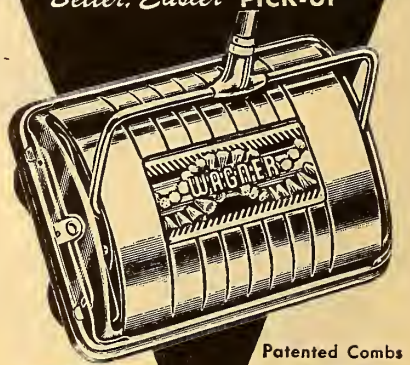
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she wasn't looking. I told myself that I was foolish, that I was making much of little. Philip was going away Monday, to the other side of the world. He would be gone for a year. A lot could happen in a year. . . .

Still, I went to sleep wishing that Philip were leaving in the morning instead of the day after, wishing that tomorrow would be cold and stormy, no day for a drive in the country.

But the morning was beautiful. It was all the spring that had ever been. Sunlight danced in iridescent splendor upon a world refreshed; bird songs lilted in the Sunday quiet; there was just breeze enough to carry the fragrance of shrubs and gardens through the screened windows. Philip called for Rosemary a little after eleven. Looking lovely in a spring suit that tinged her skin with some of its own soft pink, she went down the walk with him, looking up at him and laughing at something he was saying.

They were a picture of youth as it should be—at its bright and shining best, setting out to enjoy the perfection of a May day. My heart lifted as I watched them. They were simply a young couple having a good time, and the fears of the night seemed groundless.

Then Patti, who also had been frankly watching from the front windows, said dreamily, "Mother, do you suppose Philip could be in love with Rosemary?"

I started. I don't make a practice of giving my children evasive answers, but this time I couldn't help it. "Good heavens, Patti! What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "It's just—the way he looks at her, I guess. I think it would be just too romantic if he were. I mean, childhood sweethearts—"

I had to laugh at her, although I didn't think it would be at all romantic. It would only be complicated, and hurtful to everyone involved. "Hardly sweethearts, Patti," I said. "There were a dozen boys Rosemary knew better than she knew Philip. You're imagining things."

And then I tried to tell myself that it was I who was imagining things. The premonitions, the vague worries of the night before returned, and I couldn't shake myself free of them. I tried knitting, but it had no soothing effect. I dropped stitches, tangled the yarn. When Jim came in I was distractedly unraveling an irregular row.

"Something wrong, Susy?" he asked. "Can I help?"

"No," I said. "Yes—oh, I don't know, Jim. I'm worried about Rosemary and Philip."

"Rosemary and Philip!" he repeated. "But why—"

"I'm afraid he cares about her—really cares. And—oh, I just don't want Rosemary *bothered*. She has trouble enough, complications enough as it is."

"But he's going away—"

"That's just it," I interrupted. "If he were here, if he saw her often, he'd realize soon enough that it's no use. But he'll be on the other side of the world, thinking about her, dreaming about her . . It isn't fair to him, either."

He said nothing. But he looked grave, and there was something a little like reproof in his eyes. He asked finally, "Have you stopped to think what it would be like if Rosemary should come to care for Philip?"

Had I thought of it? Thought of Rosemary's falling in love with a man









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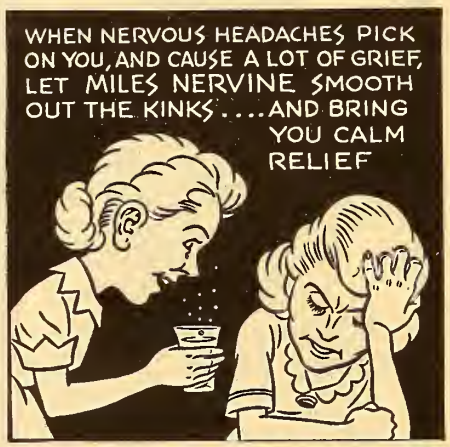
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whose life was his own, a man without a past, a man who could assure her, as well as any woman could be assured, of peace and happiness her whole life through? I smiled wryly. "I've thought of it," I said. "And it's like thinking what it would be like if rain fell only at night so that the days would be always sunny."

Jim didn't reply, but he sat looking at me with the grave, almost reproving expression in his eyes, and I knew that he was again mentally shaking his head over womankind. I bent defensively over my knitting, seeing not the colored yarn, but the orchard at the Eaves, seeing Rosemary and Philip strolling under the apple blossoms, down the path that led under the covered bridge, past the waterfall. *Philip understands about Bill, Mother* . . . But would he? Would he understand that she would continue to love Bill, when she was so plainly unhappy because of him, or would he think that time would heal the wound, and time would change her?

WHEN Rosemary and Philip came home, I was in the kitchen, preparing Sunday supper. Jim was cutting sandwiches, helping me, and Patti was in the dining room, setting the table. I heard her call out, heard Rosemary's voice and Philip's. A moment later Rosemary came out to the kitchen. My bright greeting died on my lips. There was no use asking her if she'd had a good time; one look at her harassed, almost desperate face told me she hadn't.

"Philip can't stay for supper," she said abruptly. "He's got to start for Chicago right away. And—oh, Mother, he asked me to marry him! He wants to write to me while he's gone, and come here on his vacation next year. He—he thinks I'll get over Bill. How can I convince him, Mother? I don't want to have to write to him. I don't want him thinking about me, hoping—when there's just no use."

I flashed a glance at Jim. "You see?" I said. "There are some things a man just won't understand. I know that Rosemary's right, because I know her, and I've lived through the same thing myself. But—"

"Then why don't *you* convince him, Susy?" Jim asked.

"I?" Then I knew what he meant. "But, Jim—"

Patti's bright head appeared round the door. "Mother, Rosemary—Philip has to go. He wants to say goodbye—"

"Tell him," said Jim. Dumbly, I followed Rosemary into the living room. I was confused and uncertain, and there was no time to decide what to do.

Philip took my hand, smiled boyishly down at me. "I couldn't leave without saying goodbye," he said. "It's been wonderful, seeing you again. And—there's something else. The next time I come here, I'd like to take Rosemary with me when I go. And—well, I'd like to know that you approve."

That decided me. He stumbled a little over the last words, and suddenly he was the very young Philip again, the quiet, shy little boy who had always known what he wanted. I was going to hurt him, but it was better far to hurt him now and hurt him less.

"But I'm afraid I don't approve." At his expression I hastened to add, "It's not you, Philip. I couldn't want a finer man for Rosemary—if she weren't already married. But she is. A court of law wouldn't say so, but she's Bill's wife—and always will be. I know. If you'll listen a bit, I'll try to explain—"

I sat down, because I was trembling

suddenly and my legs threatened not to support me. Philip, too, sat down, without taking his eyes from my face.

"You never knew my husband," I said. "He was—is—the most wonderful man in the world. We were wonderfully happy together. We had our girls, and each other, and there was nothing else that we wanted. That was what hurt when things went smash—we'd never been ambitious; all we'd ever wanted was to be together with our family, and then we were denied even that. What happened with this: Lewis—my husband—worked in a bank, and one day a sum of money was missing. He knew the man who was responsible—a man we'll call Jones. Lewis had always said that in a country like ours there aren't many people who are truly unfortunate in every way all their life long through no fault of their own, but that there are a few, and Jones was one of them. At the time he took the money his wife was very ill, and Lewis knew that if he stood trial it might very well mean his wife's death. So—Lewis stood trial for him, and was sent to prison for several years. When he was released, he disappeared. I believe it was amnesia—the same thing that happened to Bill."

In the utter silence of the room the last sentence echoed. Philip waited, his head bent attentively. "Do you mean—you never heard from him again?"

I SHOOK my head. "Not I—nor anyone else, that I know of. But I know this—that if he went willingly, deliberately, it was because he thought he saw a way to accomplish something for the children and me. I know that if our time runs long enough, he'll come back some day. That's what marriage is—being *one* with another person, so that nothing—not time nor space nor other people—can separate you. That's why I haven't remarried."

I didn't glance at Jim, standing in the shadows near the dining room, but I don't think Philip was fooled. "It wouldn't be fair to the man," I went on, "because I'd never be his wife, really, but Lewis'. And that's the way Rosemary loves Bill. Now do you see—"

The room had darkened. I was glad I couldn't see Philip's face. The pain in his voice was enough. He said doggedly, "But you have your children—"

"If I didn't have them," I said, "I'd still feel the same. I'd still have Lewis. Love is its own reward, Philip. Once yours, it's a sweetening and a support all the rest of your life. Not a day passes but that I remember a happiness so real that I can be happy again, just thinking of it. Not a day passes but that my husband, the way he thought and the things he believed in, doesn't help me some way."

That was all. There was no need to say any more. I heard the truth in my own voice, felt it light my face as I spoke. After a moment Rosemary sat down upon the arm of my chair. She smiled down at me, and in her face was reflected the peace and the sureness I knew to be in my own.

Philip looked at us. At length he nodded.

"I'm sorry, Philip," I said.

"Don't be. Maybe Rosemary told you—I was in love with her all through school, thought about her all the years after. And it isn't every man who can come back after so long, and find out that the reality is even better than the dream. And there's something else—" He hesitated. "In that way you were speaking of—about love its own reward and a sweetening for all your life . . . In that way, I still have Rosemary."

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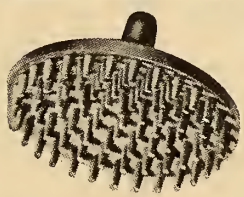
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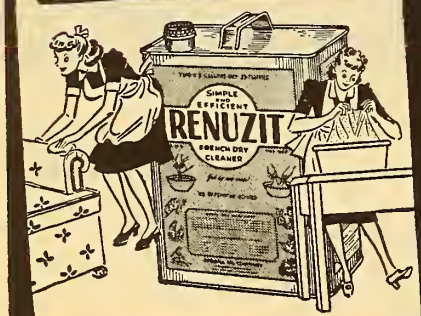
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Dinah is Delightful

(Continued from page 39)

But these are only a few of her triumphs. To Dinah—as in the songs she sings—the most important one comes under the heading of love. And love came to her directly as the result of her war work.

Four years ago she was spending every spare moment at the Hollywood Canteen, singing for the soldiers. One night while she was singing "Blues in the Night" over the Canteen microphone, she caught sight of a handsome young man wearing civilian pants and a voluminous apron. He was threading his way through the crowd of soldiers and sailors carrying trays of sandwiches. She tried to keep her mind on her song, but it wandered back constantly to the man with the tray.

And she couldn't resist asking about him the minute she was off the platform. "Who," she demanded of a friend, "is that handsome young man?"

Then she gulped, and laughed. For the handsome young man, armed with his tray, was standing right beside her!

He laughed too. "My handsome young name is George Montgomery," said he. They shook hands over the tray.

THE rest is war-fevered history. For three months he was on her telephone every time it rang; for three months she hardly saw anyone else. In the middle of the three months, he was inducted into the Army. But that didn't stop him. He got an Army furlough, and he used it to pick up Dinah backstage after a broadcast of Command Performance, and then drive her to Las Vegas, Nevada. On December 5, 1943, she became Mrs. George Montgomery. And watching the big soldier and the little singer get married were Cobina Wright Jr., radio actress Shirley Mitchell, orchestra leader Paul Weston, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Crown.

A couple of days later George left for Alaska . . . but even that trip didn't keep them entirely apart. When he reached his Alaskan base he walked into the PX to the sound of Dinah's voice. The radio was playing her recording of "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To." It wasn't much of a coincidence, either. She had recorded it right after he'd left California. The result? It's their favorite tune and always will be.

Dinah was born thirty years ago, on March 1, 1917. Her name was Frances Rose Shore, and her first glimpse of the world was through the windows of a red brick house in Winchester, Tennessee. When she was six years old her father retired from his ownership of a chain of department stores and moved his family to Nashville. Here she grudgingly took singing, drama, and piano lessons. She was less grudging about them during her years at Hume Fogg High School, where she acted in several school plays. But it wasn't until she was going to Vanderbilt University that she began singing professionally. She had a fifteen-minute singing stint on Nashville's station WSM, and she opened her show with "Dinah." This led her classmates to nickname her Dinah, and the name stuck.

Right after she graduated from college she detached her money from her small bank account and headed for New York City and fame. But it took some time in coming. She finally had a no-pay job singing at WNEW with a young male singer from New Jersey named



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Frank Sinatra. It was during that bleak period that she wired home for help—and then refused to touch most of the money her father sent. "It'll be my good luck," said superstitious Dinah. And she raided it only for food.

The luck worked. In rapid steps she caught the ear of Leo Reisman, Xavier Cugat, and NBC. She spent a year starring on the famous program Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street. There followed Hit Parade, Eddie Cantor's show—and now her own program.

One of the secrets of Dinah's success is her ability to pick a hit song out of any newly-inked batch of music to reach her eye. Once two NBC page boys approached her in a corridor, handed her a song they'd written. It was "Mad About Him Blues" and it made best-seller history. But her biggest sensation was "Blues in the Night," which she chose over the dead bodies of every advice-giver within three miles of Shore. How many times has she sung it since? Three thousand different times!

IT was only natural that she'd wind up before the cameras. This she did in Thank Your Lucky Stars, Up in Arms, Belle of the Yukon, Follow the Boys, and Till the Clouds Roll By. Movies made her move to Hollywood; radio and recordings kept her there; and now Hollywood is her permanent home. She and George own a half-built house, six-and-a-half acres of ranch surrounding it, and a lot of happy habits.

One of her happiest is the Shore method of relaxing. This consists in spending one hour every day in the bathtub. But not alone. She's always hemmed in by books, newspapers, and a manicure set. She emerges from the session ready for anything — which usually means ready for sawing wood, side by side with George, in their endless job of refurbishing their new house.

The word "house" is the key word to their lives these days. Once both of them were as much at home in any night club as the glassware. But those days are gone forever. Now they see their friends over their own dinner table—which is a real treat for Montgomery friends, because Dinah is one of the most remarkable cooks in the country. She has a famous collection of recipes, tries them all—and serves many of her fancy concoctions on the antique chinaware she collects from all over America.

She dresses for each chapter of her life, too. For the wood-sawing chores, she wears slacks—her favorite pair being red and green plaid. For entertaining at home she wears any of her dozens of peasant skirts and blouses. In the afternoon in town you'll always find her in black with white accents—and for formal parties and premieres, she wears gracious evening gowns in beige, blue, or gray. Lately she's been seen a lot in the same one, and it's different from her others. It's a candy-stripe taffeta, with a flat bow at the waist and back. In her hair she wears a matching bow. "It's George's favorite," she explains. "He says it gives me such a wide-eyed look!"

If you want proof that she and George lead the Life Quiet, here it is: They rise at six in the morning, and fall at ten-thirty each night. And if you want further proof—for instance, where were *you* at 9:30 last New Year's Eve? Dinah and George were insuring a happy new year—they were sound asleep in bed!



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Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page* 45)

clothing. Ronnie, too, was unhappy. The boys at school laughed at his English accent and formal English clothes. It took months of hard knocks and fighting before he erased the impression he made with tailored shorts and Eton collar.

I soon found that if we were to manage at all it would be necessary for me to go to work, too. When I heard of a position that was open in an organization for China Relief, I applied for it. The fact that I understood Chinese and had been the daughter of a missionary helped me to advance to a fairly important post.

And then I began to read the reports that came in of the devastation of China, the vast hordes of homeless and starving people. I talked with educated Chinese, and for the first time in my life I saw them as people, just like myself. People who loved China, just as I did, but who also loved the Chinese peasant, who had always seemed to me of no more importance than the dogs in the streets, except that there were too many of them.

I learned of the plans under way to spread education throughout the length and breadth of China, new ways of farming and manufacturing that were being taught even then while Japanese bombs were still destroying homes and children. I began to realize that I could do something to help, that my efforts could make many people a little happier.

The war is over now. Ronnie has long since forgiven the boys in school their laughter. He wears rolled up dungarees on his long legs, and his checked shirt hangs outside of them in the approved fashion. Diana will stay behind to marry an American boy when Frank and I go back to China in a few months. And I shall leave behind many American friends, friends I have made in the past five years, after I had forgotten to criticize their strange ways and learned to look into their generous hearts.

We are going back to China very soon now. Not to the China we knew before the war. Frank has resigned his position. We're going to re-build the mission that, with my father's life and work, was destroyed by a Japanese bomb. We're going to get started on the staggering load of work that awaits us there.

But do you know, Papa David, I can hardly wait. My life, that was so barren and meaningless, is beginning to be so beautiful.

Mrs. F. E. T.

Compassion

Dear Papa David:

When I was in the fifth grade at school, I joined the "Fair Play Club" conducted by one of our local newspapers. In order to become a member, I had to write a letter to the club editor and so I wrote, telling how my mother and I fed the birds all winter long. When this letter was published it was read by a miner's child about one hundred and fifty miles away, who then wrote to me telling of the plight of her family.

Brothers and sisters were unable to go to school because they had no shoes and insufficient clothing; there was a new baby with nothing but a few old









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pieces of clothing to wrap him in; the family had little or no food. Her father had been unable to work for a year and her mother was ill and disheartened. Because we had taken compassion on the birds, she wondered if we could help her loved ones.

I took this letter and a copy of the one I had written to the paper and asked my teacher for permission to read them to the class. When I was through the whole room sat silent. Then the teacher suggested that we all bring contributions of clothing, shoes, food, and, if possible, money from home.

What a happy exciting time for our fifth grade as they brought in canned food, shoes, articles of clothing and coins! What excitement pervaded the room, the day we packed all this in huge boxes which we all decorated and autographed! We could just imagine the happy faces when the boxes were opened.

This was the beginning of correspondence friendships for some of my classmates as well as their parents who had joined in with enthusiasm in our good deed. Some of these friendships lasted for years. Don't you think my teacher and our parents were teaching us that "Life Can Be Beautiful?"

Mrs. C. H.

Renewal of Hope

Dear Papa David:

Like many other girls in the past few years, I fell in love with a soldier. I had to watch, and try to smile, as the man I loved with all my heart boarded a train and went away from me. I was one of the girls whose sweethearts did not come back.

The news of his death came very shortly before Christmas two years ago, and it made my life seem as empty and purposeless as a dead flower thrown into a waste basket.

I lost interest in everything—my job, my friends; even my parents were strangers after I shrank into the hard shell I built about myself to avoid their sympathy and kindness. I could only remember the past, since I could see no happiness possible for me in the future.

AFTER several months, I was waiting for a bus one afternoon when a tall young man approached to wait also. He grinned and I turned away with a frown, as always. Undaunted, he took my arm to help me get on the bus, and sat down beside me. My purse fell to the floor and things were scattered all over the place, including a picture of Tom in his uniform. The man looked intently at it a moment and returned it to me along with my other belongings.

"Nice-looking boy," he said. "Has he been able to get home lately?"

"No, he's dead." My voice was cold and harsh and very final.

He told me how sorry he was and then went into a brief but poignant story of his own year and a half in service. When he told me that he had lost both legs, I looked at him in disbelief.

"It's true," he said. "These are both wooden! I can master them great now, but it took lots of time and suffering to learn."

I couldn't help but admire him for his courage, and the obvious refusal to give up which was so plain in his infectious grin. I began to feel little stirrings of shame in my heart, for my own self-pity that had been my only

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R M

emotion for so long. We began to chat and I found myself interested, sympathetic about the fact that his girl had married some one else just before he came home.

When we reached the square and got off the bus, he invited me to have coffee with him and I accepted. Nowadays we go out together a great deal, and to him I owe everything in my world, the renewing of hope and interest in living. I have learned that there is always the future, if one's heart goes to meet it.

Miss M. J.

A Son To Be Proud Of

Dear Papa David:

My husband died when my baby was only a year old and for a while I thought that I wanted to die too. But soon I changed my mind, grateful to live for the sake of my little son. In fact I got so wrapped up in my boy Dave that it seemed as if nothing else mattered. I made up my mind that he should have the best of everything in life even if I had to work my fingers to the bone. When he grew older I tried to keep to my resolution. I dressed him nice and in the summer I sent him to better camps than I could afford to and I gave him violin lessons and lessons in speaking. I wanted so much for him to be more than ordinary. He was a nice-looking boy and smart and it didn't somehow seem too much to ask when he was all I had.

I STARTED to nag at him all the time that he was satisfied to be ordinary and never won prizes in school or did anything I could boast about all the time the way other mothers did. It got so I couldn't have him around a minute without scolding and we weren't close and friendly the way we used to be. This was when he just started in at high school. He got a job in the grocery store delivering on Saturday afternoons and he took other odd jobs here and there because he wanted to save up money to buy a microscope he had wanted for a long time.

Almost all his money was saved up when the boy who was Dave's best friend got hit by a truck and hurt. I had to talk to Dave a lot he was so upset, and I thought Georgie was a nice friend so I was glad when Dave told me he was going to be all right. That same week when I asked Dave if he didn't have enough money for his microscope he said he had changed his mind, he didn't want a microscope any longer. Of course I was surprised, he had wanted it so bad, but I didn't understand until I met Georgie's mother on the street a few days later and with tears in her eyes, she told me that she didn't know how she could thank me, they would never have gotten by if it hadn't been for Dave. Well, I didn't understand until we talked and it came to me that Dave had given his microscope money to Georgie to help pay his doctors expenses. Georgie's mother couldn't get over it when I told her that I knew nothing about it. "You have a fine son, a son to be proud of," she said and asked me not to be angry at him.

Angry, I was never less angry in my life. "You have a fine son, a son to be proud of," she said and that was all I could think of because in that moment Papa David I realized that she was right. Here I had been nagging at him because he was ordinary and he had done a wonderful thing that few boys his age would be unselfish enough to be capable of. It was a beautiful moment in my life to realize that I did

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have a son I could be proud of. I told myself that I would never again nag at him and bother him about being ordinary but let him go along as he was because that was the way I wanted him.

Dave is going to college now to train to be a doctor and I am as proud of him today as I was then. Life is indeed beautiful for a mother with a son like mine.

Mrs. A. L.

"As Long As She Loved Me—"

Dear Papa David:

I am a totally disabled veteran. I was hurt during the fight of the Bulge when the tank I was riding in was hit by a shell from a German 88 mm. It threw me out of the tank paralyzing me from the hips on down. I was in the hospital for almost a year before I got discharged and sent home.

Then a girl I used to go with heard that I was home. I have known her since I was just a little boy. She came down to see me a week after I was home. I was a little surprised to see her at first because of the condition that I was in. A feeling came over me that after seeing me she wouldn't come to see me any more. But that didn't make any difference to her. She came every day.

Then a surprise came that I was not expecting. She asked me to marry her. I couldn't say anything for awhile. Then I told her that I didn't think that it would be right for me to be a burden on her when she could get somebody else that would make a living for her and make her happy. She told me that it didn't make any difference what condition I was in. That as long as she loved me nothing else matters.

Right then Papa David I found out that Life Can Be Beautiful no matter how much of a burden you think you are, as long as you have somebody to love you and believe in you and trust in God.

O. W.

The Old Well

Dear Papa David:

In the summer of 1936 my father moved us down into the Louisiana cotton fields. The soil was very rich, the cotton was vast in area, but the country was low and in the creek bottoms it was very sickly and full of malaria.

Though the place had once been a prosperous town, all at once everybody was leaving. The stores and businesses were closing up. It wasn't the malaria, because the workers were used to it. Several weeks before we came down to the old farm lot the town's big bank was robbed of four hundred thousand dollars. There was a lot of oil money besides the cotton money in that bank. The rest was the people's savings.

The gangsters didn't get very far, but when they were captured they didn't have the money on them and they wouldn't tell where they hid it. So, as rumored, the money was somewhere around the field bottoms. Those who stayed were looking instead of working. They were digging up everything. My father decided to stay and work up enough money for a small farm higher up from the bottoms. It was awfully hard work. The heat and malaria got both my mother and sisters. Then my uncle came down to help my Dad and me. On the night my mother was so low, it rained hard. I went to the field in back of the house

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to cut up some fire wood near an empty water well. While I was cutting the wood with hard strokes, the head of the axe flew off and dropped into the old well. I had to have that fire wood cut to keep the girls from being chilled to death.

After getting both dad and uncle to get the axe head, we lowered my dad into the well by rope. It wasn't very deep, but he also found something else down there. Four hundred thousand rain-soaked dollars, the stolen money from the bank. There were moments of temptation, but my father thought of those others who had worked so hard and buried half of their families while trying to keep up their flood-beaten, malaria-stricken farms. So we gathered the money in the flour sacks and turned it over to the authorities.

THOUGH the reward was small, we succeeded in getting our little farm. We got my Ma and sisters nursed back to health again and made enough to come to the big city for a good education. It was truly wonderful to hear the creek folks sing so religiously happy and once again the town showed signs of life and proved to the poor that Life Can Be Beautiful.

J. S.

A New Start

Dear Papa David:

If you have ever had jealousy and distrust in your heart I am sure you will agree with me that under these circumstances life cannot be beautiful. It was difficult for me to admit the truth and I tried to make myself believe I was justified in being jealous. I learned the hard way, but I'm so glad I finally did face the fact.

When I met my husband I loved him at once. He was tall, lean and blond with green eyes and a "take it easy" air about him that made people just automatically relax in his presence. My family loved him immediately and after a very short courtship we were married. We were very happy at first—but gradually my love for him changed into an overwhelming possessiveness and jealousy. I watched him with an eagle eye and nagged him because of his easy manner with the girls. Of course, he was that way with everyone, but it infuriated me and our life became a constant routine of arguments, and the resultant hurt feelings. I saw Edwin change into a shadowy haunted man and still my jealousy ruled and I couldn't stop it.

Then came the day when the police brought me the story of my husband's probable arrest on a disorderly conduct charge. In a fraction of a second my heart turned to an ice lump and I saw all my high ideals and hopes and plans, lying in ashes at my feet. Of course, I pitied myself and blamed Edwin, and mistrusted him even more. Life was unbearable for him and when he left for the army we didn't cry. We both felt everything was ended anyway. Just a few weeks after going into service he called me long distance from half across the continent and told me he wanted to see me. I heard his voice which was choked with all the pent up love I had made impossible for him to give me by my constant nagging.

We both hoped this would be a new start and I went to the army camp and lived nearby. My possessiveness became the domineering factor in my life again and once again I saw Edwin become unhappy and haunted.

Then followed a quick startling suc-

cession of horrible events. Edwin had a nervous and mental collapse and when I saw him he was in a ward with bars at the windows and a guard at the door. The frequent visits to psychiatrists finally ended in a medical discharge as a neurotic case. We came home and started housekeeping but it soon ended in another arrest and probable hospitalization in a mental hospital.

It was about this time that I began to face the facts. I had seen my wonderful, handsome and devoted husband change into a haunted, vengeful, but broken man. His eyes were sunken in big black pits and he was always twitching nervously. He no longer had the dreamy look in his eyes but a look of discouragement was written all over him. I knew that I was to blame. In four years I had broken the man I loved more than anyone else in the whole world. When I faced this truth, I sank into a black fog of condemnation and misery. I then saw myself as I really was, as my husband had been seeing me. It wasn't a very nice picture and I was so ashamed.

In my harried mind I began to cry unto God as the Psalmist David had done, "Oh God—renew within me a right spirit"—and again I prayed, "Hide Thy face from my sins and blot out mine iniquity, and create in me a clean heart."

THEN a miracle happened and I began to trust Edwin again and a deeper, more understanding love began to rule me, and the condemnation began to fade. As I saw Edwin regain his former self and saw the happiness come back into our lives, I knew that it was I who had needed a psychiatrist—not my husband. It was I who had destroyed our happiness, but now with our new found faith in God we know that truly "Life can be beautiful." Our home life is happy again and my husband is more like what he used to be, and I am praying constantly for God to make me worthy of the wonderful things He has granted me.

Mrs. E. E. M.

Bright And Luminous

Dear Papa David:

Please excuse my wrong English. I'm a foreigner, a Parisian. In a summer evening of August '44, I was in France —very, very sick—I had two months before left Paris, when I could not stay any more. I was now settled in an out-of-world country place.

Since the 6th of June 1944, from my bed, I anxiously listened to the news, followed the progress of armies and raged not to be able to join up the troops of Maquis. While the battle came nearer to Paris, I thought of my beloved ones living there, mother, young brother, friends, all resolved to fight on. I also thought about "my" city's worthless treasures, symbols of a whole civilization. And beyond France my thoughts were going far away to a political-deported brother, and all the "Gross Reich" prisoners.

Two days before, from the London broadcast, we had learned the Parisian insurrection—but now Paris was missing ammunition—expectance was cruel. As our anxiety grew severer, the news burst forth, "Allied troops are in Paris, Paris is free, and Paris has not been injured!"

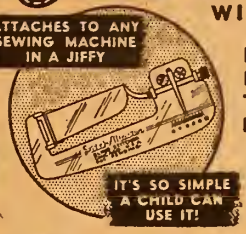
Adding to our happiness, we heard, too, that French soldiers were the first ones to enter Paris; a kind attention from American headquarters; we'll never forget it. On that evening I wept

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GOLDEN GLINT

for happiness—and, in my diary I wrote: "Paris is free, now I may die."

I did not! Since that radiant day everything is metamorphosed. I have almost regained a lost vigor; brothers and friends are now gathered; and, Paris is again Paris.

Liberty is enlightening the world, and to me, the world seems bright and luminous.

I. G. R.

. . . Who Help Themselves

Dear Papa David:

I live in a small town; my father is very old-fashioned. He doesn't want me to wear playsuits, or slacks, or he won't even allow me to buy a bathing suit even if I had the money. He buys my clothes—I never get to see them until he brings them home. I have never been to town without him or my mother along. I have two older brothers which they seem to fence their life around. They are allowed to go to town every Saturday and stay until three or four o'clock. They have jobs and can buy anything they like.

One day I hit on an idea. Saving the small amount of money that my father gave me for my lunch at school, I sent away for some wire. When it came I built a small garden. Then I hoed and raked the ground. Then I planted seed. I worked hard; I built a small shed down by the road so that city people could buy fresh vegetables. I made a great deal of money and I am planning the same thing this spring.

E. P.

Tribute To A Teacher

Dear Papa David:

After all of the death and destruction that I saw in combat, I should have been happy and thankful to get home in one piece. Instead I was bitter, depressed, and resentful. I felt that the whole world was against me. I determined to rise above these people who were trying so hard to hold me down.

My army life, however, had taught me the necessity of education and training. I had quit high school two years before I was to graduate. I made the wisest decision of my life. I decided to go back to high school and get my diploma, and believe me, sitting with an irritated mind and strained nerves, in a classroom with boys seven to twelve years younger than I was really proved to be hard.

Like everyone's cloud mine, too, had a silver lining. Mine was my kindly English teacher. It was her encouragement that made it possible for me to accomplish two years' work in a little over seven months. It was her kindness, faith in mankind—her wisdom and knowledge of life that made me take notice of the good things in people and not the mistakes of their fight for survival.

Let this be a tribute to the importance of America's school teachers for upon my graduation I realized that I was "crossing the bridge" and that this kindly little lady was the one who had built this bridge for me.

W. J. H.

A Few Kind Words

Dear Papa David:

I was once one of those irritable, impatient people. If things didn't just work out the way I thought they should, I would grumble and nag and make myself miserable as well as everyone else around me.

FRECKLES

Write for FREE BEAUTY SUGGESTIONS

We will send you a delightful story about Stillman's Freckle Cream. It is not only a freckle bleach, but also a beautifying cream. It makes skin look lighter—feel softer, smoother. Over 30 million jars have been purchased by enthusiastic users! Only 50c at all drug and cosmetic counters. A postal card brings this amazing story of beauty to you!

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Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM 50¢

PICTURE RING $1.



EXQUISITE PICTURE RING—made from any photo. SEND NO MONEY! Mail photo with paper strip for ring size. Pay postman ONLY $1.00 plus postage. Hand tinted 25 cents extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guarantee. Send photo and ring size NOW. Picture Ring Co., Dept. L-31, Cincinnati 2, O.

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WANTED: JEWELRY! We buy old or broken Jewelry. Cash paid immediately. Highest prices. Mail us gold teeth, watches, rings, diamonds, silverware, eyeglasses, old gold, silver, platinum, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed or your merchandise returned. Write for free information. Rose Smelting Co., 29-MW East Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

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This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 46 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 1195, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

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LEARN AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME! Trained artists are capable of earning $50, $60, $75 a week. By our practical method we teach you COMMERCIAL ART, DESIGNING and CARTOONING all in ONE course. FREE BOOK—"Art for Pleasure & Profit" describes training and opportunities in art. STATE AGE.

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A dress for every day within your means. Assorted Styles, Colors and Materials. USED but CLEANED—Some may need repairs. Sizes 12 to 18 only. Send $1.00 deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or purchase price refunded promptly. FREE CATALOG.

OUR BETTER DRESSES (used) 4 FOR $3.90 Sizes 12 to 20 and 38 to 44
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COLUMBIA MAIL ORDER CO.
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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

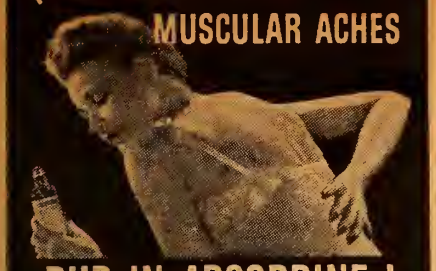
If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

QUICK RELIEF FROM MUSCULAR ACHES



★RUB IN ABSORBINE Jr.

"Birthstone Ring" GIVEN



Lovely solid sterling silver cushion shape set ring in your own Birthstone Color given for selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each remitting the $1.00 to us. Send No Money. Order 4 Rosebud Salve by one cent postcard. (Will mail ring and 4 salve now, if you send $1.00 with order.)



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For a skin that looks and feels radiantly clean





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The *Liquid* Facial Cleanser—at Leading Drug and Department Stores—35¢, 75¢, 1.25

OLD LEG TROUBLE



Easy to use Viscose Home Method. Heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for trial if it fails to show results in 10 days. Describe your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

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GET QUICK, amazing relief by placing Dent's Tooth Gum—or Drops—in cavity of aching tooth. Follow directions. Cavity toothache frequently strikes when you can't see dentist. Be prepared. Ask your druggist for package. Keep handy for children too.

25¢

DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS

SMART SIMULATED DIAMOND RINGS



$1.95 each or both for $3.59

You will love to wear these beautiful Engagement and Wedding rings, set with sparkling simulated diamonds, a perfect reproduction of genuine diamond rings. You may have the rings in yellow Gold-plate or Sterling Silver.

Send No Money

Just send name, address and ring size. Pay postman on delivery plus 20% Federal Tax and postage charges.

CLARK RING CO., Dept. 529, Box 5151, Chicago

I GOT RID OF BLACKHEADS



NAOINOLA'S 4-WAY ACTION HELPS AMAZINGLY TO COMBAT UGLY BLACKHEADS, EXTERNALLY-CAUSED PIMPLES, DARK DULL SKIN

One *glance* may kill *romance*—if your skin is dark, dull or needlessly blemished! That's why thousands of girls and women trust to Nadinola Cream, the clinically-proved *4-way treatment cream*. Quickly, gently, Nadinola helps to loosen and remove ugly blackheads—to clear up externally caused pimples—to fade freckles—to lighten, brighten and freshen your skin to creamier loveliness. See for yourself what Nadinola can do in *days*—what wonders it works in *weeks*! Full treatment-size jar of Nadinola Cream just 60c, with money-back guarantee; trial jar, 10c.

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BEAUTY BOOKLET—richly printed in full color, with photographs and sworn proof of wonderful results from just *one jar* of Nadinola. Write NADINOLA, Dept. 20, Paris, Tenn.

Last winter I took a business trip to a distant city by bus. On my return home a snow and ice storm greatly prolonged the trip. The driver who was supposed to be at the wheel eight hours had already put in twelve hours of very difficult driving. As we came to a bus stop, myself and several other passengers showed irritating impatience as we hurried off to straighten out our disrupted schedules. There was an extended waiting period. Many of the passengers as well as myself became cross and constantly nagged the driver with our endless complaints. Then one old lady paused as she passed the driver's seat complimenting him on his careful and expert driving under such harassing conditions. Instantly his slumping form straightened up.

She knew the true meaning of being happy and making others happy no matter what happened. I felt very ashamed of myself for the rest of the trip. Somehow that incident struck home and I decided from that time on to give it a try. So instead of always complaining and nagging, I began to use a few kind words to my family and everyone I met. The results were astonishing, the smiles and that good warmhearted feeling from everyone made my heart fairly sing with joy. That little incident changed my whole life. Now I can take things in my stride be they good or bad.

Mrs. N. N.

"God Bless You, Mom"

Dear Papa David:

A year ago this last July, in 1945, we heard of a soldier in a camp out in California, through a friend of ours, so I thought it would be nice to write to him as she said this lonely boy had no friends or relatives. He would cry when the mail came in camp and none for him. It was so heartbreaking to a mother with boys of her own that I wrote to him. He wrote right back and after two letters a week for a month he got a furlough, the first in two years, and came out here to spend two weeks with his "new mom" as he has called me ever since, bless his heart.

THEN he came out again last Christmas for a month and I was happy when I got a telegram to meet him at the depot! The telegram said, "Dear Mom," and ended "Your Loving Son." We went and got him and we were so glad to see him, and then he told us he got homesick for home and in order to get that thirty day furlough he had re-enlisted for three more years. When he went I told him that he had a home and real true friends waiting for him when he got out for good.

I was so pleased when he said, "Mom, you will never know how happy I was when I got your letters." When I was sick and didn't write to him for one week, he sent a telegram to our local Red Cross to find out what was the trouble and said that if he was wanted home he would try and get there some way. When I told the Red Cross worker about him she said he evidently thought a lot of his new mom and she told me to keep up my good work.

I'm so glad I brought a little comfort to this homeless boy, a real good sort of a fellow alone in this big world.

He left his little Testament with me when he went back to camp. He said that was the happiest time he had ever had in his life and he said, "God Bless you Mom," and I was so happy that I had made someone else happy.

Mrs. I. C.

HOLLYWOOD POSTURE VIVACIOUS CURVES
GLAMOUR for A ROMANTIC SUMMER

GLAMOUR Belt... Debutante BRA
For Posture . . For Health

Instantly . . . you'll look charmingly crisp and slender . . . feel fresh . . . free from "summer sag"! Even your clothes will look more glamourous when you wear your new cool, light-weight DEBUTANTE BRA and GLAMOUR BELT . . . so refreshingly sturdy in support.



DEBUTANTE BRA . $1.75 ea. 3 for $5

DEBUTANTE BRA means Hollywood Beauty and cool comfort! It's the last word in scientific design . . . lastex front insert . . . adjustable straps . . . double elastic back with 4-way adjustable fastener. Choice of nude or white in gleaming rayon satin or fine cotton . . . with quilted cups for permanent uplift and smart separation . . . trimmed with matching net. Glamour-perfect with the sheerest of blouses, dresses and sportswear.

GLAMOUR BELT $2.50 ea.



BEFORE AFTER

GLAMOUR BELT is made of soft, easily laundered, flesh-colored cotton material, scientifically designed to support YOUR back and abdomen to improve YOUR posture without discomfort . . . to help relieve tiredness . . . to help reduce waist, hips and abdomen.

This summer . . . don't blame the heat . . . there's cool comfort . . . a more glamourous figure for you with DEBUTANTE BRA and GLAMOUR BELT . . . easily laundered . . . easily worn. Money-back guarantee if you're not satisfied.

MAIL THIS NOW!

USE THIS HANDY COUPON

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Please send me _____ Debutante Bra at $1.75 each (3 for $5).

	32	34	36	38	40	
Nude						Cotton ☐
White						Rayon Satin ☐

Please send me _____ Glamour Belt at $2.50 each.

My waist measure is _____ My hip measure is _____

(check one) Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ C.O.D. ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

We pay postage if remittance is enclosed
Sorry, no C.O.D.'s outside U.S.A.

Does the laxative you take go to extremes?

THAT last laxative dose . . . what did it do to you? Practically knock you out? Or just sort of stir you up inside without giving the relief you needed?

You avoid *both* these extremes when you take Ex-Lax! It gets results in such an easy, pleasant way. Ex-Lax is thorough and effective, yet so nice and *gentle!* Not too strong, not too mild . . . Ex-Lax is the "Happy Medium" laxative!

What's more, Ex-Lax *tastes good* —just like fine chocolate! It's a real pleasure to take—not a punishment!

So, take Ex-Lax next time *you* need a laxative. Discover for yourself why it's America's most widely used laxative. *Over 40 million boxes sold last year!* As a precaution, use only as directed. 10¢ and 25¢.

When Nature forgets . . . remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

ACTS WELL . . . TASTES SWELL

GOT A BOIL?

HERE'S HOW TO GET RELIEF

Apply a ready-to-use ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice comfortably hot. Almost at once you'll *feel* the *moist heat* go right to work helping to relieve the pain and soreness. You'll *see* how it helps bring the boil to a head. The *moist heat* of ANTIPHLOGISTINE works for several hours bringing soothing relief. Feels good —does good.

GET A TUBE OR CAN FROM YOUR DRUGGIST.



FOR BOILS—

Antiphlogistine

R M

Alcohol and You

(*Continued from page 31*)

has to be done about alcoholism. Public education on the problem is very important and this is what the You and Alcohol series attempted. I know one person who learned a lot he never knew before about alcohol. Myself. But learning about it isn't enough.

The understanding gained from education has to be applied. Once you understand the alcoholic isn't a freak or a nuisance, but a sick person, you have to be able to help him. A different attitude toward him and his illness is a great help. But everyone has to cooperate to see that more adequate facilities are developed, nationally, to do all the research, all the treatment, all the hospitalization that is necessary to tackle this problem in the way that, say, Tuberculosis was tackled and brought under control.

So far, these facilities are very meager. Many hospitals won't admit alcoholics. People are not aware that compulsive drinkers need not lectures, but a competent psychiatrist. Even more people fail to realize that the very preaching itself may tend to set the drinker even more apart from a society in which he has trouble enough finding a place for himself.

STUDENTS of alcoholism are more and more certain that compulsive drinking—and to some extent excessive drinking—is a symptom of various kinds of maladjustment. Psychiatrists, in the past twenty years, have done a great deal to treat human maladjustments and in doing so have helped many alcoholics. Perhaps because of the ignorance of the general public and, let's face it, a tendency on all our parts to avoid a problem unless it is shoved into our laps, it was a lay organization which developed the first real attack on alcoholism.

Alcoholics Anonymous happens to use some methods known to psychiatrists, but, most of all, the group provides the encouragement and support needed by the alcoholic. Many doctors disapprove of this group, because it is not equipped to cure the original cause of drinking. But even these disapproving doctors recognize the value of the organization. They see how helpful it is to the drinker to find people who have been through the same things and are willing to help him cure himself. They see that for alcoholics this group represents society. At least, it provides a small social world in which the alcoholic is accepted and from which he gains the courage and strength to help himself.

Think how much simpler the solution would be if all of us who make up society had this same attitude toward the alcoholic. Think how much easier it would be for the alcoholic to stop trying to escape from his maladjustment, frustration, shame and helplessness by drinking, if you and I did not shun him, scold him, preach at him, sneer at him, but made him feel that he was part of society—at the moment a sick part, but one we wished to help to get better so he could resume normal, healthy living among us. It would never occur to any of us to preach at someone suffering from cancer. I, for one, am convinced now that the alcoholic is just as sick in his way and that his sickness is just as little his own fault and that learning to help him is a public responsibility.

EASY



NOT 1 BUT 4

For spots on clothes, keep the Mufti bottle handy! . . . Mufti gives you not 1, but 4 tested cleaning ingredients . . . cleans so many spots from so many fabrics—cleans them in a jiffy, too!



MUFTI
SPOT REMOVER



INGROWN NAIL
Hurting You?
Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughens the skin underneath the nail, allowing the nail to be cut and thus preventing further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

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Relieve Misery of ITCH

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

AVOID BEING GRAY!!
USE GRA-NO-COL

It is safe! Easy to apply! Neither a rinse, nor a dye. Just use a few drops a few times and bring your hair to the natural shade you desire. GRA-NO-COL is sold on a money back guarantee. Price: $2.00. Check, money order, cash or C.O.D. for this remarkable hair coloring, to:

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AMAZING NEW RADIO!
Pocket or Purse Size
SMALL AS A PACK OF CIGARETTES!

Weighs only a few ounces—Beautiful black chrome plastic case. Uses new war born crystal diode. Hi-Q-slide dial. No tubes, batteries or electric "plug-ins"! Usually receives local broadcasts without outside aerial wires.

GUARANTEED TO PLAY when used according to instructions sent with each radio! You can use it at home, in offices, hotels, cabins, in bed, etc.—lots of fun—real entertainment! Complete as shown. Ready to Play with self contained personal phone. For Gifts—Children will love it—grownups too! An exceptional value—order yours and enjoy the many good radio programs coming! Don't be without your Pa-Kette Radio another day! (All foreign orders $3.00 U. S. cash.)

SEND ONLY $1.00 (cash, money order, check) and pay postman $2.99 plus delivery fees on arrival or send $3.99 for postpaid delivery.

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Only VETO Contains DURATEX, exclusive new safety ingredient! Veto is different from any other deodorant . . . Does *not* rot clothes. Safe for any normal skin. Stays moist in jar, never gritty, rubs in easily. Use *doubly safe* Veto regularly to guard daintiness and to check perspiration, stop underarm odor *safely.*

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DOUBLY PREFERRED! Registered Nurses who have tried Veto prefer it almost 2 to 1 over any other deodorant, according to a nation-wide survey.

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Most gorgeous life-like enlargement you ever saw. Finished in beautiful "*Gold-tone*" process on heavy portrait paper. **SEND NO MONEY!** Mail snapshot, photograph or negative, any size, any subject. Pay postman only 69c for one or $1.00 for two, plus postage. Or send price and we pay postage. Original returned unharmed. QUICK SERVICE. Money back guarantee. Hand colored in oils $1 extra. State colors.

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WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

What's New From Coast to Coast

Missed charming Adrienne Bayan on one of her regular acting stints over at Mutual the other day. When we asked after her, the director told us she was up in Providence, where she hadn't ought to be. Adrienne had started back to New York, as usual, after visiting her parents in the Rhode Island city. She got on her regular plane, relaxed in her seat and dozed off. Some time later, the stewardess awakened her. Adrienne stepped out of the plane, expecting to get into a cab and drive to the broadcasting studio. Instead, she found she was back in the Providence airport. While she'd been asleep, the plane had been forced to return to its take-off field by bad weather. Mutual's thinking of being a little stricter about an old rule insisting that people under contract do not go more than fifty miles away from the studio.

* * *

Alan Young writes us that the Dog Pound Club he started just before last Christmas so that all kids in Los Angeles who wanted dogs and could take care of them could have them, is such a success that he's going to keep it going all year round.

* * *

Percy Faith's a man to have around in an emergency. We understand that not very long ago, when his sponsor asked him to include a certain number on a program, about fifteen minutes before the show went on the air, Percy grabbed a pencil and wrote an entire score for a special instrumentation of the number in something less than ten minutes. Must be some kind of a record.

* * *

Perry Como is an English teacher, although he didn't know it himself until a short while ago. He only found out when he got a letter from a girl in Paris, France, who wrote him that she learned English through listening to his shows, which have been short-waved to Europe the past few years. The French girl says she has listened to it regularly.

Another Como fan story that left us a little worried: his fans aren't usually the swooning type. But here's a tale about a couple of them that almost carried the swooning business to tragic lengths. A couple of kids out in Columbus, Ohio, Jeanette Stone and Joseph Gotschall, both 18, wanted to listen to Como but couldn't find a house radio that was working. They went out to Gotschall's car, tuned in Como's show on the auto radio, left the motor running and the windows closed. Both were overcome by monoxide gas and were revived by the Fire Department Emergency Squad.

* * *

You may think it's Jimmy Durante's playing that makes that piano sound the way it does. But you're wrong about that. That battered upright is kept in just the right degree of out-of-tune, purposely. A rather fortunate circumstance, it turned out recently, when a script on the Screen Guild Players

"Oh! Oh! Mommy's using my Stork Castile!"



Your physician will tell you Stork Castile is safe, non-irritating. It's made especially to take better care of babies!

Ask for Stork Baby Oil, and Stork Baby Powder, too

A NEW AND NOVEL WAY TO MAKE MONEY

SELL INDIVIDUAL 5¢ AND 10¢ GREETING CARDS



COST YOU 2½¢ EACH UP

FREE SAMPLES 50 for $1.00 PERSONAL STATIONERY

Extra money quick. Up to 100% profit. Extra bonus. Send at once for FREE catalog of wonderful year 'round money-making line super value greeting card assortments and FREE samples name imprinted stationery. Request special feature $1.00 All Occasion Assortment on approval. Special Offers.

NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS, BOX A, North Abington, Mass.

REPLICA DIAMOND Engagement Rings with matched wedding bands



Set #S-102—Flashing Replica Diamond in Solid Sterling Silver, with wedding band to match



Set #S-104—Flashing Replica Diamond, white gold color effect, with wedding band to match

Flashing replica diamond engagement rings chased wedding bands to match. Choice of any set in Sterling Silver, White or Yellow Gold Color Effect. SEND NO MONEY. Just name, address, ring size. Order by set number. Pay postman 97c plus postage or send $1 with order and we pay postage. GUARANTEE: If not pleased, return in 10 days for refund.

Only 97¢ FOR BOTH



Flashing Replica Diamond, yellow gold color effect with wedding band to match. Set #S-103—

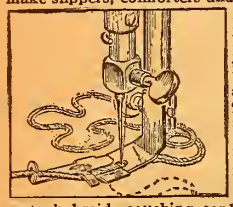
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New EASY WAY Hemstitches On Your own Sewing Machine



NO BASTING NECESSARY ...Makes Slippers, Comforters, Rugs, too

No more paying someone else to do your hemstitching! No more drudgery making rugs by hand! Amazing invention does both . . . quickly, easily! Fits any sewing machine . . . in a jiffy! Does all types of hemstitching possible; two-piece criss-cross, inlaid, circular, hemstitching for pleats! Does tucking, smocking, picoting, too. Most amazing, with this wonderful invention you'll make rugs in all kinds of designs from any material, make slippers, comforters and auto rugs.



In our generous 2-for-1 offer, we'll include with your Hemstitcher and Rugmaker the sensational new Embroidery Guide that you can attach on any sewing machine! No more painstaking hours of embroidering or braiding by hand. This ingenious attachment makes your sewing machine do it for you . . . beautifully . . . and in 1/10 the time! Also soutach braid, couching cord rope silk No. 3 pearl cotton, ribbon!

EXTRA—SCISSORS SHARPENER—Act now and we'll also include extra and as a gift, a wonderful Scissors Sharpener that will give you many years of service.

SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail your name. When your purchase arrives deposit $1.00 plus C.O.D. postage with postman on the iron-clad guarantee you must be 100% delighted or your dollar back. Or send cash with order, we pay postage. Special . . . 3 sets for $2.50 NOW. Send name and address to:

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Forest City Products, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio



CRO★PAX FOOT AIDS
At all 10¢ stores!

show called for a piano to be played after not having been touched for ten years. Usually, in such circumstances, a piano tuner is called in to "untune" an ordinary piano. This time, however, a piano tuner couldn't be located in time. Then someone remembered that Jimmy's piano was in the building—and the day was saved. Of course, honest Jimmy is still speculating on whether he should send in a bill.

* * *

Cathy and Elliott Lewis are making good as a writing as well as an acting team. The husband and wife combination has been going strong on the Suspense and Adventures of Sam Spade shows. Now they've authored "The Thirteenth Sound" for the Suspense chiller program.

* * *

Now that Conrad Binyon—Butch on the Mayor of the Town—has reached his sixteenth year, he's busy with plans for getting his own plane. Conrad has been flying for several years, but the law wouldn't permit him to fly solo until he was sixteen. That's happened. The next step is saving his money for his own plane.

* * *

Jan August, versatile magician of the keyboard, wasn't always a pianist. Once, he aspired to being a cartoonist. He wanted to be a comic artist so badly, in fact, that he made a pest of himself, telephoning Bud Fisher, the creator of "Mutt and Jeff," so often that he finally got an interview with the famous cartoonist. More than that, Jan has the distinction of having been the first, last and only pupil that Bud Fisher ever had. And, now, after he talks about this and you ask Jan August how he comes to be Mutual's prize pianist, he shrugs his shoulder and says, "One of those things that happens."

* * *

Art Linkletter keeps in trim by playing handball. He also keeps trimming all and sundry who come up against him. He is a Hollywood champion and competes in all the tournaments held in and around the film city. His radio duties—among them CBS's House Party—prevent him from competing in national matches.

* * *

Folks out California way are kidding Dick Haymes these days. They're going around calling him Flicka's father-in-law. Flicka's foaled and the colt was sired by Haymes' giant saddle horse, Thunderbolt.

* * *

Ginny Simms has been invited to appear before the crowned heads of Great Britain again in a 1947 Command Performance. Last fall, Ginny was invited, too, but had to decline because of the then too-recent birth of her baby son.

* * *

Now you can get recordings of Truth and Consequences in your local music store. A parlor version of the popular series has been made into an album by Mercury Records.

* * *

We were having lunch with Jay Jostyn—you know, Mr. District Attorney—the other day in Rockefeller Center. Another distinguished gentleman was lunching with us. Our meal was continually interrupted by people coming over to get autographs from "Mr. District Attorney." And we all

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kept wondering when someone would spot the gentleman with us. No one did. He was District Attorney Frank S. Hogan of New York, one of the foremost prosecutors in the U. S.

* * *

"Ole Buttermilk Sky"—and what does that mean to you? Hoagy Carmichael's song made the hit parade and people all over the country went around whistling and humming it. And no one seems to know exactly what it means. Ask Hoagy, he isn't sure, either, but thinks it's a mottled, partly overcast sky.

* * *

Whenever Oscar Strauss, composer of the popular "Chocolate Soldier" score, turns up as a guest conductor on a radio show, the studios are prepared for him, now. Ever since Mr. Strauss's first appearance on the air in this country, the studio posts guards at all the exits from the studio stage to the wings. Seems Mr. Strauss couldn't get used to radio techniques that first broadcast. After each number, he would face the audience, bow, and then walk off into the wings. He kept forgetting that broadcasting schedules didn't allow time for such concert etiquette.

* * *

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One day, Irene pulled a ticket stub out of the bowl to pick a lucky studio contestant. To her astonishment, everyone stood up. She had called the date, which is on every ticket, instead of the stub number. Once, when Irene asked a woman to name a song with "red" in the title, the answer she got was "The Star Spangled Banner"—and they had to grant the woman was right. Another unexpected answer came from a high school student who was asked if she agreed with the song that, "falling in love is wonderful." "Oh, yes," the young lady said, and then, confusion clouding her brow, added, "But my biology teacher says it isn't true."

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM EVERYWHERE . . . Dashiell (Adventures of the Thin Man) Hammett is readying his first play, which will be directed on Broadway by Lillian Hellman . . . Bud (Superman) Collyer is off on a lecture tour of schools and other institutions of learning on behalf of tolerance . . . There's talk about combining the two 15 minute programs of Walter Winchell and Louella Parsons into a half hour show, when the two commentators vacation this summer . . . Andy Russell has been approached with an offer to star in a Mexican film and sing Spanish songs . . . Lanny Ross is writing songs under the name of Robert Matthews . . . Skinnay Ennis's band may tour Central and South America this summer . . . Mutual Network is at work building a new $2,500,000 radio and television studio in Hollywood . . . So You Want To Lead A Band?, Sammy Kaye's feature, is now available for the young fry—appears in comic book form . . . Time to start thinking about that vacation. Travel folders, booklets, getting out the old fishing tackle and examining the bathing suit for possible moth holes. The sunny days are on the way—and sunny listening to you, until next time.



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Women Are Wiser

(*Continued from page* 43)

They are so interested in the workings of the law, or new developments in medicine—and with good reason—that they haven't time for anything else. When one of my questions takes them into another field, in which they are not so interested, they are lost. It doesn't help, either, that some of them are well-known to other residents of the city. They are so intent on upholding their reputations that they can't put their minds on my questions. It's difficult to think clearly if you are worrying at the same time about the impression you may be making on some hundreds of thousands of people.

But my friend the housewife has nothing to lose. The contest is a game to her and she's there to get as much fun, along with the cash, out of it as she can. As for the answers to my questions, all she has to do is dig around in the mass of information she has acquired at women's clubs, from women's magazines and from newspapers. She reads newspapers much more carefully than the specialist does. Her mind isn't keyed to one subject. She is interested in everything and reads numerous little items ("New Miracle Drug Saves Life of Boy, 13" or "London's Big Ben Affected By Frost") which completely escape the professional man's attention.

THE radio, too, is another source of miscellaneous information. While she is cleaning the house, making the beds, or sewing, she tunes in to a wide variety of programs. Some of them are merely entertaining but many—the various programs conducted by women commentators, for example—are rich in information which she acquires painlessly. Most men, professional or otherwise, cannot work and listen to the radio at the same time.

Forgetting the specialist for a moment, and just comparing the average man with the average woman, I'm willing to go out on a limb and say that the information the average man carries around in his head is not nearly so extensive as his wife's. She has a working knowledge of masculine pursuits; he is helpless when a question leads him into the woman's world. For example, most women know that the term "punt" is used in football, but many a man has been unable to answer the question: "Where would you look for a jabot if you wanted one?" And any woman who spends a good part of her time buying provisions for her household, and clothes for herself and her children, knows something of the current business trends.

Her children, too, help to make her a prize-winning quiz contestant. The questions they're constantly bombarding her with tend to keep her on the alert. Papa is usually at the office when Junior gets curious and asks, "Mama, why is water wet?" or "Where does the snow come from?"

There is another explanation for the average housewife's serenity of mind, a very important factor in the prize-winner's mental attitude. The professor of physics turns pale when he faces me and the microphone. He cringes ever so slightly and every member of the audience squirms in sympathetic agony. But the housewife is charmingly nonchalant, and why not? That same day she has probably bawled out the laundryman who forgot to pick

up the week's wash, and made it plain to the department store manager that he is personally responsible for the overcharge in her bill. She's not afraid of anything, much less a microphone. Why should she be afraid of me, just another man?

I am often amused, however, when a housewife trips on a simple question that is right in her own backyard—or kitchen to be more exact. On a recent contest, a housewife reached the finals and I asked her the following question: "Suppose you were drying four dishes, three from the same set and one odd one, which is second from the top. You dry them in the usual way, passing them from the bottom up. Where would the odd dish be when you finished drying the four of them?" The answer is that the odd dish would be on top of the pile. She would have dried the face of the first dish and the bottom of the fourth dish and then placed the fourth dish on the top of the pile. My contestant couldn't figure it out, although I emphasized that she would dry them "from the bottom up."

The audience really enjoyed it the night that I asked a housewife: "If you wanted to make beaten biscuits and you had flour and a stove, what other four objects would you need?" She answered, "Sugar, eggs, salt . . ." and the women in the audience who knew that sugar and eggs are not used in beaten biscuits, began to shake their heads violently. The trouble was that my contestant was making a cake, not biscuits.

THESE incidents point to the fact that the housewife, to a certain degree, is a specialist too, and like other specialists, she sometimes muffs a question in her field. There was the doctor, who was asked where he would get lactic acid if he needed it in a hurry. He began to tell me the complicated procedure he would follow in the laboratory. It did not occur to him that he might find it in his own refrigerator, because lactic acid is formed when milk sours.

While I'm engaged in eulogizing the housewife, I think I should point out that the children from middle and lower class families who come out with high scores on my contests owe their prizes to some degree to their mothers. Recently I held a contest in a small town in the south where most of the contestants were the children of mill workers and farmers. I was told that the educational standards were low and that I should not expect too much. At the end of the contest I had to declare a tie between two youngsters, both of whom had received a score between 575 and 600, the top score. Each one had missed only one fourth of one question. This experience confirms my belief that one should not judge educational standards according to the income or occupations of the city's inhabitants.

In another contest, at Yale University, four instructors out of twelve did not reach the finals. The winner, with a score of 325, was a Yale student. I used the same set of questions at a quiz at a junior high school in a southern city. The winner, a high school student, received the perfect score of 600.

Why do I compliment the mother on the showing made by these and other children? It's not difficult to see for yourself. It appears that youngsters who have more contact with their mothers, who share information and participate in the family fun pick up

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more general knowledge than those who are not brought up this way. Home-made fun means that all the participants thereof must exercise their ingenuity.

The youngest contestant I have ever had on my radio program was a sixteen-year-old boy and he had what I mean by ingenuity. To the question, "What is a cattail?" he answered, "The rear end of a cat." The correct answer is that a cattail is a bullrush, but there is no doubt that his answer was also correct. What really surprised me, though, was the way he handled a complicated mathematical question that required much untangling of various factors to get at the right answer. I had intended to delete this from my set of questions because it was so difficult and it was only through an oversight that it was left in. The boy gave me the correct answer in less time than I had required to work it out—and I wasn't thinking on my feet. This youngster won the contest.

Of course, I never try to stump the contenders on my program. For me, the perfect show is one in which the questions are difficult enough to give a mental work-out to the listeners, and easy enough for the contestants to answer. I try to make the questions easy, and yet not so easy that only a moron would have to exercise his brains to get the right answer.

With this in mind, I have had to use fewer questions recently on two groups of information that were once considered the foundation of knowledge. The young people of today, particularly those in big cities, are not very familiar with quotations from the Bible and proverbs. People in big cities find their entertainment outside their homes. They buy it, in the movies for example, and if they are not inclined to buy books, they buy magazines and get their information in capsule form. They don't play baseball. They watch someone else do it. This type of bought entertainment does not provide knowledge of proverbs and the Bible.

In the realm of news, I have found that contestants do not score nearly so well on questions about something that happened last week, as they do on questions about events that took place some 300 years ago. People in general are much more familiar with the Revolutionary War than they are with World War II.

It sounds surprising but it is easy to understand. The Revolutionary War is an accomplished fact. No one living today is emotionally involved in it and there has been no deviation in the official attitude toward it in some 80 to 100 years. World War II, on the contrary, has not been tied up in a compact bundle; the great mass of information on it has not been condensed. Thousands of people concentrated on one theater of the war, where a husband or a son was fighting, and know very little of the other theaters. Our emotional reactions to the various military leaders do not help us to think clearly, either.

Speaking of thinking clearly reminds me of one of my best contestants, a twelve-year-old boy who astonished me by his ability to go straight to the root of the subject under discussion. I give him credit for one of the most interesting minds with which I have ever come in contact among the thousands of people I have questioned. He was one of the contestants in a quiz at a school.

I asked the youngster to describe a spiral staircase. The boy began to make a circling motion with his hand—most people start out the same way with this question—but I told him that he must describe the staircase in words. He thought for a moment and finally came out with, "It's like a cyclone with steps." I have never heard a more apt description.

When we came to the question, "How can two sounds produce silence?" I really thought the boy would be unable to answer. Not many children know that two sound waves traveling on the some frequency in different directions can drown each other out. But there was nothing wrong with the boy's answer: "When you're talkin', and somebody says 'shut up'."

Another contestant whom I remember particularly because he really stunned my audience into silence was a young man, about 25 years of age. When he reached the finals and I asked him, first his name and then his address, he replied, "The New York Institute For the Blind." He immediately became the favorite of the audience, which had thought he was drunk when he came on the stage because he didn't seem to know where he was going. I asked him to name four objects which, when filled, are lighter than when they are empty. He first named a balloon filled with helium. Then, after a moment's thought, he said: "A man filled with false pride." It took the audience some time to recover from that one.

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1. Safe for charm. Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.

2. Safe for skin. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin . . . forms no irritating crystals.

3. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.



"LOST" DAYS
CAN BE
SAVED DAYS

MIDOL
RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

June 1947

RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 28, NO. 1

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ON THE COVER—Milena Miller, Music Hall Singer; color portrait by John Engstead. Miss Miller's wedding gown and veil: a Jay Thorpe original.

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Portrait of a Fussy Lady . . .

CAN you imagine what infectious dandruff could do to the health of your scalp and the looks of your lovely hair? Those ugly flakes! Those embarrassing scales! The germ colonies on the scalp!

Fastidious women recognize this constant threat and make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair-washing. It's so simple, so easy, so delightful . . . a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff as well as a grand twice-a-day treatment.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Why not start using Listerine Antiseptic whether or not you detect flakes and scales? You get the benefit of its cool, refreshing effect, and, if the "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) is present, Listerine Antiseptic kills it by millions. Remember, the "bottle bacillus", in the opinion of many dermatologists, is a causative agent of this distressing infection.

No Fuss . . . No Bother

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and hair and follow with vigorous fingertip massage for several minutes. No fuss, no bother, no messy salves or lotions.

How gloriously cool and fresh your scalp feels! How fresh your hair looks! How quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear! In clinical tests, twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers. You know you've taken a precaution against infectious dandruff that can't be had with salves and lotions devoid of germ-killing power.

Make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" with your family at hair-washing time. It is a delightful habit worth sticking to. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

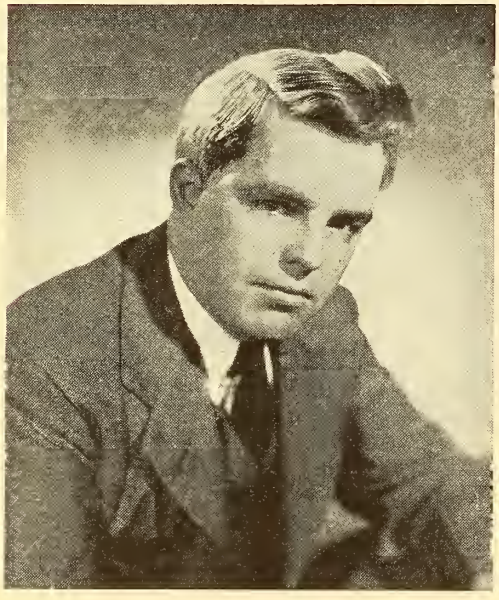


LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Missouri

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



When he's not on the air, he's in it. Here George Skinner poses, affectionately, with his wife's only rival.



THE MAN WITH THE *Friendly Voice*

WHEN George Skinner says "Good Morning," he's doing much more than reading what the Sunday Circle Arrow Show script says. He's expressing a genuine enjoyment and his listeners know it. For the major tenet of George's philosophy about radio is: "Listeners won't enjoy a program if the announcer doesn't enjoy it." And he adds as tenet number two: "Radio saves time. You talk to people as individuals—but all at once."

His genuine enjoyment of people probably steered him from the medical profession of his forebears into the fourth estate. Barely out of college, he took an important stand for freedom of the press. Fledgling reporter George refused to reveal to police authorities certain information about a newspaper account he had written. So he spent an evening in a new city jail.

Apparently the police relented, for George soon afterward investigated many cases at the request of the law enforcement agency. While still a reporter, he spoke into a microphone for the first time, and realized his precept about "talking to people as individuals." This philosophy made him a "natural" at special events broadcasting and interviews with men like Leon Henderson and Admiral Clark Howell Woodward.

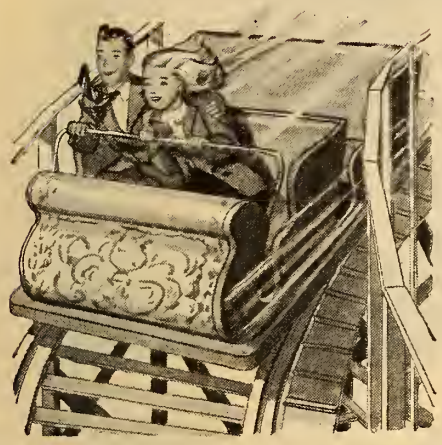
Then, the mike replaced the typewriter as a profession when George came to WLW in 1945. Behind him, in Wheeling, West Virginia, George left thousands of radio friends. One reason was his genuine informality projected over the air. Another was undoubtedly his one-man campaign which raised $10,000 for an injured schoolboy and won for George the Billboard magazine award for "humanitarian service" in 1942.

At WLW his schedule includes Crossroads Cafe, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30 P. M., EDT.; and the Sunday Circle Arrow Show at 10:30 A. M., EDT.

Off-mike, George likes to fly or to tinker with automobiles, which, he says, are "my wife's only rivals." Songwriting is another interest, with several ballads and novelties now under way.

But George Skinner's prime interest is people, probably the reason millions of people like George Skinner.

Are you in the know?



Does this make sense on certain days?

- ☐ *No*
- ☐ *Yes*
- ☐ *Could be*

Gals in-the-know take certain days in stride, *but*—"fierce fun" doesn't make sense. Why jolt your innards? (There's always the merry-go-round!) Choosing milder amusements is playing safe. Like choosing Kotex. You see, you get extra protection from that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex. And that comfortable Kotex Wonderform Belt lets you bend freely because it's elastic—snug-fitting—non-binding. For confidence that's positively *supersonic*, try Kotex and Kotex Belts!



For a too-broad nose, better—

- ☐ *Clamp a clothespin on it*
- ☐ *Eye-shadow the sides*
- ☐ *Widen your brows*

If you guessed this one, you're up on your grooming! And on difficult days, score yourself a plus if you never need guess about sanitary protection. For that means you depend on Kotex—knowing there's a Kotex napkin exactly suited to your own special needs. Yes, only Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. Three smart ways to improve your confidence. (Smart as widening your brows to improve that too-broad nose!)



Can Tiny Tess look taller if she—

- ☐ *Makes like a zebra*
- ☐ *Wears vertical lines*
- ☐ *Prefers peplums*

Tired of being "a cute trick"? Wee widgets who'd like to come up in the world should wear clothes that add height. Steer clear of peplums; long jackets. Stripes are smart, but shy away from the zebra type (shown here). Vertical lines make you look taller. Don't give a second thought to the "lines" that plague you on problem days. Choose Kotex . . . for those special *flat pressed* ends of Kotex *prevent* revealing outlines. You can fool the eye, with Kotex!

How would you refuse a date?

- ☐ *Brush him off*
- ☐ *Invent an excuse*
- ☐ *Say you'll be busy*

Ever trip yourself up on your own tall story, after turning down a bid? When refusing a date no fancy excuses needed. Just say you'll be busy; then you're in the clear. Never "no" a date merely because it's "that" time of the month. Keep going—*comfortably*—with Kotex, and the lasting softness Kotex gives you. It's softness that stays faithfully yours—for Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it.* So date away, in comfort!





More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

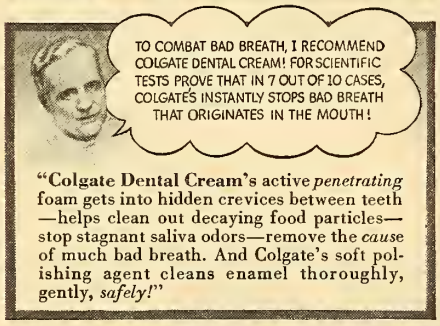
A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

R M

When a man marries, his troubles begin!





"**Colgate Dental Cream's** active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth —helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently, *safely!*"







Court Benson

COURT BENSON, narrator of Tennessee Jed (ABC, Mondays through Fridays, 5:45 PM, EDT) and for ten years master of ceremonies of Canada's famous "Hockey Hot Stove League," sums up his career in four words—"Theater-born" and "Radio-bred."

Court spent the first year of his life in a theater which was managed by his father in Vancouver, Canada. He was literally "worldly wise," before he reached his 'teens, because his father's activities—first as an actor, later as a theater manager—took the Bensons back and forth across Canada, then to Hollywood, Australia, China, Japan and Europe.

And with all this theater in his system, Court decided to study Law! When it was time, he returned to Canada to attend the University of Toronto. In his spare time, he worked with the college dramatic group and, when he had more time, he joined the Hart House Theater company. It was there that an executive of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation heard him and invited him to act on CBC network programs. During the time he was going to the university, Court was heard regularly on twenty-two programs. What makes Court's story just a little different from the usual tale of folks who try other fields but find they can't resist the tide of their theatrical blood is that Court completed his schooling, in spite of all his extra-curricular activity. He finished the honor Law Course at the University and is today a member of the Ontario Bar. What's more, while attending Osgood Hall, he found time to publish the school's paper.

Between 1937 and 1942, when he went overseas with the Canadian infantry division, the 48th Highlanders, Court Benson became one of the Dominion's best known radio actors. He was the leading man on half a dozen shows and, since 1937, he has been master of ceremonies and announcer for the hockey broadcasts, which are to Canada what the baseball series are to the U.S.A.

On Christmas Day in 1939 Court met actress Grace Matthews; they were married the next year.

Overseas, Captain Benson fought through the Italian Campaign with the Highlanders. When the Canadian Army set up a broadcasting unit overseas, he was transferred to it and, later, worked with BBC in London. In the fall of 1945, he was recalled to Canada to serve as master of ceremonies for the final Victory Loan series.

Neither success, nor America, are entirely new to Benson's wife, Grace Matthews. Her training and experience are truly international. She was born in Canada, in Toronto, and her first acting was done with the famous little theater there, Hart House. Among her colleagues there were Judith Evelyn, David Manners and Florence McGee. After this taste of theater, Grace went to London for two years of study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, where she studied under the guidance of people like Charles Laughton, Sara Algood and Sir Kenneth Barnes.

In 1935, Grace returned to Canada and put in a couple of seasons in stock. She also tried her voice on radio and made a go of it. But the theater was her first love and in 1936 she came to New York to try her luck. She appeared in the Theatre Guild's production of "Dame Nature" and also understudied leading lady Jessie Royce Landis. This engagement was followed by more stock work, this time in the United States in places like Marblehead, Mass. and Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Her last job—in Saratoga Springs—ended the day the war broke out—September 3, 1939. Grace returned to Canada.

During the war years, Grace devoted her talents exclusively to Canadian radio, appearing in most of the big time serials.

After the war, the Bensons—Grace and Court—decided New York was the place for them. Two weeks after they arrived in the Big City, they were both working on a CBS show, The American Portrait. A short time later, Court got the Tennessee Jed assignment, as well as roles on half a dozen shows.

But Canada won't relinquish Court entirely. The Good Neighbor policy doesn't extend as far as letting him give up his m. c. chores on the Hot Stove League sessions. Every week-end, Court commutes 500 miles across the border to continue his job on Canada's broadcasting of the hockey games.

Grace approaches her housewifely duties with the same quiet enthusiasm with which she plays her dramatic roles. Grace also does her own shopping and cooking, in spite of her heavy radio schedule. She's Margo, on The Shadow, MBS Sundays at 5, and CBS's Big Sister, weekdays at 1 P.M.



Carol Ames

LOVELY Carol Ames, the famed network blues singer, is justifiably proud of the fact that at the tender age of nine she was doing a commercial show over Philadelphia's WPEN, for ten dollars a week. This lucrative situation was the result of a guest appearance on a kiddie show.

Carol, in seventh heaven at this wondrous turn of events that made it possible for her to be on the radio, did full justice to her program for about eight months. Then, coming down to earth, she realized that she must give it up, as it interfered with her schooling.

When Carol was fourteen, her two older brothers joined with her to form the singing trio of "Two Jacks and a Queen." Theater dates, club dates, and various radio station spots followed one another in satisfying frequency.

Then, as often happens, the trio decided to break up, and soon Carol was feature vocalist with the house band at Station WIP. The enthusiastic responses to her singing soon resulted in her being offered a spot with Jan Savitt's house orchestra at NBC's Philadelphia outlet, KYW. Here Carol really came into her own. For five years she did five network shows a week. In addition, Carol sang in the best supper clubs, and did Philadelphia and New York theater dates.

Then, in 1944, Carol decided to try her luck in New York, and soon was being heard over CBS in nine or ten network shows a week. She appeared as soloist on Sing Along; the Eddie Garr Show; It's Maritime; Casey the Crime Photographer, and did more theater and club dates in the New York area. She also appeared with Bing Crosby, Dinah Shore, Eddie Cantor and other topnotch performers in the recorded versions of "Sing Along" that were sent to our forces overseas. Her fan mail came from all parts of the world.

For the past several months Carol has been busily working out a new program, Going Nowhere. This novel show, produced and directed by CBS's famed m.c., Bill (Winner Take All) Cullen, will feature Carol's distinctive vocalizing and Bill Cullen kidding many things in radio and outside of radio. "Going Nowhere," as Carol herself puts it, "is a gimmick-less show, which in itself is really something. And we hope it'll be going places."



Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection *24 hours of every day?* Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only *protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .*

It gives you *the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.*

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

Does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)

Full 24 hour protection with Odorono Cream





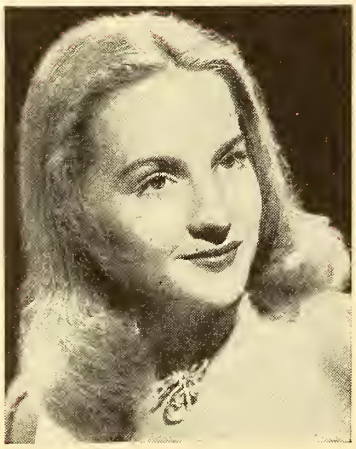
Facing

By KEN ALDEN

Burnt hands led Percy Faith away from the piano to a larger career in conducting-arranging. His is the Contented Hour orchestra, Sundays on NBC.



Perfectionists, the King Cole Trio say "We're never satisfied." But record buyers and NBC listeners are!



Dennis Day's love songs are sung, understandably enough, to lovely Sharon Douglas (Wed. at 8, NBC).

THIS is the story of a talented musician who had faith in himself. His name, by sheer coincidence, is Percy Faith, and if you have a radio, you know him for the lush, lilting style he has given NBC's Contented Hour for the last seven years.

Had the lean, handsome Canadian-born conductor-composer-arranger succumbed to an offer to make quick money when he needed it badly, he might not have acquired the prestige and popularity he now enjoys.

Percy told me about it as we dined before his Monday night air show in a quiet west side chop house, La Cava, which has a loyal following of men of music who like to avoid noisy taverns.

"I was doing moderately well as staff conductor on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation network back in 1940," he said. "The programs were piped to the States via the Mutual System. Each week my wife and I hoped that we would attract enough attention to get a good offer from some sponsor across the border."

The offer came but not the way Percy quite expected it. He was summoned by telegram to discuss a sponsored deal with a New York station executive.

"I got down to New York as fast as I could. Mary, that's my wife, was already planning where we would live in New York and how our two kids would like living in another country."

the Music



The Tony Martin Show, on CBS stations at 9:30 Sunday nights, has blonde Evelyn Knight as Tony's singing partner, music by Victor Young, and guest stars.





Two brands of song-style, each with its own following: Jimmy Durante guests on Dinah Shore's show (Wed. at 9:30, CBS).



It's the girl in the middle at whom the finger points—blonde Patti Andrews of the Andrews trio is pondering matrimony, soon.

The offer was a legitimate one but would have distorted the style Faith had developed.

"Percy," said the radio station agent, "this is a good deal but you can't use so many musicians in the orchestra."

Faith explained to the agent that the richness of his style would be diluted with a smaller personnel, that his careful arrangements would be watered down.

The agent, amazed to find resistance from the Canadian, hammered away that opportunities to come to the United States and get a sponsored show don't come every day.

"I don't care if I never get the chance if I can't do it the way I know is best for me," Percy replied.

Faith returned to Toronto, his dream of big time radio shattered.

Several months elapsed with no further bids from Broadway. Then came a special jazz concert in Toronto featuring the Faith orchestra and guest soloist, Oscar Levant. It was a big success and Percy and Oscar decided to celebrate.

"And what a celebration that was! I got home with the milkman, left a hurried note for my wife that I wasn't to be disturbed under any circumstances till next afternoon."

At nine A.M. sharp, the telephone jangled. Long distance, New York. The Faith maid figured it important (*Continued on page* 106)



A MAN'S EYE VIEW OF A GIRL'S HAIR

How does your hair appear from a man's eye view? Is it dull and drab-looking?...or does it gleam with ♦♦♦

RICHER COLOR



Men go for hair that glows with rich, warm color. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair this beauty-lure—PLUS ♦♦♦

SPARKLING HIGHLIGHTS



Yes, Nestle Colorinse rinses glamorous highlights into your hair . . . leaves it softer, silkier — easier to comb, easier to manage. And gives it ♦♦♦

LUSTROUS SHEEN



You'll be thrilled with the beautiful sheen that Nestle Colorinse gives your hair. Try Colorinse today, watch it reveal the hidden loveliness in your own hair.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE

RINSES · TINTS · CLEANSES YOUR HAIR

GET NESTLE COLORINSE TODAY!

In 9 colors to glorify every shade of hair. 10c and 25c at beauty counters everywhere.

New Records



RECOMMENDED By KEN ALDEN

HARRY JAMES:
Betty Grable's favorite trumpeter has himself a time with "Keb-Lah" and "You'll Never Know." (Columbia)

LOUIS PRIMA:
Dialect comedy with "Baciagaloop" merged with an oldie, "Just A Gigolo." (Majestic)

MONICA LEWIS:
A shining singing star of the future does things to "We Could Make Such Beautiful Music" and "I'm Gonna Be a Bad Girl." (Signature)

JEAN SABLON:
A new re-issue of the famous Frenchman's ballad "J'Attendrai" and the saucy "Le Fiacre." (Victor)

JANE HARVEY:
New West Coast chirper has a winning twosome, "Foggy River" and "My Number One Dream" The Page Cavanaugh Trio helps out considerably. (Victor)

COUNT BASIE:
Rugged rug cutting stuff with "Free Eats" and "Bill's Mill." (Victor)

LARRY DOUGLAS:
A new baritone shows his wares with two seasoned favorites, "The Girl That I Marry" and "Anniversary Song." (Signature)

PEGGY LEE:
This fine stylist tries a spiritual, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and has a new ballad on the other side, "Speaking Of Angels." All fine. (Capitol)

BENNY GOODMAN:
Makes his debut on the Capitol label with a smash hit version of "It Takes Time" and "Moon Faced, Starry Eyed," with considerable vocal assistance from Mr. Johnny Mercer. (Capitol)

FRANK SINATRA:
Second rate Sinatra but still o.k. as he sings "Want To Thank Your Folks" and the novelty, "Why Shouldn't It Happen To Us?" (Columbia)

VAUGHN MONROE:
More muscle singing, all quite satisfactory, with two clicks, "We Knew It All The Time" and "As You Desire Me." (Victor)

STAN KENTON:
One of the nation's top jump bands really gives out with a two-side rendition of the fast-paced "Concerto To End All Concertos." (Capitol)

FREDDY MARTIN:
Slick treatment of Kurt Weill's newest, "What Good Would the Moon Be?" and "Moon Faced." A top disc click. (Victor)

CHRISTOPHER LYNCH:
Firestone's clear-voiced Irish tenor sings two timeless songs of Erin, "Macushla," and "Mother Machree." (Victor)

CLAUDE THORNHILL:
Always tops on wax is this fine band. Hear them play the moody "Far Away Island" and "Why Did I Have To Fall In Love With You." (Columbia)

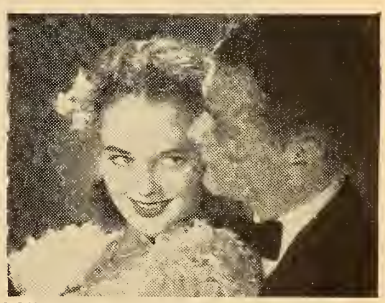
FRANKIE CARLE:
More piano magic with daughter Marjorie to do the vocals on "Roses in the Rain" and "You Are There." (Columbia)

"Lux Girls are Daintier!"



"There's thrill in skin that's fragrantly smooth and soft," says lovely Barbara Stanwyck. "You'll love the delicate, clinging perfume a Lux Soap beauty bath leaves on your skin. It's foolish to take chances—daintiness is the most important charm of all. Lux Soap's Active lather makes you *sure*—leaves skin fresh and sweet."

Use this fine white beauty soap as a daily bath soap, too. You'll agree—Lux Girls are daintier!



YOU thrill when he whispers "You're sweet!" There's appeal in skin that's fragrant with Lux Toilet Soap's delicate perfume.

A product of Lever Brothers Company

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap— *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

R M



Father's Day Portrait—Arthur (Dagwood Bumstead) Lake accepts from his son the respect and homage befitting the occasion.

What's New FROM



Charita Bauer is Sarah, sister of Rose, in Rose of My Dreams, daily on CBS.



Florence Williams possesses a voice you hear 'round the clock in many network roles.

BY DALE BANKS

WE'RE beginning to feel sorry for Bessie Mack, a very patient lady indeed. Bessie handles all the auditions for the Talent Scout show on CBS. She screens all candidates for Arthur Godfrey, conducts final auditions and listens to dozens of recordings every day. Since the program started last July, Bessie's had to go through almost 100,000 application letters from every state in the U. S., and from Canada, Mexico, South America and Puerto Rico. And, if you think that's a cinch, try going through a hundred letters sometime and making sense out of any after the first twenty-five.

* * *

Those plugs for a soft drink on the Crosby and Hope shows aren't just give-away advertising. Both lads have invested heavily in the company and are rooting for the stuff every chance they get.

* * *

Patti Clayton, honey-voiced singer, was singled out by Russell Janney, the author of the best selling novel, "The Miracle of the Bells," to cut a demonstration record of a new ballad, titled after the book. The recording has been shipped to Hollywood, where the screen adaptation of the novel is in production. There's a good chance that you'll be hearing Patti singing the song, when the picture is released.

* * *

Tommy Cook, who plays a juvenile lead on The Life of Riley, is making a bid for the United States Olympic Team, as of this writing. Tommy has won several West Coast Junior Division Championships.

* * *

We hear that Jimmie Brown has completed a musical score based on the private lives of daytime radio actors. It's a satire entitled, "John's Other Life," and we hear the singer went to town. We're fixing it so we can have a private hearing.

* * *

One of the nicest ideas we've heard of in a long time comes from Jean Tighe, lovely gal singer on Mutual. And, if you've ever tried to raise money

Casey, Crime Photographer (Staats Cotsworth) gets some other radio detectives to pose for him—left to right, Nick Carter (Lon Clark), Jeffrey Barnes (Bernard Lenrow) and Pat Abbott (Les Tremayne).



COAST TO COAST



The men behind CBS's now-famous Eagle's Brood: Robert Shayon, Joseph Cotten, and Luther Adler.

for a worthy cause, you'll like it, too. Jean is organizing an entertainment bureau to give free entertainment for charity organizations.

* * *

Everything comes to him who waits. Four years ago, just out of college and uncertain about where to turn, Jack Barry took a Civil Service examination for the position of process server. He was put on the list and told the government would get in touch with him. Since food bills wouldn't wait, Barry shopped around for other work and wound up as an announcer on a small Trenton, N. J., station. Last year, he thought up the idea for Juvenile Jury.

A couple of weeks ago, Barry was accepted by the Civil Service Commission for the position of process server, at $1260 per year. That's just a few dollars short of what Jack makes in one week.

* * *

Did you know that radio tenor Jack Smith was once an instructor at the New York School of Aircraft Instruments? He still visits the school once a month to lecture the classes. After the lecture is over, Jack invariably stages a little show.

* * *

The sports boys are going to wind up taking over the air. First Leo Durocher. Then Hank Greenberg becoming a sportscaster. Now, rumor has it that Bob Feller—he of the mighty right arm—is interested in broadcasting from the dugout.

* * *

Want a health tip? During the war, Hildegarde started drinking carrot juice, because she'd read about the high vitamin content of it. That was two years ago, but ever since that time, the charm-lady of radio has been taking a tall glass of carrot juice before every broadcast. She says that quite aside from the benefits she's supposed to get from it, she likes the taste of the stuff and that it beats anything else for quenching her thirst and clearing her throat of the pre-on-the-air-signal hoarseness.

(*Continued on page* 87)



Good will citation: from Consul-General Martinez-Lacayo of Nicaragua to Guy Lombardo. For? Managua!

David and Chuck Evans take over the turntable so that their father, Bill Evans, WGN's Record Reveille man, can listen from his easy chair.



Record Reveille

BILL EVANS is one man who tells the women what to wear—and not only gets away with it, but in the process has built his Record Reveille show over WGN, Chicago, into the city's most popular "get-up" program.

On the show each morning from 7 to 8 A.M., Evans provides the between-record chatter, talking about the music, the time and temperature, and advising his women listeners whether to carry an umbrella, wear boots, and whether they'd best forego the new hat in favor of head covering less likely to blow off.

Bill knows his listeners follow his advice. One day he and the weatherman predicted sunny skies. It rained. Bill received 327 letters dripping with indignation.

Bill's start in the radio business came after his start in numerous other professions—porter, waiter, actor, musician, roving apprentice printer, and lumber mill worker—and he proudly carries union cards for these many professions along with the one he prizes most highly: his membership in the International Itinerant Migratory Workers Union — Hoboes of America.

Because he cultivated an uncontrollable fear of grammar, Bill left home for a roving tour of the nation at his many jobs, before he became a high school student. In fact, he was over twenty when he decided he really needed an education. Then he went at it so whole-heartedly that after finishing the University of Wisconsin he became an instructor there in radio writing.

Bill is one of the few disc jockeys who isn't enthusiastic about jazz records. "No one wants red-hot music at 7 A.M., anyway," he concludes. "Nor too romantic melodies, either."

Bill has the aid of his two sons, David, 8, and Chuck, 9, in selecting music for his programs. The boys are adept at running the turntable in the Evans' suburban Park Ridge home and have some unique ways of announcing the numbers.

In his years of getting to the studio before 7 A.M., Bill has been late only twice—once when one of his boys thought it was Sunday, and turned off the alarm before it woke his Dad, and again last fall when a railroad wreck halted his train several miles from the Loop. Bill arrived only five minutes late—a tribute to his experience as a hitch-hiker.



Gayne Whitman

THOSE smooth, persuasive tones you hear every Monday night on the famous Cavalcade of America air-show (NBC, Mondays at 8 P.M. EDT) are the property of Gayne Whitman, who can read a commercial so that it sounds like a verse from Omar Khayyam. Whitman, a tall, distinguished gentleman who resembles a successful bank president (sans ulcers) is one of the most sought-after announcers in radio—and with reason.

Whitman has an enviable record of experience in radio, having entered that infant industry back in the old crystal-set days. He was also a pioneer in the movies, before they had found their voice. A Chicago native, Gayne Whitman grew up big, handsome and stagestruck. He came to New York and was on his way to becoming a ranking matinee idol when he learned about the shaky new industry then referred to as "the flickers." Most actors were unwilling to work in the new field, considering it fly-by-night. But Whitman, an adventurous soul, was fascinated by the possibilities of movie-making. He packed his bags, ditched a promising stage career, and headed for Albuquerque, New Mexico, where many of the early-vintage horse operas were being made.

From then until now, Whitman has been commuting between the movies and radio, as actor, writer, narrator, and finally, radio announcer.

Whitman came to Cavalcade of America five years ago, having been selected for the announcing job from the whole field of America's announcers. When the Cavalcade troupe came East recently to do several broadcasts from New York, Whitman came along. It was the first time he had been East in thirty-four years, and the Big Town was bewilderingly unfamiliar. At the first Cavalcade rehearsal in Radio City Whitman, who is customarily early to appointments, showed up ten minutes late. He'd gotten mixed up with one of the guided tours of Radio City and got lost looking for the studio.

Now a loyal Californian, Whitman lives quietly with his wife and two daughters in a Los Angeles suburb where he advises he has only just begun to recover from the hectic pace of modern New York. He hopes eventually to catch up on the sleep he lost while he was in the East—but it will take a long time.





Homer Martz (standing) introduces a group of experts to the Farm Hour.

"Field Work" really means just that to the KDKA Farm Service Director.



FARMER'S *Farmer*

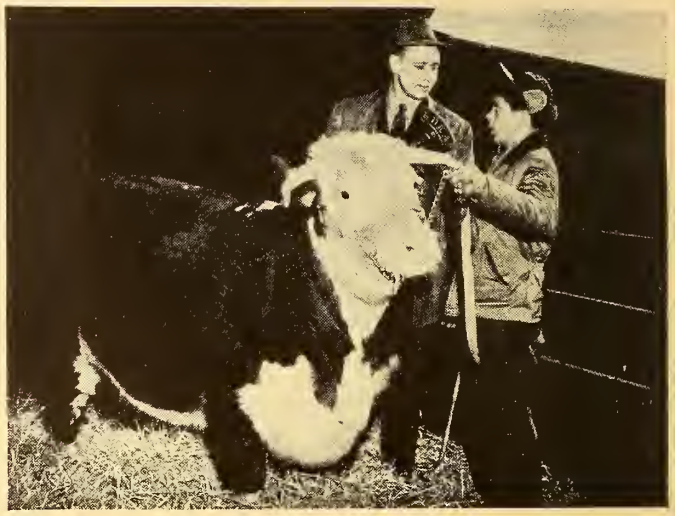
ANOTHER milestone is being marked at KDKA this month as its world-famous Farm Service programs observe their twenty-sixth anniversary. The pioneer broadcasting station of the world meets this important occasion with an ever-increasing program of benefit to its agricultural listeners under the supervision of Homer Martz, KDKA Farm Director, who came to the station on September 16, 1942, from Erie County where he was assistant farm agent.

Homer Martz is a big fellow, six feet one inch in height, weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He was born on April 4, 1912, in Westmoreland County. After graduating from Greensburg High School he operated a 160 acre farm owned by his family. He graduated from Penn State College in 1933 and completed his Master's work in 1938.

He is married and lives with his wife and three-year-old adopted daughter in a suburb of Pittsburgh. A work schedule which gets him up at four A.M. and to bed at seven P.M. leaves him no time to do any farming for himself—he is much too busy telling other people how to do it. Nor has he any time for the usual social activities. He loves to hunt and fish, but can't remember the last time he had a chance to. If there is a barbecue and square dance held in connection with one of the farmers' meetings he is constantly attending, that will be Homer Martz out there cutting a pigeon's wing, for he has a great fondness for country dancing, even though he is an Elder in the Presbyterian Church.

He publishes a special KDKA farm bulletin, and mails a weekly schedule of the KDKA farm activities to the entire tri-State district.

His job as KDKA's Agricultural Director is to keep the farm programs currently adapted to the needs and desires of the farm population throughout KDKA's service area. It is therefore an important part of his job to keep in constant touch with farm leaders and organizations throughout the entire area and to put the ideas and suggestions thus obtained into practical effect in the production of our farm programs.



Congratulations to Carl Logan, a 4-H Club prize winner.

As a speaker Martz appears before all types of farm, garden, and civic organizations in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia.

Since it is not always possible for farmers to travel to Pittsburgh, Martz makes trips into the field with recording equipment and engineering assistance to conduct interviews at the grass roots, so to speak. Programs from farmers in more than fifty counties in the Tri-State area have been secured as a result of such trips. Some of the programs are made at special farmers' meetings in which agricultural experts from State and Federal agricultural agencies and from various colleges participate.



FREE!

A New Book

...tells you how to get wonderful canned or frozen fruit...new directions...simple as 1-2-3. With KARO* Syrup you make *blended* syrups for canning and freezing. Use them for *any* fruit! Easy recipes tell you exactly how. And results are wonderful! Fruits fairly sparkle! Their color is bright. Their texture is firm. And they have that delicious *natural* flavor you've always longed for.



FINER FLAVOR!



FIRMER TEXTURE!



BRIGHTER COLOR!

SEND FOR YOUR COPY NOW!
TELLS ALL ABOUT JELLIES, PICKLES AND PRESERVES, TOO!



KARO SYRUP
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Send my new, free, 32 page copy of "Finer Canned & Frazen Fruits" (Please print ar write very plainly.)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



WHETHER you've had years of experience or never put up fruit in your life, this is *your book*. KARO, blended with sugar and water, should give you canned or frozen fruit to thrill your family.

Clip this coupon or use a post card. But do it *now!*

Then plan your canning or freezing with the help of this book. Tells how to choose and prepare fruit . . . talks about jars and containers . . . gives proportion for large and small quantities.

*KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N. Y.

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Hollywood's New and Different Lipstick



U. S. Patents
No. 2157667
2211465

Clear Red *Blue Red* *Rose Red*

In a modern-design metal case... $1.00

THREE SHADES FOR YOUR TYPE

correct for your coloring . . . correct for your costume

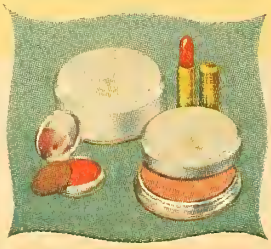
BLONDES.....	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1
BRUNETTES....	CLEAR RED No. 3	BLUE RED No. 3	ROSE RED No. 3
BROWNETTES..	CLEAR RED No. 2	BLUE RED No. 2	ROSE RED No. 2
REDHEADS	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1

New... because the original formula does not dry the lips

New... because it is oh, so s-m-o-o-t-h

New... because the color stays on until you take it off

And different, too... because you can now have *three* shades correct for your own type of coloring... Clear Red, Blue Red, Rose Red. Three exclusive new lipstick reds for thrilling glamour changes to harmonize with your costume, to match your mood. Select from the chart the shades recommended for *your* type. Then for new loveliness and glamour try the new *Max Factor Hollywood* Lipstick.



Color Harmony Make-Up...
"PAN-CAKE" • POWDER
ROUGE • LIPSTICK

Max Factor • Hollywood

Radio GOES TO SCHOOL

REMEMBER Mark Twain's complaint regarding the weather—that everyone talks about it, but nobody does anything about it? Radio has been in much the same fix. Everyone does a lot of talking, largely critical talking. But on the constructive side, nothing much happens.

Or, rather, nothing did until Gretta Baker of New York's Town Hall decided that radio listeners would like, and ought to have, a course in radio *listening!*

With the permission and assistance of the educational director of Town Hall, Gretta Baker set up her school, which is now in its second semester. The purpose of the course is not only to inform listeners about radio and how it works, but also to make them aware of their responsibility for what is heard on the air.

Yes, that's true—what is heard on the air is heard because we people listening want to hear it, or because, if we don't want to hear it, we are either too apathetic to do anything, or don't know how to go about registering the protests. How to listen and evaluate, how to influence the broadcasters—these are the aims of Town Hall's radio course.

Here's how it works. Complete half-hour programs from the networks are brought to the school to present off-the-air demonstrations of that particular program—like the Bob Hawk Show, Twenty Questions, Juvenile Jury, and many others. In addition, guest speakers are invited to discuss various phases of radio—speakers like Milo Boulton of We, The People on audience-participation shows, Charles Collingwood of CBS on news coverage, and House Jameson of the Aldrich Family on radio acting. Each week, a listeners' committee is appointed from among the members of the class to make a careful study of the program scheduled for discussion the following week. The committee reports to the class, and after the speaker is heard a general discussion and question period follows.

There is also a letter-writing project in conjunction with classes—so that the school can put into practice what it preaches. Each class member is responsible for sending at least one letter each week expressing his approval or criticism of a program. These letters are read in class, and the point of view discussed.

Town Hall is, of course, in New York. Perhaps you're wondering how a class, so far away, could make you a better radio listener. It's easy—get together a class of your own, in your home town. A club, PTA, lodge, or school or college class could easily sponsor such a course. Speakers and demonstration programs can be recruited from your local radio station. Studies of network programs can be made and reported on to the class as well, and of course the letter-writing project can be easily carried out. If such a plan were to be adopted by organizations throughout the country—then, at last, listeners themselves, who are the people who really count, would be able to have a voice in what they want or don't want to hear on the air!

The Editors



I TOOK A

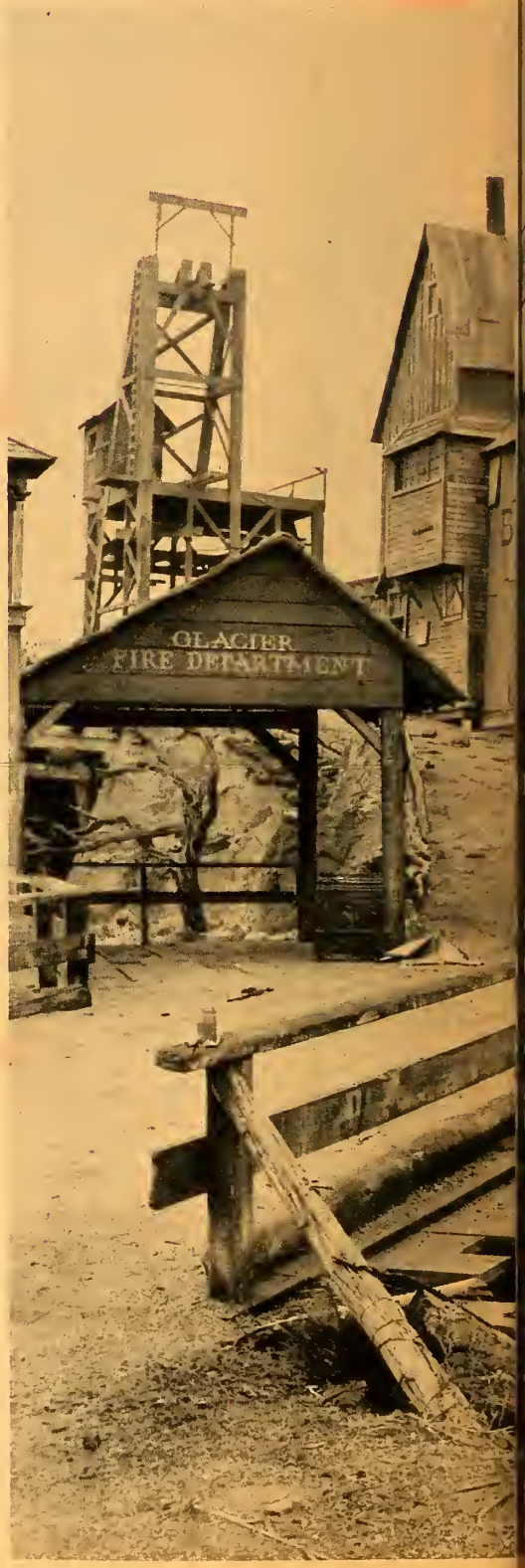
By
EDNA
WETZEL



Edna's on her way into the land of glamor in a limousine sleek, luxurious, completely at her disposal for the day.



The story of "Atlantis," as Edna hears it from Dennis O'Keefe and Milada Mladova, is as exciting as her visit to its set.



Jorja Curtright guides Edna around Glacier,

THEY say if you stand at the intersection of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street long enough you're sure to see somebody you know from back home. The other day, that someone was me!

If any other citizens of Valley Stream, Long Island, were on Sunset Boulevard the other day they would have seen one Edna Wetzel, ex-Army nurse and typical tourist, standing in front of the broadcasting studio studying the marquee advertising ABC's Hollywood Tour radio program which Cal York, Photoplay magazine columnist, m.c.'s.

Little did I dream when I went into the studio that I would walk out a little later, step into a waiting limousine, visit a film studio (which I'd been unsuccessfully trying to do ever since my arrival in Hollywood), and meet and talk with motion picture stars in person . . . as informally as though they came from Valley Stream too.

But that's what happened to me . . . (*Continued on page* 68)

HOLLYWOOD TOUR



Doorway to dreamland—ABC studios, where Hollywood Tour originates each Monday through Friday at 3:45 P.M., EDT.



fontana, in the 1890's, reproduced for "Heaven Only Knows".



Fabled "Atlantis" has a fabulously beautiful queen: Maria Montez models her cloth-of-gold robe for Edna.

I TOOK A HOLLYWOOD TOUR

By
EDNA
WETZEL



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Doorway to dreamland—ABC studios, where Hollywood Tour originates each Monday through Friday at 3:45 P.M., EDT.



Fabled "Atlantis" has a fabulously beautiful queen: Maria Montez models her cloth-of-gold robe for Edna.



The perfect marriage, Sunday says, is, like her own, achieved by two who know that nothing is ever quite perfect

SOMETHING OLD, *Something New*

LORD HENRY and I were talking, the other day, about weddings. Henry is my husband and I love him dearly, but he has a man's inability to understand some things which are perfectly clear to all women.

"Why June?" he kept asking. "Why should there be more weddings in June than in any other month? What's so special about June that a wedding in that particular month is better than a wedding in July—or October, or April?"

"Well, the weather's always good in June, for one thing," I said.

Henry solemnly shook his head. "Not always. I've known Junes when it rained all month long."

"Maybe you have, but not often," I said. "All right—the weather's *usually* good in June, does that satisfy you? And there are lots of flowers—and orange blossoms—and winter's definitely over but it's too early to be unpleasantly hot—and, well—June is more romantic, that's all."

"Oh," Henry said, "like the end of a fairy-tale, is that it? 'And so they were married, and lived happily ever after.' "

"Well—yes," I agreed—reluctantly, because I knew he was poking fun at me—and he grinned and wandered outside. But Henry can often, with a few words, leave me with something to think about; and now that another June, another bridal month, is almost here I find myself remembering Carolyn and Don Hale.

You see, Henry is right, in a way. The wedding is never just the end of the fairy-tale. It is the beginning of an entirely new and different story (*Continued on page* 109)

By OUR GAL SUNDAY



Our Gal Sunday (played by Vivian Smolen), who has written this feature especially for Radio Mirror, is the devoted wife of Lord Henry Brinthrope and mother of Davey, Caroline, and tall Lonnie (played by John Grinnell), who is standing behind her. Our Gal Sunday is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, and is heard every Monday through Friday at 12:45 P.M. EDT, on CBS stations.



"When you come in again," I told Sammy, "why don't you have your sister drive you down to the office?"

Accidents are often emotional conditions, says radio's beloved doctor—and helps two young people to fall "accidentally" into the happiest emotional condition of all!

By DR. CHRISTIAN

One Part Love

IT WAS late on a June evening. The sun had set beyond the woods across the river; the stream itself flowed like darkened silver between the trees on the far side and the quiet little town. Outside my office, there were the calls of boys playing under the street lamp at the corner, the rising hum of motors and voices that meant that the theater down State Street was emptying after the early show.

An emergency call had taken me to the government hospital at dinner time; Judy Price, my secretary and office nurse, had volunteered to stand by at the office in case she was needed. Now when I returned, she rose gratefully from her desk, whipped off her starched white cap.

"What was it?" she asked. "Young Dan Harvey?"

I nodded. "Pains and temperature—and no reason for them that I could see."

"Queer," said Judy. "You said last week that he was just about ready to be discharged again."

"The whole thing's queer," I agreed wearily. "Last March when he left the hospital, he'd learned to use those artificial legs of his so well that a stranger couldn't have guessed that they weren't the ones he was born with. He went back to a job with his old firm, and a better job, I believe, than the one he'd had before he went into service. And after a couple of months he fell—no reason for that, either, from his own account of it—and hurt himself so badly that he had to come back to the hospital. I can't help thinking that he wanted to come back, that in some way he found civilian life unbearable."

Judy ran her hand through her red-gold curls. "Perhaps," she suggested softly, "getting out was a shock. I know he was cheerful and well adjusted and anxious to get back to work while he was at the hospital, but perhaps he hadn't realized what it would be like to be among people who weren't handicapped."

I shook my head. "He knew, and it wasn't that. It's something more specific, something he won't talk about. He's a normal, intelligent, responsive young man, but there's a dead spot somewhere. He knows it, and he's ashamed of it; that's why he hides it. That accident. . . . Accidents! The more I see of them, the less I believe that they're accidental. They're a result of strain and emotional disturbances in people—"

"I see," she interrupted, her eyes twinkling. "If I'm walking along the street and a brick falls off a building onto my head—it's because I'm emotionally disturbed?"

I grinned, knowing what she was doing. She wanted to lure me well away from the subject of Dan Harvey, wanted me to stop worrying about him. "Nevertheless—" I began. The doorbell and an urgent pounding stopped me. Judy snatched up her cap. We reached the door together.

A white-faced trio greeted us. Twelve-year-old Sammy Young was the center of it, his arms hooked around the shoulders of his companions, his face a grimace of pain. He held one foot carefully off the ground.

"It's his ankle, Doc," one of the boys piped. "We had a terrible time getting him here."

"I slipped," said Sammy, "on the shale—" And then he fainted.

Judy and I put in a busy half-hour. Sammy's ankle was sprained; his hands were raw with rock burns. He'd been saved from worse injury by the fact that he was fully—formally, for a boy of his age—dressed, and his suit coat had protected his arms. While I worked, I wondered about that suit coat, and the tie. The other boys wore sweat shirts and faded corduroys. Sammy was finally comfortable on the couch in my inner office; the boys had been dispatched to find his father to drive him (*Continued on page 89*)

This is a new Dr. Christian story written for Radio Mirror. On the opposite page (picture by Jasgur), as on the air, Dr. Christian is played by Jean Hersholt, Nurse Price by Rosemary De Camp. The program is heard every Wednesday at 8:30 P.M., EDT, on CBS stations.

"Give us FAMILY



It's a young family that Kenny Jr., Johnny and Suzan got born into. Their mother and dad were college sweethearts.



THEY say there is nothing so rare in the world that you can't find at least one specimen of it in Hollywood. But it comes as a bit of a jolt to find The Typical American Family living in what probably is America's most a-typical spot, in a hilltop house looking down on that legendary colony.

Three miles above the nightclubs and the film studios and the resort spots of the most storied city in the country, Kenny Baker and his Geraldyne and their three youngsters—Kenny Junior, aged ten, Suzie, who is eight, and Johnny, three and a half, live in a manner completely foreign to Hollywood mores.

This unlikely picture of Mr.-and-Mrs.-Middle-Class-America-in-Hollywood is framed in a big and homey, barn-red shake and clapboard house which would seem more at home (as would the Bakers except that they feel at home wherever they are all together) in Connecticut or in the Iowa farmlands than among the swanky suburban estates which nestle in the beautiful

LIFE"

Small trailer or large house, it's home to Kenny Baker and his family as long as they're all together



And they're off! Trailer jaunts are their favorite family parties.



Farmers have to get up even earlier, and so do farmers' wives.

"Maybe what I really want," thinks Kenny, "is a hot bath."



The Kenny Baker Show is heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EDT, on American Broadcasting Company stations.



No activity is more rewarding for the three young Bakers than tormenting their sire awake.



Real work, and lots of it, goes on in Kenny's putterer's paradise.



—and lavishly expensive—Hollywood hills.

The Bakers would just as soon be in Iowa, or Connecticut, for that matter, except for the fact that Kenny's work keeps him in Hollywood. Republic Studio was not likely to make "Calendar Girl" in Iowa just because Kenny Baker, who stars in the picture, had a suppressed desire to be a farmer; nor would the sponsors of Kenny's five-times-a-week radio show find it convenient to originate their program in New Canaan, Connecticut, where the Baker brood settled during their most recent sojourn in the East.

Otherwise, Kenny and his family could be equally happy in a less fabulous spot.

The view is what makes the Baker home fabulous in the Hollywood sense—a vast and smoky view across the broad plain of the San Fernando Valley to the stark, purple mountains ten miles to the northeast. The site of the house is fabulous too—in the center of a two and one-half acre plateau at the very crest of the foothill ridge.

But the house itself, and the life that goes on in it, is strictly Mom and Pop and the Kids.

"I want my children to learn to do useful things," Kenny insists. Result: very small John makes himself useful paddling his very large Dad around the pool. And loving it!

Many hands make . . . a mess, very often, of Geraldyne's kitchen.



The Bakers, Kenny will tell you, never got started in the Hollywood routine. They've avoided all the big cocktail parties where there are too many people to introduce, the late nights in the lavish clubs.

THEY have their own circle of friends, for the most part non-professionals. They entertain in their own way, with barbecue suppers around the pool, to which the guests are invited to bring their children, and at which the entertainment is not gin rummy and highballs but ping pong, horseshoes, or baseball with everybody—from four to forty—eligible for all events.

Geraldyne has made some concessions to convention in the decoration of the house. There is a formal wine and blue drawing room with really elegant eighteenth century furniture, but one look at the poor, lonely room is enough to break your heart. No one ever goes near it, except the maid, on cleaning days.

The dining room with its fine landscape wallpaper and Duncan Phyfe table and chairs is fairly formal too, and (*Continued on page* 72)

Lunch is something Bob and Marjorie sandwich into a conference with, left to right, Louis Shurr, Bob's agent, Charles Woit, business manager of Hope enterprises, and Jack Hope, who is Bob's brother and his personal business manager.



Even on no-work Saturdays, dictation is fun.



My Boss,

By MARJORIE HUGHES

I SUPPOSE half of the young girls in the country would give a right arm for the job I have had for the past five years.

I don't realize until I am introduced to someone new and see the momentary green glint when I am presented as "Bob Hope's private secretary" that I am enviable in the eyes of most of the people I meet.

On the job I get a different kind of reaction. At least once a day one of Mr. Hope's writers, or his business manager, or one of the dozen or so agency and studio people who manage with the aid of benzedrine and black coffee to keep up with just a small part of my boss's atomic activity is sure to shake a sympathetic finger at me, and advise me to keep my insurance paid up.

"You won't last, old girl," is what they imply.

Nobody, the people who know Bob Hope best are convinced, can stand the pace very long.

I don't have much time to think about my job. I am too busy just *doing* it. But when I stop and add up the debits and credits, as I have done mentally in preparation for writing this story, I find that my own emotions about my work—and that means about my boss, too, of course—lie somewhere in between the two extremes.

A strong constitution and a sense of humor—the prime requisites for a job that "half the girls in the world would give up an arm for!"



The big one's Red, the little one Chuckie, and the fellow in the middle's named Hope.

BOB HOPE

I have only to recall how I felt the day I got my job to have perfect sympathy with the "green glint" contingent—to understand why a lot of girls, normally very nice, wish I would have a nervous collapse or break a leg so they could have a chance at my glamorous employment.

I WAS struck with the same awe the day I was called into the office at Sawyer's Business College where I was studying and asked if I would be interested in a job with Bob Hope.

"*Me?*" I gasped, in complete disbelief. "Why *me?*"

The principal explained that the job at hand would be pretty routine—answering fan mail chiefly. But Mr. Hope wanted someone who knew bookkeeping as well as shorthand and typing. His private secretary, whose duties included keeping his personal books, was planning to leave to be married and if I "worked out" it was possible I could step into her shoes.

The deadly bookkeeping with which I had been struggling—I don't believe that anybody really *likes* to keep books—was going to come in handy after all.

If someone had asked me to sign a movie contract I couldn't have been more excited. My first job, and with *Bob Hope!*

Now I could say "I told you so" to all of my friends who had laughed when I had vowed that whatever I did, when I finished my education and went out into the business world, I wouldn't do anything that was monotonous.

"All jobs are monotonous," had been my friends' opinion. They hinted that I would be smarter to stop fussing with shorthand, and look around for a husband.

But I was unconvinced. Lots of women had interesting jobs. And I was going to be one of them. I couldn't bear the perspective of a future in which days stretched out in front of me, every one just like every other. I had spent four years in college, majoring in French, with the intention of teaching. When the time came to look for a job, I recoiled. I shuddered at the prospect of teaching the same French phrases to the same—at least they would look the same—disinterested kids until I was old and tired and completely removed from life and from my generation. I didn't want to live to work; I wanted to *work to live!*

Now, when I was just twenty-two, young and fresh and eager to be at the windmills, (*Continued on page* 102)

The Bob Hope Show, with Jerry Colonna and Vera Vague, is heard Tuesday nights, 10 P.M., EDT, over NBC.

Between the Bookends

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

TO MARKET! TO MARKET!

To market, to market!
The young and the old
Parade past the stalls
Where bright foodstuffs are sold.
And who can explain
How their fancies are caught,
What appetites dictate,
And who will buy what!
Each bargains for treasure
Befitting his need:
Plums, cheese, lacquered peppers.
A cabbage! Indeed
I saw a lone fellow
Retrace the thronged streets
For the smile that the market girl
Gave with the beets.

—B. Y. Williams

PATTERN

Today, my dear, I drew a plan
For handling your type of man.
I found the pattern in a book—
It seems you're not the first to look
For greener pastures, fresher skies—
I'll make believe I trust your lies
And don a new, alluring self,
One-half angel—one-half elf.
I'll dance and pose and flirt and pray,
At least I will until the day
I see you with your Marianne,
And then I may forget my plan
Of holding you with make believe,
And weep, like every other Eve.

—Mary Anspach Siman

Strange Trinity

Pride is a flame in the eyes,
But a balm for the wounded heart
Too taken by surprise
To fail the poisoned dart.
Hate is a tree that bears
A gnarled and bitter fruit,
While radents of despair
Gnaw at the twisted root.
Joy is a scented rain
After the burning drouth;
The sweet release from pain
And salt of tears on the mouth.
These are the trinity
With which we must appease
Whatever gods of love there be,
For love is all of these.

—Marian Doyle

WITH APOLOGIES TO STRONG WOMEN

I live alone and like it,
(At least I say I do)
But I would like it better
If I lived alone with you!

—Eleanor Aloise Renz

Lovely Delusion

I want you to say that your lips and mine
Blended a potion unique, divine;
I want you to say that the world stood still,
That this was the dreamed-of, the perfect thrill:
I want you to say that our kiss meant more
Than all of the kisses you'd had before;
Think me a simpleton, judge me a dunce.
But tell me a lie, darling—just this once!

—Cecile Bonham

FOR ONE AWAY

What can I say, when you feel out of touch,
Not having had my letter when you should?
Well, this: remember we have talked so much
Of a bond between us, which has well withstood
Trouble and distance, plus uncertainty,
And how we've said no enemy could sever
Its strength. Then, when you fail to hear from me,
Remember that a mountain stands forever,
With little need of fluttering, singing birds;
And this: when you have not my recent words,
Remember you would know, were something wrong,
So go your way, and let your heart recite
Some old familiar version of our song,
Till you receive the latest one I write.

—Elaine V. Emans

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program, Monday through Friday, at 11:45 A.M. EDT, over ABC.

Verses as warm and lovely as the spring sunlight

Spring

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the bumble-bee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful spring:
The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.

—Thomas Carew

Weep You No More

Weep you no more, sad fountains:
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes,
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

—John Dowland

RUTH TO NAOMI

Entreat me not to leave thee,
Or to return from following after thee:
For whither thou goest,
I will go:
And where thou lodgest,
I will lodge.
Thy people shall be my people,
And thy God my God.
Where thou diest, will I die,
And there will I be buried.

The Lord do so to me, and more also,
If aught but death part thee and me.

—The Bible
From Chapter I
The Book of Ruth

SONGS FROM A MASQUE

Shake off your heavy trance!
And leap into a dance
Such as no mortals use to tread:
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow!

—Francis Beaumont

MOTHER, I CANNOT MIND MY WHEEL

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry;
O, if you felt the pain I feel!
But O, who ever felt as I?

No longer could I doubt him true—
All other men may use deceit.
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

—Walter Savage Landor

THE ONE WHO LOVES

Love is the warmth of a fire-side
When night lies cold and still;
Love is the well-earned rest that waits
When one has topped the hill.
Love is the food that builds and molds,
Makes strong that which is weak.
It is loveliness, half-concealed,
In the curve of a small boy's cheek.
Warmth, beauty, food and rest
Are found in love's bright glow.
Ask not the one who is beloved,
But the one who loves will know.

—Marcia Jackson



By
TED MALONE

Good Psychology

You are indeed the perfect spouse,
As unobtrusive as a mouse;
You do not waste the merest glance
On other women when we dance;
You'd never flirt by grin or wink—
At least, that's what you think I think.

—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

RADIO MIRROR will pay $5.00 each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Bookends pages.

by which you'll read them

BABY SNOOKS



It's Brice, not Snooks, whose old friends stay good friends. Eddie Cantor's one of the best.

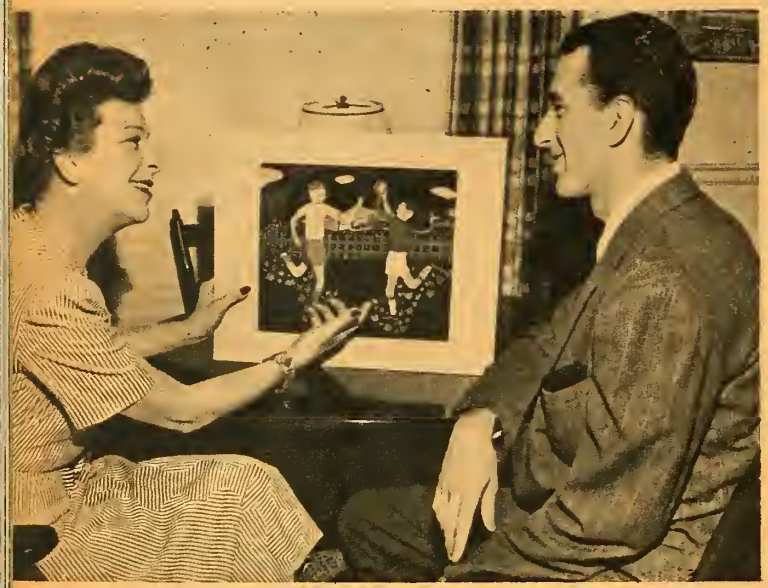
IT takes a big leap of character imagination, and a lot of talent, to go from Ziegfeld Follies star to the role of Baby Snooks, but Fannie Brice did it. And every Friday evening at 9:00 PDT, 8:00 EDT, radio audiences tune in to CBS to hear their favorite little girl bedeviling her Daddy.

At the age of fourteen Fannie Brice was appearing in Amateur Night shows in Brooklyn. But she soon edged into a Broadway show, singing dialect songs written by Irving Berlin. From here she went into the greatest of the Ziegfeld "Follies"; starred for Belasco and Carroll. Films added further luster to her comedienne's crown—and then came radio.

So insidious is her radio role that friends, as well as radio audiences, sometimes find it impossible to separate the identities of Fannie Brice, the woman, and Baby Snooks, the invention.

Especially is this difficult for Hanley Stafford, who, as Daddy, rehearses with a charming grown-up woman—and winds up driven to distraction by a childish brat—and they're both the same person!

Snooks's baby brother, Robespierre, is played by Leone Ledoux, and Roger, the boy next door, is Georgia Ellis. Phoebe is played by Sara Berner. Ben Alexander and Walter Kinsella are miscellaneous characters. Harlow Wilcox announces; Walter Bunker produces and directs.



Fannie's son previews the newest addition to her collection of paintings by children.

This is the moment of metamorphosis: Brice (center) becomes Snooks with the help of Daddy Hanley Stafford, script girl Ruth Hahn, Alan Reed (Mr. Wemish) and Arlene Harris (Mommy).



When svelte, charming Fannie Brice turns into the tot no home should have — that's acting!



This is angelic Baby Snooks, advancing with flowers in hand and mischief in heart upon her peacefully slumbering Daddy.



How happy he looks, sleeping away the Sunday afternoon! "I'll just tickle him some with this feather," decides Snooks.



As long as she's got him up, Daddy may as well read the paper—he thinks! But he can't wrest the wrestling news from Snooks.



"Too much!" says Daddy, and the day achieves its inevitable climax . . . a spanking that will leave an impression only on Daddy's hand.

MAGIC by MILENA

By ELEANOR HARRIS



Music Hall guest stars are always fun for Milena, but when one turned out to be Charles Boyer—well, what girl wouldn't sit down and get acquainted?

MOST girls have a family close at hand. Others have to create a homelike atmosphere in the most unlikely places—and Milena Miller has created a home out of a huge New York hotel, and a "family" out of hundreds of almost-strangers around her. Take a certain telephone operator who handles the calls in midtown New York on Thursday nights.

"It's ten minutes of ten; time for Milena's call to Ohio," says she to her fellow telephone operators. And a second later she hears Milena's soft voice saying, "Hello, Mary, how are things?" They always exchange a few pleasantries—for Milena has been making this same call to Mansfield, Ohio, every Thursday night for a year now. And Mary the operator always listens to Milena the singer's first sentence on the call before she hangs up. It's always the same.

"Hello, Mother darling. What'd the family think of the Music Hall tonight?"

For a good half hour after that opening sentence Milena has her weekly chat with her real family in her real home. They all take turns talking—Mother Miller; then Father Miller, who's an automobile dealer, and finally her year-younger sister Mildred, who is currently working as a receptionist and spending all her salary on flying lessons.

Once Milena has hung up, she's conscious again of her "home" for the past three years—a room at the block-big Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. By this time she honestly regards it as a home. Every Thursday night when she leaves for her favorite work—singing on the Music Hall Show at 9:00 over NBC—she's seen off, not by parents, but by dozens of elevator girls and bellboys.

"They all wish me luck, most of them try to hear the program—and some of them have even written songs they hope I'll get a chance to sing! What's more, they all notice my 'uniform'—which is a flowing ball gown, designed by me. I have fourteen different ones to choose from. But my favorite (and the Waldorf's) is a chiffon gown in peacock blue and brilliant green. That's the one I wear most often."

Covering the Cover Girl—good dress designer, better singer, and prettiest daughter of the biggest family in the world!



Music is a pleasure—especially in those few-and-far-between moments when she can relax and just listen to her favorites on her own phonograph!

Yes, her habits are as well known in the enormous hotel as if she lived in a suburban bungalow. The telephone operators know who calls her; her mail is waiting for her at the attendant's desk on her floor; and the other hotel guests who live near her often pause outside her door to hear her clear voice rehearsing a song—with the aid of a pitch-pipe, not a piano. Her breakfast, delivered by tray at ten every morning, is always arranged by the same waiter nine floors below in the kitchen. "Miss Miller never varies," he says. "Always it's fruit juice, cereal and cream, and half-coffee-half-hot-milk. Wish everyone was as simple."

Morning is the only peaceful time in Milena's day. She always spends it inside her room. There



It's still exciting for the girl from Mansfield, Ohio, to dress up in her best bib and tucker to go out for a dinner date at a New York restaurant.

MAGIC by MILENA



A mirror is a girl's best friend—when she is as pretty, and as careful about her makeup, as Milena.

she experiments with clothes, makes telephone calls, plays her great collection of records and her endless music boxes. On her night-table stands a little squirrel who plays Brahm's "Lullaby" when she winds him up; and on her chest of drawers is a Swiss music box with doll-like dancing girls on top who whirl stiffly around to the tinkling waltz beneath them.

"BUT none of these musical sounds interest the morning chambermaids in the hall outside my door. They only react when they hear an ancient Italian 'Minuet' and then the piece 'Alone.' Then they know I'm getting dressed to go out—for the 'Minuet' plays when I lift the lid of my powder box, and 'Alone' comes from my jewelry box. That's when the maids get set to rush in and do my room!"

Once away from her Waldorf home, Milena's day unfolds like a speed-race. "I spend the early part of the afternoon doing unregulated work,"



Music is a business, and rehearsals are "office hours" for Milena, Russ Case, and the rest of

she says, "posing for publicity pictures, rehearsing for guest appearances on other radio programs, or shopping. At 4:30 promptly, I'm at the Mary Howard Recording Studios, where I meet my pianist. For a solid hour and a half I sing, he accompanies, and together we make records. Then I listen to those same records for defects. I'm now my own teacher, you see; I make records in order to study my technique in the playback."

And at night she's either guest-appearing on radio shows like the Alec Templeton show, the Stuart Erwin show, or the RCA Victor Show, or else she's at a friend's home at a casual party. Often she's in the living room of her best friends, Lanny and Ginger Grey, who write jingles for radio. Or else at a party of illustrator Russell Patterson's. Or else at the homes of her fellow performers on the Music Hall program.

The fact that Milena is now holding down one of the key singing spots on the air is due to a series of accidents—and to no accident at all. She went to school in Mansfield, where the Millers have one of the most comfortable houses in town and one of its few swimming pools. Some six years ago, arriving in New York City to learn dress-designing, she had none of the money worries of many girls who get off the train in Grand Central Station determined to conquer Manhattan. She had a big wardrobe, a pleasant bank account, and her room at the Barbizon Hotel for Women was paid for by her family in Mansfield. She also



the Music Hall performers, who are heard every Thursday night at 9 P.M., EDT, over NBC stations.

Mrs. Keim, one of Milena's big Waldorf-Astoria "family", wishes her good luck as she leaves for the Music Hall.



had (she thought) a set purpose in life: nothing would stop her from becoming a top dress designer.

Nothing did stop her for two years of hard study. Then her own looks did it. Harry Conover, head of the Conover Model Agency, sauntered into the dress-designing school to look over its accomplishments—and raced out again with Milena firmly in hand. "You will be a model!" he announced. She was, for two years. Then Mr. Conover made another announcement: "You will be Miss New York City in the beauty contest at Atlantic City." She was, for a few days. During those days she discovered that the contest wasn't for beauty alone. It was also for talent ability. When the judges asked her if she had any entertaining talent she said quickly, "Yes. I sing."

Thereupon she did sing—and won first prize for talent! What she had neglected to tell anyone is that she had never sung before outside of the shower; she had always just wanted to sing. Nobody seemed to guess her lack of practice by her performance. She sang before a huge crowd the song, "I Can't Get Started With You." There was wild applause. So she sang another song: "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me." More applause. So, as the train carried her back to New York, clutching her first-prize trophy, she thought, "Dress-designing wasn't right and neither was modeling. I think I'll be a singer."

The first morning back in New York City, she went to see the Music (*Continued on page* 75)



Breakfast is fun—that's Milena's quiet, luxurious time for thinking over the day before and the day to come.

Perry Mason



1. Terrified, Mary Blade and David McKeen try to take courage from their love, and from the reassurances of Perry Mason and Della Street that the true criminals will be found. Perry knows that he must somehow discredit the testimony of Police Lieutenant Tragg, who, guarding McKeen home because of the suspicious circumstances of Farley's death, says he heard Mary scream as the three shots rang out that ended John McKeen's life.

LAWYER PERRY MASON has one unalterable rule: he will never accept a client of whose innocence he is doubtful. Armed with this preliminary assurance, and with a knowledge of human nature backing up his knowledge of the law, he is as wily an adversary as ever appeared in a courtroom. Perry's staff shares his zeal. Paul Drake, his detective, has a memory for faces that makes him feared throughout the underworld. Della Street, Perry's bright-haired secretary, is fearlessly, wholeheartedly interested in Perry's cases—because she is wholeheartedly interested in Perry himself. Together, these three have broken many a difficult case, but none more involved than the case of the State vs. Mary Blade and David McKeen.

Wealthy Farley McKeen is dead—slowly poisoned by arsenic on the flaps of envelopes. He had three foster-children: David, his beneficiary, John and Daphne—but immediately after Farley's death in a hospital, John was fatally shot at the McKeen home. Farley's secretary, Mary Blade, and David, who are in love, have been accused of the crimes; suspicion of them is aggravated by greedy, neurotic Daphne, who will inherit if David dies. And behind Daphne is her sweetheart Barker Distil.

Solves the Case of the BARTERED BRIDE

Radio Mirror pictures the lawyer-sleuth's dramatic fight for justice



2. It was David who admitted Tragg to the room in which John lay dead; Mary was there, but both she and David claim she lay unconscious from a blow until the moment Tragg entered. Requiring Tragg to turn his back, Perry has several people, including Mary, scream—proves Tragg cannot really identify Mary.

Perry Mason is played by Donald Briggs; Della Street, Jan Miner; Paul Drake, Chuck Webster; Gertie, Ruth Gilbert; David, John Larkin; Mary, Ellen Fenwick; Agnes, Charme Allen; Distil, Eric Dressler; Tragg, Frank Dane; Judge, Ed Cullen; Waiter, Lou Hall. For other cases solved by Perry Mason, listen Monday through Friday at 2:15 P. M., EDT, Columbia Broadcasting System.



3. Motherly Mrs. Jayne, D.A.'s witness, weeps as she tells of overhearing Mary and David in a cafe, plotting. Daphne and Distil, grudgingly served by Daphne's maid Agnes, toast Mrs. Jayne and her testimony.



4. Cross-examination doesn't shake Mrs. Jayne. Perry checks with Paul, who's been investigating her. And—success! She's well known to Chicago police. Thus armed. Perry trips her, gets her charged with perjury.

Perry Mason

Solves the Case of the BARTERED BRIDE



5. Della and Gertie, Perry's switchboard girl, have invaded the sinister Mirador, against Perry's orders. It's Mary's blue suit they're looking for—the suit Mary wore the day of John's death, in the pocket of which is the emblem she tore from the lapel of the man who knocked her out. When she came to, she put it in her pocket; but now suit and emblem have disappeared.



6. In spite of Gertie's attempts to dissuade her, Della finds her way into Distil's secret room. While she's searching his closet for the suit, he finds her, and suavely says she'll be kept there till the trial is over. "Gertie will tell Perry," Della threatens; but Distil explains that Mason won't dare have the Mirador searched for fear that Della will be harmed. In other words, Della is a hostage.



7. Gertie reports Della's disappearance to Perry. The next morning, fighting now for Della as well as his clients, he gets Daphne on the stand, maneuvers her into one error after another, finally forcing the admission that Distil was not with her when John was shot. Now, if only they can find the suit, with the probably fingerprint-marked emblem in it!



8. Later that day, Daphne's maid Agnes is called to the stand. As she takes it, Mary Blade leaps to her feet, crying "The blue suit! She's wearing it!" And Agnes with a sigh of relief, gladly goes to the dressing-room to be searched. She had discovered the suit hidden among Daphne's clothes, and knew, from conversations overheard, that it had a vital bearing on the trial. Hating Daphne and Distil, but in dreadful fear of both of them, she had tried to think of a way to get the suit into the limelight without exposing herself to danger, finally decided to wear it. Perry rushes the emblem to fingerprint experts, and his case against Distil is complete. The emblem reveals only Distil's prints—and Mary's, of course. Having proved Distil guilty, Perry knows that he will have no trouble involving Daphne, and showing that the murder of Farley McKeen was also the work of this avaricious pair. Perry Mason has won yet another battle for justice.





9. But he spares only a moment to receive the thanks of the young lovers. He's off to rescue Della—Distil, arrested, is powerless to interfere. Della is an extremely important person to Perry, though he might not be able to say why. Maybe one day Della will tell him—if he can't figure it out for himself!

Perry Mason

Solves the Case of the BARTERED BRIDE



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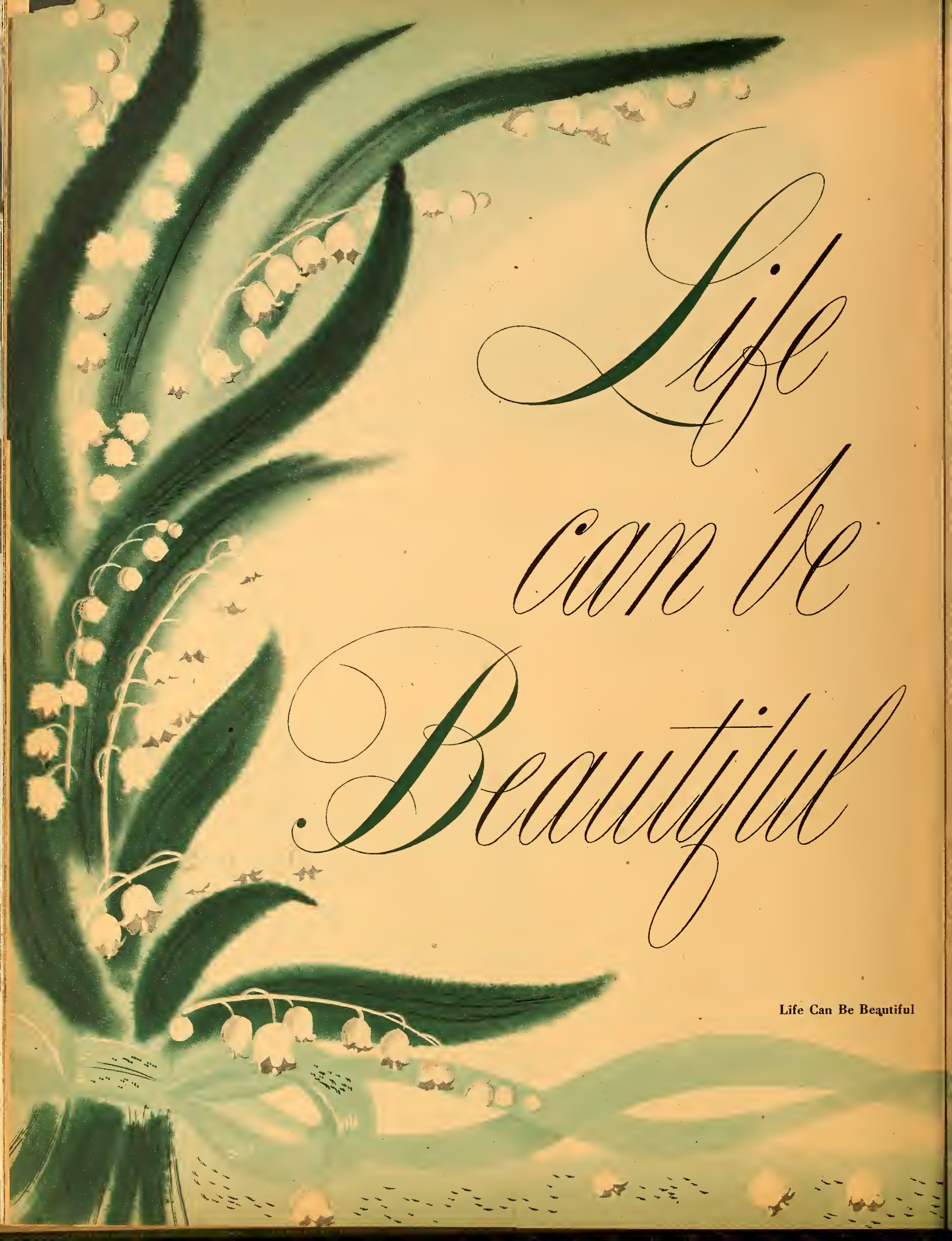
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Life
can be
Beautiful

Three Small Boys Tell A Heart-warming Story You Won't Forget

"THREE OF US BOYS"

Dear Papa David:

My mother died three years ago leaving three of us boys with nothing. My sister came for us and took us to her home. We love our sister, so we were glad to live with her, but my sister's husband objected to us after we were there about two weeks. He said that it cost too much to support somebody else's family; besides he didn't like noise. You see we were young and active, my youngest brother was six at the time and I was ten and my oldest brother thirteen. We tried to be quiet while my brother-in-law was at home, but Mary wouldn't stand for it, so the four of us packed our things, and traveled 800 miles to stay with other relatives. Mary worked to support us. I knew that she missed her husband, because I heard her cry at night.

We were sorry for her, so we three decided to write to my brother-in-law and tell him to come for Mary. We told him that we didn't mind going to a home. There are no words to express our heartaches. We loved our sister almost as much as our mother—in fact my younger brother did call her mother. We used to sit behind the barn and think that we would never see our sister again after we were sent to that home, then the three of us would begin to cry.

Then the letter came! It ended, "How are you and our three children? The three of them better start packing as I will be there for you this weekend." *Our three children,* he had said. My dear sister was so happy, not to mention our happiness.

We are again living with my sister and brother-in-law, but he doesn't mind noise any more. He is like a father to us. We are one big happy family. You bet life can be beautiful!

R. J. H.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN STRIVES FOR

Dear Papa David:

When I was but three years old I was stricken with infantile paralysis. At that time very little was known about the disease and I was treated for grippe and rheumatism. Not until it was discovered that I was paralyzed from head to toe and a specialist was called from the nearest city, was the true nature of my illness known. For weeks I fought death, then the acute stage passed and gradually I regained the use of my arms and hands, but that was all. For over forty years I have been confined to my wheel chair.

Most of my childhood was spent in hospitals—my family mortgaged their home and finally lost it, to raise money to enable me to have every new method of treatment that came along. Everyone was kind to me and I was showered with so much attention that I think I was happier and more content than most children. Of course, I was not able to go to school, but my parents taught me at home. I took a correspondence course in bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting, and at sixteen got a position in a business office in the small town where we lived.

Soon after that I discovered that in spite of my handicap, I was a very popular young lady! I had more dates and boy friends than most of the girls I knew and my home was always the gathering place of all the young folks. Then I met the man whom I married at nineteen. Oh, how the tongues wagged when my engagement was announced! Everyone thought it was dreadful for me to take such a step, but I was not to be discouraged. I had a lovely wedding—wore white satin and a veil, and left in the traditional shower of rice, on my honeymoon.

On our return we lived in first one place, then another. We were not able to afford help, so I had to work out ways to do my housework alone. Finally we built our own home, with everything arranged for my convenience—no steps, no doorsills, low cabinets and sink.

When it became known that I was to have a baby, the small town talk started again. People actually asked me if I thought my baby would be a cripple, too. Fortunately, I didn't let things like that bother me and the happiest day of my life was when I woke up after a Caesarian operation (*Continued on page* 78)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $100 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay one hundred dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, fifteen dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

is written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker and is heard Monday through Friday, at 12 PDT, 1 MDT, 2 CDT and 3 EDT, on NBC.

Come and Visit the EDGAR BERGENS

By PAULINE SWANSON

THERE are no billboards along the steep and winding road which leads to the Beverly Hills mountain top where the Edgar Bergens live to indicate that you are making your way to the best show in town.

There is not, for that matter, anything extraordinary—for the plushier sections of Beverly Hills, that is—about the house itself, once you have arrived at the summit. It is a vast and rambling house, with gardens cascading for an acre or so to the edge of the precipice and a sweeping view of the Pacific shore. In its external appearance—white stucco walls, great beamed doors, and red tile roof—it is a blood brother to many another Spanish "hacienda" on many another Beverly Hills hilltop, and it could as easily belong to a successful banker as to an actor whose heart belongs to vaudeville. One prefers to believe that a former owner—probably a banker—chose the name of the place, "Bellavista." You had expected something rather gayer from Edgar Bergen.

It is reassuring to discover as soon as you meet your host that the only view from his house which Edgar considers interesting is the one across the ravine to the neighboring mountain top where you see the miniature Casbah where John Barrymore spent his last turbulent years. The gloomy pile itself shouts "An *actor* lived here." For additional evidence, there is plainly visible the gaudy, twenty-foot totem pole which Barrymore always told his more respectable interviewers he had stolen from an Eskimo cemetery in Alaska, and



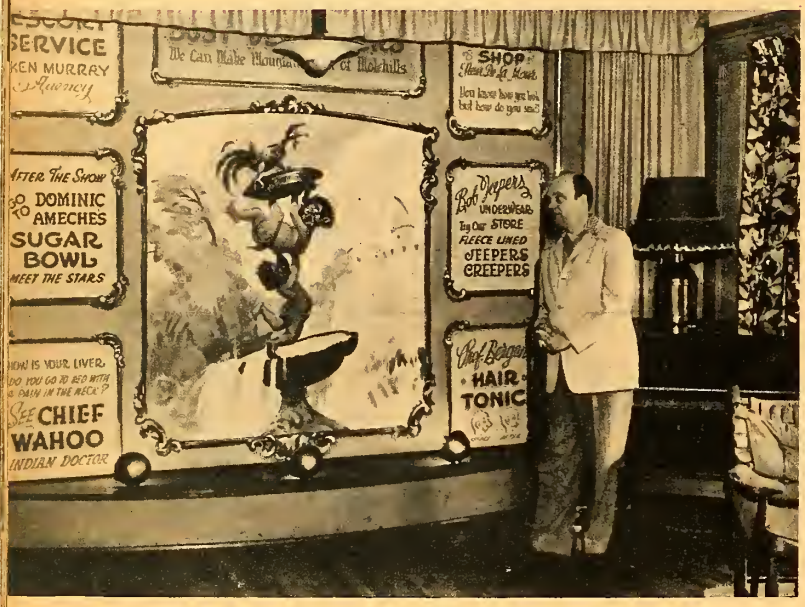
Frances and baby Candy get into the act, for once. Sundays at 8, on NBC, it's just Bergen, McCarthy and Snerd.



Charlie's folks: Edgar, Frances and Candy Bergen

Come and Visit the EDGAR BERGENS





The theater is the heart of the house. Before that curtain the town's best acts go on. But the acts aren't confined to the theater. Beaming housegirl Kay never knows which of her master's many voices is going to ask for "more coffee, please."



the naked arch of a eucalyptus tree stripped clean of its branches by the Great Profile's prowess with a bear gun.

You will discover before you leave the Bergens' that the Great Barrymore would have been more at home at Bellavista than the banker who built the place, for the house that Charlie McCarthy paid for is not as conventional, or as tame, as it looks.

That ordinary looking red-tile roof, it turns out, covers more side shows than a Barnum and Bailey tent, and the expensive Cannell and Chaffin draperies swallow up more laughs than the red velvet cyclorama at Minsky's.

IT IS possible that an unenlightened visitor could pay a formal call on the Bergens, meet Edgar's charming and attractive wife, Frances, visit ten-months-old Candy in her fluffy pink and blue nursery, be served tea from old Sheffield silver in the formal living room, and depart with the impression that actors are just like anybody else—only richer.

Such tea parties are infrequent on the Bergen hilltop, for the unenlightened are infrequently invited. The people you are most apt to meet there, the old vaudevillians who knew Bergen "when"—and *yet*—the people who work and play with him now know their man too well to be content with the up-town-tour. They know that a free show goes with every dinner. Their pal, Edgar, may have grown rich in ten fabulously successful years on that new-fangled circuit, the radio, but he's still, in his blood, a trouper, and will go on at the drop of a hat.

The dressy decorators who "did" the house would be horrified if they could see the brush-off Edgar accords their showiest work when he is conducting visitors through his home. The white jade horses over the mantelpiece in the living room, the wallpaper painted with (*Continued on page* 97)



From a Beverly Hills mountaintop, "Bellavista" and its cascading grounds overlook the Pacific. It's a showplace in more ways than one.

No hand but Bergen's is allowed to freshen Charlie's paint. There's a workshop for just such purposes.



If you were paying a formal call on the Bergens, this is where you'd drink your tea. But Edgar's old friends just head straight for the theater.

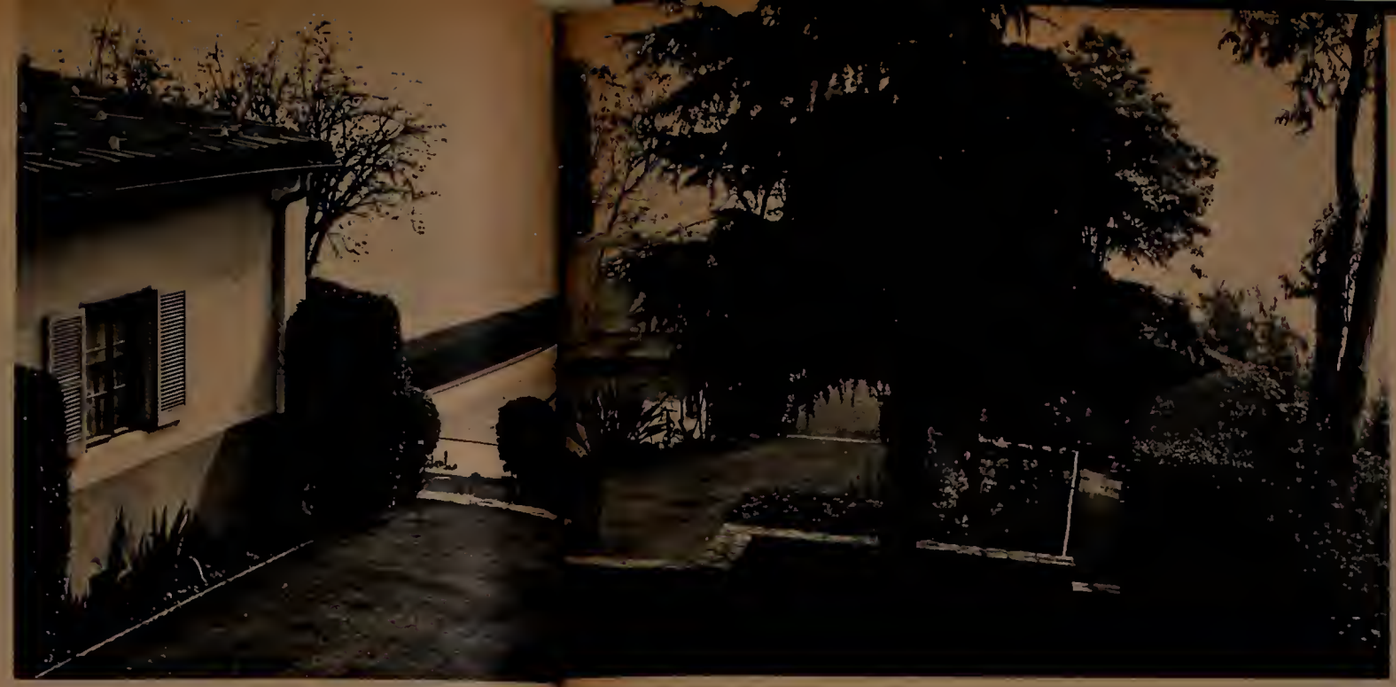


Come and Visit the EDGAR BERGENS



The theater is the heart of the house. Before that curtain the town's best acts go on. But the acts aren't confined to the theater. Beaming housegirl Kay never knows which of her master's many voices is going to ask for "more coffee, please."





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In Living Portraits

LONE JOURNEY

The story of a man guided by destiny along a lonely road



LYNNE ALEXANDER, brilliant, attractive newspaperwoman, is a figure of mystery even to those who believe they know her well. She appeared in Lewistown one day, and except for a brief trip to New York has never left. The successful newspaper which she and Tao Smith run, and her friendship with Wolfe, which grows daily stronger, seem to be the focal points of her life. (played by Joan Alexander)

WOLFE BENNETT, architect turned rancher, has suffered greatly through two marriages which ended unhappily. After the death of his first wife, he married Sydney; now their marriage has been annulled by the return of Sydney's first husband, long thought to be permanently missing. But Wolfe remains an idealist, finding his inspiration in Montana's vast spaces. (played by Staats Cotsworth)





Lone Journey is heard daily, Monday through Friday, at 2:30 P.M. EDT, on CBS stations.

SYDNEY MACKENZIE is the wife of Lansing Mackenzie, who was missing for two years in the Pacific and officially reported dead. During that time, Sydney married Wolfe Bennett, with whom she had been in love even before she married Lansing. Now Lansing and Sydney, reunited, are trying to build a new life, teaching at the Music School, reliving their happy years before the war. (played by Charlotte Holland)

TAO SMITH, an apparently carefree young man, is as intriguing a figure to his Lewistown friends as Lynne Alexander, his partner in the new Lewistown newspaper venture. Like Lynne, Tao's appearance in Montana was sudden and unexplained. Working closely together, these two are much attracted to one another. (played by Oliver Cliff)





LEILA MATTHEWS has been a person significant in Wolfe Bennett's life ever since the days when the two were childhood playmates. As they grew up, they became sweethearts. But Wolfe went away to Chicago, to go to school, and Leila is now married to Jim Matthews. Since the Matthews ranch is close to Wolfe's, Leila remains important to him as a good friend and helpful neighbor.
(played by Genelle Gibbs)



JESSIE KING is a rancher, too—an active, friendly woman who can cook a wonderful meal with facility, and can, with equal ease, run a tractor, ride a horse, or brand a steer.
(played by Bess McCammon)



ENOR is a hired hand at Wolfe's ranch, but he means a great deal more to both Wolfe and the Spear-T than any ordinary hand. His personality, loyalty—and uniquely colorful language—have made him one of Wolfe's favorite people. No task is too large or small for Enor, and nothing escapes his busy curiosity.
(played by Cameron Andrews)


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Memo for BRIDES

By KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen Monday through Friday at noon to Kate Smith Speaks, Sunday nights at 6:30 to Kate Smith Sings, on CBS.



IF I'd look it up in an encyclopedia I could probably find out why June is traditionally bride's month. But I have a theory of my own which I like so well that I'm not going to risk disturbing it by doing any research on the subject. My theory is that June became bride's month because, being the beginning of summer, it gets the new young housewife off to a good start on meal planning and preparing—with fruit. Nothing can better ensure the honeymoon's lasting forever than for an adoring young husband to discover that his wife has a deft and knowing hand at cooking, and the endless variety of desserts which can be concocted from summer's fresh fruits will quickly create that reputation for her. So here are a number of recipes to start you brides on your merry way—beginning with that tried and true favorite, strawberry shortcake.

Strawberry Shortcake

2 cups all purpose flour
5 tsps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
2 tbls. sugar
3 tbls. butter or margarine
¾ cup milk
1 quart strawberries

Sift flour, measure and sift together with baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut in shortening, add milk and mix well. Turn onto floured board and knead lightly 2 or 3 times. Dough should be soft and easily handled but not sticky. Divide dough in half, pat out one portion in 8-inch round pan. Dot with shortening. Pat out remaining dough and place on first layer. Bake in 450 degree oven (preheated) 20 minutes. After baking, split the two layers apart. Top the first layer with prepared strawberries, cover with second shortcake layer and top with remaining fruit. To prepare strawberries, wash well, drain and remove caps. Reserve some of the larger berries to use as garnish, chop the others coarsely with a knife, sweeten to taste, mix lightly and let stand ½ hour before combining with baked shortcake. To prevent juice from making the shortcake soggy, do not combine with fruit until just before serving time. Serve with whipped cream. Follow this same recipe for blackberry, raspberry or peach shortcake sweetened to taste.

Uncooked Strawberry Pie

1½ qts. strawberries
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
½ cup water
1 cup sugar
2½ tbls. cornstarch
1 tbl. butter or margarine

Wash and drain berries and remove caps. Place 1 qt. berries in baked pie shell. Crush remaining ½ qt. berries in saucepan, mix in water, sugar and cornstarch and bring to a boil. Boil, stirring constantly for 2 minutes or until mixture is clear. Stir in butter and remove from heat. Strain mixture and pour over berries in pie shell. Chill until serving time. If desired, garnish with whipped cream before serving.

Blueberry Pie

4 cups (1 qt.) blueberries
½ cup sugar
¼ cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
2 tbls. lemon juice
2 tbls. butter or margarine

Wash berries and drain well. Mix sugar, flour and salt. Pour over berries in a bowl and turn gently with a spoon until all are covered with the mixture. Turn berries into a 9-inch pie plate lined with pastry which overhangs the edge 1-inch all around. Add lemon juice to berries and dot with butter. Add lattice top of pastry and build pastry up into a high border around the edge of the pie plate to prevent the juices from spilling out during baking. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) for 10 minutes. Then lower heat and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 30 minutes longer. (*Continued on page* 101)



Home THOUGHTS

Behind Claudia Morgan and Mr. Poop, the built-to-order modern shelves and cupboards demonstrate the simplicity of line that makes a common denominator between them and a Sheraton table. Black walnut washstand (below) is also a good mixer.



POINT for point in glamor and friendliness and graciousness Claudia Morgan is the counterpart of Nora Charles whom she portrays in CBS's Adventures of the Thin Man, and the Chappell apartment—Claudia is Mrs. Ernest Chappell in private life—reflects these qualities perfectly. How it was made to do so offers a wealth of ideas for any June bride busy with the absorbing task of furnishing a new home.

"Chap and I are both home minded," Claudia said. "We like to eat and entertain at home. We like old furniture, but we're not antique hounds and we like the designed-for-comfort modern but not the extreme fashions. Most of all we wanted a casual, easy-to-relax-in home, rather than a formal setting."

A decorator would probably say that you couldn't combine antiques with Victorian and modern furniture, but Claudia and Chap, acting as their own decorators, combined them and got just the effect they had wished for. This does not mean that they bought at haphazard everything that struck their fancy. On the contrary, knowing that in a well balanced room each item, in order to contribute to the over-all effect, must have certain factors in common with the other furnishings, they set out to decide on a common denominator, a theme—"Call it anything you like," Claudia smiled, "but it is the quality or similarity that makes it possible to create a harmonious atmosphere.

"Since we both prefer simple designs to elaborate ones, and both like the sturdiness of solid woods, we concentrated on those, and we discovered that the very simplicity of their design makes it possible for a Sheraton table and an early American chest to live in the same room with modern built-to-order sectional shelves and cupboards. Even when these are of different woods, the finish, which shows the beauty and variety of grain, permits blending walnut and mahogany with rosewood and pine.

"Another thing, and anyone who is planning a new home should take it into consideration, is that it isn't enough to have a mental picture of the effect you wish to achieve. You must also know something about the material and the structure of the furniture you will need to achieve it. Before we finished, we had shopped and window shopped and read and visited museums until we were weary, but it was worth it because the more we learned the better we were able to get what we wanted, and to cope with those emergencies that always seem to arise no matter how much planning you do in advance. Our major emergency (*Continued on page* 86)

Shopping LIST





Get just the things you'll use most often; pare non-essentials to the bone, till you know what will really be useful enough to warrant storage space—that's Jone's advice.



JONE ALLISON, who plays Sylvia in When a Girl Marries, advises June brides: "You'll cook mainly for two people, with occasional dinners or week-end brunches for two or four guests. Don't stock enough cooking utensils for a hotel."

As essentials, all of which fill a variety of uses, Jone suggests:

- 1 1½ qt. double boiler
- 1 1 qt. saucepan with cover
- 1 2 qt. saucepan with cover
- 1 sieve
- 1 5-inch frying pan
- 1 9-inch frying pan
- 1 skillet (or Dutch oven) with cover
- 1 roasting or broiling pan
- 1 1 qt. baking dish
- 6 oven proof custard cups
- 3 mixing bowls, 1 pt. to 2 qts. capacities
- 1 8-oz. measuring cup (liquid meas.)
- 1 6-cup coffee pot or percolator
- 1 teapot (omit if you prefer a tea ball or tea bags)

"I have to shut my eyes to keep from buying all the small gadgets I see," Jone smiled. But everyone needs these:

- 1 bread board
- 1 utility knife with a narrow 7-inch blade
- 1 paring knife, pointed blade
- 1 spatula
- 1 pancake turner
- 1 chopping knife and bowl (or food grinder
- 1 kitchen fork
- 2 tablespoons
- 2 teaspoons
- 1 wooden mixing spoon
- 1 set measuring spoons
- 1 egg beater
- 1 potato masher or ricer
- 1 can opener
- 1 combination corkscrew and bottle opener
- 1 set salt and pepper shakers
- 1 orange reamer
- 1 scrubbing brush for vegetables
- 1 grater
- 1 tray

"For baking, of course," Jone went on, "you will need additional equipment." A minimum list is:

- 1 8-oz. measuring cup (dry measure)
- 1 flour sifter
- 2 8- or 9-inch layer cake pans
- 1 9- or 10-inch pie pan
- 2 wire cake racks
- 1 5 x 9-inch loaf pan
- 1 flour container (wide mouthed so you can dip cup into it)
- 1 sugar container (wide mouthed so you can dip cup into it)

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
8:45				
9:00		People's Church	White Rabbit Line	News
9:15	Story to Order			Renfro Valley Folke
9:30	Words and Music	Tone Tapestries		
9:45				Johnson Family
10:00	Bible Highlights	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Circle Arrow Show	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00	Design For Listening	Bible Institute	Fine Arts Quartet	Wings Over Jordan
11:15				
11:30	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	World Front News	Pilgrim Hour	F. H. LaGuardia	Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	String Orchestra	As Others See Ue
12:45			Raymond Swing	
1:00	America United	Married For Life		People's Platform
1:15			Melodies To Remember	
1:30	Chicago Round Table	Juvenile Jury	Sammy Kaye	Time For Reason
1:45				Howard K. Smith
2:00	Robert Merrill	Warden Lawes	Dr. Danfield	Weekly News Review
2:15	Frank Black	American Radio Warblers		
2:30	James Melton	Bill Cunningham	National Vespers	"Here's to Ya"
2:45		Veterans' Information		
3:00	Carmen Cavallaro	Open House	Warriors of Peace	N. Y. Philharmonic
3:15				
3:30	One Man's Family	Crimes of Carelessness		
3:45			Samuel Pettingill	
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	Are These Our Children	
4:15				
4:30	Pattern in Melody	True Detective	This Week Around the World	Hour of Charm
4:45				
5:00	NBC Symphony	The Shadow	Darts for Dough	The Family Hour
5:15				
5:30		Quick As A Flash	David Harding	Hoagy Carmichael
5:45				Joseph C. Harsch

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Those Webstere	Drew Pearson	Ozzie and Harriet
6:15			Don Gardiner	
6:30	Bob Burns	Nick Carter	Greatest Story Ever Told	Kate Smith Sings
6:45				
7:00	Jack Benny	Mysterioue Traveler	Court of Missing Heirs	Gene Autry
7:15				
7:30	Fitch Bandwagon	California Melodies	The Clock	Blondie
7:45				
8:00	Edgar Bergen	A. L. Alexander	Detroit Symphony Orch.	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	Fred Allen	Special Investigator		Crime Doctor
8:45		Official Detective		
9:00	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	Exploring the Unknown	Walter Winchell	Meet Corliss Archer
9:15			Louella Parsons	
9:30	American Album	Double or Nothing	Jimmie Fidler	Tony Martin Show
9:45			Policewoman	
10:00	Don Ameche	Gabriel Heatter Show	Theatre Guild	Take It Or Leave It
10:15				
10:30	Meet Me at Parky's	The Edmund Hockridge Show		We the People
10:45				
11:00	News			



Elspeth Eric

—a doctor's daughter in real life, plays Diane Carvell, a doctor's daughter, in Big Sister, weekdays, at 1:00 P.M., EDT, over CBS.



Paul Lavalle

—radio's most versatile composer-conductor, comes from a musical family and was a full-fledged orchestra member at eleven. He studied at Juilliard; spent a season in Havana where he wrote "Symphonic Rhumba"; directed the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street; now conducts Highways of Melody over NBC, Fridays, 8 P.M., EDT.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Club Time	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Easy Does It	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Coast Guard on Parade		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15	Quartet	Smile Time	Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Women in White		Ethel and Albert	Terry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Harlem Hospitality	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young			Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Hollywood Tour	Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Cliff Edwards	
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John MacVane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs	Local Programs	In My Opinion
6:30				Red Barber Sports
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Vincent Lopez	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Skip Farrell	Henry J. Taylor	The Lone Ranger	Bob Hawk Show
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Cavalcade of America		Lum and Abner	Inner Sanctum
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Casebook of Gregory Hood	Sherlock Holmes	Joan Davis
8:45				
9:00	Telephone Hour	Gabriel Heatter	Treasury Agent	Lux Radio Theater
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Victor Borge	Guy Lombardo	Sammy Kaye	
9:45				
10:00	Contented Program	Fishing & Hunting Club	Doctors Talk It Over	Screen Guild Players
10:15			Joe Mooney Quartet	
10:30	Dr. I. Q.	Family Doctor		Sweeney and March



Jane Russell

—whose guest appearance as vocalist on Kay Kyser's College of Music and Knowledge drew such favorable audience response that the Old Professor offered her a contract. After the wild publicity given her for her motion picture work, Jane rates credit for setting out to prove that she can also succeed where she is heard and not seen.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45	News			Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Naval Academy Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	U. S. Navy Band	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Smile Time	Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Women in White		Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Harlem Hospitality	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young			Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Hollywood Tour	Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:40	Lorenzo Jones		Cliff Edwards	Joey Kern's
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
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6:00	John Mac Vane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America			In My Opinion
6:30		Local Programs		Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orch.	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Skip Farrell	Arthur Hale		American Melody Hour
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Milton Berle	Scotland Yard	Lum and Abner	Big Town
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	A Date With Judy	Adventures of the Falcon	Boston Symphony	Mel Blanc Show
8:45				
9:00	Amos and Andy	Gabriel Heatter		Vox Pop
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Fibber McGee and Molly	American Forum	Rex Maupin's Orch.	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:45				
10:00	Bob Hope		Hank D'Amico Orch.	One World Flight
10:15		Vic Damone	Hoosier Hop	
10:30	Red Skelton	International Quiz		Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
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12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Marine Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches In Melody	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Smile Time	Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
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4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Cliff Edwards	
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John Mac Vane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America			Word From the Country
6:30		Local Programs		Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orchestra	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Skip Farrell	Cecil Brown	Lone Ranger	Ellery Queen
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Dennis Day	Crime Club	Lum and Abner	Jack Carson
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	Great Gildersleeve	Special Features	Willie Piper	Dr. Christian
8:45				
9:00	Duffy's Tavern	Gabriel Heatter	Paul Whiteman	Frank Sinatra
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	What's the Name of That Song	Beulah Program	Dinah Shore
9:45				
10:00	The Big Story	Did Justice Triumph	Bing Crosby	The Whistler
10:15				
10:30	Kay Kyser	Author Meets Critic	Henry Morgan	Information Please



Henry La Cossitt

—who made his first broadcast in September, 1946, with his Editor's Diary series over Mutual, now has the 9 A.M., EDT spot on that network. His career has included newspaper experience, script-writing (four screen plays in a year), free-lance writing of everything from mysteries to soberest non-fiction and the editorships of two national magazines.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		The Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition News	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Navy Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Smile Time	Powers Charm Show	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartette	Merv Griffen		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White		Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Harlem Hospitality	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young			Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Hollywood Tour	Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Cliff Edwards	Joey Kerns
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00				Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America			In My Opinion
6:30	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Vincent Lopez	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Grand Marquee	Arthur Hale		Mr. Keen
7:45		Inside of Sports		
8:00	Aldrich Family	Mark Warnow	Lum and Abner	Suspense
8:15			Erwin D. Canham	
8:30	Burns and Allen	Count of Monte Cristo	America's Town Meeting	F. B. I. Peace and War
8:45				
9:00	Eddie Duchin, Eddie Foy, Jr.	Gabriel Heatter		Dick Haymes
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Jack Haley with Eve Arden	Hour of Song	That Was the Year	Crime Photographer
9:45				
10:00	Abbott and Costello	Family Theatre	World Security	Reader's Digest Radio Edition
10:15				
10:30	Eddie Cantor	I Was A Convict	Ralph Norman	Man Called X



Julie Conway

—the red-headed "sparkle" girl whose opening commercial on the Jack Smith Show has made radio history. Her guest appearance on Jack's program recently was so successful that she will repeat it soon. Julie does twenty-two commercials a week, also studies music and voice. She is married to announcer Bob Sherry; they have a sparkling young daughter, Mike.



Ralph Edwards

—the Colorado farm boy who had got himself an education at the University of California and was on the air over NBC's coast-to-coast network with his own Truth or Consequences program by the time he was twenty-six. He does not care what he does if it will make people laugh and plenty of people do. His listening audience is a laughing twenty-five million.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC 660K	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Edifor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Easy Does It	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition News	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Campus Salute		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	Cedric Foster		Big Sister
1:15		Smile Time	Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White		Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Harlem Hospitality	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young			Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Hollywood Tour	Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Cliff Edwards	
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs		Report From Washington
6:30				Red Barber, Sports
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orchestra	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Skip Farrell	Henry J. Taylor	Lone Ranger	
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Highways in Melody	Burl Ives	The Fat Man	Baby Snooks
8:15		Holly House		
8:30	Alan Young	Leave It To The Girls	This Is Your FBI	Thin Man
8:45				
9:00	People Are Funny	Gabriel Heatter	Break the Bank	Ginny Simms
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Waltz Time	Bulldog Drummond	The Sheriff	Durante and Moore
9:45				
10:00	Mystery Theatre	Meet The Press	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant
10:15				
10:30	Sports	Date Night		

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
9:00	Percolator Party		Wake Up and Smile	CBS Morning News
9:15				The Garden Gate
9:30	Coffee With Congress	Robert Hurleigh		Renfro Valley Folks
9:45	Bill Herson	Bobby Norris		
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Betty Moore	Barnyard Follies
10:15				
10:30	Archie Andrews	Jackie Hill Show	Junior Junction	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45				
11:00	Teentimers Club	This Week in Washington	Elizabeth Woodward	Let's Pretend
11:15			Buddy Weed Trio	
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Say It With Music	Piano Playhouse	Adventurers Club
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	W. W. Chaplin	Pro Arte Quartet	Your Children and Your Schools	Theatre of Today
12:15	Consumer Time		Tell Me Doctor	
12:30	Home Is What You Make It	Flight Into the Past	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Bands For Bonds		Grand Central Sta.
1:15				
1:30	Veterans' Aid	Symphonies For Youth	Fascinating Rhythm	County Fair
1:45	Elmer Peterson			
2:00	Your Host is Buffalo		Our Town Speaks	Give and Take
2:15				
2:30	The Baxters	Dance Music	Hill Toppers	Country Journal
2:45			This Is For You	
3:00	Nations' Orchestras	Dance Orchestra	Phil Brestoff	Cross Section U.S.A.
3:15				
3:30		Sports Parade	Sunset Roundup	Treasury Band Stand
3:45				
4:00	Doctors Then and Now	Horse Races	Horse Racing	Matinee at Meadowbrook
4:15			Stars in the Afternoon	
4:30	Names of Tomorrow	Dance Orchestra	Treasury Show	Adventures in Science
4:45				Of Men and Books
5:00	Nelson Olmsted	For Your Approval	Saturday Concert	Philadelphia Orch.
5:15	Art Mooney			
5:30	Edward Tomlinson	Ray Scott Orch.		
5:45	King Cole Trio	Jan August and His Piano Magic		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Rhapsody of the Rockies	Cleveland Symphony	Jimmie Blair	Bill Shadell
6:15			Chittison Trio	Once Upon a Time
6:30	Boston Tune Party		Harry Wismer	
6:45	Religion in the News		Labor U. S. A.	Larry Lesueur
7:00	Our Foreign Policy	Hawaii Calls	It's Your Business	Waitin' For Clayton
7:15			Song Spinners	Jean Sablon
7:30	Curtain Time	News and Sports	The Music Library	Vaughn Monroe
7:45		F. H. LaGuardia		
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Famous Jury Trials	
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Scramby Amby	I Deal in Crime	Mayor of the Town
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Mighty Casey	Gang Busters	
9:15				
9:30	Can You Top This?	Theater of the Air	Murder and Mr. Malone	
9:45				Saturday Night Serenade
10:00	Judy Canova	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz	
10:15				This Is Hollywood
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	



Jean Gillespie

—born, bred and ballet-trained in Boston, portrays Inza, the feminine lead on NBC's Adventures of Frank Merriwell, Saturdays, at 10 A.M., EDT. She also is heard frequently on both Mr. District Attorney and My True Story programs but confesses that she would be happy to escape from the grimmer aspects into pixy parts—she says, "like Peter Pan, maybe."

Recommended Listening

If it's laughter you're after, all four networks can provide it any night of the week; this list of radio's professional funny-bone ticklers is for you. All times given below are Eastern Daylight, and all of the programs are heard in the evening.

* * *

Monday night: Start it off with *Lum 'n' Abner,* if you like a story garnished with laughter, instead of just straight jokes (8, ABC). And you get a dividend with this one—it's heard, same time, same stations, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, too. From there stop in at Joannie's tea room on the *Joan Davis Show* and listen through that weekly round of troubles that always has its funny side (8:30, CBS). Right on Joan's heels comes the recently-revived *Beulah* program. Beulah, you may remember, is the mix-things-up maid you used to hear on *Fibber McGee and Molly* (9, ABC).

Tuesday night: To begin, there's the *Milton Berle Show,* which actually does live up to its boast of a "new kind of comedy" (8, NBC). At 8:30, you'll have to make a choice between the *Mel Blanc Show,* (CBS) and *Date With Judy,* (NBC). If it's impossible-situations-made-to-seem-real that you like, you'll choose Mel and his girl and his fix-it shop. But if the mirthful scrapes of the teen-agers appeal to you, Judy will be your choice. And you'll keep tuned to NBC, for in rapid succession, starting at 9 come *Amos and Andy, Fibber McGee and Molly, Bob Hope* and *Red Skelton.*

Wednesday night: You'll have to make a choice here the very first thing—between *A Day in the Life of Dennis Day,* (NBC) and *Jack Carson,* (CBS). If you want a story to boot, take Dennis Day, but for straight fun, Jack Carson. Following Dennis Day is a full hour that should appeal to anyone who likes to laugh. First there's the pompous, delightful *Great Gildersleeve* and following him comes Mr. Malaprop himself, Archie of *Duffy's Tavern.* Turn your dial to ABC, a bit later (10) for *Bing Crosby* who always has enough fun combined with his music to make him eligible for listing here. After Bing comes *Henry Morgan* with his elaborate fun-poking.

Thursday night: Good listening, starting with the irrepressible Henry and the rest of the *Aldrich Family* (8, NBC). Another family follows on the same stations—George and Gracie and the kind of comedy that has made *Burns and Allen* dear to the hearts of listeners for years. Amuse yourself otherwise until 9:30, when Eve Arden and Jack Haley bring you the *Village Store* (also NBC). Same station, next half-hour bracket brings *Abbott and Costello,* and after that, at ten, *Eddie Cantor* on NBC vies for your attention with *That's Finnegan,* not so familiar, but in his own way just as funny, on ABC.

Friday night: No trouble at all tonight—the radio powers-that-be have arranged an evening's entertainment with no overlapping of old friends. Start with Fanny Brice's inimitable *Baby Snooks* (8, CBS). Then switch to NBC for the *Alan Young Show.* Stay tuned to NBC for *People Are Funny,* and at 9:30 set your dial for CBS, where *Durante and Moore* will be waiting for you. Finish up the evening with that good-natured lampooning of quiz shows, *It Pays To Be Ignorant,* on CBS.

Saturday night: Brooklyn takes over in the person of Bill Bendix, in his *Life of Riley,* to start the evening off in fine style (8, NBC). Nothing funny for a while—try your local stations, but be sure to come back to NBC at 9:30 for a Joe Miller session with *Can You Top This?,* and then spend a half-hour with the hill folks and *Judy Canova* (10, NBC).

Sunday night: "Night" for purposes of radio schedules, begins at 6 P.M. And that's where you'll begin your Sunday night comedy listening—make a choice between *Ozzie and Harriet,* (CBS) and *Those Websters,* (MBS). Between 6:30 and 7:30, NBC has no competitors in the comedy business—*Bob Burns* and *Jack Benny* fill that hour. At 7:30, you'll have to choose again—between CBS's *Blondie* and NBC's *Alice Faye-Phil Harris Bandwagon* program. Then the field's all NBC's again for another hour—first *Charlie McCarthy* and then *Fred Allen.*

Information

Step right up and ask your questions—if we don't know

INFORMATION BOOTH is the part of Radio Mirror for which you readers are responsible. The Editors of Radio Mirror are delighted with the stream of letters which come in from you concerning radio and radio personalities.

Each month we'll select the questions we think you would be most interested in having us answer. Watch Information Booth for the information you want: it's possible that someone else may have asked the same question a little before you got to it. But if you don't find your answer here, watch the mail; for we'll try to answer every letter that comes to us accompanied by the box on page 63. Be sure to include your full name and address; we'll use only your initials if we print your letter in Information Booth. Address Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



Johnny Olsen

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?

Dear Editor:

Please, please tell me why we don't hear the Arthur Godfrey show as per usual at 10 A.M.—it was my favorite morning show and I sure do miss it. Also, why don't we hear more than half of the Johnny Olsen show, Ladies Be Seated? All we can get here in Chicago is some Rangers singing, and I would much rather hear Johnny.

Mrs. L. L.

Chicago, Ill.



Arthur Godfrey

This has puzzled and distressed many of you, about other programs as well. Unfortunately some sponsors have cut down on the number of stations they use for their programs. For this reason, several programs are not heard on as many stations as before. You should still be able to hear Arthur Godfrey's Tuesday night program, Talent Scouts, on CBS at 9:30. There may be a change in this time, and if so we shall duly report it. And you'll be glad to know that as of March 31st Johnny Olsen broadcasts from your own Chicago! The time is, of course, an hour earlier (2:00 to 2:30). Why don't you write to your Chicago ABC station to ask for tickets so you can attend a broadcast?

REPORT ON RYAN

Dear Editor:

Will you please set everyone's heart at ease and tell us what has happened to Tommy Ryan? Is he singing? Who with and where? Please tell us where he is and soothe some lonesome women.

Mrs. R. C. M.

Gardena, Calif.

Tommy Ryan is no longer strictly a singer. He has organized his own band and at last report was playing dance engagements.



Bob Haag

BUREAU OF ELUSIVE PERSONS

Dear Editor:

I'd like to know what has happened to Robert Haag, who played the part of Harry Davis in When a Girl Marries. I would also like to see a picture of Jack Berch.

Mrs. R. S.

Sugar Creek, Ohio

For Robert Haag the part in When a Girl Marries was a wartime venture. He left the cast when John Raby (the previous and present Harry Davis) came back from service. Here is a picture of Robert Haag and watch for a special feature on the Jack Berch show, with pictures.

OCTOBER, FOR AUTRY

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine for five years and enjoy it very much. Would you kindly tell me if Corliss Archer is still on the air, and if so, what time? I would also like to know if Bert Craigen is still on the air; if he is, would you kindly tell me what time? I would also like to see pictures of Gene Autry and Archie Andrews and his friends. I would appreciate it very much if you would do this for me.

Miss F. T.

St. Stephen, N. B.



Gene Autry

As you may know by now, Corliss Archer has replaced Hildegarde on CBS, Sunday at 9 P.M. We couldn't find anything on Bert Craigen. Apparently he is (or was, as the case may be) on a local station in your area, and we suggest that you write to the station on which you heard him. There was a story (with pictures) about Gene Autry in the October '46 issue of Radio Mirror, but here he is again.

AULD LANG SYNE

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me if The O'Neills are on radio anywhere? If so, what station and time? I would also like to see Mother O'Neill and family appear in Radio Mirror very soon. And if I'm not asking too much, I'd like to see a picture of Penny Gibbs, who plays in Hearts in Harmony, in Radio Mirror as soon as possible. I am a faithful reader of Radio Mirror. Thank you.

Mrs. B. C.

Henderson, W. Va.



Kate McComb

The O'Neills are not on the air at present. And as this is written there is no promise of a return. But just for old times' sake, here is a picture of Kate McComb, who played Mother O'Neill. Penny Gibbs will be along later, in a Hearts In Harmony story in Radio Mirror—be sure to watch for it.

Booth

the answers we do know where to find them for you



Just Plain Bill



Cliff Arquette

ALL FOR FUN

Dear Editor:

What has become of Cliff Arquette, formerly heard on Glamor Manor? Is he in radio work now, and where can he be heard? I would appreciate an answer.

Mrs. S. J. R.

Rockwood, Pa.

Cliff Arquette has left radio, for the moment at least. His hobby for years was making wood carvings and marionettes, and now he has gone officially into the toy business in California. We miss him, and hope some day to have him back in radio.

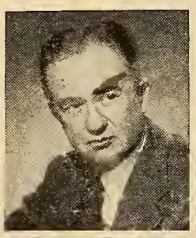
TOO MUCH NOISE?

Dear Editor:

My family are great lovers of the radio. But why do they play such blasting and distorted music, especially on detective stories? Then the announcer starts to shout at you, so by the time the program ends you wonder what it was about. I wish someone would find a way to manage the radio business so efficiently that it grows to be inspiring, and a blessing to all.

Mrs. J. B. P.

Los Angeles, Calif.



Lyman Bryson

Many of you have written us your ideas of what is wrong with radio. On his program, Time for Reason About Radio (CBS, Sunday at 1:30), Lyman Bryson discusses the various aspects of broadcasting. Why don't you send him your suggestions? He'll be glad to hear from you.

CHECK LOCAL STATIONS

Dear Editor:

I have just bought your latest issue of the Radio Mirror. I enjoyed it very much. Will you please tell me what has happened to Big Sister? I would like to see who plays the parts. Thank you for this courtesy.

Mrs. H. W.

Lupton City, Tenn.

Big Sister, like the program mentioned above, has gone off some of the local network stations, but she's still on the air. The leading role is now played by Grace Matthews, a Canadian radio actress. There was a picture of her in the April issue, but in case you missed it, here's another one for you. Here are the other members of the cast: Neddie Evans is played by Michael O'Day; John Wayne, by Paul McGrath; Reed Bannister, Berry Kroeger; Doctor Carvell, Santos Ortega; Diane Carvell, Elspeth Eric; Margo Ward Louise Fitch; Sam Ward, Gene Leonard; Perry Moore, Dick Widmark; and Hope Melton Evans is played by Ann Sheperd.



Grace Matthews

YES!

Dear Editor:

Most of the portraits of my favorite radio serials have appeared in recent copies of your magazine. but I would like to know if you plan to print the ones of Joyce Jordan, Young Widder Brown or Just Plain Bill sometime in the near future?

Mrs. A. M. B.

Gambrills, Md.

Young Widder Brown was featured in Living Portraits in the April issue. Did you see it? Joyce Jordan and Just Plain Bill will appear, both of them, in the July issue—watch for 'em. Here's a sort of coming-attractions picture of Bill and his daughter Nancy.

SORRY WE CAN'T HELP

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me what has happened to my favorite radio program, Those We Love, starring Donald Woods and Nan Grey? My whole family used to listen to it all the time and then (in 1945, I think) they went off on a vacation and never came back. It seems a shame that such a good program should not be heard, and I wish you'd let me know what I could do or who I could write to to get it back on the air. Thank you for having such a nice magazine and please let me know about my favorite program.

Mrs. E. L. C.

Hattiesburg, Miss.

Unfortunately, it looks as though the vacation may be permanent. The program is still off the air with no indication that it will return. Those We Love first went on the air in 1939, as a summer replacement for Eddie Cantor. It was so popular with its listeners that it remained a regular radio feature. Francis X. Bushman was one of the original cast. Donald Woods and Nan Grey, both leading players in the program, have left radio for the movies. Perhaps some day Those We Love will again be put on the air as a summer replacement—and stay again through several seasons for those who liked the program and miss it, as so many do.



Francis X. Bushman

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—Sometimes, in spite of all our efforts, a request-letter is mixed in with other mail—and we don't want that to happen any more than you do. So, will you help us by clipping this box and attaching it to your Information Booth letter? That way we'll know at a glance that you're an information-seeker, and we'll be able to give much quicker service on answers—either by printing your letter on these pages, or by an answer delivered through the mail. Important: No letters can be answered or considered for Information Booth unless accompanied by this box.



Mary Livingston, Peggy Lee, Jack Benny and his fiddle join Skitch at the piano. Maybe it wasn't music, but it was fun!



Skitchy Fingers



Behind Skitch—in more ways than one—is his good friend Sinatra. They're an unbeatable disc combination.

WITHOUT a doubt, Skitch Henderson is enjoying the most star-spangled rehabilitation program ever proffered a returned combat veteran of World War II. Bing Crosby, on whose program Skitch's keyboard artistry is spotlighted (ABC, Wednesdays, 10 P.M., EDT) is only one-third of the "Let's Get Behind Henderson" group. Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope complete the dream-team.

In addition to being featured on Bing's show, Skitch travels at top speed around the gilded gulleys of Hollywood, performing as—take a breath—a new bandleading ace for Capitol Records; musical director of ABC's I Deal in Crime (Saturdays, 8:30 P.M.); composing the musical background and "ghosting" at the piano for Jimmy Stewart in "A Miracle Can Happen"; making guest appearances with Sinatra and other radio headliners; discussing movie contracts with three studios; and whipping his orchestra into shape for a tour of the country with a wind-up at a top New York supper club. Whew!

And this was the young man who did an extra special job of piloting a B-29 through the sky over Japan, because he was so mad at the Nazis and Japanese for ruining a career that just got started.

Lyle Cedric "Skitch" Henderson was born in Birmingham, England, 27 years ago. His father, a member of the British Embassy's diplomatic corps, sat his son to a piano as soon as he was able to reach the keyboard. As a result, Skitch's schooling centered around the music masters, mainly at London's Lords School of Music, where he was learning to be a concert pianist. One of his instructors was the celebrated Albert Coates, who probably remembers Skitch (if at all) because Skitch was the only student he ever had who managed to stick himself in the eye with a baton.

When he was sixteen, Skitch set out on his own and came to the United States, still bent on a concert career. But Skitch stubbed his toes on some Duke Ellington music and that was the end of that. Cliff Edwards gave Skitch his first break as a professional. After that vaudeville tour, Skitch was soon and in rapid succession playing the piano for orchestras led by men like Glen Gray, Skinnay Ennis, Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw. Bob Hope talked Skitch into going to Hollywood, where he was house conductor and pianist for NBC.

Around Hollywood, where anatomical trademarks have become the latest fashion, Skitch is known as "The Hands." The bobbysoxers are beginning to follow his band dates. Skitch has what it takes and he's got ideas to boot. Maybe the bobbysoxers don't realize it, but Skitchy is subtly wooing them away from the jitterbug frenzies into a much more dignified—and pleasurable kind of dancing. After all, who can be romantic, being flung over her partner's left shoulder in the middle of every three bars?

New! Blush-cleanse your face – *for that lovely engaged-girl look*

See it give *your* skin:

—an instant clean, refreshed look

—an instant softer, silkier feel

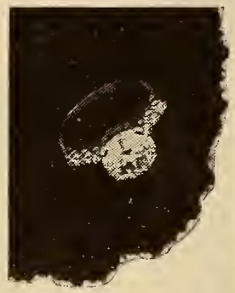
—a lovely blush of color

You'll see results tonight—with this new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

You blush-cleanse—Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it over your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

You blush-rinse—Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing—your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action softens, loosens dirt and make-up—helps *free* your skin! *Every night*, this full blush-cleansing. *Every morning*, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's!



HER RING—the large center diamond is flanked by 3 diamonds on either side



CLARA MALONE JONES—photographed in the hall of her beautiful Atlanta home

She's Engaged!

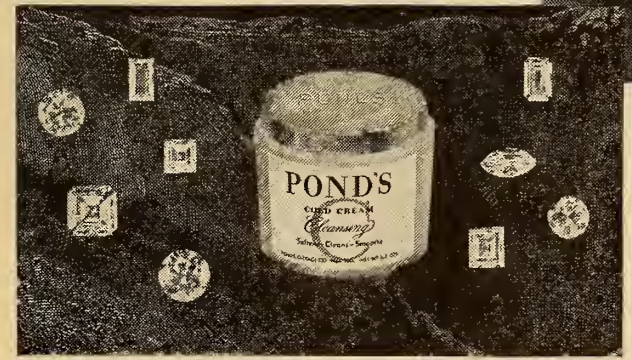
She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

Miss Clara Malone Jones, daughter of the internationally famous golfer and Mrs. Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., is engaged to William Harman Black, II. Their wedding unites two of Atlanta's most prominent families.

Dark eyes, dark hair are in arresting contrast to the cool, milk-china whiteness of her fine, smooth complexion. "I just love the new blush-cleanse way to use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "I *especially like* the way it leaves my naturally pale skin with a faint glow, and feeling *so soft*."

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look! Get your Pond's Cold Cream today—a big, bountiful 6-ounce jar!



Diamonds and Pond's! Round diamonds like those in Clara Jones' lovely ring, a charming pointed marquise, brilliant emerald-cut diamonds.

Among the beautiful women of Society who use Pond's

H. H. PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIBESCO

MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III — MRS. NICHOLAS R. DU PONT

THE COUNTESS OF NORMANTON

MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT — MRS. GEORGE WHITNEY, JR.

your hand in his



Scale decorations to size: on Patti Clayton's long fingers, dark polish, outsize ring are stunning.

RINGED at last, and "for keeps"! As you glance lovingly at your diamond, and, if you're already a wife, at your wedding ring, are you as proud of your hands as you are of your rings?

Patti Clayton, who is married to Ace Ochs, director of her two radio shows, Waitin' for Clayton and Bouquet for You, takes good care of her hands. She scrubs them daily with warm, soapy water and a hand brush. Always, after each hand-washing, she applies a hand lotion. The new hand creams and lotions are beautifully blended with softening, whitening, and protective ingredients, and you, like Patti, should use one all the year 'round.

Patti's unusual ring is a copy of a Russian puzzle ring. It is of pink gold, and has five large links intricately wound together. On her large, long-fingered hands, it looks stunning.

Gwen Davis, another CBS actress, is heard on Let's Pretend and Aunt Jenny. A sentimental girl, she never removes her wedding ring. It's a plain, yellow-gold band, becoming to her short-fingered hands. For housework, Gwen wears rubber gloves, and uses an extra amount of hand cream or lotion. When removing her make-up with cold cream at night, she rubs a little cream on her hands.

Phyllis Creore, CBS's We, the People and Theater of the Air actress, recommends a good hand cream *before* doing a dirty job, as well as afterwards. Phyllis' hands are long and slender. Her wedding ring is a narrow gold band.

The handsomest rings show up to best advantage—*only* if you give your hands the same tender, loving care that you give your husband!



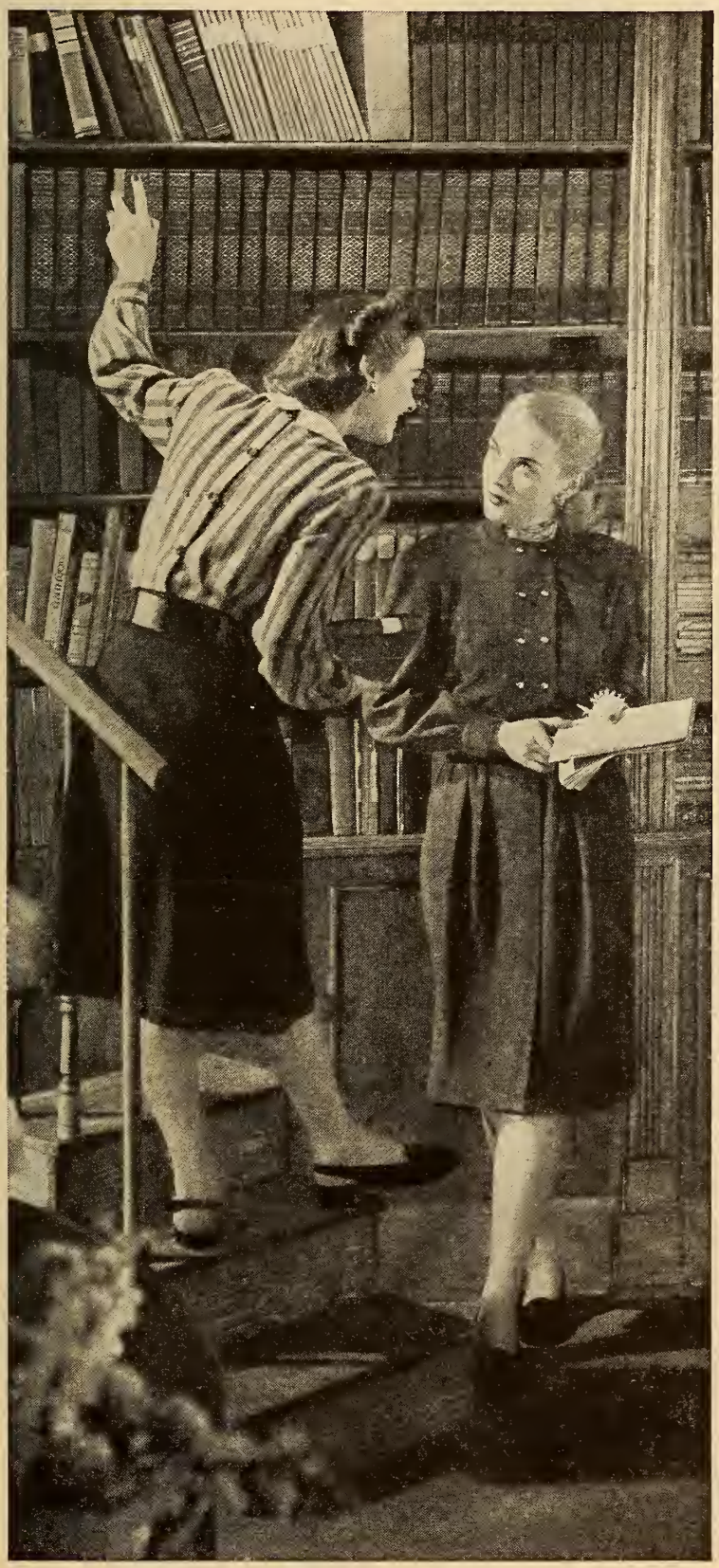
Wedding-day smoothness means every-day care.



Train hands to move and rest with grace.

By MARY JANE FULTON

Who said nothing could astonish a secretary?



Office girls test new napkin—
82 out of 103 report no chafing
with new Free-Stride Modess!

East, West, North, South—the bright girls who smooth the path of business have made a smooth discovery for *you!*

It all started when stenographers, typists, clerks—girls who had suffered chafing with their regular napkin—were asked to test a new, improved napkin, *Free-Stride* Modess.

The girls weren't told the brand or name. They were simply asked to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

Here are the astonishing results: 82 out of 103 girls reported *no chafing with new Free-Stride Modess!*

The secret of the chafe-free comfort which so many smart young business women found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges.*

Free-Stride Modess has *extra* cotton—*extra* softness on its edges—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. (And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!)

So safe, too! *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield—a wonderful guard against accidents. And a fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you fresh as spring. No telltale outlines with *Free-Stride* Modess—it's *silhouette-proof!*

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin now. *Free-Stride* Modess is on sale everywhere.

Product of Personal Products Corporation.



Walk with comfort!
Move with freedom!
Try the new Free-Stride Modess!

R
M



"Beautiful?"
"Yes! HOW MUCH?"
"GUESS!"

THE DRAPES		THE WINDOW SHADE	
$25.00	?	$ 3.00	?
$12.95		$ 1.25	
$ 4.98		$ .69	
$ .98		$ .39	

THE ANSWERS

THE DRAPES: They're CLOPAY Lintoned Drapes of genuine plasticized cellulose that looks and hangs like expensive cloth. They're a full 2⅔ yards long with matching tie backs, automatic pleater and reinforced edges. You'll scarcely believe it but they cost only..... **98c** pr.

THE WINDOW SHADE: A CLOPAY oil finish washable shade, Lintone-processed to look like fine cloth. Ready to attach to roller without tacks or tools, only **39c**

Other CLOPAY shades as low as 19c. On rollers about 20c more.

FREE BOOKLET: "Beautiful Windows at Low Cost." Write to: Clopay Corp., 1260 Clopay Square, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

CLOPAY

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

At 5 and 10c Stores, Variety Stores, Department and Other Stores.

I Took A Hollywood Tour

(*Continued from page* 21)

as one of the day's winners on Hollywood Tour. And more than that. For not only were the doors to movieland opened for me . . . but the door to my ambition for a radio career as well.

I had come to Hollywood for the usual reason . . . a vacation. It seems to me that half the people in California are here on "extended" vacations. A few days that turned into thirty or forty years. But . . . I had come for a chance at that career too.

After my separation from the Service I was restless and dissatisfied. Like many other Servicewomen who found it difficult to step out of uniform and back into a kitchen or behind a typewriter, I couldn't seem to work up much enthusiasm about donning my civilian nurse's uniform again. I have the utmost respect for the nursing profession and I may go back to it . . . but at this time I prescribed for myself a change. And in my case . . . radio.

NURSING had always been my life. Ever since childhood, when we lived in Jamaica, Long Island, where my father worked for the Civil Service as a letter carrier, and I spent all my time after school "playing nurse" . . . nursing a doll or a pet of some kind. Upon graduating from the Jamaica Hospital School of Nursing, I became affiliated with the Willard Parker Hospital in New York City, and later worked with the New York City Health Department as school and clinic nurse.

On February 13, 1943 I was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Army Nurse's Corps. During the war I was stationed at Gulfport, Mississippi, Greenville, South Carolina, and Venice, Florida, with the Army Air Forces. And during those years I had reason to really appreciate all fields of entertainment . . . motion picture, live talent, and radio shows . . . for their morale-building value with the boys. Particularly with patients who were bed-fast.

On my separation from the Service at Drew Field, Tampa, Florida, I returned to my old job with the New York City Public Health Department, but I just couldn't get the same feeling about my work I'd had before.

To add to my personal indecision was a marriage that had gotten away from me. For the reason marriages usually get away from people . . . a clash of temperaments. My husband and I were separated before we both went into the Service. He distinguished himself overseas with an anti-aircraft division and was awarded the Bronze Star for heroic action in helping set up the Rhine River crossing. While overseas he fell in love with . . . and later married . . . an English girl . . . an ambulance driver in the British Forces. There's nothing unusual about this. Many American women have experienced the same situation.

One day I came across an advertisement in the Registered Nurse Magazine, requesting any registered nurses who were interested to send photographs and information about themselves to the Ruthrauff & Ryan advertising agency in New York regarding a nurse's role on a radio show.

It turned out to be The Mayor of the Town program. I wrote the agency, mentioning plans for a trip to Hollywood. They replied, suggesting I contact their agency office immediately upon my arrival in movieland. Which I did . . . only to find that I was one day too late for a chance at the role. The agent in charge of interviewing nurses had gone back to New York just the day before, taking with him all records of voices and all photographs, including those of his choice, a California girl.

This disappointment only further helped build up my determination for a radio career. But I was to find mine a very difficult quest. All doors were closed.

As a "tourist," I appreciated the beauty of Hollywood . . . with its palm trees, flashing kleig lights, various glamor spots, and the hills with ice cream-colored houses hanging on the edges of them. But even to a tourist, "Hollywood," means motion picture studios and film stars. And it's a little heartbreaking to be in the heart of the film capital and not be able to get behind the walls that surround them.

So you can imagine what a thrill it was . . . gliding right through the gates unstopped . . . in that Tanner limousine.

I had gone to the guest relations office of the American Broadcasting Company that morning to ask for tickets for a Bing Crosby broadcast, but they were unavailable. The girl in charge suggested the exciting new Hollywood Tour show instead. "You have a chance at winning a studio tour," she said. "Oh no . . . not me," I told her, "I've never won anything in my life. Not even a free ride on a merry-go-round."

But I had been reading Cal York's column in *Photoplay* magazine for years, and the program sounded like fun . . . so I asked for a ticket. One was sent me . . . I went . . . and won. The movie quiz questions which I answered correctly included: "In what picture does Olivia de Havilland play twins?" . . . "What movie star recently had twins?" . . . and, "What was the name of the picture in which Bette Davis portrayed twins?" You could probably answer them too. If so . . . I'm glad you weren't there.

IT seemed like a dream . . . a movie dream . . . stepping into that limousine, whizzing along Sunset Boulevard to Samuel Goldwyn Studios, and on through the same gate Cary Grant, Dana Andrews and other stars use.

Driving along the studio street to the exclusive Goldwyn Room, the executives' dining room where we were to have lunch, we passed Cary Grant, Monte Woolley and David Niven! They were walking back to the sound stage where they are making "The Bishop's Wife." I'm sure I did what you'd do if you suddenly saw Cary Grant . . . I waved. He gave a friendly wave back . . . and I returned it . . . after all, I'd started it.

We were guests of Producer Seymour Nebenzal that day, and had a luncheon date with Jorja Curtright, film actress featured in the Nebenzal production, "Heaven Only Knows."

After leaving Cary Grant, it was difficult to come back down to a material item like food . . . that is, until we got inside the dining room . . . and there lending all his continental charm to a cup of coffee was Charles Boyer! One look at him carried me back to the Casbah. As he was leaving Boyer stopped by our group and we were in-

troduced to him. I kept thinking . . . if the girls back in Ward "G" could only see me now! The star was made up for his role in "Arch of Triumph," and explained his studio, Enterprise, was using the Goldwyn lot for the final shots on that film. He mentioned, in leaving, that he was going on a trip to Paris before long.

As a matter of fact, we did some traveling ourselves that afternoon on Hollywood Tour. Distances are nothing in any motion picture studio. You can step across the street from Paris to Montana, swing around Germany, see what they do in Rio, and drop back by the Sahara desert all in one afternoon.

With Jorja Curtright as our glamorous guide, we walked a few yards from the dining room to Glacier, Montana, an entire fictional western town, built by Nebenzal Productions at a cost of $75,000 for "Heaven Only Knows." It was a typical Montana town of the 1890's, with a "Tonsorial Parlor," a church, livery stables, a city hall, stage depot, and an imposing structure called "Bernstein's Emporium," a general merchandise store where evidently you could purchase anything for man, woman, or beast.

AS a nurse, I was especially interested in visiting the local doctor's "office." But the doctor was out . . . and so was everything else. I walked through the door into sunshine and a web of rough timber. The buildings are made of plaster and look amazingly real . . . until you knock on one or look behind it. They put their best faces forward . . . and the backs look like a mass of two-by-fours in a fight. A little bewildering maybe, but an insight behind the magical genius of movie-making.

Jorja explained that the interiors of the buildings they needed were reconstructed on sound stages. That only exterior shots were made on the streets.

We visited the big copper mine owned by Brian Donlevy and Bill Goodwin in the picture, a mine which I understand cost the studio $25,000 to build and had to be "aged down" to a dirty grey after they'd built it.

We saw the blackened remains of the "Copper Queen," a gambling hall and saloon owned by Donlevy in the picture and burned by Goodwin in a moment of jealous frenzy. It was burnt, we found, by controlled flames that can be turned off and on at will.

We were glad the flames hadn't been turned on inside the "Copper Queen" yet. For that was our next stop. Funny after seeing the ruins outside, to go inside the motion picture sound stage, a structure that looks like an airplane hangar with cement walls two feet thick, and find the saloon still alive and going full blast. They don't shoot films in sequence and the scene we witnessed was shot after the fire had already burned up the place . . . on the back lot.

Inside the sound stage, we walked by the trailer dressing rooms occupied by Robert Cummings, Marjorie Reynolds, and Brian Donlevy, and on into the interior of "The Copper Queen," where technicians were "lining up the shot," as they call it. The camera and giant kleig lights were being focused on the stand-ins of the stars. "First team!" called the assistant director. Director Albert Rogell gave last minute directions to them. Then came the magical words we'd read about so long . . . "Lights! Camera! Action!"

The scene being filmed was in Brian Donlevy's office adjoining the saloon,



`Mess' call, 1947

Take a robust boy, aged eight or thereabouts, add one inquisitive pooch, stir in a soft Spring day—and what have you got? A job for Fels-Naptha, of course!

It's a fact—and most mothers know it—there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap for washing grimy garments. Clothes that look hopelessly soiled come out of Fels-Naptha suds clean and fresh. And you needn't rub them ragged to do it.

It's the combination of active Fels naptha and good mild soap that dislodges dirt—deep down in the fabric—and gently washes it away. Whether you're doing heavy work clothes or perishable dresses, you can wash them cleaner and quicker with Fels-Naptha Soap.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



NEW SIZE! NEW COMFORT!

Let me send you a trial package of new Slender Meds! REGULAR absorbency most mature women need. *Extra easy* to insert! You'll hardly believe such comfort!

See what Meds give you:

- "SAFETY-WELL" designed for your extra protection
- COTTON of high-test absorbency, soft and fine
- EXPANSION—mostly sidewise—to avoid pressure
- APPLICATORS—dainty, firm, easy to use

Enjoy new comfort "next time"! Mail the coupon today for your Slender Meds!

Slender MEDS with REGULAR absorbency and extra ease-of-use *(in light blue box)*

De Luxe MEDS with SUPER absorbency for greater need *(in dark blue box)*



29¢ for 10 in applicators

RM-6

Martha Steele
Personal Products Corporation
Milltown, New Jersey

Dear Martha Steele: I want to try the new Slender Meds. Please send me, in plain wrapper, the trial package of 3 for which I enclose 10¢ in coin to cover mailing cost.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Meds are made by Personal Products Corporation.

and pretty blond Marjorie Reynolds (dressed for her role as a torch singer), was having Bob Cummings model the Western clothes he had on.

Bob Cummings then took us on a tour of Donlevy's gambling establishment, pointed out the various old-fashioned slot machines, and even tried our luck on one of them. Nothing came out . . . but as far as we were concerned . . . we'd already hit the jackpot anyway.

He's one of my film favorites, and his friendliness and naturalness put all of us completely at ease. We might have just bumped into each other at the hometown newspaper stand on Times Square.

He talked about his wife, Mary, and his baby son, Bob, Jr. And gave us a detailed account of taking the baby up for his first plane ride the day before. "Wasn't he impressed with his famous flying father?" I asked. "No," grinned Bob. "I'd hoped he would be. Even had a little flying suit made like mine for him. But he just sat there and yawned, apparently bored to death with the whole thing."

We met Brian Donlevy and Marjorie Reynolds too, and found them both equally hospitable. It's a double thrill to see motion picture stars and find them just as real as you'd always hoped they would be.

Stepping back on the magic carpet of our Hollywood Tour, we went from Glacier, Montana, to Africa, where we joined Maria Montez, Jean Pierre Aumont, Dennis O'Keefe and Milada Mladova in the "Lost Kingdom of Atlantis." In no time at all, I was leaning back against the lush divans of the queen's quarters (cut out of the side of a mountain) talking to Dennis O'Keefe and Mladova, whom I remembered as a fine dancer with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

Mladova portrays Maria Montez's handmaiden in the picture. And she told me that in the next scene she would be hurling herself over the rock cliffs (outside the queen's palace) to her death. It all sounded a little grim and I thought maybe they'd be needing a nurse, until she explained the "cliffs" were only five feet high, and that she would be jumping onto a mattress.

Then we met the charming Jean Pierre Aumont and his gorgeous Maria Montez, who personifies what the word "Hollywood" means to the fan world . . . beauty, glamor, a gorgeous figure, name it and she has it. In her role as Queen Antinea in "Atlantis," Maria was wearing a revealing gold lame and brown jersey gown, gold sandals, her brown hair falling down her back. She looked out of this world . . . as she is supposed to be as the queen of "The Lost Kingdom." No wonder, I thought, fifty-two men died of love for her . . . as they do in this picture. No wonder, too, that there's an aura of golden glamor around the Atlantic legend. If their real queens looked anything like Mrs. Aumont—!

Standing there talking to "Queen" Maria, in quarters guarded by fierce-looking extras made up for native troops called "Tauregs," waiting for a girl to hurl herself to death over a cliff onto the desert . . . I kept thinking you never know what will happen when you go on a Hollywood Tour.

But the magic of movieland had just begun.

The next day Cal York, *Photoplay* magazine's columnist and m.c., interviewed me on the program. Under his reassuring mike guidance, I retraced my tour of the day before, and threw in a little of my own hopes and background.

And Dick Woolen, American Broadcasting Company producer, offered me my first chance . . . a job on his radio program, A Music Library, a comedy show with music. I don't mind telling you that I felt as though I'd taken that jump over the cliff too. I was stunned. I'd known Hollywood was magic, but who expected it to work for me?

The gates were opened. I was in . . . at least a little of the way! And the first step to the mike is the toughest. All of which proves again that anything can happen in Hollywood . . . especially on a Hollywood Tour. I don't know, yet, what I'll be doing a few weeks from now, but somehow I'm sure of one thing—Hollywood Tour was one of the nicest, one of the most inspirational things that has happened to me in a long time. I won't soon forget it—and somehow I think it's going to influence my future in a wonderful way. You never can tell!

MAKE YOUR LIFE WORTHWHILE—
WAKE UP WITH A SMILE!!



TUNE IN THE TRUE STORY OF
Don McNeill
ON THE
BREAKFAST CLUB*

MUSIC! STARS! EVEN COMMERCIALS!
LAUGHS! POEMS! INTERVIEWS!

MON. THRU FRI. MORNINGS ABC

*AMERICA'S FAVORITE MORNING VARIETY PROGRAM

READ DON McNEILL'S TRUE STORY IN THE CURRENT TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

Romance... in the eight radiant NEW shades of EVENING IN PARIS "2-0-8" FACE POWDER!

Allure... in the intensified fragrance of EVENING IN PARIS perfume!

Beauty... in the vitalized texture of "2-0-8" FACE POWDER... it covers and it clings and it covers and it clings!



"... makes you lovelier ... and LOVELIER ... and LOVELIER!"

NEW Clear-Base Box...it's transparent!
NEW true color...it's moisture-resistant!
NEW truer scent—it's intensified!
NEW long-clinging texture—it's vitalized!
NEW "2-0-8" process—it's exclusive!

"2-0-8" is the sensational new face powder process developed by the House of Bourjois. A modern miracle of jet-propulsion infuses the powder with color and perfume at the rate of 2.08 miles a minute... creating a face powder of richer color, finer texture, greater covering power, to make YOU lovelier than you ever dreamed.

$1 plus tax

Choose your own shade through this clear-base box ...exclusive with Bourjois.

NEW *Evening in Paris* Face Powder by BOURJOIS

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the beauty shop permanent?)



Lovely Consuelo O'Connor of New York, the Toni twin, says "None of our friends could tell our permanents apart—can you? (See answer below) My Toni wave was soft and natural looking the very first day. That's why Sis is sold on Toni, too, for her next permanent."

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight!

You'll beam with happiness when your mirror reflects your lovely Toni Home Permanent—deep, graceful waves, heavenly soft and so natural looking! No trick to giving yourself a Toni, either. Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. Takes only 2 to 3 hours, right at home . . . no sitting under a hot dryer. Your Toni is frizz-free and easy to manage from the start . . . lasts as long as a $15 permanent. That's why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. That's why you'll want to get a Toni Home Permanent Kit today. On sale at all leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters. Consuelo, the twin at the right, is the one with the Toni Home Permanent. Did you guess?



De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers	Regular Kit with fiber curlers	Refill Kit complete except for curlers
$2.00	$1.25	$1.00

All prices plus tax • Slightly higher prices in Canada

Toni HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

TESTED AND COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

R M

"Give Us Family Life"

(*Continued from page 29*)

would drive an antique collector mad, for it houses the really fine collection of old china and glass which the Bakers collected when they were in England in 1938. The most meticulous hostesses would admire the dishes and glassware and sterling silver, each piece of which is adorned with Mrs. Baker's favorite wheat design. Nevertheless the dining room, except for the Forgotten Drawing Room, is the least lived-in-looking spot in the house.

But take a look at the rooms where the living goes on, and you see the real heart of the place.

Friendliest spot is the enormous playroom. Everything about the room is oversize—the fieldstone fireplace which occupies almost a whole wall and burns five-foot logs, the twelve-foot "Elves in California" mural by E. Thogan Norling, and the ten-foot brown and lime striped sofa which goes under it.

The chairs, carrying out the cheerful brown and lime and yellow color scheme are big as well, and sturdy enough to survive the climbing feet of all the young Bakers and their friends. In this room, too, is one of Kenny's prized German Bluthner pianos—the instrument built by master craftsmen especially for singers, with an extra string which vibrates with the voice.

UPSTAIRS the bedrooms are similarly informal and friendly. The children's rooms are in a constant process of redecoration, as new hobbies and "collections" come into favor.

Kenny Junior, probably because he is the oldest, is the family's No. One collector. Currently—as the aquaria and the Indian relics recede—the collection is a box of curia which his father calls rocks, but which Kenny catalogues and describes fluently piece by piece as prehistoric shells, fossiiized bone, lead, iron, quartz. Some of these he found on the floor of the eucalyptus grove which serves as a windbreak for the house—others came from the ranch the family owned during the war years in Santa Barbara County. His father can laugh if he wants to. The collection contains two or three really "important" specimens.

Kenny also is responsible for the family pets, Lady Linda, the cocker spaniel, and Sir Mickey Mouser of Lake Glen Drive, the cat. Mrs. Baker thinks all children should have pets, *if* they will take care of them.

Suzie goes in for collecting like her big brother. Her hobby is dolls, from all the countries of the world. Half a dozen cupboards are needed in her frilly pink and white bedroom to house them. They all have their own names, their own personalities. Suzie is very proud of her big family.

Johnny is still too little for hobbies, a fact which makes for frustration. The visitor who tarries too long over the "rocks" or the doll collection is pulled and tugged away to Johnny's room, to view Johnny's exhibit—Teddy—a battered teddy bear. Teddy is worn to a thin fuzz from Johnny's loving attention. Johnny doesn't know it, but very few Hollywood children are allowed to keep their toys long enough for them to become worn and messy enough to be interesting. In other homes, Kenny's rocks would be thrown out as "dirty," the dolls shipped off at intervals to make room for newer, more expensive arrivals, and Teddy would have been

consigned to the Good Will barrel long before he reached his current lovable condition. The Bakers' trio of small-fry are lucky small fry indeed.

The Bakers' own room is as personal and charming as the children's. Quaint as well as pretty with its old-fashioned blue and beige flowered wallpaper and white organdy curtains, it exudes comfort and peace. Every piece of furniture is big and comfortable, especially the antique canopied four-poster.

Kenny does his work—his rehearsing and the family bookkeeping—in a combination music room and study just off the playroom downstairs.

The bookkeeping probably is the thornier task. A recent sticky problem arose when Kenny broke all the Hollywood rules by selling his Santa Barbara ranch at a profit. (Hollywoodites, in case you hadn't heard, buy these "properties" to lose money, and thus cut down their income tax.)

The Bakers' ranch, which Kenny ran himself, by the way, was a bad proposition, looked at from the money-losing angle. All during the war it provided enough meat and eggs and butter and fresh fruit and vegetables to strain the capacity of the family freeze box. Its stock of Purebred Herefords thrived so substantially that the calves sold on the average for $400 apiece, which is not—or is it?—hay.

Kenny, breaking another Hollywood rule, does not bemoan the high taxes people in his income bracket have to pay.

"I SUPPOSE you can get discouraged," he said, "if all you care about is money. But, look . . . how many meals can one man eat a day? Can he wear more than one shirt at a time?

"I think I would have to be awfully selfish and blind not to realize that my family is better fed, better housed, better clothed than ninety-nine percent of the families in the world. What's the matter with people? Can you get so rich you can forget this is a nice country?"

The Bakers, as Kenny will be the first to concede, don't have to worry too much. They get along. And they have been getting along, pretty consistently, since Kenny won the Texaco vocal contest in 1934.

"But I didn't marry him for his money," Geraldyne will put in quickly if someone is too impressed with the big house and the big view and all the accessories—the swimming pool, the conservatory, the photography room over the garage, the gas tank and electric air pump ("See, free air," brags Kenny, Jr.) in the basement.

When the Bakers were married in 1933 both were students at Long Beach Junior College. Kenny made enough money to pay his tuition if not much else by singing on Sundays at the Brethren Church and doing odd jobs. The only radio singing he did was for free—a fifteen-minute program once a week over Station KFOX.

After the contest, the breaks came fast—first a season as soloist at the Coconut Grove, then discovery by Jack Benny, and three seasons as the singer on Benny's show. By 1937, a sponsor was ready to hire him—at a fat figure. And Kenny and Geraldyne were ready to build their big, homey house for which they had long been making plans.

Characteristically, they turned their back on the whole project once it started and went to England for the whole time the house was under construction. They had planned concisely. They trusted their architect, L. G.

new! So bewitching...it's dangerous!

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Here and now . . . new spark, new verve, new color! Your skin glows *alive* with Woodbury Fiesta Powder. High-spirited shade . . . reckless with beauty. Break your date with the humdrum—today, meet Fiesta! Lasting *cling!* Color-*freshness!* Fiesta was born with both. For your free "try-on" sample, mail coupon below today.

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That rosy-sporkle on her skin?
It's yaurs . . . with Waodbury Fiesta.



WOODBURY MATCHED MAKE-UP. With Fiesta Film-Finis Powder, you also get Fiesta Lipstick and Rauge . . **all 3** in the dollor Powder box—**only $1.00.**

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See Fiesto's sparkle on your skin! Send for free Woodbu Pawder Sompler (contoins Fiesto, eight other flotterir shodes), plus Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print nom address cleorly. Moil' to Box 45, Cincinnoti 14, Ohi

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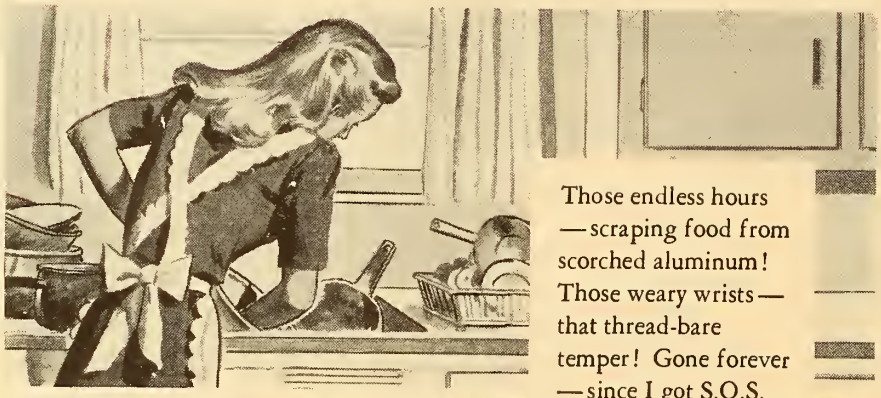
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Now life at the sink is shorter and sweeter!



Those endless hours —scraping food from scorched aluminum! Those weary wrists— that thread-bare temper! Gone forever —since I got S.O.S. to help me whisk through that job . . .



. . . dip, rub, rinse— like magic, stains, grease and scorches vanish. Shines appear. S.O.S. is *complete*—it's the only cleanser I need. The soap's in the pad. Really, there's no other cleanser just like it!

The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.
S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Scherer. When they came home (Kenny had filmed "The Mikado" during their absence) their new home was ready to live in. Flowers were blooming in the greenhouse and the refrigerator was full in the shining all-electrical kitchen.

They love their house, and why shouldn't they? Family life as they live it and love it is eloquently expressed in its spirit and its design. Conversely, the house never stops them when there is work to do or fun to have at the other end of the country.

When Kenny went east for the Fred Allen show, and stayed three years—the last of which he spent starring with Mary Martin in "One Touch of Venus" on Broadway—Geraldyne simply dust-covered the furniture and shut up the house on the hill, turned the key and left it.

"Sure it was expensive," she explains. "But not as expensive as it would have been to fix it up after renters had wrecked it." And Kenny adds that it was worth any expense and inconvenience for his kids to learn to know and love the East.

Ultimately, he wants the children to know and love the whole United States —and the family vacations are planned with this goal in mind.

THE family's newest—and proudest—acquisition is a streamlined, super-modern, all-aluminum auto trailer in which all five have just toured Brice Canyon and Zion National Park. The trailer has everything! Including two beds, one seven-footer which sleeps all three children, and a standard-sized bed for their parents. Best part is the plexi-glas observation window in the back from which the young Bakers can watch the world whizz by. The children are seasoned travelers. Kenny and Geraldyne started taking them on fishing and camping trips in the mountains as soon as they were out of rompers—now they are old hands at roughing it.

Kenny is a little jealous of his children for the fun they have. When he was growing up, his parents didn't have the money or the leisure to ramble around the countryside with the family.

And college—Kenny Jr. and Suzie and Johnny will have that too. College seems inordinately important and desirable to the elder Kenny because he "didn't have enough sense" to finish his own college career.

What colleges his children will choose—Kenny so far wants to be a carpenter; Suzie a "cowgirl or ballet dancer"—will be up to them. Kenny wants them to "learn something a man could put to use." Like farming. Kenny Baker, one of the country's most successful entertainers, always wanted to be a big-time farmer!

It is possible that young Kenny's ambitions will develop witnin the years between sixth grade, where he is now, and freshman year in college. He has an extremely curious, scientific mind, which may find carpentry limiting.

The day RADIO MIRROR visited the family he was performing a rather intricate experiment with a garden snail. The creature was attached, via adhesive tape and string, to one of Johnny's toy trucks. By adding tiny weights, one at a time, Kenny was attempting to find out exactly how much cargo the straining snail could pull. The result was amazing. "At least 1½ pounds," the young physicist reported after a serious hour of calculations.

That's the way it is with all the Bakers. There's never any time for the frivolities. But all the time in the world to get at the real stuff of life.

Magic By Milena

(*Continued from page* 39)

Corporation of America—the biggest talent agency in show business. They signed her up. Inside of two weeks she was singing in a smart supper club. Inside of three months she was on a coast-to-coast radio program, Broadway Matinee, singing the same two songs she had sung in Atlantic City.

So, in the taxi leaving the broadcast, she decided maybe it was time she took a few singing lessons!

This was only two and a half years ago. Since then she has worked back-breakingly hard on her voice. She has also cancelled all family financial help; since she moved into the Waldorf she has earned her own way. Some day she hopes to sing in musical comedies on the screen, and to be married, and to have dozens of children.

BUT meanwhile she is happy with her life as it is. She loves thinking up Miller beauty touches. For instance, she always sets her blonde hair with ale. "This makes your hair much fluffier and thicker looking," she reports. Also she loves dressing up plain suits with a bright silk kerchief looped around her throat—and held in place, over the knot, by a big-stoned ring that camouflages as a clip. "My favorite is a royal blue kerchief, with my big topaz ring slipped over it," she says. Also, she is a great believer in saturating bits of cotton in perfume and pinning them to her underthings so as to radiate perfume continually throughout the day.

Her closets look like the stock-rooms of a store—in them hang dozens of black afternoon dresses, and suits in gray, green, and blue. Not to mention the voluminous evening gowns, or the many, many hats designed by M. Miller herself. Result of all this? She's been chosen "The Best Dressed Girl in Radio."

"Yes, my dress designing days helped me a lot," she says now. "But so did my modeling. I learned so much about make-up from modeling."

Here is her biggest make-up trick: wear three different shades of pancake make-up at once. But let her explain how: "I use a basic pancake first, smoothing it carefully all over my face. Then I use a darker pancake for shadowing around my cheekbones and nose—this makes my nose and face look narrower. Finally, I use a lighter shade of pancake for highlighting my cheeks and between my eyebrows. The whole effect—once you've learned how to do it—is to make your face sort of glow."

Well, maybe it's her make-up and maybe it's not. But there's no doubt about Milena's glowing. Nor is there any doubt that her Waldorf family glows as she comes and goes every day in her 2,000 room home in New York!

What singer practiced in the biggest studio in the world?

ROBERT MERRILL

who tells about it in the

JULY RADIO MIRROR

on sale June 11th



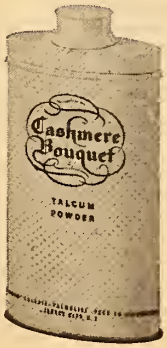
with this truly luxurious talcum powder

KEEP FRESH! After your bath, shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Smooth it into every curve and ripple. Now you're *gloriously,* fragrantly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH! Be sure to give chafable places, and trouble spots *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Your skin will be grateful for that silken-smooth sheath of protection. And girdles slip on like magic.

STAY DAINTY! Pamper your body *often* with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. An inexpensive luxury! It points up your feminine allure with the *fragrance men love.*

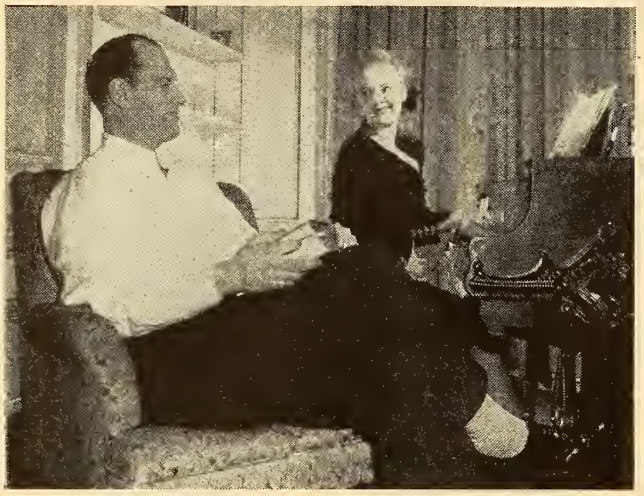
Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.



Cashmere Bouquet Talc

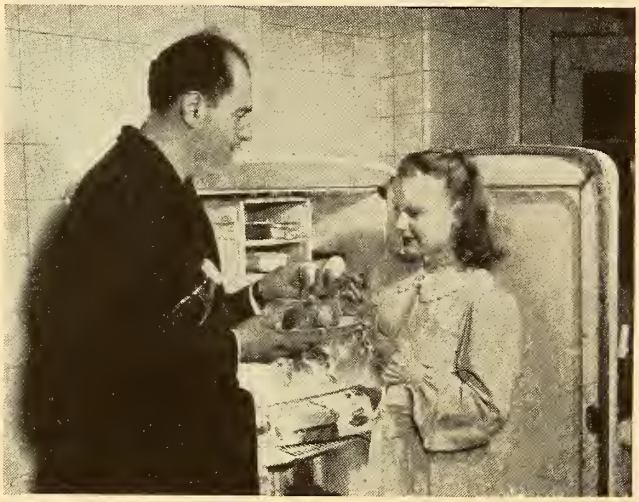
with the fragrance men love

R M



GOOD START

The romance of Henry and Mary Jones began when they were in high school. They became engaged shortly before Henry went into the Army and were married as soon as he returned to civilian life. Very young, very much in love and very proud of their new home they longed for a little son or daughter to share it and their happiness became complete when they found they were going to have a baby.



During her first weeks of pregnancy, Mary's "condition" made her crave strange food at all hours of the day and night. Henry, sleepy-eyed but patient, would indulge her, but Dr. Adams convinced her that her craving was not a need for nourishment but merely an excuse to raid the refrigerator which, far from helping nourish her baby, would only make it more difficult, later, for her to regain her figure.

Exploring the Unknown, heard on Mutual stations Saturday nights at 9, translates from scientific into non-technical language those facts about ourselves and our world which, when we understand them, can help us to run our lives more intelligently. In this dramatic discussion of pre-natal care, Mary and Henry Jones are played by Marilyn Erskine and Mort Lawrence; Mary's friends by Virginia Robinson and Ellen Fenwick; young Johnny Jones by David Anderson.

PRENATAL nutrition is of vital importance to the health of both mother and baby. As Dr. Adams told Mary Jones, "Serious lack of the right foods during pregnancy may cause a baby to be premature, miscarried or stillborn, but with the proper diet you can help your baby get a good start in life."

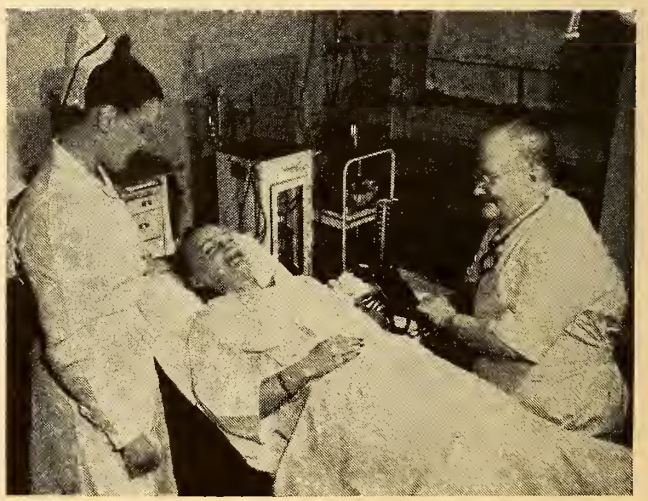
Proud of her new responsibility, Mary nodded. "I understand, Doctor. You mean I must eat for two."

Dr. Adams shook his head, smiling. "That is just another way of saying over-eating for one—in other words, over-indulgence. It is just an excuse you young mothers-to-be use for raiding the refrigerator—and it is why some of you have trouble getting your figure back after your baby is born. No, proper nutrition is not over-eating, but eating the right foods in the right proportion.

"For the time being your average daily diet will consist of a quart of milk, an egg, a serving of meat, a couple of servings of enriched grain cereals, a few vegetables, some citrus fruits and bread. For liquids, tea and coffee—but not too much—and lots of water. This will give you the nitrogen-containing proteins needed to build bones and cells and tissue; the carbohydrates—they are the sugars and starches which create energy—and the vitamins."

"But will my baby get enough food?" Mary asked.

"He certainly will," Dr. Adams assured her. "He is a regular little parasite—all unborn babies are. For instance, if you didn't eat enough calcium, your teeth and bones might suffer, but not his. He'd take the calcium he needed away from you. That, of course, is why we'll check your diet regularly as we go along."



A complete physical examination at the beginning of pregnancy, a Wassermann test, tests to determine her blood count and blood group—all these, Dr. Adams told Mary, are necessary for the protection of herself and her baby. In addition there will be routine checkups at regular intervals, all to be recorded on the detailed chart kept during her pregnancy which will be taken with her to the delivery room.

in LIFE

Radio's Exploring the Unknown

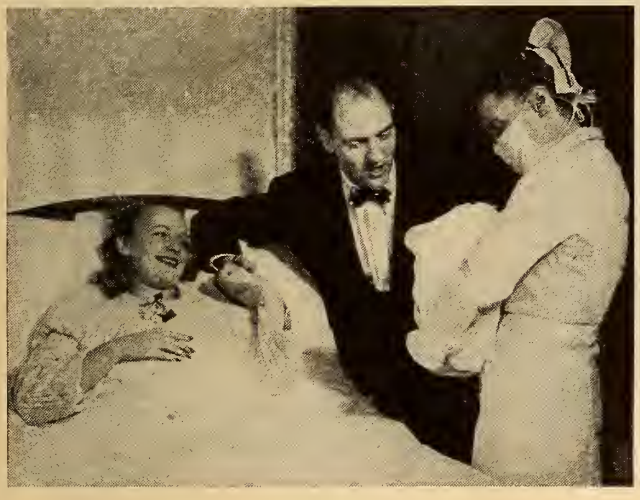
eavesdrops on Mary and her

doctor for the facts about a

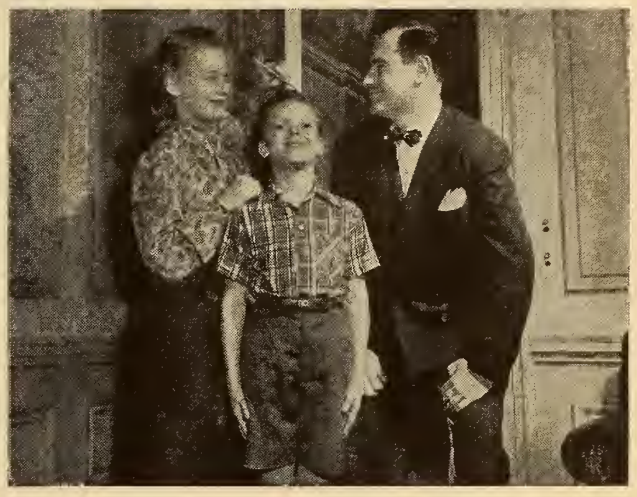
baby's pre-natal welfare



Mary's friends were almost as excited as she was over the forthcoming arrival of the Jones heir. Two of them, Peggy and Joan, appointed themselves aunts and gave a baby shower for Mary. Seeing the tiny dresses and the adorable bootees and bonnets made Mary long more than ever for her baby, though Henry teasingly said they should have twins for no one child alone could ever wear so many clothes.



Thanks to Dr. Adams' good care and her own excellent health, Mary's pregnancy was a happy one. When the day finally arrived she went to the hospital with serene confidence. Her last memory before the anesthetic took effect was of Henry's anxious face—and then she knew the joy of seeing her little son and hearing the nurse say, "A beautiful boy! He weighs seven pounds!"



From the moment of his birth Johnny Jones was such a strong, husky youngster that bringing him up, Mary often said, was no trouble at all. Almost overnight, it seemed, he was walking and talking and he cut all his teeth without causing his parents to lose a single night's sleep. His "growing record," penciled on a door, moves upward rapidly, and for each rise his parents thank good pre-natal nutrition.

"ONE thing worries me terribly, Dr. Adams," Mary confessed. "I've heard of babies that were marked by things their mothers saw, or thought, while pregnant."

"Then you have nothing to worry about," the doctor said. "Nothing you can see or feel or think—none of the dreams you dream or the music you listen to can affect him, because there is no connection between you."

"No connection?" Mary protested. "But that's not possible. You said yourself that the baby would take all the food he needed from me."

"Let me explain," the doctor said, "because it will help you understand why you cannot mark your baby and why nutrition is important. During pregnancy there is a membrane, which we call the placenta, between you and your baby. Your bloodstream does not touch his, your nerve system has no connection with his, but he still can get everything he needs from you, for when your food has fully digested the nutritive elements enter your blood, thus giving it greater molecular attraction than your baby's and enabling it, by osmosis, to pass through the placenta to nourish your baby."

R M

The kind of hair all men adore



What man can help adoring hair that gleams with natural high-lights and shadows—sparkles with silky softness—delights with clean fragrance. Your hair-*style* may be moulded precision, or wind-blown abandon, it's the hair-*appeal* itself that matters. And more and more women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory of their hair . . . quickly (no special rinse) . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Cream Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that whips up like magic in hard or soft water into mild, gentle lather that sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new formula that leaves the hair so manageable. Say the name, Lustre-Creme Shampoo, at your department or drug store cosmetic counter.





Lustre-Creme

The cream shampoo for true hair loveliness

Four ounces, $1.00; Family 1 lb., $3.50.

KAY DAUMIT INC. (SUCCESSOR) 540 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page 45*)

and saw my son—a lovely, healthy seven-pound baby.

Then came a new period of learning. I had to figure out ways to do the many things required by a baby and bringing up a child.

When the war came and our only child enlisted in the Navy, I was proud and happy. I felt then, at last, I could do just as thousands of other women were doing—offering my son to fight for our country. The next four years were filled with fear and worry, but God was good, and soon after the war had ended, our boy came home. Now he is married to a girl whom we love dearly, and I am looking forward to becoming a grandmother.

D. R. R.

Helping the Helpless

Dear Papa David:

I have found that a little beauty, a little something extra has been added to my life because I find happiness in helping the helpless—our too-often-forgotten little animal friends.

I find stray dogs, take them in, try to find their owners. If I have no success I find good homes for them. This, of course, applies to any animal. I see that the birds do not want for food during the winter months when it is so difficult for them to find their own. If I find an injured animal, I take it home, and call in a veterinary. Last year I found a cat caught in a steel trap. The little creature was in agony, its front paw almost severed by its wild lunges.

I have known instances of families who have given junior a puppy for a gift. The child all but torments the animal to death, then as the puppy grows and reaches a point where it can no longer stand the mauling, it turns upon junior and bites him. The dog is then promptly taken away and destroyed. Believe it or not, living in the country as I do, I have seen with my own two eyes people abandon their dogs, throw them out of cars, etc. Then summer residents will leave in the fall and leave their pets behind to go wild and eventually die. All these things I do my best to help. It is a very small part that I can play in my own community, but if I save one small creature, I feel an inner glow that helps to make my life more beautiful.

Mrs. A. J.

Who's the head of the

PERRY COMO HOUSE?

You'll find out—in

Full Color

IN JULY RADIO MIRROR

On Sale Wednesday, June 11th

"It Makes You Think"

Dear Papa David:

For the past four years I have volunteered my services on a Community Ambulance in a large city. At first I thought it would be only temporary, but as years roll on I find it has become a part of my life.

How many times have I come home from a run ready to quit! When you work for hours at such scenes as the Congressional Limited train wreck, and you come back sick and unable to eat for three days; or you are called to a scene of an auto accident and you dig out the victims the sight of which makes your stomach turn over; or as on October 11th of last year when I rescued a ninety-two-year-old woman from an apartment house fire. Another time I had to break in a door and carry two unconscious people to the street when they were overcome with coal gas, and my lungs felt as if they were on fire for two or three days. On Christmas Day I spent eight hours in the Philadelphia General Hospital on three different calls. Sure, I wanted to be home with my family and share in the joy of the day, but all of those cases were important.

After each of these harrowing experiences you come home and acclaim yourself the biggest fool that ever lived. You ask yourself the question, "Why should I do this? I don't get paid for it. These people don't mean anything to me. Why should I take the chances I do with my life for them?" You keep asking this question over and over again until your stomach again settles down, your lungs stop burning and your eyes stop smarting. Then you remember the grateful look upon the faces of those unfortunate people when they reached the hospital. You look at your hands, the same hands that only a few hours before were covered with the blood of some victim of disaster. Then suddenly your question is answered, for it is through those hands you were able to save a life, help the sick, the injured, the distressed. You realize that God has given you strength in those hands, your health and the knowledge of what to do. You realize that it is all a part of His great plan for the strong to help the weak.

C. E. D.

Really Happy

Dear Papa David:

Along with a million other GIs I had no luck finding an apartment for my wife, Pearlie, and our baby.

After living with Pearlie's folks for some time, things became difficult. Our way of living bothered them and theirs interfered with ours. Not to mention the hour and a half commuting each way every day for my work. We have discovered one thing—there is nothing like having a key to your own door. We had to get out—but where?

We had very little money and needed it all to move and buy the necessary things for our own place when we got it. Finally someone told me of a place and I went to look at it, ten minutes away from where I work. The next day I brought Pearlie to look at it and prepared her for the worst. We walked in. Poor Pearlie—her heart dropped, her eyes filled with tears. Knowing there was no alternative, we had to accept. Four dingy rooms—so small and so old and dreary. So different from what we've both been used to.

We moved in! Papa David, as old and as bad as the place is and as heartbroken in one way and excited in an-



Use FRESH and be Lovelier to Love

Lovely to know . . . that you can really rely on *Fresh*. *Fresh* contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science!

Lovely to use . . . creamy *Fresh* stays smooth . . . never greasy, gritty or sticky . . . doesn't dry out.

And gentle . . . *Fresh* contains a patented ingredient that makes it gentle to skin, safe for fabrics.

No wonder . . . more and more women are switching to *Fresh*.



● 1947, The Pharma-Craft Corporation, Inc.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE

Less than the Cost of One Wave-Set—

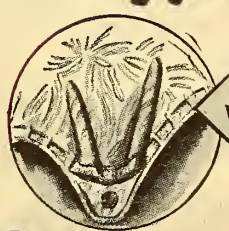
For a Whole Summer of Hair-Dry Swimming!



THIS WONDERFUL U. S. Howland HAIR DRY SWIM CAP KEEPS YOUR HAIR-DO Really Dry
Fitted in sizes like a hat...

Look as attractive on the beach as you do at a party. Your worries are over, now that these wonderful U. S. Howland Hair Dry Swim Caps are back. Ask for your correct head-size at your department or specialty store.

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WITH THE EXCLUSIVE SNUG-FIT FEATURE

Only U. S. Howland has the patented V-shaped reinforcing ribs that turn flaps inward to make a perfect seal.

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other way she was, Pearlie did wonders for the place. She made curtains for all the windows, put Noah's Ark borders on the walls in the baby's room and pasted animals on the walls in her room. We put up racks and hooks for clothes and hung pictures. After working very hard we finally found it was home.

At first I didn't think we'd ever get used to the coal stove and it took Pearlie two or three hours to boil potatoes. Now I get roast, cakes and baked foods. Pearlie is now a master of the stove.

We borrowed money from the bank and bought a used car. Since we are two miles from town with no sidewalks or stores for about a mile and a half it was necessary to have a car. Pearlie doesn't go out except on week-ends when we go to the city when my mother takes care of our year-and-a-half old little girl. We then can go out together. I go out once a week to a movie. In the spring Pearlie will learn to drive and she, too, will be able to go out once a week. We have really been happy and the country certainly agrees with our daughter.

S. H.

In the Face of Love

Dear Papa David:

My family was one of the earliest settlers of our city in Louisiana, and I the youngest daughter of my farming parents. When I was two-and-one-half years old I was run over by the mowing machine driven by my father.

My mother and brothers hitched the team to the wagon and rushed me to a doctor. My mother almost died when the doctor told her he couldn't save my foot, that it was cut completely off. My father was so shocked at what he did, he suffered a stroke that crippled him for life. My leg had to be amputated once each year for six years as then amputations were new and the bone kept growing out.

While at school I was looked upon with horror. The boys teased me by calling me old crip, or peg leg. They thought it fun to break my crutches and often did and I had to hop over half a mile home. I cried most of the time but determined to show them something. I soon became the best runner, high jumper and rope jumper in school. I won first prize at our school rally.

I got my first limb when I was fourteen years old. While the salesman was fitting on the leg, he told my mother I'd have to be taught to walk like a baby. I went wild. Me at fourteen being taught like a baby! I'd show that salesman something, I thought. When he finished all the fastenings I pushed him away and walked. Yes, walked the full length of the room.

I was popular in High School and had lots of boy friends, but when they found I was crippled they dropped me. I began to wonder if I'd ever find true love and marriage. My relatives wondered about this, too, and often asked me if I thought any one could love me enough to marry a cripple.

Then I met him. I loved him at first sight. He loved me, too, but I was frightened. Could he love me that much? He asked me to marry him and I told him about my leg. He took me into his arms and said I know it, but I love you all the more for it.

Limbs are expensive but my husband always manages to get them for me and tries his utmost to make walking easy for me. In the face of that love, I just can't help finding life beautiful.

We have three wonderful children and they aren't ashamed of their mother, but proud.

Papa David, I don't believe happiness comes in just receiving but giving also. In the early part of War II a soldier in Texas was left on the battle field for dead. In an American retreat he was found and sent home. His leg was broken and gangrene had set in but he refused to have it amputated but wore a brace. He lived next door to us. The doctor told him he must have it amputated or perhaps die. His sister-in-law told me this. I told her I had an artificial limb and they were wonderful. She told him and he was always watching me.

One day we started talking and I told him how easy it was walking on a limb. I told him he was too brave to let a little thing like a leg get him down. Almost a year later he wrote his sister-in-law thanking me for what I'd done.

I was so happy that I'd helped him as my beloved husband had helped me.

Mrs. J. L. H.

Chosen Children

Dear Papa David:

I am a woman fifty-two years of age. My husband is fifty-six. We had both been married before. His first wife died in childbirth, also his newborn son.

My first husband and I separated after the death of our baby girl. I was thirty-five when I re-married. My husband and I both loved children and I was not afraid to try again even at my age, but it was almost fatal for me. We lost our baby girl, who was born prematurely, and I was an invalid for six months.

When I gained my health again we sat down and had a heart-to-heart talk, and decided to adopt a child. After what seemed forever to us we found a lovely baby girl five months old and were soon so wrapped up in her we found ourselves planning on a little boy. When Betty Ann was two years old we adopted a baby boy whose parents had been killed in an auto wreck.

We have enjoyed every minute of raising our two children—even the mumps and measles. They love their Mom and Dad and show it in so many ways. Betty graduated last year. Robert is a junior. He plays on the high school football team, basketball team and enjoys all sports. He is working for a college degree and Dad and I are planning on another homeless child to have near us when our two are away from home.

Don't ever let any one tell you life is not beautiful if you know how to live it, and I am going to let you in on a secret—we are what lots of folks call poor, but inside our hearts we feel very rich.

Mrs. E. A. M.

New Face—New Life

Dear Papa David:

I cannot remember my parents, as I was just an infant when they were killed in an auto accident. I was in the car also and received severe injuries to my face.

My grandparents raised me until I was fourteen. They were very poor people who had scarcely enough for themselves and could ill afford to keep me. I used to run errands every day for people to supplement our meager income. My clothes were given me by neighbors and the Salvation Army. My school days were the unhappiest of my life because all the children made fun of my disfigurement. I felt un-



Every moment...
be delightfully perfumed!

Be irresistibly lovely *every moment* . . . awake every morning still veiled in dainty fragrance that clings to your body, your pillow, your bed. Just follow this enchanting ritual: First—bathe in water made fragrant and soft as dew by Bathasweet Water Softener; it is far more cleansing than ordinary water . . . helps you to lasting daintiness. Second—use Bathasweet Soap in the same delightful fragrance. Third—accentuate your loveliness with Bathasweet Cologne. Finally—give your body the smoothness of alabaster with Bathasweet Talc, also in the same fragrance. Enjoy this luxurious ritual tonight. For your morning bath, use the same Bathasweet ritual for day-long loveliness.

Bathasweet Ritual

1. Perfumed Water Softener (30 baths—$1.25)
2. Soap (box of 3, $1.50)
3. Cologne ($1.50)
4. Talc (Mitt $1, Conister 50¢)

All Prices Plus Tax, Except Soap



3 fragrances: Spring Morning, Garden Bouquet, Forest Pine
Other Bathasweet luxuries:
Bubbling Bath Oil, Foam Bath, Pine Oil, Shower Mitts

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can steal away a woman's beauty!



Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

BEAUTY fades when a woman's face grows pale—when her freshness is failing—when her energy runs low. Yes, and these signs often come from a blood condition. If you have them, you may have a Borderline Anemia, due to ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

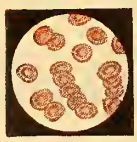
The red cells in your blood may be below par in color and size. They may be weakened to the point where they can't transmit full energy to your body. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—drag along with this Borderline Anemia.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

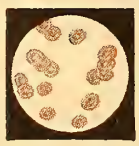
So, if your blush of health is vanishing—if your energy's running low and this common blood condition is to blame—take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells to healthy color and size—to help you reclaim your usual vigor and looks. Continuing tiredness and pallor may be due to other conditions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high"—to help restore your natural color! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency

BORDERLINE ANEMIA
why it can make you
TIRED • PALE • LISTLESS



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast
TABLETS



wanted and heartsick. All I had was my dreams in which I visioned myself a normal happy girl. Always in my dreams, I would plan to work and save for an operation which would change my appearance.

My grandfather died when I was thirteen, followed by my grandmother the next year. I left school then. A few days after my grandmother's funeral a man came to put me in an institution as I had no other relative. He told me to be prepared to leave on the next day. I did not want to go to an institution so I gathered what little money there was, packed a bag and went to another city to seek employment. I got a job as a ward maid in a hospital where I could live in. It was hard work but I didn't mind for now I could start saving for my operation. I worked here for three years and one day I asked a doctor if anything could be done for me. I was overjoyed when he told me there was a chance that an operation would be successful. He was a plastic surgeon and took great interest in my case as I was a member of the staff. A month later the matron informed me that I was to be admitted as a patient for an operation and a few days later it was performed. It was very successful and I was overjoyed with the result.

I left the hospital the next year and took a job as a waitress. The war was on then and the Americans were in England. One day I met a young American soldier who asked me for a date—the first in my life! We liked each other very much and other dates followed whenever he could get away from camp. It wasn't long before we realized we were in love and we were married five months from the day we first met.

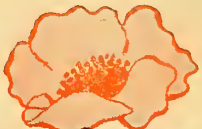
After two months of happily married life my husband was sent to Germany and we did not see each other for eleven months. We were re-united just six months ago when I came from England to this wonderful country. My in-laws gave me a kind welcome and look upon me as one of the family. Now life is especially beautiful for me as all my dreams have come true and my husband's family make up for what I missed in early life.

Mrs. J. O'D.

The Little Extra Things

Dear Papa David:

I was an only child, my father and mother were poor. We had enough to eat and wear, but there was never any money for the little extra things that all children want. The year I started to school, I used to pass a little country store each morning and evening as I went to and from school. There was a doll in the store window. She was the prettiest doll I had ever seen. The price tag said one dollar. I never had that much money in my life before. I wanted that doll so bad, each night



WEAR A
"Buddy"
Poppy
MEMORIAL DAY

when I said my prayers I asked God to please help me get her.

One morning my mother said maybe I could dig up enough May apple roots to get the doll. At that time most any kind of roots or clover bloom were bringing a good price at stores. Each evening after school, I would go over to the hill back of our house and dig up the long white roots and take them down to the creek and wash them. Then the next morning I would lay them on a pasteboard on the back porch so the sun could shine on them all day. I did this each morning and evening for two weeks. When they were dry enough, Mother went with me to take them to the store. They came to enough to get the doll and I had fifteen cents left over. With that I got two small pieces of cloth. One bright yellow, one bright green. Mother made two dresses for the doll. I named her Betsy. I thought more of Betsy than any other toy I ever had. I think you appreciate more the things you have to work to earn, than the ones that are given to you.

Mrs. E. J. A.

To Be Alive!

Dear Papa David:

It is a joy to awaken each morning and find another dawn waiting. You see, doctors gave me a short time to live due to a heart disease, and although I'm only twenty-five and living on borrowed time, I've found the true values of life.

Why must people take things for granted? Oh, Papa David, there's so much beauty everywhere—the early morning sunrise, a summer sunset, snow softly falling at twilight, rain drops splashing in a puddle, the happiness on a child's face, people.

It seems ironic, doesn't it—finding how wonderful life is while waiting for death?

I only hope that those who read my letter remember—it's just great to be alive!

G. S. B.

Stepmother's Story

Dear Papa David:

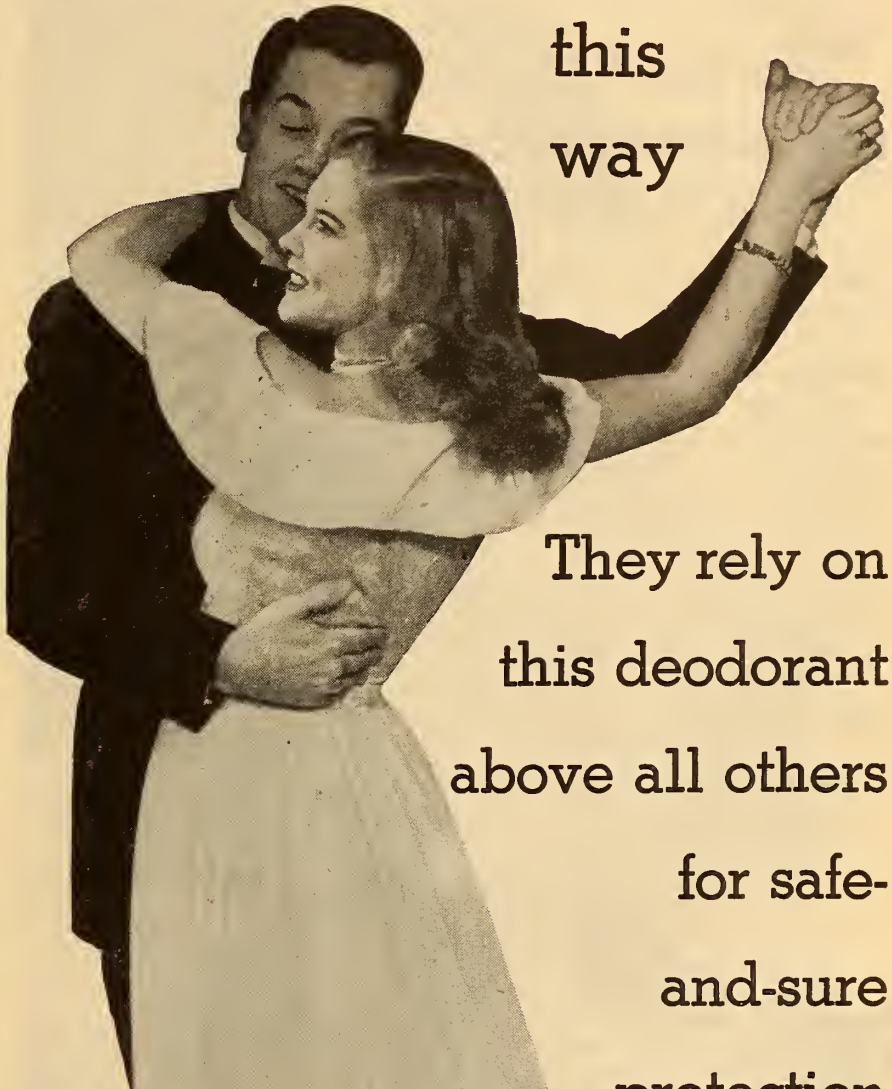
My three boys were aged three, eight, and eleven when their mother died. A year later I married their Dad. When we came home from our honeymoon we were greeted by the youngest. (The two older boys were sent to Military School.) He called to his playmates, "Come on kids see my new mother." One of the neighbors said to him, "She is not your mother. She is just your stepmother." The little fellow replied, "She is not. She is my mother."

Two months later the older boys came home from school and made me so welcome in their home. We all had a lovely summer and the older boys said, "My, Peggy, it is nice to have you here." The little fellow told them not to call me Peggy, that I was their new mother. I told them they did not have to and they said, "We want to call you Mother." I did not send them back to school in the fall. The next June a little girl was born. The nurse told them they had a half-sister. The oldest said, "Who told her you were not our real mother? Was that necessary?"

Three years later another sister was born, much to the boys' delight. Then the war came along and the boys enlisted, one in the Marines and was at Pearl Harbor, another in the Navy Air Corps and the third in the Army Air Corps. Thank God they are all back and "Life really is beautiful."

Mrs. F. D. S.

Girls at Arthur Murray's dance studios keep dainty this way



They rely on this deodorant above all others for safe-and-sure protection

GIFTED . . . GLAMOROUS . . . these famous Arthur Murray teachers must have more than dancing ability, social poise . . . they *must* be sure of personal daintiness that *lasts!*

TO BE SURE — they rely on Etiquet — the deodorant you can depend upon to guard daintiness through *hours* of active exercise . . . that gives you safe-and-sure protection . . . stops underarm odor . . . checks perspiration. And — besides working so effectively, so *efficiently,* Etiquet is *delightful* to use! *Fluffy-light* — easy to apply — soothing to the skin.

ETIQUET stays moist in jar — will not harm delicate fabrics. Adopt the Murray girls' formula for "dancing daintiness" — care for *your* charm at all times with Etiquet! At all cosmetic counters — in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢, and 59¢ sizes.



Etiquet

The safe-and-sure deodorant

PRODUCT OF LEHN AND FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION



"This way, Mommy— **new housekeepers can be clever as old ones!"**

Baby: 'Course you keep house just fine, Mommy, for being so new at it. But don't you know you should learn about "Lysol"?

Mother: Is that *so!* Well then, what *about* "Lysol"?

Baby: Why, you ought to put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in the cleaning water every time you clean—to *kill germs.* That's what *experienced* housekeepers do.

Mother: You mean it's an old housekeeping custom? Why, how many women do you suppose follow it?

Baby: Oh, *most* women—like about *2 out of 3,* I hear. For health's sake, you know.

Mother: Then *I'll* start cleaning with germ-killing "Lysol," too, for *your* health's sake!

Every single time you clean ... disinfect with "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Clean the bathroom with "Lysol." Quick, easy. Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of water.



In baby's room clean the furniture and floor with "Lysol." Won't harm paint, varnish or linoleum.



More women use "Lysol" than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!

For **FREE** *booklet on fighting disease germs, write Dept. G-47, Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.*

Worth Living For

Dear Papa David:

I was born in a little town in Scotland. My family had been anything but endowed with much of this world's wealth, but we were a happy lot. I was the youngest and only girl, with four big brothers to tease me, and a loving mother and father.

I was seventeen when war was declared, and the ensuing weeks brought it home to me very definitely as, one by one, my four brothers left to go overseas, the youngest, only nineteen, with the Navy and the others to Italy, France and Egypt with the Army. Dad went to England to work in a munitions factory and even Mom, who was then fifty-eight years old, enrolled in the local "Air Raid Post." I had left school and was employed in a Government Depot as a stenographer. The house was indeed empty now.

THE first blow fell one day in April, 1941. As I walked down the street I was surprised by the sympathetic glances of the neighbors. Fear clutched at my heart and I opened our door with a shaking hand. My fears were realized as Mom told me in a quiet voice, keeping back the tears, that my youngest brother, then twenty-one, had been killed overseas. He was awarded the Meritorious Medal for having stuck to his gunpost, though seriously wounded, and had died some hours later. As if our grief wasn't enough then, right on top of this shock came another, in the form of a telegram to say another brother had been posted as missing in France. However, we were to be spared this time, as no time later we received a letter from my brother himself to say he was safe and well. My other two brothers had not been spared either—one's health had completely broken down and the other had received an injury to his back, but they were alive and safe and that was the main thing.

Dad had come home by now and I decided to join one of the Women's Services and chose the Women's Air Force; applying to go overseas. Perhaps I should have stayed by my mother then, but it was too late to regret my action. I had only been in France three months when I was rushed home again by plane to attend my mother's funeral. The many anxieties had been slowly telling on her health.

After two weeks' leave I joined my unit again, but the ensuing months were a nightmare of sleepless nights and days of trying to cram in as much work as possible in an effort to keep my mind occupied. I had become a sort of automaton. I felt I had nothing worth while living for. However, my friends tried to get me to go out again, and I did in an effort to throw off my despondency. It was some time later when I met an American sergeant at a dance. He was young and full of fun. I enjoyed being with him and went out with him often. Well, you know the rest. When he was told he was being shipped back home, I received a hurried phone-call one evening from him, with a proposal of marriage. We were married two weeks later in a small English village. He was then sent home and I received my discharge and joined him after a few months over here in his home-town in New Jersey.

He is now discharged from the Army and we rent a little room here in Massachusetts. Our abode is somewhat cramped, but it is heaven nevertheless and I have found happiness once more. We have a darling baby daughter too

to make our happiness complete—could life be more beautiful?

Mrs. M. W.

"Those Who Have Drifted Apart"

Dear Papa David:

I joined the Navy just after Pearl Harbor. The months passed and Christmas of 1943 found me out at sea, and needless to say, that was indeed a lonely Christmas both to myself and all my shipmates.

Another year slowly rolled by; I was still on convoy, but this Christmas our ship was to be in port for the holidays and I could be with my wife. Upon arriving at her apartment, however, I found her gone and a brief note stating that she was spending the holidays with her parents in a distant state. My disappointment was terrific. I phoned her and we held a somewhat strained and totally unsatisfactory conversation, she telling me she would explain everything when she next saw me.

I went back to sea, troubled and unhappy, sensing that something was wrong. Those next few weeks were endless to me and I was indeed happy when we were once again docking in Boston.

Upon reaching my wife's apartment, I found her out but it seemed good to relax in a big comfortable chair once again.

I shall not be too detailed about those next few wretched days but I learned that she had found someone else whom she cared for—a man whom she had been seeing a lot of, and she had decided to be frank and honest about the whole situation. My little world truly was toppling about my shoulders and I pleaded with her to reconsider and above all, not to take any steps toward separation just then. Upon my departure, I asked my wife to promise she would not see this other man again, to which she half-heartedly agreed.

We received no mail while at sea and I had no way of knowing what was taking place back home. I could neither eat nor sleep and when we again reached port, I can't describe my relief when I learned my wife had broken off her affair and promised to forget the other man.

The war is over now and I've buried that unhappy experience in a sealed tomb. I am now back at my old job—my wife seems happy—and last but best of all, we now have a darling little boy who gets everywhere and into everything. I have written this letter hoping it might be an inspiration to other couples who have drifted apart and are contemplating divorce.

G. L. E.

WONDERFUL

REAL-LIFE COLOR ON

JOYCE JORDAN

LIVING PORTRAITS in the

JULY RADIO MIRROR

On Sale Wednesday, June 11th

Holds 144% Better



At last— a bobby pin that really holds fully 144% better by unbiased certified test*. . . a totally new kind of bobby pin! You'll see the difference at once—these bobby pins look like lightning. You'll feel the difference at once, too. They're strong, yet flexible—gentle as a lover's embrace. Note, too, the invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, super-smooth finish. They stay more securely, feel better, keep your hair looking neater, smarter all day through.



Gayla

HOLD-BOB

SUPERGRIP



*United States Testing Company, Inc. Test No. 75436, Nov. 25, 1946

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(*Continued from page 56*)

had nothing to do with furniture itself, but it shows that a little informative reading can help you out in a pinch. We had planned to have the living room painted soft blue, and three walls had been completed when the painters informed us that the fourth wall would have to be replastered before it could be painted. This would have taken ages, and it would have taken more time to get the painters back again when the new plaster was dry. In the back of our minds there was something that we had read about toile wallpaper. We both realized it would make a perfect background for the furniture we had chosen, so without having to waste any time at all we had that fourth wall papered and now we like it much better than our original idea of four painted walls."

If, like Claudia and Chap, you are interested in furniture woods and their finishes, these notes which she made may help you in your own selections. Because of their strength and beautiful grain and because they can be rubbed to a high gloss, mahogany, walnut and rosewood have been in demand for fine cabinet making during the past two centuries, both in this country and abroad. Mahogany and rosewood are reddish brown in color; American black walnut is dark gray-brown, English walnut is lighter in tone. Rosewood and walnut were popular for the carved designs of Victorian furniture. Maple is strong and sturdy with a hard surface which will take a high polish. It was used in early America and is used now for early Colonial reproductions, though the stain frequently applied for bedroom and cottage furniture is darker than its natural color. Pine was used for the painted furniture of Europe and America in earlier days and now is usually seen with a finish that shows the grain. Gumwood is of three varieties: sweet or red gum, pink in color; tupelo, which has a tan-gray tone; and black gum which oddly is the lightest in color. It is strong, but it must be kiln-dried to prevent warping. It is used for inexpensive furniture and since it can be stained to match walnut or mahogany it is frequently used in combination with, or to simulate, these woods, in which case the finished product should be marked to indicate that it is a combination of mahogany and gumwood or is mahogany finish. Birch, like gumwood, can be stained to resemble walnut or mahogany for making inexpensive furniture but the harder varieties also can be rubbed to a high polish. Veneer is a thin layer of wood glued to a solid wood foundation. Its advantages are varied. For one thing, a chest made of pine, birch or maple with mahogany veneer for the front, sides and top will cost less than a similar chest of solid mahogany. For another, it enables a cabinet maker to create a design by matching and contrasting the grains just as we do when we make patchwork quilts. Badly cut and applied veneer results in unsatisfactory furniture, which unfortunately leads many people to consider all veneers unsatisfactory, but any museum can show examples of veneering of an earlier period when it was a prized art, and with modern methods of laminating there is no reason why we should not be happy to use veneered pieces.

Finishes: Blonde or bleached woods, now in vogue, are woods bleached with a chemical to give a lighter tone than their natural one. Pickling is a similar chemical process, though its origin is interesting for it dates back to the days when pine furniture, before painting, was plastered to provide a smooth surface for the paint to adhere to. The later vogue for unpainted pine led many people to remove the paint and plaster, but some of the grains which could not be removed gave an effect so pleasing that it is now duplicated chemically and applied to other woods as well as to pine. Shellac is a high-gloss, brittle finish, but it is easily damaged by heat and moisture. Varnish should be made with a cellulose or tung oil base, in which case it will be proof against heat, alcohol, water and alkali stains and therefore good for table and dresser tops. The newest development in lacquer also has these resistant qualities; clear lacquer may be rubbed to a high finish, and the opaque lacquer can be tinted to any desired shade and applied like paint.

Whatever the color or variety of finish, proper dusting, waxing, and polishing is required to keep it in good shape. In fact, waxing and rubbing can improve even a poor or mediocre finish.



Different from all other radio shows!

"MY TRUE STORY"

A *complete* real-life story every morning, Monday through Friday! Dramas from the files of TRUE STORY magazine. Actual stories that can help you with your own love problems!

10:00 EDT • 9:00 CDT • 11:30 MDT • 10:30 PDT

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS



Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 13)

Bill Bendix is complaining of a loss of identity. He says he didn't mind it so much when all his friends gradually stopped calling him Bill and called him "Riley." But now his wife is beginning to do it, too.

* * *

One of the most colorful characters along the Great White Way is Rudy, who runs the second chair from the left in a barbershop in the mid-forties. Rudy is a tonsorial expert whose shears have clipped the hair of the musical greats for some years. One of Rudy's favorite customers is Perry Como—and vice versa. Rudy is a regular visitor to Perry's broadcasts. Como listens to Rudy's comments, too, because, as a former barber, he is the only customer who can occasionally criticize Rudy's technique.

* * *

Friend of ours tells us we missed a very interesting demonstration awhile ago. Nelson Case, known to us as a CBS announcer, treated a group of magazine and newspaper writers to a sample of radar's usefulness. Case made a blind radar-controlled landing out on Floyd Bennett Field to show them how a safe landing can be effected in fog or darkness when the pilot can't see the ground. Case was a Navy flier during the war and keeps in practice as a member of the Naval Reserve.

* * *

Some radio producers are sticklers for authenticity. Jock MacGregor, producer of the Nick Carter, Master Detective show, is currently involved in a colossal research job to make sure that the criminals on that adventure show are up to date. And in the course of his researches, he's discovered—as have the FBI and major police departments—that criminals are using wartime research developments and scientific equipment.



Ex-Navy flier, CBS's Nelson Case made blind landing to demonstrate new radar controls.

Here are some of the things Jock reports he's found out. Criminals are now using the "Snooperscope," a gadget developed during the war to permit night-time sighting on targets without lights. A new type of lapel microphone, small enough to be hidden behind an ex-GI's discharge emblem and attached to a pocket-carried powerful transmitting unit, is being used for blackmailing purposes. The electronic stethescope, developed to aid Army doctors, is so sensitive that it is being used to detect tumbler action on huge safes that otherwise would be burglar proof.

It's always a source of amazement to us how quickly man can find evil uses for the newest marvels of science and how long it usually takes for the same devices to be applied for good. What's with atomic energy, for instance?

* * *

Juvenile delinquency has become the focus for a lot of attention these days. That Eagle's Brood program on CBS and the new story line on Superman had something to do with it, probably. Robert Maxwell, producer of the Superman series, has grown into quite an expert on the problem, to the degree that a major film company has offered him a job to produce six shorts on the subject. Let's hope that somewhere along the line—on radio, screen, or in the magazines and papers, someone will get to work on the original causes of the delinquency. For our money, it is not enough to say it comes from parental neglect. What's back of that neglect? It's not enough to say it's bred by slums. Why are there slums and how can they be wiped out? Broken homes are bad for kids. But what makes parents incapable of holding a home together? Seems to us there are a lot of questions left unanswered, although credit is due for what work has been done by these radio pioneers. When do we start going all the way on our problems?

ADVERTISEMENT



"That's not for sale! That's my Pepsi-Cola!"

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

To Every Woman Interested In A More Beautiful Permanent Wave

Expert hairdresser introduces $15. Cold Wave Permanent formula for easy, quick home use .... that every woman can afford

Dear Lady:

Do you want to have a lovelier permanent wave?

Of course you do! Every time you "spent just a little bit more than you intended" for a permanent wave that promised better results, haven't you wished for a quicker, easier, more economical way to achieve hair-beauty "permanent-ly yours"?

You were wishing for Eileen Home Cold Wave Permanent, even though you didn't know it then! Y'know why?

Eileen Home Cold Wave Permanent formula was developed by one of the best professional hairdressers with 15 years of know-how in giving permanents to all kinds of hair. The Eileen formula, judged by leading laboratory test to be highest standard, uses the same ingredients that you get in $15.00 or higher permanents! You're saving many dollars every time you spend just a few hours to give yourself an Eileen Cold Wave in your own home . . . following instructions as simple as A.B.C.



Eileen Home Cold Wave Permanent is guaranteed super-satisfactory ar your money back . . . whether your hair is baby-silk or coarse, dyed, bleached or grey, long or short . . . for childrens' hair too!

It conditions and transforms your hair into radiant beauty . . . "permanent-ly yours"! Softer, springy curls and luxuriant, natural-looking waves last as long as the finest professional permanents!

Mail Coupon today for the Superb Home Cold Wave Permanent Kit

Eileen
home cold wave permanent



$2

complete . . . includes Federal Tax and mailing charge

CORONET BEAUTY PRODUCTS, INC., Hartford 3, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me ..... Eileen Home Cold Permanent Wave Kits at $2 per kit (including tax and mailing costs).

I am enclosing $.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... **Zone**..... **STATE**.....

Russell Beggs sends word from the West Coast that he hopes to land in New York soon. Formerly scripter on the Maisie and Dennis Day shows, Beggs decided to try his luck at free lance magazine writing.

* * *

You've probably noticed that the Double or Nothing show invariably goes on the air with the studio audience howling with laughter. That laughter is one of the most carefully timed things in the business. Todd Russell and the announcers deliberately deliver a mounting gag-routine during the pre-broadcast warm-up period. Then, exactly twenty seconds before the "on the air" signal is to be flashed on, the boys start a slap-stick routine designed to start uproarious laughter precisely one second before the show goes on the air.

* * *

Gossip and stuff . . . Frank Morgan will be back on the air in the Fall with an entirely new format for his show . . . Eddie Bracken will be producer-actor in his next film, having acquired film rights from Harold Lloyd to "750 Smith," tale of a high batting average baseball player . . . Hollywood is trying to lure Jack Barry to the studios as an "idea man," with MGM top bidder to date . . . Erskine Johnson, Mutual's Hollywood reporter, will play himself in flicker called "The Corpse Came C.O.D."

"It's like a trip to Hollywood . . ."



HOLLYWOOD TOUR

Every weekday afternoon you can take the "Hollywood Tour" over your ABC station. It's fun . . . it's exciting . . . it's glamorous! Hear Cal York of Photoplay Magazine interview visitors to Hollywood. Learn what visitors from all over the country say about their trips through the most fascinating town in the world.

For a new and interesting program, set your radio dial to "Hollywood Tour . . ."

Daily—Monday through Friday

3:45 P.M. EDT 2:45 P.M. CDT
1:45 P.M. MDT 1:15 P.M. PDT

Over Many Stations of the American Broadcasting Co.

One Part Love

(*Continued from page* 25)

home. Then I asked, "What were you doing on the shale, Sammy—and in your good clothes? Should think you'd know better than to fool around on treacherous stuff like that in leather-soled shoes—"

"I wasn't fooling around," said Sammy. "I didn't know I was near the stuff."

"You didn't know!" Every boy in River's End knows every inch of the river banks.

"No. I was just sort of walking along and thinking. . . . You see, Dr. Christian—" the words came with a rush—"we were going to the movies tonight, Mother and Dad and Marjorie and me." Marjorie is Sammy's pretty twenty-three-year-old sister. "Marj and I were waiting at the car. Mother and Dad came down the walk, and Dad put his arm around Mother's waist—and Marj began to cry."

"She—why?" I thought I'd missed part of the story.

Sammy blushed, half shrugged, attempted an off-hand expression. He was at the age when emotion was embarrassing, and deep feelings not easily expressed. "I don't know. Because Mother and Dad looked so nice together, I guess, coming down the walk with the house behind them all pink in the sunset and all. And because she knew she'd never be happy that way—I mean, the way they're happy."

"I see," I said, although I didn't see at all. It was Judy who couldn't bear the suspense.

"Sammy," she said gently, "why doesn't Marjorie think she'll ever be happy like your mother and father?"

SAMMY frowned, as if the answer were obvious. "Why, because of Bill, of course!"

"Bill?" Then I remembered. Marjorie had been engaged to a childhood sweetheart, Bill Snyder, who had been killed in North Africa early in the war. "But that was four—nearly five—years ago," I said.

"She still cries," said Sammy, "every once in a while. It makes Mother and Dad feel awful bad. Tonight, after Marj ran back to the house, they stood around for a while and then decided they'd better go on to the show. I didn't feel much like the movies then, and I went down to the river, where some of the kids were roasting wieners. I hung around with them for a while, and then I walked away. I guess I didn't pay any attention to where I was going, because the next thing I knew, I was on the shale, and the whole mess started sliding under me."

Judy's eyes met mine. Her lips formed the words "another 'accident.'" But I wasn't interested in theories just then. I was thinking about Marjorie.

"Sammy," I said, "I want you to stay off that ankle for a while. And when you come in again, say day after tomorrow, why don't you have Marjorie drive you?"

He gave me a glance that was grateful, and curiously adult in its understanding. "Okay, Doctor. I'll do that."

The Youngs came for Sammy—a handsome couple, but more remarkable than either youth or good looks was their air of—togetherness. No other word could describe it. Their happiness in each other, in their family, was almost a tangible thing.

"Such a *nice* family," said Judy,



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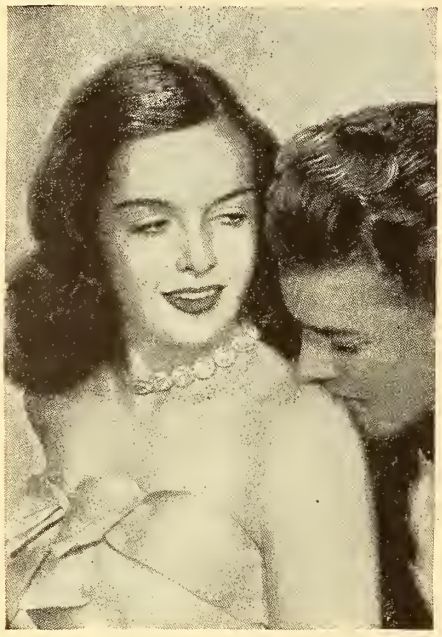
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watching them drive away. "And to think that Marjorie—" she shook her head. "I can't believe it, Dr. Christian. It's been so long since Bill was killed, and even at the time of his death, everyone talked about how well she took it. She started teaching at the grade school, went on with her Red Cross work, and after a while she began to go out. . . . Why she's one of the most popular girls in town! She goes everywhere. I can't believe that she's only pretending to have a good time."

"I don't think she is pretending." I was occupied with a set of fuzzy but compelling thoughts. "She probably does have a good time for the most part. Only, there's a—um—" A dead spot, I was thinking. And I thought again of Dan Harvey. "The point is, Judy, it must have taken a strong character to go on as Marjorie did after Bill was killed. And sometimes a strong character doesn't know how to compromise, to substitute."

"Mmm," said Judy. "You've got her now, too, haven't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"MARJORIE. You've added her to your worries. Dr. Christian, won't you ever think of yourself? There's your supper, grown cold hours ago in the dining room—and you're standing here, wondering what you can do for Marjorie Young!"

"How about your own supper?" I retorted feebly. She was quite right, on the whole. After she'd gone, as I left the office for that part of the house that serves as living quarters, I was preoccupied with the subject of Marjorie. I had a vague idea of what I might try to do to help her, but what to say, how to go about it . . . that was the problem.

It was a problem Sammy and Marjorie themselves solved for me, when they came to the office a day or so later. Sammy was much improved; when I asked him if he'd been keeping quiet, he said, "Oh, sure, Marj reads to me, and we play games. I've had a swell time."

"That's good," I said. "We could use someone like Marjorie out at the government hospital. There are a lot of boys there who need a good time."

Marjorie's bright brown head went up; her dark eyes were eager. "Dr. Christian, do you mean it? I've been wanting to ask you if I could help some way, but—well—I felt inadequate when I thought of the Grey Ladies and the trained workers."

"Who's talking about workers?" I demanded. "Is it work if a pretty girl pays a social call?"

"I suppose not." A dimple dodged at the corner of her mouth. "When may I go calling, Doctor?"

We drove out the next afternoon, a day full of sunshine and blue sky and the scent of flowers. Once we were out of town, Marjorie pulled off her hat and lifted her face to the sun; the wind tugged her hair loose from its sculptured waves, lifted bronze-tipped curls at her temples.

"Isn't this lovely!" she sighed. "It's good of you to take me, Dr. Christian."

"It's good of you to come. I was afraid—I thought a girl like you must have her time pretty well filled."

I was hinting, of course, and clumsily, too. Her sidelong glance told me as much. For a moment I thought she would turn me away with a light and evasive answer—and I'd have deserved it.

Then she said honestly, "That's all I do—fill time. I try not to think about it,



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try not to think of the future. I want to look forward to something besides teaching—but it just isn't there for me. I never did want anyone but Bill, and I just can't make myself want anyone except him. I know, Dr. Christian, I've tried."

Having drawn her out, I found myself without anything to say. I was glad that we were approaching the hospital. The grounds covered acres, the newer section flat, raw, newly planted with a few spindly seedling trees; the older part, where the convalescents stayed, had deep green lawns and the shade of spreading old elms. The whole hospital seemed to be out in the June sunshine. The boys—blue robes, maroon robes—had card games and horse shoes going on the grass; the white accents of uniformed nurses and interns moved among them. As we turned up the drive, I saw Dan in a wheel chair near the entrance, his dark head bent over a book.

"It looks like a picnic," said Marjorie soberly, "only different."

"Only different," I agreed, and helped her out of the car. We started across the lawn. Dan looked up, waved, and we went over to him. "This is Dan Harvey, Marjorie," I said. "He's an opportunist. He never bothers to hail me when I come out alone."

"Opportunist nothing," said Dan. "I know good medicine when I see it." He didn't sound brash, just frankly pleased.

Marjorie laughed. "Medicine, indeed! That's a peculiar kind of compliment!"

THEY would get along, I decided. "I've got work to do," I said. "Dan, suppose you introduce Marjorie around—"

"I will, Dr. Christian." I was already dismissed. But I can't say that he kept his word. A couple of times, as I went about inside the building, I stopped to look through the window. Dan and Marjorie were exactly as I had left them, except that Marjorie had a folding chair drawn up beside his wheel chair. Other boys looked their way; a few walked hopefully past them, but Dan, who had always been the soul of sociability and friendliness, seemed suddenly blind to his friends.

When I finally had to go out and tell them that it was time to go, Marjorie jumped up guiltily, exclaiming, "But it's almost five o'clock! I never dreamed—"

Dan looked a shade complacent, and a little anxious, too, now that she was really going. "Bring her out again, Doctor. I haven't begun to show her around."

"So I noticed," I said drily. "But I can't say that she looks as though she missed anything." When we were in the car again I asked, "I take it you enjoyed yourself?"

"Oh, yes!" She was putting on her hat, tucking her hair back from her radiant face. "But, oh, Dr. Christian, isn't it too bad about his job!"

I straightened, almost let go the wheel. This was more than I'd hoped for. Had Dan—so soon—told Marjorie what he'd refused to tell anyone else?

"*Dan's* job?"

"Yes. He was a test pilot, you know, before the war. His father was a pilot in World War I, and Dan was barnstorming with him when he—Dan—was in knee pants. He grew up living and breathing planes."

"But he's with his old company, isn't he? Don't they manufacture aircraft?"

"Oh.. yes. But they gave him a desk job. He's an *executive*." Her tone imitated Dan's, including the fine shading

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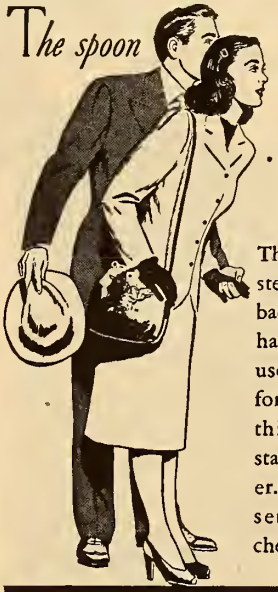
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of scorn he must have expressed toward all desk jobs, including the executive.

"But he can still fly. I know of amputees who—"

"But it isn't testing, and he can't make a living at it. Any other kind of flying is like driving a bus, so far as he's concerned. And I," she added positively, "know exactly how he feels."

I returned to the office in high good spirits. Judy took one look at me and adopted a broad Irish brogue. "Ah, fairly rubbin' yer hands, you are, Doctor. Yer patients are all improvin', I expect?"

"You little idiot. . . . But you're right. Two of my patients seem to have a very good chance to improve."

I didn't realize then just how good their chances were. In bringing them together, I'd felt that Marjorie and Dan were two of a kind, that they would either like each other very much and help to draw each other out—or they just wouldn't click at all. But I had never dreamed that they would fall in love. I suppose it was natural that they should, but anyone who has ever tried matchmaking knows what a futile business it is; an awareness of the futility of it must have prevented me from thinking about it from the start.

I NEVER again had to take Marjorie to the government hospital. She went of her own accord, almost every day. She got to know the other boys out there, brought them little gifts, ran errands for them, talked with them and joined in their games—but it was after she and Dan were firmly established as a couple. Sometimes they would be the center of a perfect circle, the boys with the maroon, the blue robes, the crutches, the braces, gathered around them. The scene had an odd air of cozy domesticity against the backdrop of the great impersonal building; it was deeply moving. Marjorie and Dan were entertaining. Or—the Harveys were entertaining. Judy said that they were as good as married.

"It's the way they look at each other when you talk to them," she said. "There's always that little silent consultation before they answer. And they even have fun fighting!"

In two weeks Dan ran no temperatures, suffered no inexplicable pains. The head of the convalescent ward mentioned it to me, pointedly. "We've a waiting list," she reminded me. "And isn't young Harvey ready for a discharge?"

"Wait," I said. I reasoned that Dan himself would know when he was ready.

It wasn't long. One day when Judy and I were paying a morning call, Dan asked, "When do you think I can leave, Dr. Christian?"

"Oh—almost any time," I answered. "When do you want to go?"

"Today—tomorrow."

"It would have to be tomorrow," I laughed. "We have to get your papers in order. But why all the rush?"

"I've had a letter from my boss. He's reorganizing, and he wants me back as soon as possible."

"Oh?" I tried to sound both interested and casual. "A different job?"

"No—the same one, with more work, and more pay. But, golly, I need that raise, now that I'm going to get married!"

"Married!" exclaimed Judy and I together.

He laughed at our expressions. "You're not that surprised, Dr. Christian. You knew what was happening."

I didn't know what to say. Judy's

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tact came to the rescue. "When did you and Marjorie decide all this, Dan?"

"Oh, *Marjorie* hasn't decided anything. I haven't asked her. I knew this job was coming, and I've been holding off, waiting to tell her all at once. But I know she's going with me. I mean—every fellow knows how a girl feels, doesn't he, when he asks a girl to marry him? Otherwise, what's the sense of asking her?"

"Dr. Christian—" An intern stood in the doorway. "Can you come down to C right away, sir?" Afterwards, I was glad of the emergency that kept us at the hospital that noon. "A tracheotomy," the intern was saying as we hurried down the hall, with Judy almost running to keep up. "Dr. Fellowes thinks it's the only solution, but he wants your opinion. . . ." Even as I listened I was thinking of Dan's face, alight and eager, and I wondered, and worried. Could he be really sure of Marjorie? And—suppose she refused him? What would it do to him at this crucial time?

It was past noon before we were ready to leave the hospital. As we went down the steps, I saw Marjorie's car in the driveway, saw her standing with Dan under one of the big elms. Their backs were turned to us, but they looked so much as they always did, that I was relieved.

"Congratulations must be in order," said Judy.

WE started across the lawn toward them. And then, a few feet away, we stopped.

"I can't," Marjorie was saying. "It's impossible, Dan. Please don't ask me why." Her voice was tortured.

"I've got a right to ask why." His voice was rough with emotion. "I think you love me—you've given me plenty of reason to think so. Why else have you been coming out here every day . . . making plans with me, listening when I've talked about all the things we were going to do. Why—"

"I can't talk about it! I do care about you—I thought I did. But I can't marry you, and please don't ask why. Some other time—"

"There won't be another time. If you think I'm going to go through this again—"

She turned her head a little, and I saw that she was crying—strange, silent tears that flowed copiously over her nerveless face, stained the crisp white of her blouse.

Quickly, quietly, Judy and I turned and walked away. "Don't ask me to feel sorry for her," said Judy as we got into the car. "She brought it on herself. She knew he cared about her, and she liked it. Why didn't she let him know she didn't love him?"

"Because she does love him, I think. That was hysterical weeping if I ever saw it, Judy. That girl is a perfect battleground of her own emotions. She loves Dan; she wants to marry him—and she's afraid."

"Afraid! Of what?"

"Of life, I suppose, to put it briefly. Remember, Judy, she was only eighteen when she lost Bill. It must have been a much greater shock than anyone realized. I'm no psychiatrist, but my guess is that she's afraid to let her heart go again, afraid of being hurt again. She thinks she is still in love with Bill, but all he is is a refuge. It's safer to dream about him and not have to face life."

"But—" Then she thought a moment. "I see," she said slowly. "Only—it

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doesn't help Dan, does it, nor her either?"

I didn't know how to help either one of them now. All I could do was to wait, and to listen, every minute I was in the office that day, for the telephone's ring, hoping that it might be one of them calling to tell me—something. To tell me anything that might give me a clue as to what the next step should be.

In the morning, I started for the hospital as early as was decently possible. I made a call first, at the Young house. I was in luck. Marjorie was on the front porch, alone, brushing the wicker furniture. She started when she saw me; then she made a fair attempt at a smile. She was herself again—her face set and pale, but composed—far different from the desperate, torn creature of the day before.

"Good morning, Dr. Christian," she greeted me. "You're out early."

"I'm on my way to the government hospital. I just stopped by to ask if you wanted to go along."

SHE refused. I had known she would. "Oh, I couldn't! I think I'd better not go out there again." She hesitated, and went on, "Dan asked me to marry him, yesterday. I had to say no. Seeing him again would just be awkward."

"You told him about Bill?"

"No. It was so long ago . . . he would have tried to reason with me, to change my mind. And it's something I can't bear arguing about, Dr. Christian. I just get sick and frozen and can't talk at all."

"I see." Thoughtfully I studied the ground at her feet. "You're sure he doesn't think you refused him because of—his legs?"

"His—" She stared, shocked and horrified. Then she burst out, "He *wouldn't!* He knows better—"

"How do you know he does? How do you know what he thinks? He was in love with you all along, and you didn't know it. If you had known, you wouldn't have let him hope—" This was pure hypocrisy, but it was kinder than the truth. And it was working. There was honest confusion in her face, and very real doubt.

"But he couldn't—Dr. Christian, is it true that he's leaving the hospital soon?"

"Today—this morning."

"This morning!" It was a cry.

I nodded. "I'm on my way to sign him out now. If you want to come with me—"

It was a mistake. She drew back, shaking her head. "Oh, no—I can't. I have to think—"

Nevertheless, I went on my way satisfied. Marjorie would be thinking—and not about herself. I was sure of the answer she would find, sure that she wouldn't be far behind me in reaching the hospital.

I found that my worries about Dan himself were wasted. He was grim when I walked in, but dressed and brushed and polished, and anxious to be on his way.

"I was wrong, Dr. Christian," he said. "I'll be leaving town alone after all."

"Then why go?" I asked. "Perhaps if you waited a day or two—"

He shook his head. "No, thank you. I still haven't figured it all out, but one thing is clear: she doesn't want anything to do with me."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that." And I told him about Bill. I'd have preferred to leave the telling to Marjorie, but it took time—time in which I was counting on Marjorie's reaching the



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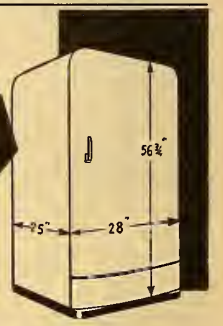
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hospital. I talked with an ear to the corridor, listening for her step. At the end of it, Dan rose impatiently.

"What you've been telling me," he said, "just means that she's in love with a ghost. I'll take a living man for a rival, any day, and I'd have a better chance."

"But in a way, Dan, weren't you in love with a ghost yourself?"

He blinked. "You mean my job? I guess I was—but I got over it when I met Marjorie. Any job would have been the best in the world, so long as I was doing it for her. If she cares about me, and still can't forget a man who's past all caring—it's hopeless."

Footsteps in the corridor—a woman's. But not Marjorie's—the head nurse. She smiled brightly at Dan, at me. "Mr. Harvey's papers are all ready, Dr. Christian. And Miss Price called from your office. She asked me to remind you of the town council luncheon at the United States Hotel."

For once I didn't appreciate Judy's efficiency. She knew that I'd forget all about the luncheon in my concern for Marjorie and Dan, but she couldn't know that I'd have given anything, just then, not to be hurried. And Dan was already reaching for his hat.

"Is it all right if I ride in with you, Doctor? It'll mean that I can catch the noon train."

"Fine," I said falsely. "Glad of your company." There was still time for Marjorie to get here. With just a little delay. . . .

Never, in all the years I've been practising, have I been able to go anywhere, except on a call that was life-or-death emergency, without being interrupted. This morning my time was completely, distressingly my own. The corridors were empty as Dan and I walked through them; in the office a secretary was waiting with the papers.

"There were no other calls?" I asked. "Dr. Fellowes didn't ask to see me?"

SHE smiled as if she were giving me a present. "Not a thing, Doctor. And Dr. Fellowes did want to see you, but he's gone for the rest of the day. You'll make your luncheon in good time."

"And my train," said Dan. "The bus might do it, but it would be close."

I gave up trying to delay. I could invent an errand—but then Dan would take a chance on the bus. There was nothing to do but sign the papers. I made a last feeble gesture. "If anyone asks for me," I said, "will you say that I'm dropping Mr. Harvey at the railroad station? Just that—in those words."

The girl nodded, and we were on our way out.

The car started smoothly, rolled smoothly down the drive. Just after we'd turned into the highway, a car flashed past us, going toward the hospital, and my heart leaped. I'd have sworn that it was Marjorie's. I braked instinctively, and Dan looked at me in alarm. "Trouble, Doctor?"

"No," I said. "Nothing at all."

The highway was deserted. We picked up speed, too much speed. I slowed down, and Dan looked at his watch. "Fifteen minutes. We'll make it easily if we move along while the road is clear."

I speeded up. There must be some way, I was thinking—but what? Marjorie would have reached the hospital by now, would know that Dan was gone, where he was bound. And there wasn't a chance that she'd catch us. Already I could see the spire of the First Methodist Church in River's End, the

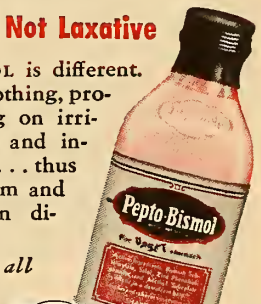


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Order direct from 5th Ave.—the world's fashion center

yellow tin flag that warned of the grating at the corner of the first cross street before State.

That sewer grating was a disgrace, a testimonial of the sluggishness our town council sometimes shows in minor matters. Its sharp iron corners protruded a good half foot from the curb, a menace to the tires of careless drivers. Hence the yellow flag.

As we drew near, I pulled over to the side, slowed for the turn. Dan jerked upright. "Hey! Where are you going? This isn't State—"

"Short cut," I said, and spun the wheel. It was eternity; it was a split second before the report came. The car swerved sharply, then limped feebly on to the bump-thump-slap accompaniment of an exploded tire.

THAT's why," I told Judy, "we missed the train, and why I didn't get to the luncheon at all."

It was late in the afternoon, and we were alone in my office. In between patients, I had already told her the story twice. She was still avid for details.

"Go on," she urged. "Marjorie went past when you were changing the tire—"

"She didn't see us, of course," I said obligingly. "She was going too fast, and she wouldn't look for us on the side road. She turned off at State, and she was waiting when we finally reached the station."

"And—"

"That's about all. Dan didn't see her at first, and I dropped a few steps behind him as we went along the platform. Then he saw her, and strode over to her. He almost shouted, 'What are you doing here?'

"Marjorie looked ready to faint. She was all eyes, and her mouth shook. 'I came to explain—I wanted you to know—'

"'To know what?' Dan said. He sounded gentler, but cautious. He still didn't quite trust her.

"I don't think, Judy, that Marjorie knew until then just why she *had* come. But she knew then, knew so surely that there would never again be a doubt. She seemed to grow taller before my eyes. 'That you can't go,' she said. 'Not without me, Dan. If you're going, I'm going, too.'"

Judy smiled, a smile of complete satisfaction. I smiled, too, and closed my eyes, the better to remember Marjorie's face as Dan reached for her. There weren't many times in a woman's life, I thought, that she could look that beautiful.

Outside were the peaceful sounds of River's End at evening—the creak of sprinklers on the lawns, the sleepy chirp of birds, the low hoarse moan of a steamboat on the river.

"That sewer grating," Judy murmured. "You've turned that corner thousands of times and never come near it. You could do it blindfolded. Dr. Christian, are you sure you struck that grating this afternoon—by accident?"

RADIO MIRROR Calls In

THE FAT MAN

to solve a mystery-drama in pictures—in the JULY ISSUE On Sale JUNE 11th

Come and Visit the Edgar Bergens

(*Continued from page 49*)

colonial scenes which distinguishes a dining room where twenty people can be seated comfortably for dinner, the walnut paneling and the old English writing desk in the study—all these rate only a casual wave of the arm.

After which the host is happily off to the parts of the house where he really can be himself—and where any but the dullest guests will want to linger: to the workshop, where Charlie McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd and company are kept looking fit, to Candy's nursery, to the garage, where a giant tarpaulin covers Edgar's 1919 model Stanley Steamer, and finally and most characteristically, to the theater.

You make your way into the workshop through rows of theatrical trunks, some of them still packed and ready for "the road."

"We're between engagements," Edgar says. This ten-year run on the radio, you gather, he considers a bit of a fluke.

The workshop is apt to be a little startling to the first-time visitor. It is enough to see a cast-off Charlie McCarthy head—chipped, Edgar explains—or a bodyless hand holding a French telephone to realize how completely one has come to believe that the pixilated Charlie is made of something more than wood and sawdust.

Edgar keeps the dummies in shape himself. He loves working with paint and paste, and the work gives him a chance to indulge in his favorite habits of dress which he sums up as "just plain sloppy."

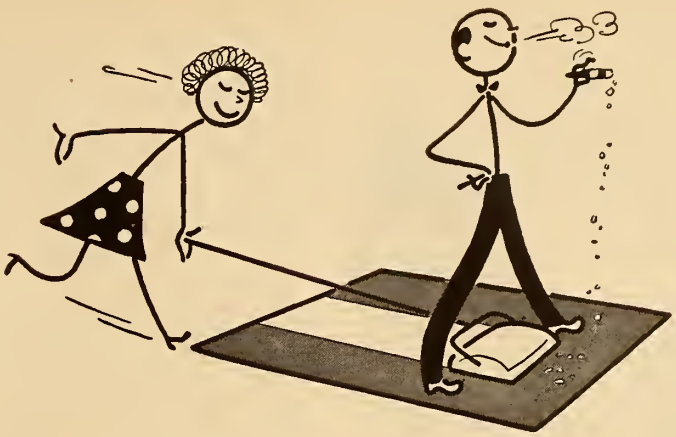
Various Charlie McCarthys, Mortimers, and others of the more familiar Bergen characters share the workshop bench with a dozen or so puppets, also Bergen creations. Only the oldest friends see the puppet shows which Bergen puts on with these odd wooden folk, as only the oldest friends know many of the "characters" which exist only in Edgar's vocal chords.

Lest Charlie McCarthy lovers take offense that their idol is relegated to a workshop while ten-months-old Candy, a mere *baby* (anybody can have babies!), takes her ease among down cushions and satin coverlets in a fluffy nursery, it should be explained that the current Charlie—along with the current Mortimer—has a room of his own, closets of his own, housing his current and extensive wardrobe, and his own doorknocker—the last a woodpecker, a present from Greer Garson.

If anyone could be jealous, it would be Candy, who, after all, was a latecomer to the Bergen household—but Candy is a democratic sort who loves all of her father's wooden friends indiscriminately. They're just big dolls, in her eyes. But Candy now has Uncle Remus, the miniature French poodle who recently joined the household. Uncle Remus was destined as a Valentine's Day gift from Edgar to Frances, but he took one look at Candy and that was that. No doubt about whose dog *he* is!

While Candy stares in rapt admiration at Charlie's monocle and Mortimer's grass green coat, Candy's father beams just as admiringly at Candy. To Edgar, Candy is the big doll—a big doll with hair.

"Edgar was so pleased," Frances will tell you, twinkling. "When he first saw Candy, all he could say was 'but she has



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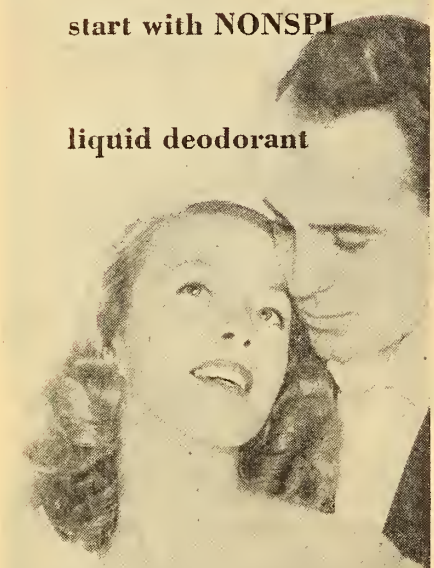
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hair!'" It is beautiful hair, thick and blonde and curly. Edgar, as is no secret, has no curls at all any more. It takes careful combing to prove that he has *hair*. Candy's curls, it seems, were inherited from her pretty mama. So were the two lovely dimples which show up when she smiles.

Mrs. Bergen was Frances Westerman, a Powers model with the usual career aspirations of that elite guard of the beautiful and talented, until, at least, she met Edgar Bergen. They toured the European battle zones together in a USO trip and when the tour was ended Edgar's staunch bachelorhood was doomed.

They were married secretly at Sonora, Mexico, very soon after their return from Europe, on June 23, 1945, and had the civil marriage solemnized in a religious ceremony eight months later, on January 19, 1946. Only Frances' mother, Edgar's brother, and a few very close friends attended, for both the Bergens believe in keeping their private lives to themselves. The second wedding, however, was highly publicized.

Candy was baptized in the same church where her parents were married, the Wilshire Methodist in Los Angeles, last October with Edgar's physician, Dr. Clifford Loos, and his devoted secretary, Miss Peggy Purcell, as godparents.

Mrs. Bergen spent the whole day of May 9 last year shopping. Candy was born that evening, so Frances is convinced the rigors of childbirth are highly overrated. There was nothing spectacular about the event. Edgar drove her to Hollywood Hospital in plenty of time, held his daughter in his arms almost before he had a chance to become nervous.

Candy is a little gingerly with her smiles, especially when there are strangers around to be given a steady and solemn once-over.

"Candy philosophizes," is the way her father puts it. "About people. About things. Especially when it is almost time for the next bottle she philosophizes. She doesn't just *grin*. Simpletons can do that."

When the bottle arrives and Candy is whisked out of her crisp organdy dress and into warm sleepers for a nap, Edgar will take you to the next point of interest on the special tour. This time you wind up out in back of the four-car garage and find yourself face to face with a proud relic of the past, a Stanley Steamer.

EDGAR, who has always been fascinated by steam engines, bought the old car—a 1919 model—five years ago, and drove it up the mountain to Bellavista himself, after, he explains, a course in master-plumbing.

Since then the steamer has been on and off the hill for periodic meetings of the Horseless Carriage club, of which Edgar is an enthusiastic member.

"You have to carry a plumber's kit to operate the thing," he says, pointing out that the mechanism is anything but simple.

"You must watch the pilot pressure, the gas pressure, the steam pressure. You have water tanks, gas tanks, kerosene tanks, and a burner. Your car is as good as your burner," he adds, implying that his burner is pretty good since he has had the "old boat up to 60 or 65 several times."

Novices are apt to get into trouble, Edgar points out. "It's important to remember—with a Steamer—that your radiator is also a condenser. I took off the radiator cap one day and a geyser of scalding water shot fifteen feet up.

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"It's a nice item," he sums up, "for getting attention."

There are many more "points of interest" at Bellavista. Five terraces down from the living room can be seen a beautiful swimming pool, with cabanas. You have come in through a flagstone patio which is now soaking up sun, and you have heard tell that the barbecue suppers cooked on the outdoor grill there are without their match in the hill country. There are rumors that a giant rumpus room is the gayest room in the house.

These rumors you are apt to accept without investigation because Edgar always wants to show off his private theater on the way back from the garage to the house, and once in that fascinating hideaway the visitor is apt to want to call off the rest of the tour and relax.

Here the Bergens and their really good friends play as only show people know how to play—by dimming the lights, raising the curtain, and getting on with the show.

The place has everything in the way of modern entertainment equipment, a motion picture projection unit with sound, automatic recording devices, and —the part which gets the real play—a small-sized, but professionally geared stage on which Edgar is all too happy to do card tricks, magic tricks—yes, even ventriloquist tricks—for his friendly audiences. And his friends, some of whom are depicted in rude portraiture on the old-fashioned olio (Edgar knows that a gentleman insults only his very best friends) such friends as Ken Murray, Dorothy Lamour, Don Ameche, Chester Morris, and Kay Kyser, will fight to get the next-to-closing spot.

For Entr'acte intervals, there is an intimate bar, its walls lined with old time ventriloquists' programs and posters. Edgar modestly points out that Mr. Alexandre, his forerunner by about seventy years in the voice projection business, could produce fifteen separate characters plus, as his advertising makes clear, the sounds of "an omelet frying, flint and steel, plane, saw, corkscrew, stick, and guitar."

"I have never been able to master a noise like a stick," Bergen says.

There are some "noises," however, at which he is very adept and the familiar voice of Charlie McCarthy is not the only one.

As you tear yourself away from the little theater, where you have seen the wonders of the "Snowfall," Bergen's flashiest card trick, the lotar jug (which pours out enough water to fill itself eight times) and pondered on the long-silent voices of Mr. Alexandre, you pause at the door while Edgar phones the house to see if the set-up for the breakfast table picture is ready.

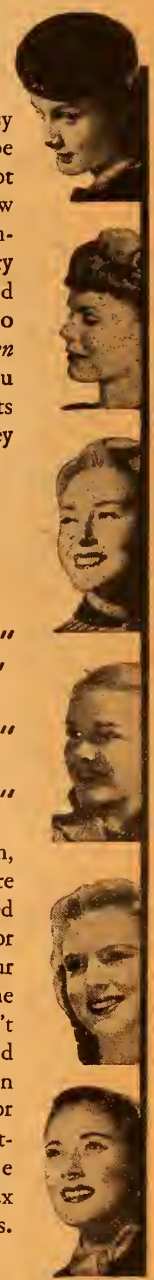
"The magazine people are ready to come over now," he explains over the phone. Back over the wire an angry voice roars, plainly audible across the room: "Blankety blank writers . . . blankety photographers . . . they make me sick. Always getting in the way, cluttering up the house."

It is the voice of Mickey, Bergen's affable Japanese house boy who has beamed on you as you arrived. You hear the outburst with a start, your ears getting red. How can that nice boy have turned into such a malevolent creature? Then you remember. Edgar Bergen lives here. The "Mickey" you heard over the phone is just another of those voices.

Mrs. Bergen actively oversees the running of her household, regulating

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the activities of Mickey and Kay Kamioka, the Japanese couple who cook and keep house, and of Dena Bolen, Candy's nurse. She plans all of the menus, and is acquiring a reputation as one of the town's most imaginative and successful hostesses.

Her larger parties are catered—Frances thinks it's simpler than upsetting the household routine with a mass of extra tasks. The barbecues in the patio are home-grown, however, and Edgar often cooks the steaks himself, with Mickey and Kay providing the huge salad, garlic toast, plump baked potatoes and a special mustard sauce which is out of this world.

For strictly family parties, Frances is amused to make Edgar's favorite Swedish dishes—which she has learned from recipes long traditional in her husband's family. Swedish Kaldolmar, the national dish of Sweden, for instance, Kottbuller, a meat pie, or Sylta, the hors d'oeuvre which is the piece de resistance in any really Swedish smorgasbord.

Her recipe for Kaldolmar,—stuffed cabbage to you—is as follows:

To Serve Four

Medium sized head of cabbage
½ lb. lean round steak, minced fine
½ lb. fresh pork (lean and fat, the way it comes). Mince this with the round steak. Mince fine.
1 medium sized onion
3 medium sized tomatoes, or small can
2 tablespoons rice
1 egg
3 or 4 bay leaves
2 tablespoons sage
½ pint sweet cream
2 to 4 tablespoons sifted flour
3 or 4 tablespoons butter, bacon fat, or beef drippings
boiling water

Boil cabbage whole, first cutting the stem out. Let cabbage boil for 15 minutes in fast boiling water with no lid on the pot. As soon as cabbage is put on to cook, then wash the rice and let that boil also for 15 minutes. Then cut up the onion in very small pieces and fry it in a little butter—fry slightly.

Now take rice and cabbage from fire and strain. Then mix ingredients as follows: Mix in a bowl the finely minced meat, the rice, the onion, and the raw egg; add a little salt and pepper and mix into a kind of paste, then roll into oblong rolls, using about a rounded tablespoon in each roll.

Next separate the leaves of the cabbage and roll the meat in cabbage leaves (fasten with toothpicks), rolling each separately—about a tablespoon of meat in each cabbage leaf. If you are making a large quantity, then put into each cabbage leaf less meat as the leaves get smaller.

Now place a large iron pot on the stove and into this put 3 tablespoons of butter, and fry the rolls of cabbage and meat on top and bottom till browned; then add boiling water, sufficient to cover the cabbage and meat rolls. Next add a little salt and pepper, 3 or 4 bay leaves, the 2 teaspoons of sage, and the tomatoes. Place lid on pot and allow to simmer for at least 1 hour or longer.

Then take 2 level tablespoons of flour and add to ½ pint of cream and beat slightly with rotary egg beater to thoroughly mix the flour in without lumps. You next remove the cabbage and meat rolls from the gravy and put them on a hot platter. Then add the cream and flour to the gravy and stir it in. Let it boil about 5 minutes, then pour over the cabbage and meat balls.

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ADDRESS _____

Memo for Brides

(*Continued from page 54*)

Lattice-top Pastry

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour 1 tsp. salt
⅔ cup shortening 5 or 6 tbls. cold water

Combine flour and salt. Cut in shortening with a pastry blender or two knives until the particles are the size of rice grains. Add water a little at a time and mix with a fork to wet all particles quickly. (Add just enough water to make mixture hold together.) Form dough into a ball and then divide it into two portions, one twice as large as the other. Chill in the refrigerator 30 minutes or more.

On a lightly floured board, roll the larger portion of dough into a circle ⅛-inch thick. Fit it carefully into a 9-inch pie plate. Trim off the edge leaving a full inch of pastry overhanging the border all around. Fill pastry shell with prepared fruit. Roll out remaining pastry into an oblong about 9x5 inches and cut it lengthwise into 6 strips, about ¾-inch wide. Lay three strips across top of fruit and weave the other three strips across them at an angle. Trim ends of strips even with edge of undercrust, moisten underside with water and fasten them to undercrust. Turn pastry edge under and flute it into a high, upstanding border. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) 10 minutes. Then lower heat (350 degrees F.) and bake 30 minutes longer.

Cherry Cobbler

3 cups pitted red sour cherries
½ cup water ½ to ¾ cup sugar
½ tsp. salt 1 tbl. cornstarch
2 tbls. butter or margarine
1¼ cups biscuit mix
½ cup cream or top milk

Place cherries in a loaf pan or 5x9-inch baking dish. Add sugar, using the larger amount if a sweeter cobbler is preferred. Blend cornstarch and salt with water and pour over the fruit. Dot top with butter or margarine. Make a batter of biscuit mix and milk and drop it in six portions on top of cherries. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) for 35 minutes. Six servings. Follow this same recipe for pies from other fruits such as raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries, cherries, gooseberries and peaches, by varying the sugar to taste according to tartness of fruit.

Frozen Raspberry Mousse

1 pt. cream ¼ cup sugar ¼ tsp. salt
2 cups fresh raspberries, mashed to pulp

Whip cream until stiff, but no longer. Stir in sugar, salt and raspberries. Turn into refrigerator tray and freeze for half an hour with controls set at lowest point. Remove tray, stir mixture, scraping from sides of pan, return tray to freezing compartment and freeze.

Sweet Blueberry Muffins

2 cups all-purpose flour
4 tsps. baking powder ¾ tsp. salt
¼ to ½ cup sugar, depending on tartness
½ cup milk 1 qt. blueberries
2 eggs, well beaten
4 tbls. melted butter or margarine

Sift flour, measure and sift together with baking powder, salt and sugar. Mix in blueberries which have been washed and drained. Combine milk, eggs, melted shortening; add all at once to berry mixture and stir just until dry ingredients are moistened. Batter will be lumpy. Fill greased muffin tins ⅔ full. Bake in pre-heated 400-degree oven 20 to 30 minutes.



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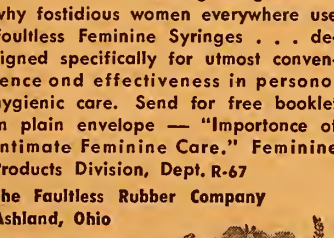


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My Boss Bob Hope

(*Continued from page 31*)

here was life at its most exciting, handed to me on a silver platter!

It was sadly disillusioning to discover that handling fan mail, even for a top star like Bob Hope, can be as routine and tasteless a job as filing briefs in a lawyer's office.

Mr. Hope was out of town with the Victory Caravan for the first three months I worked for him, so there was no direct contact with his dynamic personality to take the curse off opening and classifying some 5,000 letters a week, answering those which required an answer, sending out some 1,000 photographs a week to those fans who particularly requested them. My desk was piled high, not with legal briefs to be sure, but with stack after stack of one portrait of Bob Hope—wide-eyed, half smiling. I got pretty sick of that face several months before I saw Bop Hope in person.

And I was the girl who was not going to stand still for monotony!

And *then,* as they say in the fairy stories, my boss came home. And things began to happen.

SUDDENLY the excitement which surrounds Bob Hope like a personal aura moved into the large and heretofore quiet room over the big garage at his house where his secretary and staff do their work.

Phones which had been dormant began ringing, all at once. People began coming and going. All the mass of detail which goes with putting on a radio show once a week, making a series of movies, arrangements for the vast number of personal appearance-tours and benefits for which Bob Hope has become a legend in his profession, began spilling over into our office. Don't get the idea that Bob's personal staff handles all this variety. We don't, thank heaven. The work involves the full time activity of a horde of people including a half dozen other "secretaries to Bob Hope" (I am the only secretary Bob Hope hires personally, the others work for his radio agency, his business office, his studio). The less we have to do with work not in our department the happier we are. But inevitably we get in on the back wash of everything as long as Mr. Hope is at home.

The routine work we had always done, even during his absences—handling the mail, keeping the household and personal books, getting out Mrs. Hope's correspondence, taking the children to school and picking them up, making out the payrolls and issuing checks, paying bills, answering an occasional "special request" from a fan in Tuskegee, Oklahoma, went on, as a sort of minor chorus, as usual.

I began to realize what the old-hands on Mr. Hope's staff meant by "change of pace." And just in time, for at this point Mr. Hope's personal secretary left on her honeymoon and I stepped into her job.

The monotony went out of my job overnight, and with it a lot of other things which I had not properly appreciated.

Where I had worked before five days a week, from nine until five—five sharp!—I now found that I was considered on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. My personal appointments suddenly were "subject to change." I stopped making dates—ex-

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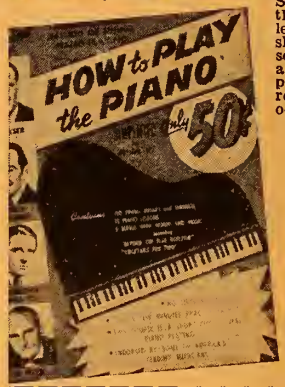
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cept with the provision that they were cancellable without notice. I no longer could find time to go to the dentist, or to the beauty shop. (Fortunately my hair is naturally curly—so I can shampoo it myself and roll it up in pin curls at midnight, if necessary.)

My job became the axis about which my life revolved. My family moved to Burbank, so I could be closer to my work. My friends invited me to parties, when they invited me at all, as an "extra" girl—I was too unreliable to be counted on. My boy friends had to get used to playing second fiddle to the job. But those things didn't seem as important to me as they once had, somehow.

One Saturday morning recently, for instance, I was dressed in riding clothes and half way out the door on my way to a breakfast ride in Griffith Park when the phone rang. Mr. Hope, who had been tied up with picture problems all week and had no time to dictate, suddenly was free to do some letters. He was in his dressing room at the studio, and wanted me to run right over.

I AM not supposed to work on Saturday. On the other hand, doing Mr. Hope's letters is my responsibility. There was nothing for me to do except to cancel the riding appointment and my date for the morning drove away with a long face which looked even longer in conjunction with the plaid shirt and western stetson he had worn for the occasion. I whipped into my dressing room and changed clothes, for I couldn't show up at the studio in jodhpurs. (Mr. Hope has very few violent dislikes, but he *hates* women in pants. Nobody stays on his payroll who shows up for work in slacks. Mrs. Hope, I am sure, doesn't even own a pair.) Twenty minutes later I was ready to go, my notebook open, and my pencil sharpened. In an hour Mr. Hope dictated forty letters. Zip. Zip. Zip. The way he does everything, efficiently, fast. I was through—free to do whatever I liked, for I could wait until Monday to transcribe my notes. But by this time the party had gone on without me. Just the same, it's always fun to take Mr. Hope's dictation—he does write clever letters.

(Incidently, for when I do get to ride, Mrs. Hope gave me a really gorgeous riding shirt for Christmas. I ride western, having ridden as a child up north and having a latent scorn of English. I am now the envy of Griffith Park and receive most favorable comments from utter strangers every time I ride. The men, especially, seem to like it!)

This is not a complaint. Anybody can go horseback riding. Very few people, I both realize and appreciate, have an opportunity during their lives to work in close contact with a personality who is as vital, who means as much to people everywhere, as Bob Hope.

I never stop marveling at his cheerfulness, and his patience. In the office, which he calls the Sweat Shoppe, and about the house, he is always whistling, singing, striding about the place with a jaunty, youthful step. He seems tireless. Only once or twice, when he has been particularly pressed and tired, have I seen him even aware that he is under any greater pressure than the average man. Then, with writers waiting for his approval of a comedy routine, with Louis Shurr, his business agent, standing by with new picture contracts to sign, with letters piled up in his personal file—all marked "ur-

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gent"—unread and unanswered, I have seen him once or twice push hard at his temples, and shake his head as though it were an effort to concentrate. Even at those times, he very rarely complains. Just once, when we were working very late, and had been delayed by a parade of "important" phone calls did he seem a little desperate.

"Hang that phone," he burst out. "Does it *have* to ring all the time?"

A more violent man would have torn the phone out of the wall, and what's more he would have flung it at somebody. And if Bob Hope had, I think everybody in that room that night would have agreed that he had a right to.

TUESDAY is our mad-house day, because of the radio show. Let me tell you about last Tuesday—it was fairly typical. I spent the first half hour making phone calls for Mrs. Hope, who is out but who has left a memo, making appointments, cancelling them, etc. Writers are working with Mr. Hope downstairs. He calls up for the files and monologues for the past ten weeks . . . they are short on material. In the meantime a writer comes up to ask me to type the closing spot for Mr. Hope. Writers start calling in material which I take down directly on the typewriter to save the time transcribing and typing would involve. At one time that morning I am struggling with an operator in New York, who has a call for Mr. Hope but can't find him (luckily I can supply the information); I am taking material from a writer on the other phone; Mr. Hope comes in on the phone to say he wants a particular opening; a delivery boy is here wanting a check; the maid has come up to ask me to call an electrician to repair a burnt out plug in the laundry room. This goes on until around two-thirty when Mr. Hope breezes along the patio, hands me the revised monologue to type up, and announces he will be back in an hour. (Of course he's gone to Lakeside for a bit of golf . . . his favorite relaxation and probably one of the reasons he is able to keep up his fast pace.) At three-thirty he is back. At twenty minutes of four he has showered, dressed, and left for the final rehearsal before the show. We are left to pick up the pieces, gather up material and get it back in the files, wire in Mr. Hope's column (which is done each day from his office), etc.

I feel ashamed on my "mean days," when I consider my boss's good cheer under the most fiendish pressure. My "mean days" come usually when I am in the middle of doing the books—which I hate at best—and have to leave my figuring to answer a succession of phone calls. It's a good thing that it takes more than that to bring a mean streak out in the man I work for.

I think it is remarkable that a man who gets as much done as Bob Hope can have energy enough left, and good spirits enough to enjoy life the way he does with his family—the quiet Wednesday evening for instance when the Hopes are at home to nobody bent on business, or Sunday afternoons when he can romp on the lawn with Tony and Linda and goo at the babies in their pen like any other father on his day off. The only difference is that Bob Hope's day off ends abruptly after dinner when, instead of going to bed or reading a book, he must be ready to meet with his radio producer and his writers, all night if necessary, to whip out the final version of his next Tuesday's radio script.

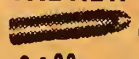
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His ability to relax with his family one minute and to turn into a working dynamo the next is the secret, of course, of Bob Hope's great capacity both professionally and as a human being.

He does his work, when the time comes. In the meantime he enjoys life, carefree in the belief that the people he has hired to work for him know their jobs, and are doing them. He is not a checker-upper. He feels no necessity for standing at our shoulders prodding us to be on with the job.

We all get a tremendous amount of work out, as a result—and with amazingly little grief.

There are, of course, unexpected emergencies.

One night Mr. Hope telephoned me from Tulsa, Oklahoma, at midnight! He needed some comedy material from one of the files. Only his brother, Jack, and I are permitted to open the files—we have two whole rooms full—and Jack was in Tulsa with his brother. I whipped on to the office, found the material and phoned it to him—then I went home to bed.

MR. HOPE has a predilection for nicknames and initials . . . Mrs. Hope calls me Marjorie . . . but Mr. Hope calls me "Miss H." He always is enthusiastic about every citation and gift he receives . . . our office is literally plastered with plaques, certificates and honors. The first morning he drove his new Town and Country out of the garage he called up for me to come see it. He sat there in it, beaming, and said, "You don't think it's a little young for me, do you?"

Last time I went down to the studio to take letters he said, "We've got to get this stuff out. You know people think you're crazy if you don't answer your mail." I love working with my boss on the set. It's fun to meet all the celebrated people.

A few months ago—yes, I had planned to go riding again—I had a panicky phone call from NBC. Carol Richards, the prize-winning singer who was chosen by St. Paul radio listeners for their Hope show entry, had arrived at the airport, with no one on hand to meet her—because she was a day early. We had made complete arrangements for meeting her on Sunday—but there was no time to quibble. I romped over to the airport in my car and picked her up, then pleaded with the clerk at the hotel where we had made reservations to ignore his "no vacancy" sign and put Miss Richards up twenty-four hours early.

Well it's what I asked for, that's what I got—and that's what I love! No two days are alike, and all of them are full of interest and excitement.

Sometimes I wonder if a little monotony wouldn't be nice for a change. Not for long, you understand. I don't mean I'd quit my job—don't entertain that idea for a moment. But just for a few days, some nice, boresome monotony could be very restful! Maybe it should only be for a few minutes, at that—a few days, and I'd be pining away for the old grind again!

For Better Living

(Summertime Department)

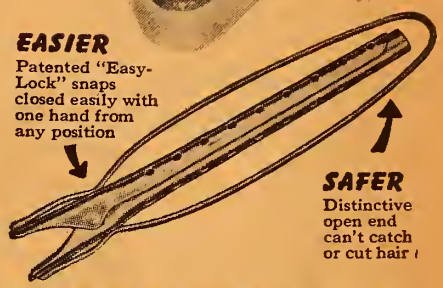
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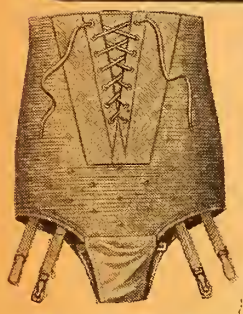
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R
M

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 9)

enough to rouse the sleepy master.

"Disconnect the phone," Percy ordered.

This kept up until four P.M. Once again the persistent telephone rang. Percy answered it. The voice on the other end belonged to Herbert Rosenthal, vice president of M. C. A., the giant booking office. Mr. Rosenthal was in quite a stew.

"My God, man, do you or don't you want to work in the United States?"

Faith assured Rosenthal that was his lifetime ambition. Finally Faith calmed the agent down, arranged to be in New York via the next plane.

Percy was born in Toronto in 1908, the oldest of eight children. When he was seven, his father arranged for him to take violin lessons. Shortly afterward his aunt acquired a beautiful grand piano that was the talk of the neighborhood. The young nephew fondled the keyboard lovingly.

"Dad," he asked his father, "could I take piano lessons, too?"

At the age of ten, Percy gave a "joint concert," playing a violin solo and then switching to the piano for another solo. But the latter instrument soon won him over completely.

After graduation, Percy joined a few local dance bands, continued his music studies at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and then got a job on a Toronto radio station. In 1931, the station gave him his first opportunity to conduct. It was a small string group. Step by step he graduated to larger combinations until his Music By Faith show became one of the Dominion's favorite air shows.

In 1926 his young sister was playing with matches and they ignited. She became a living torch. Luckily for her, Percy was in the house. He wrapped a rug around her, extinguished the flames. However, his own hands were severely burned. He was unable to touch the piano for eight months.

"I thought I would have to give up music forever. But my music teacher



The successful NBC Mr. and Mrs. show of Frances Langford and Don Ameche may be a movie.

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Celebroting its tenth yeor of publicotion, Song Hits Magozine contains many special features in the June issue. A special section is devoted to the Silver Certificate Awords to the ten top entertainers in the post ten yeors. Plus oll the latest hit songs, stories and photogrophs. Don't Miss It!



Betty Grable and Harry James don't have as good luck with horses as they do with careers.

urged me to study conducting, harmony, and composition. I became so interested that this kind of work soon overshadowed my desire to play."

Today, Percy is an American citizen, lives the country gentleman's life in Great Neck, Long Island. His two children, Marilyn, 15, and Peter, 9, are hopeful of following in their famous father's footsteps.

* * *

There have been many great comebacks in show business but none as startling as Lillian Roth's. Some fifteen years ago, Lillian, brunette and beautiful, was a rising star. She conquered every field of the entertainment world. She had prominent parts in almost every early talking picture musical. But health and marital difficulties upset her promising career.

Just recently Lillian made a successful appearance in New York's Broadway night club, La Martinique. The professional ringsiders cheered Lillian lustily. If all goes well, you should be hearing her soon on the air.

* * *

Incidentally, Dorothy Miles, who was a promising young singer at the Boston Cocoanut Grove, scene of one of the worst fires in history, is ready to resume an active career. She was almost burned to death that horrible night. But she survived that and twenty operations, and the plucky girl is confident she can successfully return to show business.

* * *

Count Basie has postponed his contemplated European tour because of present economic conditions on the continent. Instead, he and his band will play in key cities here.

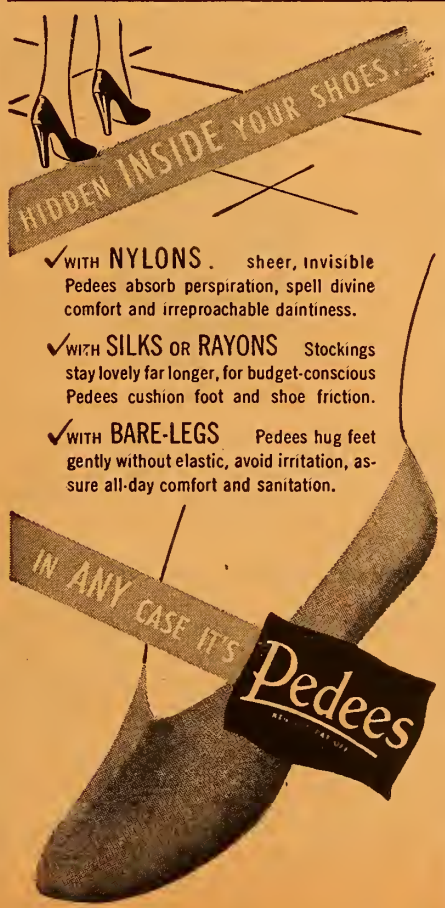
* * *

A young bandsman, Jimmy Zito, made the marital plunge of the month when he wed his childhood sweetheart, screen star June Haver.

* * *

Johnny Johnston and Kathryn Grayson have done everything but set the date when they march down the aisle. The two MGM singing stars have just finished a personal appearance tour together.







Ladies, accept this challenge

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NEW! RENUZIT SPOT AND STAIN REMOVER

Removes Fruit, Chocolate, Lipstick, Grease and almost all other oil and water soluble spots!

Don Ameche and Frances Langford may do a movie based on the successful "Mr. and Mrs." couple they do on NBC.

* * *

Harry James and his wife, Betty Grable, have gone to the courts in an effort to get back their $105,000 paid for a string of race horses that the couple claim have trouble beating turtles to the finish line. Harry's next film will be Jimmy Stewart's "A Miracle Can Happen."

* * *

The band business is still in the doldrums with both Charlie Spivak and Claude Thornhill giving their musicians enforced vacations.

* * *

Johnny Long's newest Signature release, "Last Night On the Back Porch" banned by networks because of "too suggestive lyrics."

* * *

A biography of Frank Sinatra entitled "The Voice: An American Phenomenon" is due on the bookstalls any moment.

* * *

George Auld may retire from the band business and open a music and record shop in Los Angeles.

* * *

Nick Kenny's new music company, called The Goldmine, is proud publisher of the popular rhythm ballad "Do You Love Me Just As Much As Ever." Nick, his brother, and Bob Hope are in the Goldmine together.

Tune in

Special Featured Attraction on

"THURSDAY NIGHT MEETING"

Thursday, May 22nd



starring

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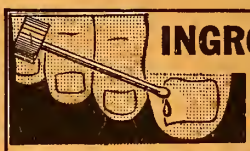
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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
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Something Old—Something New

(*Continued from page 23*)

—and nowadays, with divorce rates climbing alarmingly, it seems that too often it's the beginning of a story that's going to end badly.

I suppose every bride, no matter how much in love with her groom she is, no matter how high her hopes for a successful and happy marriage, can't help feeling a twinge of fear as her wedding day approaches. She reads of divorces in the newspaper, she hears of friends who are either divorced or unhappy in their marriages, and she wonders secretly, "Will I be one of those women, five or ten years from now? Will my husband and I succeed where so many others have failed? *Will we be happy?*"

The fairy-tale symbols surround her—the wedding festivities, the laughter and good wishes, the solemn, prayerful moment in the church when she and the man of her choice are united—but these are, after all, only symbols. They can't guarantee happiness. And the bride of today knows this, and longs to find a way of turning the symbols into reality.

CAROLYN HALE was that kind of a bride. Her own parents had been divorced when she was sixteen, and even before that they had stayed together only for her sake. She loved them both, and could never understand why their marriage had failed, and this lack of understanding planted a dread of marriage in her own heart. She fought against falling in love with Don, and when he first proposed she refused him. But Don wasn't easily discouraged, and on the sixth proposal Carolyn broke down and agreed to marry him.

"Only," she said while he held her close, "it frightens me . . . The thought that we may not always love each other like this—that we may quarrel and be unhappy, or begin to take each other for granted. I don't know which is worse, really." She turned and buried her face against his shoulder. "Oh, I think I'd rather not marry you at all, than to have our marriage turn out to be a failure!"

"How can it be a failure?" Don asked. "We love each other. I've got a good job. You like to cook and take care of a house. Those are the important things."

"Yes, they're important," Carolyn agreed. "But everything in marriage is important. Even little things are important, just the little things of everyday living—whether or not you're cheerful before breakfast—"

"I am," Donald said quickly.

"Well, I'm not," Carolyn answered. "You see? And one of us is going to have to change."

Donald promised, "I'll be as gloomy before breakfast as you could possibly desire." But although he joked, he understood Carolyn's fears. He was as anxious as she to have their marriage succeed, and he knew as well as she did how many marriages failed. "Look," he said, "let's not just stumble ahead hoping for the best and prepared for the worst. Let's be scientific. Suppose we draw up a list of marriage hazards ahead of time, and see if we can't find some way of avoiding each of them."

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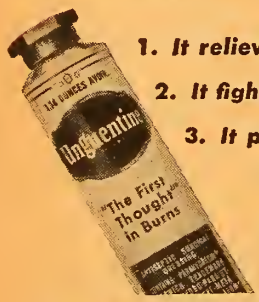
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Carolyn looked at him dubiously. "Do you think that's possible?" she asked.

"Well, we're both intelligent, grown-up people, and we want our marriage to be perfect. It seems to me," Don declared, "that we could get together and figure out a way of *making* it perfect."

"Oh, I'd like to try!" Carolyn said. "I *would* like to try!"

The list they finally drew up covered, it seemed to them, every possible difficulty that their marriage could encounter. It began with *Differences of Opinion*. "We can't always think alike," Don said. "But if we see that we're headed for an argument, an argument about anything at all, we'll stop arguing before we reach the quarreling stage. Instead of talking any more, we'll stop and kiss each other, and that will give us both time to realize that being in love is more important than winning an argument."

NEXT came a tentative budget, to avoid disagreements about money, with an understanding that it could be revised if necessary after they were married and had set up housekeeping. It was Don's idea that both Carolyn and he should have a weekly allowance, money which each could spend without interference or questions from the other.

"And something else that's very important," Carolyn said. "If I should do something you don't like—oh, for instance, if I get a dress you think is unbecoming, or if I say something that rubs you the wrong way—then you must tell me, and we'll talk it over sensibly and I'll take the dress back or remember not to say such a thing again. And the same principle will apply to you. If I have a criticism I'll tell you, very frankly, and you mustn't be angry."

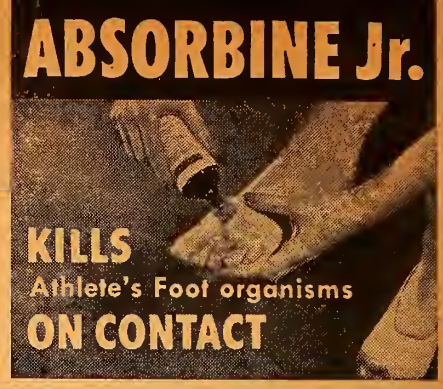
Don promised that he wouldn't.

They were lucky, they agreed, regarding in-laws. Don liked Carolyn's mother, who wasn't at all the interfering type anyway, and his own parents lived in another city, far enough away so they could be visited only on special, gala occasions like Christmas or Thanksgiving. They were lucky, too, in liking the same friends, the same amusements and relaxations. "If you weren't the kind of girl I could take on camping trips," Don said approvingly, "I wouldn't have fallen in love with you in the first place."

And so—as the fairy-tales would have said—they were married. In June, on a day made for weddings; and Carolyn was a radiantly happy, radiantly beautiful bride.

They were very much in love. Seeing them, in that first year of marriage, you couldn't doubt that. When they looked at each other there was always a warm, smiling intimacy in their eyes that spoke eloquently of shared joys. It didn't seem to matter to them whether they were surrounded by people or alone in their rented bungalow—alone or in company they were surrounded by the kind of togetherness for which love is only another name.

Carolyn threw herself with enthusiasm into the job of being a housewife. She spent hours trudging from store to store in order to find just the right kind of material for the drapes on the living room window. She found out just what things Don liked to eat and what things he didn't care for, and shunned the latter as if they were poison. She swept and scrubbed and



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dusted, and kept the house shining.

It was Carolyn's housekeeping zeal, in fact, that led to their first—not quarrel, but discussion.

Don was looking for a magazine which contained a story he'd started to read and never finished. He looked in the rack at the end of the chesterfield couch and on the bedside table and in the book-shelves, and finally he asked Carolyn what had become of it. "Oh," she said, "the man was here collecting paper yesterday, and I cleaned out the old magazines and gave them to him. I expect that's where it went."

"But it wasn't an old magazine, Carolyn—not more than a month old, anyway. And I wanted to finish that story in it."

"You should have told me," Carolyn said. "A month is long enough to keep any magazine lying around the house, Don. I just *hate* to see them pile up—they look so awful."

Don sat down. "Look, honey," he said. "You know we agreed to talk things over frankly, before we were married. Well, maybe I should have mentioned this sooner. But anyway—don't you think there's such a thing as being too neat and tidy?"

"No, I don't." Carolyn was amazed. "I always thought you appreciated having the house look nice."

"I DO appreciate it, but I don't appreciate having things whisked away before I'm through with them. It's not only the magazine. If I leave a bill or an insurance notice on the mantelpiece, the next time I look for it, it isn't there any more, or if I leave a package of cigarettes on the coffee table inside of five minutes it's been tucked away into a drawer somewhere, or—"

"Or if you leave a soiled shirt on the chair in the bedroom," Carolyn said coldly, "it's been put into the laundry hamper, where it should have gone in the first place. Maybe I should have mentioned *this* sooner, too—but the truth is, Don, you're terribly untidy. I'm always picking up after you, and I don't mind doing it, but I do mind being criticized for it."

"Wait a minute," Don reminded her. "We weren't going to object to criticism—remember?" He was smiling, but it looked as if the smile were an effort.

"Fair criticism," Carolyn said, "but this isn't fair! Really, Don, if you knew how much time I spend straightening up things that you've left lying around—"

"I have a pretty good idea. I've seen you at it often enough, because you don't always wait until I'm out of the house."

"I don't see why I *should* wait."

Don opened his mouth to retort, and closed it again. He took Carolyn's hands and pulled her toward him, kissed her. "That was something else we decided to do," he said after a moment, "whenever we began having an argument."

"I know," Carolyn said humbly. "And I'm sorry I gave away your magazine."

"It's all right. I'll try not to throw things around so much, from now on."

And he did try, but sometimes Carolyn's passion for perfect neatness made him feel as if he were living in a museum, where nothing must ever be out of place, even for a moment. She arranged a drawer in the desk where he was supposed to put his bills and papers that he wanted to save, and

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usually he remembered to look there first when he needed one of them. It was a small matter, he told himself, not worth bothering about one way or the other—but then, as Carolyn had said before their marriage, the small matters were important too.

Gradually, he reverted to bachelor habits of scattering wearing apparel and personal effects in places where they didn't belong. When this happened Carolyn could feel irritation scratching at her nerves. It wasn't as if he hadn't been told about it—he knew she liked to have the house tidy, and surely he could help to the extent of putting away his own things. He didn't realize how very lucky he was to have a wife who took pride in her home—and one who never asked him to help her do anything, either. Actually, she thought, Don never lifted a finger around the house, never dried a dish or squeezed the juice from an orange. Not that she expected him to, because taking care of the home was her job, but still—

BUT still, housework never ended. As soon as you cleaned them, things started getting dirty once more. That was the trouble, that was why it was so discouraging. Once Carolyn had thought that she would enjoy being the mistress of her own home—and she *did* enjoy it, she reminded herself hastily, but the repetition of the same task, day after day, was bound to become boring. And Don didn't seem to realize it, didn't think of helping, took everything for granted.

One day she spent the whole morning on her hands and knees, waxing the hardwood floors—and that afternoon it rained and Don, coming home, tracked mud down the hallway.

Carolyn had been coming from the kitchen to meet him, but at sight of the mud she stopped and cried in vexation, "Oh, Don—look what you've done! *Why* can't you be more careful?"

Don turned and looked at the floor, and then he shrugged. "It's raining out," he said reasonably. "What am I supposed to do—take off my shoes before I come in, like a Japanese?"

"I slaved over these floors," Carolyn mourned. "And now just look at them! Sometimes, Don, I—" She clamped her lips down over the unfinished sentence, fetched a mop, and began removing the stains. Then, with wax and polishing cloths, she went down on her hands and knees again.

"Wouldn't it be a lot more sensible," Don asked, "to wait until it's stopped raining before you do that?"

Carolyn didn't answer. Don watched her for a moment before he turned irritably and went into the living room.

Neither of them mentioned the incident again, but afterwards Don stopped entirely trying to be neat around the house. It was childish, and he knew it was childish, but he said to himself that since there was no hope of appeasing Carolyn's mania for cleanliness he wouldn't even try. He flipped ashes in the general direction of ash-trays, not caring when they fell on the rug; he left books and magazines lying around on chairs; and he never hung up any piece of clothing. The whole thing was silly, he thought—Carolyn just attached too much importance to keeping the house neat, and if he made it plain that he didn't intend to pamper her the chances were that eventually she'd get over it.

But Carolyn didn't get over it. She watched Don's carelessness and her anger at him grew. At first she didn't

realize that he was doing it deliberately, and she used to say, "Don, you left your jacket hanging on the closet door-knob—you ought to put it away," or, "Won't you *please* hang the hand-towel back on its rail straight after you've finished with it?" Don would glance up, mumble something, and continued with whatever he happened to be doing at the moment, and an hour later the jacket would still be on the door-knob or the towel drooping crazily from the edge of the basin. "I won't touch them," Carolyn would think. "I'll wait and wait and wait until he does it himself." She never did wait, though; she always ended by succumbing to the knowledge that Don didn't really care if his jacket hung there forever or if the towel slipped off onto the floor.

To anyone on the outside it must sound terribly foolish of them both. It *was* terribly foolish. But they could not see that—not then, blinded as they were by their own stubbornness and wounded pride. They loved each other, and that was precisely why something so small could matter so much. It was why the sweetness of their marriage was gradually turning bitter.

ONE night the resentment of days exploded into an open quarrel. They had spent the evening quietly at home, reading and listening to the radio. It was an evening like any other. Just before bedtime, Don said he was hungry, and Carolyn answered, "There's some cake you can have, and a glass of milk." He went into the kitchen, returning with the cake in one hand and the milk in the other. As he walked back to his chair he lifted the cake and took a bite. Crumbs fell to the floor; Carolyn saw them fall, but she said nothing. Sitting down, Don put the milk on the table beside his chair and picked up the book he'd been reading. Somehow his elbow touched the glass and it toppled, the milk cascading onto the rug.

Carolyn leaped to her feet. "Don, watch *out!*" she screamed. "Oh, you clumsy idiot—why can't you be more *careful!*" Almost crying, she ran for a cloth, threw herself down and started mopping futilely at the milky puddle.

Don stood over her, the piece of cake still in his hand. "Gosh, I'm sorry, Carolyn," he said, this time sincerely contrite. "I don't know how it happened—" He moved his hand, and a piece of cake detached itself from the large section, and fell.

Carolyn threw the cloth down, hard. "I've had enough of this," she said, her pretty face looking pinched and white. "Don Hale, you are a pig. A sloppy, dirty pig. All you do is see how much work you can make for me. And you do it on purpose, just to spite me. You know I like to keep things nice, so you deliberately go out of your way to make a mess."

Don flushed. "Sure, I spilled the milk on purpose," he said. "I didn't really want to drink it at all, I just brought it in here so I could throw it on the floor. Don't talk like a silly little fool."

Carolyn ignored him. She stood up, leaving the sodden cloth on the floor. "I've watched you," she said. "When we were first married you at least made an effort to be neat, but ever since you discovered that untidiness annoyed me you've been unbearable."

"And would you like to know why?" Don demanded. "Just because I got sick and tired of being nagged all the time—and nagged about something that



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doesn't amount to one single thing! What difference does it make if everything in the house isn't always in the place it's supposed to be? This is a home—or it *should* be a home, even if it isn't—not a display window in a furniture store. If I want to track in mud I'll darn well do it—it's my house, I'm paying the bills for it—"

"You may pay the bills," Carolyn said, "but I'm the one that has to do the work of keeping it clean. *You* never help. You never lift a finger to make things easier for me, all you do is loll around, leaving stuff for me to pick up after you, spilling milk and throwing pieces of cake onto the floor for me to clean up! But I'm not going to clean it up any longer. I'm through—finished! Since it's your house, as you so thoughtfully reminded me, you can live in it all alone, and turn it into a pig-sty if you want to. So there!"

She snatched the remaining cake from his hand, threw it on the rug, and stepped on it. She started to run past him, toward the bedroom, but Don seized her arm and held her.

"So you'd run out on me," he said, his eyes blazing. "You want to quit, the minute things get a little bit tough. Fine! Swell! No wonder you were afraid of getting married—no wonder you thought we mightn't make a success of it—if you're this easily licked. All over a little bit of milk spilled on the floor! For Pete's sake, Carolyn, grow up!"

Carolyn didn't try to pull away. Tears streaming down her face, she said, "It's—it's not just the spilled milk—and you know it isn't. We were going to have a—a perfect marriage—and it hasn't been perfect at all. For the last few months it's been—just awful. You don't seem to realize that if I try to keep the house nice, it's only because I—I love you, and want you to have a pleasant place to live, so you'll be h-happy!"

Gently, beginning to be ashamed of his anger, he pulled her closer, feeling the dampness of her tears come through his shirt onto his chest. With one hand, he stroked her hair.

"Honey," he said hesitantly after a while, "maybe we made our big mistake when we decided our marriage had to be perfect. Maybe that's the trouble."

She raised her head, looking at him with puzzled, tear-filled eyes. "I don't see—"

"We were aiming too high, with our lists of marriage hazards and stuff," Don said. "We were trying to solve every little problem ahead of time, so that life together would be just one sweet song—perfect. But nobody can do that—nobody can have a perfect marriage, because there aren't two perfect people in the world. And lists and agreements don't mean a thing, because when you get mad enough, you forget 'em—like we did."

"Yes, but—"

"No, wait." Don wrinkled his forehead in an effort to find words for exactly what he wanted to say. "You wanted to think I was perfect, and I wanted to think *you* were. That's why our imperfections—my untidiness and your fussiness—got to be so important, until we began to fight over them. But if we'll just learn to take each other as we are—why then, maybe in time I'll remember to hang up my clothes when I take 'em off, and it won't bother you too much if I don't. You see?"

Carolyn nodded, in slow comprehension. "You mean—we shouldn't ask for too much—expect too much?"

"No, because if we do we forget how much we already have. I was so sore because you insisted on being neat that I began forgetting all the things about you that I love. Your little hands," Don said, kissing them, "and your lips—"

It's a long time since the June that Don and Carolyn were married—eleven years, in fact. They are still married today, and they have two adorable children. They've had their quarrels, quite a few of them, but their marriage is safe, solid, secure. They know now what Henry and I could have told them, except that it's something you apparently have to learn for yourself—that the dream of perfect, never-ending romance had best remain only a dream. Romance—the quality of fairy-tales—is precious in marriage; but if you own a precious jewel you don't wear it twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days every year. You save it for rare occasions. It's the same way with the perfect moments of marriage. They are only moments, and they *should be* only moments, each shining with an undimmed brilliance, shedding its light over the other times, the ordinary times when a man and his woman are human and fallible. And if they are bright enough, these perfect moments, even the ordinary times are beautiful.



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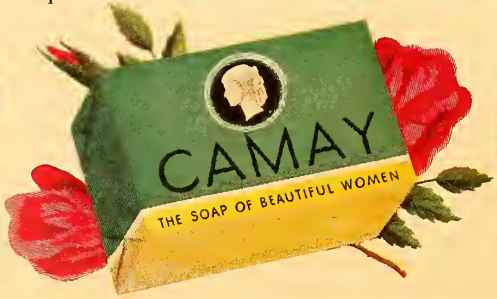
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